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THE AVE MARIA
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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O Salutaris Fulgens Stella Maris.

(A Hymn for the Feast of Our Lady's Visitation.)

BY ALAN G. MCDOUGALL.

STAR of the Sea, that shinest for our healing,
Bearing the Sun of very Truth for offspring,
Mother of all good things, in mercy hear us
Praying before thee.

We in thy joy partake, and strive to sing thee
Meet songs of praise, who with thy God rejoicest;
Yet our poor lips no worthy hymns may utter
Summing thy glory.

Thee, Rose of Morning, whom of old thy Maker
Led with glad step across the hills of Juda,
Sing we with gladsome songs, who this day holdest
Glorious festals.

Hear out of heaven Rachel's voice of sorrow
Who now implores thee, weeping for her children,
Queen who by God's great grace art rendered mighty
Sadness to banish.

Thou the world's hope and reconcillation,
Praise of the angels, health of all the ailing,
Blossom of women, beat our souls' cruel foeman
Down to the darkness.

Blest be the Triune God of power all-quelling,
Through whom the Maiden blest and ever-crownèd
Merited gladness in her womb's sweet flowering
Now and forever.

Cause of Our Joy.

BY THE REV. G. H. HUGHES.

WHEN Christianity was first spread abroad in the great Empire of Rome, people conceived the idea that it was a sad and gloomy religion. There were two reasons for this. One was that Christians took a serious view of life; the other, that Christianity taught some very terrible truths.

If a person, in the early days of our religion, lived a quiet and retired life, taking little or no part in the concerns of the world or in its pleasures and amusements—pleasures and amusements that were often sinful,—that person was at once suspected of being a Christian. Because of this tendency to seriousness and to retirement from the world, Christians were called hard names—"kill-joys" and "wet-blankets," as we should say now.

And there were certain Christian doctrines which the heathen could not bear. One was the doctrine of the all-knowing, all-seeing God,—of a God who sees and knows all that we do or say or think. The heathen could not endure the idea of being constantly watched, and of having all their thoughts, words, and actions recorded, to be brought up against them some day. They could not endure the solemn thought of a judgment to come, when the all-seeing, all-knowing God would judge all their thoughts and words and deeds, and

would pass sentence upon these according to what they had been—good or bad, vain and idle or done in God's service. Still less could the heathen world bear the truth—the awful truth—of everlasting punishment to come upon unrepentant sinners.

There was no doubt about these truths in the minds of Christians. They believed thoroughly in the all-seeing God, in judgment to come, and in eternal, never-ending punishment. They believed because these truths were plainly taught by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. They preached these truths, because if they had not, they would not have been preaching Christianity as Christ our Lord preached it. Certainly these doctrines of the Faith had a great deal to do with making Christians take a serious view of life.

In the face of such dread truths, they could not look upon life as merely a time for pleasure and amusement. They did not condemn, and the Church does not condemn, innocent recreation and enjoyment; but they did not forget that life is a time of trial and probation, given to us to prove ourselves, to pass God's test, to work out our salvation, to earn our reward. Recreation they took for what it is, and for what God meant it to be—a means of refreshment, of "re-creating" body and soul for further work in the service of God, not the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake.

So for Christians, in their recreations as in all else, the service of God, first, last, and all the time, was the main consideration. Remembering the great truths of the all-seeing eye of God, of judgment to come, of hell as the inevitable fate of those who reject God, they could not be careless and frivolous; remembering them always, they could not but take life seriously.

Were the heathen right, then, in supposing Christianity to be a sad and gloomy religion? If they *were* right, there was a strange and unaccountable contradiction to be seen in the conduct of Christians themselves; for, in spite of their seriousness, in spite of their supposedly sad and gloomy religion, Christians were distinguished among all men for their serenity, their cheerfulness, their joyousness; and not only for ordinary cheerfulness and joyousness at all times, but for joy and happiness in the midst of labor, poverty, and hardship. More than that, Christians were serene and joyful in the midst of the most terrible sufferings to which they were subjected by their persecutors. Christians were seen to run to torments and death with more eagerness than others showed for wealth and honor and the most alluring pleasures that earth could give.

What was the explanation of this seeming contradiction? I might ask what *is* the explanation of this seeming contradiction? For it exists still, and is still a wonder to the world. Good Christians still take a serious view of life; good Christians still believe that the all-seeing eye of God is upon them,—that God knows the most secret thoughts of men's hearts; good Christians still believe in judgment to come and the everlasting punishment of the wicked.

Yet, with these solemn beliefs, which the Church has handed down from the time of Jesus Christ, and will preserve amongst men till the end of time, good Christians are still the happiest people upon earth,—are still contented and joyful in poverty, hardship, and all kinds of suffering; are still ready, if occasion offer, to suffer persecution and death for Christ's sake and for Christ's teaching. What, then, is the explanation of this that so puzzles the world,—that the followers of a religion which teaches such awful doctrines are distinguished for cheerfulness and joy in the midst of trial and suffering?

The explanation is that Christians are taught by their religion, and have

learned the lesson of God's great love for all mankind. Duty, judgment, hell *must* be; they must be, because God is what He is. Duty must be, because God's will is right and must be done: He can not give it up. Judgment must be, because God is just and could not without contradicting His own nature look alike upon and deal alike with those who love and serve Him and those who reject and disobey Him. Eternal punishment must be, because God is holy and can not but hate sin and reject and cast away forever those who, by persisting obstinately in sin to the end of their lives, choose sin and reject Him.

But God, who is Justice and Holiness, is Love, too,—all love and mercy to all who forsake sin and turn to Him and take refuge with Him. So the Christian, knowing God's love, and what God's love has done for men; knowing that God would not that one single soul should perish; knowing that no soul *does* perish everlastingly that has not persevered in sin and wilfully rejected God to the end, has a complete view of that which the heathen saw only in part; and it is a view bright and radiant in the sunshine of God's everlasting love.

Over that spiritual realm, which is opened to our eyes by the teachings of our holy Faith, God's love shines and reigns supreme. Rivers of grace flow through it from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The just are as flourishing trees planted by the waterside; the mercy of God is there, deep and boundless as the ocean. Dark clouds may flash their lightnings on the horizon, and distant mutterings of thunder may be heard afar, telling of wrath and judgment and punishment; but they come not nigh to those who love God and live in the sunlight of His love. The Church is this spiritual realm of grace: the Church is God's country on earth, where shines the sun of His love, where flow the waters of grace, where are found in abundance the means of grace and pardon and salvation.

And in the midst of that spiritual land of God in which Catholics live there is set up a City of Refuge to which all may fly when persecutions of men or temptations of the devil approach to hurt; and more than this: that City of Refuge is for those also upon whom, for their sins, the lightning stroke of God's just wrath is about to fall; and that City of Refuge is God's own Mother, Mary, Help of Christians, Refuge of Sinners, Comforter of the Afflicted, our most powerful advocate and intercessor with God, her Son and our Judge.

Oh, how much of the joy and consolation of our holy Faith comes from the knowledge that we have such an advocate and helper,—Mother of God and our Mother, too! Well do we name her "Cause of our Joy." She is, next to Jesus, the greatest fruit and proof of God's great love of us. How could we think that God, our Father, does not love us when He has appointed to be our advocate with Him the Mother of His Son; has made her our Mother, that she may plead with Him; when, indeed, He created her for this very purpose, that she should bring salvation to the world in Jesus, her Son; that while time shall last she should ever plead to that Son His sufferings and His love against our ill deserts; should plead to Him with that strongest of all appeals to His Heart, the appeal of her Mother's care and her Mother's love,—her Mother's care alike for Him and us; her Mother's love, alike for Him, her sinless Son; and for us, her weak and sinful children!

SOME people think black is the color of heaven, though God made the rainbow and the flowers; and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace.—*Anon.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

I.—THE SHIP INN.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
—*R. Gilfillan.*

A SUMMER afternoon was melting into evening when, in the year 1830, a traveller reached the door of the Ship Inn at Dover, accompanied by a porter trundling before him a handcart on which was the traveller's luggage. Evidently the traveller was expected; for in the doorway of the inn stood the portly landlord, with his ostler, waiter, and chambermaid behind him.

"Welcome, sir,—welcome to the 'Ship'!" cried the landlord as the traveller ascended the steps of the inn. "Welcome as Mr. Gane's son, sir. He is one of our oldest and best customers, Mr. Walter."

"I am glad, indeed, to reach an inn which my father has so often praised in my hearing. I hope you have room for me in the 'Ship'?"

"Certainly, sir. Here, Jack, see to the gentleman's luggage and take it up to our best bedroom." The ostler thus addressed (he fulfilled the triple offices of porter, "boots" and ostler) carried into the "Ship" the traveller's big trunk, hat-box and wraps.

"Business is very slack just now, sir. We had last week a rush of French folk, but they have all gone on to London—"

"The common sink of Paris and of Rome," added the traveller, with a smile.

"Exactly, sir," continued the landlord. "And, with this revolution over the water, nobody is going abroad. We have only one guest in the house, who will leave by the steamer for Ostend to-morrow."

"As I myself purpose doing, so we shall be fellow-travellers. Is he an Englishman?"

"No, sir: he's a Belgian nobleman who has lately resigned his post in the Dutch Embassy in London, but he speaks our language as if he were a native. Now, would you like to see your room, sir?"

"Certainly. And I should like to have some dinner soon; for I've tasted nothing since I breakfasted at Rochester, except a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of Canterbury ale when we stopped at the 'Falstaf' in the cathedral city."

"Count de Vrye, the Belgian gentleman of whom I spoke, just now dines at six, and, if agreeable to you, you might dine with him."

"With pleasure; but, mind, let me have some of your famous mutton cutlets that my father praises so much."

"I ought not to say it, but they are better than anything of the kind you are likely to taste on your 'Grand Tour.' Nothing is to compare with our best Kentish mutton, sir. Were you to dine with the Emperor or with the Pope himself, you would get nothing better."

"I'm not likely to dine with the Emperor, and certainly not with the Pope, who is forced by etiquette to dine alone."

"Dull work, sir,—dining alone, eh? But being, like your father, a Catholic, sir, you must know best what the Pope does; otherwise I would have thought that he would have had some company at his table."

Walter Gane mounted to his bedroom; and, having dressed ready for dinner, sat down and wrote a letter to his father, telling him of his safe arrival at the Ship Inn. His father was a banker in the city of London and very wealthy. Unable as a Catholic to send his eldest son Walter to a university, he determined to give him all the educational advantages that a youth could derive from making what was then

called the "Grand Tour." Armed with letters of credit and introductions to his father's correspondents and friends abroad, as well as a brace of pistols for self-defence, Walter was to have gone by Calais to Paris; but, owing to the revolution there, it was decided at the last moment that he should go first to Brussels, see the field of Waterloo, and then continue his travels either by the Rhine or, if things had quieted down, by Paris to the south, to Rome and Naples.

As six struck Walter descended to the coffee-room of the inn. It was a long, low room, with a fine ceiling of dark oak. At one end was a large open hearth, on the mantel-shelf of which stood a bust of the reigning sovereign, England's first sailor king, William IV., who had just then succeeded to the throne. Above it hung a full-length portrait of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Facing it, near the door at the opposite end of the room, hung the portrait of Marshal Blücher. Both soldiers had lodged at the Ship Inn, and had presented it with their portraits, as had several kings and princes who had perchance found there a warmer welcome than in their palaces. Their portraits hung above the sideboard placed against the wall that faced the windows. These were six in number, and between each two were wooden screens forming a number of boxes, in which were placed tables to accommodate small parties; larger parties could dine or sup at the great, polished mahogany table that ran down the centre of the room. This table and sideboard were burdened with several handsome pieces of silver plate given to the inn by distinguished or wealthy and grateful guests. The windows commanded a view of the inner and (what was then) the outer harbor of Dover, with the bay in the distance; while beyond its blue waters could be seen, in the westering sunshine, the cliffs of France.

Walter stood at one of the windows, enjoying the view. The harbors were crowded with picturesque shipping: black brigs laden with coal; smart schooners bringing fruit or wines from the sunny South; Thames and Medway barges, then, as now, delightful to the eyes of a marine painter; and many fishing-boats and other small craft. In the bay cruised a yacht-like revenue cutter, while there lay hove to a ship with all sails set, a red ensign streaming from its peak. Walter's mute contemplation of this scene was disturbed by the entry of the landlord with a young man.

"Mr. Walter, this is Count de Vrye, who will be honored if you will take your dinner at his table."

"Nothing could be more agreeable than to be allowed to do so," replied Walter.

The two youths, having been duly presented to each other and shaken hands together, took their seats at a table near the window that commanded the best view of the harbor and bay. While the two with healthy appetites are doing honor to the good cheer provided by the cook of the "Ship," let us note—as they exchange remarks on the weather, their journeys from London and other topics that need no recording—their personal appearances.

Walter was tall and slightly built, had fair hair, a bright, almost florid complexion, clear blue eyes, and fairly regular features; his nose being slightly aquiline, his mouth small and, when he laughed, displaying exquisitely white teeth. His broad forehead and somewhat square chin betokened intellectual and will power. Walter was just of age; his companion was three years his senior. The latter was dark, his hair and eyes black, his complexion swarthy. He had a handsome face that reminded one of the bust of the young Augustus. His was a type to be found among the fair people of Flanders,—a reproduc-

tion, so ethnologists pretend, of that of the aboriginal inhabitants of that land. In their dress both youths were what their contemporaries would have called "dandies." Both wore cutaway coats, with gilt buttons, and rolled black velvet collars—Walter's coat being brown, that of the Count green,—with white waistcoats, and nankeen trousers strapped under the boots. Around their high white shirt collars were silk-speckled neckcloths fastened with gold pins. Indeed, both displayed more jewelry than would now be thought good taste,—massive gold chains with seals attached to their repeaters; rings; and studs inset with rubies in the cuffs of their shirt sleeves.

Their meal ended, the cloth was removed and dessert set on the well-polished table, together with port wine and glasses. The youths had agreed to go shares in the wine. Their glasses being filled, the Count proposed the health of England's new King, which was duly honored. Not to be outdone in courtesy, Walter refilled the glasses and proposed the health of the King of the Netherlands. The Count's face clouded at this, and he said gently:

"Without offence to you personally, Mr. Gane, you must allow me to refuse this toast. King William of Holland is *de facto* my King; I have even until now served him loyally; but he has so allowed us Belgians to be oppressed that I can not do him homage any longer. All this is too long to explain now; perhaps on our voyage to-morrow you may allow me to do so. Meanwhile may I amend your toast? As a Catholic and an Englishman, will you not drink to Faith and Freedom?"

Walter felt somewhat nettled at the Count's refusal of his toast, but he had the good sense not to take offence where none was intended.

"I will drink with pleasure," he said, "your amended toast, and all the more readily since we Catholics have been so lately given freedom for our Faith. We can not begrudge it to others. But I must confess that I know little of the history and less of the politics of your country, and I shall be glad to hear about both from you. My father advised me in my travels to study the history and the politics of the countries that I visited. It may be, he added, that one day you will write M. P. after your name, and the knowledge may then come in handy. As a banker, too, it may serve you."

After some further conversation, Walter proposed that they should take a stroll and see something of Dover.

"Do you smoke?" asked the Count.

On Walter's replying that he did, the Count called the waiter. The latter was one of that old race of English waiters which seems to have become extinct before the inroad of foreign servitors. He was elderly and quite fatherly. He brought two boxes of cigars; and, although the price of one brand was treble that of the other, the old man recommended the cheaper. The Count expressed surprise; but when Walter also asserted that the cheaper was the better brand, he joined Walter in purchasing the less costly cigars.

"Shall I explain the riddle?" asked Walter when the waiter had left them. "The cheaper cigars, as my father once told me, have never passed through the custom-house! The waiters make all the more profit out of them."

"My people like to cheat the Government if they can profit by it, and I see your people are not unwillingly to do likewise," said the Count, with a laugh, as he lighted his cigar.

Then, putting on their white beaver hats, with gold-headed Malacca canes in their hands, they strolled down to the beach on the east side of the harbor. There was no promenade nor piers in those days along the sea-front; only the houses of the Marine Parade and a very primitive bathing establishment.

Presently our two young men saw a six-oared boat making for the beach, towing a larger boat, quite empty, behind it. On the beach was a small crowd of persons, among whom they could distinguish a party of red-coated soldiers. On approaching the crowd, they saw that the soldiers were armed and had their bayonets fixed, and the youths shuddered as they saw that the soldiers were guarding a score of men and boys, handcuffed together. They were convicts whom, with the soldiers, the boats quickly took off to the ship that was hove to in the bay. She was bound for Australia with convicts sentenced to transportation.

As they turned away from this sad sight, Walter remarked that, however much the wretches deserved punishment for their crimes, he could not but pity them.

"Ah," replied the Count, "you feel how much suffering it is to lose freedom! But when it is lost through no fault of a person or of a people, how much more intense must be the suffering! To regain it, a people should be ready to fight unto death. I pray my people may be ready to do so."

Then, as darkness fell, the two newly made friends passed through the busy, narrow Snargate Street, and so back to their inn.

(To be continued.)

NON-CATHOLICS are printing and reading our spiritual books. The Lives of our saints and the writings of our ascetic and mystical theologians are to be found in public libraries, whence any one can take them. Consequently, those not of our faith look closely to see if we practise what we profess. Let them live what life they will themselves, let them talk against the Church and calumniate her as they will, they nevertheless expect holiness, like that of our books, from the Church's sons and daughters.—*S. L. Emery.*

"St. Helen of the Two Laurels."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

Cœmeterium inter Duas Lauros ad S. Helenam.
—*Index Cœmeteriorum.*

PART I.

SOME people—in fact, many people—find it difficult to say offhand which day or days of their life they consider to have been the most important in regard to the effect that day had upon their ultimate development; but the writer has very small doubt regarding one memorable day of youth.

The two of them, the Archæologist and the Historian, always dined with us on Thursdays. Even if they did not come—which was rare—their places were set at the table. And they were very kind to the numerous children around that old-fashioned board. They did not seem to mind at all if questions were asked; or if, in the midst of a discussion with him who sat at the head of the table, some childish voice piped up demanding information regarding the Roman martyrs, or the meaning of words like "archaic art."

On the last Thursday in May that year, Monsignore looked around on the young Americans. "Would anybody like to go with me next week to the meeting of the Cultores at the Catacomb of Santi Pietro e Marcellino, the '*Duas Lauros ad S. Helenam*'?"

The Cultores were his beloved brothers and fellow-workers, members of the Collegium Cultorum Martyrum; and their name was familiar in our ears.

"What day, Monsignore?"

"The second of June, the day of the deposition of the martyrs. We have High Mass at the tomb, and then an *agape* later on. I think that those of you who are interested in the Catacombs would enjoy it."

A short, vivid and picturesque discussion followed, during which the vener-

able Archæologist, not to mention the Historian, almost lost their ingenuous faith that we were an ideal Christian family. The young man wanted to play tennis; the schoolboy had an "exam" on, and anyway did not think it was much fun to go and spend a nice sunshiny day underground. The Small Fry—poor, dear Small Fry, so little and so quaint then, and so far ahead of the seniors now—were clamorous to go. Whereupon the High Council unanimously accused them of simply trying to get away from their lessons, and of not even knowing what the Catacombs were. Animated display of artillery fire! The Small Fry simply ruled out as "too young" by the authorities present, and order restored. Two of the older children were so eager to go that they did not even speak, but waited in breathless anxiety till the question was asked of them point-blank. So the point was settled as to which of us should accompany Monsignore.

The day broke without a cloud, and very early in the morning the whole party piled into a *carrozzella*, excited and happy as the proverbial lark, and began the long drive,—first across the city, sleepy and quiet still; and then toward the southeast, out by the Porta Maggiore, the high span of which is but an arch of the Aqueduct of Claudian which Aurelian, when he was girding the city with walls, used as an entrance, and made of it one of the city gates. That past, we were upon the Via Labicana, far more famous once than it is now, and could begin to count the milestones as the Liber Pontificalis does when it speaks of the burial of popes or martyrs in the underground cemeteries: "At the first milestone, at the second milestone, or at the third."

The older members of the group were talking among themselves, and the younger ones kept very quiet, not a little impressed with this going out for the first time to assist at a meeting of the Cultores. They knew the Catacombs, on the surface; and had occasionally been reminded, as all Roman children of pious families are wont to be in times of sickness, to bear their little sufferings patiently, because the holy martyrs—those martyrs of hers that Alma Roma, so proud of them, never forgets—had endured great torments joyfully for the love of Christ. Once or twice Monsignore himself had taken them there; and when he did, the Catacombs were so interesting that not the loveliest book, full of the most fascinating pictures, could compare with that maze of dark passages far from the light of the sun.

Now we were out in the open Campagna. There was a fresh scent of earth, and the wind that blew from the Castelli on those hills round about Rome was cool and impregnated with sweet odors,—grass and buttercups, and the minute, heathery herbs that hide themselves and their fragrance close to the brown-green sod. On the higher levels it was cherry time,—we knew that well. But here only immensity reigns: the wide, breeze-swept plains, undulous everywhere, with vast, clear horizons boundless as the sea, and so beautiful in color because the color is ever varying,—blue and amethyst and umber are names too prosaic for a something that plays and shifts like the hues in some marvellous gem. And away behind us was Rome, the eternal, the unchanging, immutable, in the midst of this Campagna that is never the same. To our left were the Alban Hills, azure soft in the distance; and that Mount Soracte which is always white at the peak.

In full day, with the birds vocal, and their shrill twitters and pipings abroad at large; with the sun drawing intense color and heat and numberless clean, aromatic odors from the earth, the joy of the spot and hour is almost riotous. We knew when we had reached our destination by the group of carriages

drawn up on the road and in the field. No person was in view, save two or three drivers chatting together. "We are late," Monsignore said; "but you will get at least a part of the Mass."

A man at the entrance to the Catacomb handed us each a taper and helped us to light it. Of him Monsignore said that he was one of the *fossores;* we knew the word, and asked if there are still *fossores,* and why, since people are no longer buried in the Catacombs. But it seems that the ancient title is still in use for those workmen who help the archæologists in their excavations, and that the sallow, brown-skinned peasant is properly entitled to his name of *fossor,* as he is one of the most devoted of the Cultores' assistants. He is also sometimes called a *cavatore,* or excavator.

After that, to our amazement, our own two Cultores, without guide, without chart, and without hesitation, plunged down the passage which opened just in front of us. It was intensely dark, and there was a something wild and devitalized about the air that made you feel it was in need of oxygen. "Are we not going to take a guide?" I ventured to inquire. The Historian, from the rear of the procession, rebuked me: "The best guide in Rome is just in front of you at the present moment." At which Monsignore laughed, and told me kindly not to be afraid, as he knew the Catacomb well, and had spent many days copying the paintings and inscriptions. But I must confess that he inspired me with less confidence than the Trappist Brother at St. Callixtus, who gives you a superficial glimpse of the ancient cemetery, tells his same abridged story to each newcomer in a business-like way, and marches you out at the end of ten or fifteen minutes. It has taken me twenty odd years to appreciate in full the privilege that was mine that day. As the Historian said, not a guide only but one of the greatest living authorities on the lore of the Catacombs was walking just in front of me, within reach of my hand.

Thoughtfully and yet unerringly he led us down, by flights of steps that inclined as though they, too, wished to join in our descent, by narrow gallery after gallery, with other galleries intersecting them at right angles or obliquely; past *cubicula* and tombs, and small rooms that must have been used for assemblies or for worship; and around corners where we dived precipitately forward because our conductor was momentarily lost to view; until in the distance, far, far away, we saw a glow like the warmth of a mysterious, intangible light. There was the chapel of the martyrs.

The odor of incense and the white film of the smoke like a drift of morning mist stole out to us,—incense consumed around an altar in honor of the Most High God,—one of those "visible signs which lift the mind to heavenly things." And how eloquent it was! For so many of those blood-witnesses of long ago gave their lives for just so frail a thing as this which floats and clings among the blackened walls. They were bidden to offer no more than a handful of the perfumed grains before the tripod of a heathen god; and rather than do it they lost liberty, life, their Rome, and the golden sun blazing in splendor over the miraculous beauty of Campagna.

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum.... How splendid—how almost appallingly splendid and magnificent—the words, in this narrow, sacred place! And what a sight before our eyes! The small chamber is full of a golden radiance, as though heaven itself had descended upon earth; the whole atmosphere is light-warm, bright, beneficent; a feeling as of celestial rest invades your being, and you are tempted to say: 'It

is well with us here; let us never go away from this place forever.'

They will tell you later on why the portable altar has been erected over that isolated block of tufa in the centre of the oratory. All you know now is that there is an altar, standing in the midst of that glory made by the light of many candles of pure wax, and torches set in niches; and moving at the altar are three majestic figures in rose-red garments, signifying the blood of the martyrs, and the love that made them shed it so generously for Christ. The whole thing is wonderful and epic in that confined, buried, brilliantly-lighted cell. You do not know who they are. And what matter who they are? It is the Church immortal—more immortal than Rome is,—unending, unchanging, like God Himself.

Marcellinus, Peter, seventeen hundred years ago, assisted at these hallowed mysteries, as we do now; and the faith in Christ is in us—thank God!—as it was in them. Peter stood at the altar, a priest, as these, his successors of the Roman clergy, stand to-day. Marcellinus, the exorcist, participated in the Bread and Cup. And this day (one thousand, seven hundred and more years having elapsed since they suffered) the Sacrifice of the Body of Christ is offered up over the place where their bodies were laid away. That frail white Host uplifted in the glory, and showing almost blood-rose against the rutilant light, is the salvation of the faith of the world. Mary's Son to-day as then.

A curious feeling steals over you. The modern life, so complicated and so fastidious, has been left far behind. You are really in that third century of the Early Church. There is a pagan emperor in the Golden House on the Palatine, and statues of the gods stand still in the Roman Forum. Some of these dark figures kneeling around you, so silent and so absorbed, are the future martyrs, and perhaps to-morrow will be called upon to offer sacrifice to the idols. They will be ready unquestionably, as Peter and Marcellinus were, to be themselves the sacrifice to God. The tinkle of the small bell, the only sound, seems to proclaim their joy. And again once more you see the Host uplifted a moment, and bend in adoration,—the salvation of mankind is here.

The *Ite Missa est*—the dismissal—is over; also the last blessing. The link is severed between heaven and earth; and the place seems colder and darker, though there is just as much light as before. But we are not dismissed yet. A procession is formed, and all present fall into rank, bearing their tapers; while the long, uneven line—not in good order, but moving as best they may by the narrow passages between the tombs—chant the responses together, as the officiating clergy intone the Litany of the Saints. How striking this is, too,—the old, old chant, the litany itself said to date in its initial form from the earliest age of the Church, and the invocation of the martyrs here in their very midst! Stephen and Lawrence, Vincent, Fabian and Sebastian; Agnes, Cecilia, Agatha and Anastasia,—how sweet and how eloquent the names! Meanwhile your elbows are touching the slabs of the wall-graves, and the flame of your taper calls their names out of the shadow,—Greek and Latin names of the third century,—and on some of them the red M that signifies "martyr." Even the great Mother, the Church, can scarcely remember all their names.

You seem to have lived a century when you come out into the light of day. Not that the morning was long, but a something has overshadowed you, and a something has been driven deep into you; that you will never forget, should you live a thousand years. You see again in the sunshine the faces of your friends; and somehow they, too,

seem changed. You understand now why the gentle countenance of the Archæologist has that stamp of underlying seriousness; and why the fine, energetic features of the Historian grow meditative and dreamy. How much they both have to think about, and how much they both live in those far archaic days of the Primitive Church! You really understand them both much better, and wonder how they can consent to bother with children in their teens,—save that the children belong to their Lord Christ, too.

"Let us stand here," says Monsignore. "De Rossi is going to speak."

"De Rossi? Is De Rossi here?"

"But of course! Didn't you see him at Mass? Somebody just waylaid him to explain an inscription. He will be out in a minute."

We were to hear De Rossi! As if the day had not been marvellous enough already! Every child in Rome knew about De Rossi. He had rediscovered the Catacombs; he had opened them up and made them accessible; and forty, fifty years of a rich life he had spent burrowing in the underground cemeteries to give back to the Church the shrines of her early martyrs. When the two mentioned De Rossi—who had been the master of both of them—their eyes glowed and their faces were suffused with the ruddy gladness of youth. "Look! There he comes!" ejaculated Monsignore—"the great De Rossi!"

Such a simple, fatherly man, and so unconsciously modest of bearing! He emerged from the Catacomb and stood out there on the green under that radiant, tender sky of early June, waiting to speak. He was smiling like a boy. And no wonder he was. All the glory given to God and to the holy martyrs by the extraordinary ceremony we had just witnessed was, under Heaven, due to him. This day was the fruition of fifty years of arduous labors and of a lifetime of study. To De Rossi we owe the Catacomb of Saints Peter and Marcellinus, as we do so many others. A rather large, portly man, slightly above middle height, with such kind eyes behind his spectacles; and rather long, grey hair which just touched his collar at the back; and the ends of two curly locks were brought from behind the ears and tucked into the hollows of the same, no doubt as a protection against neuralgia! An ample black frock-coat, with a gold watch chain showing about its middle, grey trousers, and a rather high, stiff black hat, such as physicians used to wear, completed the outer man.

I loved him immediately,—at first sight; his smile, his eyes were so eloquent; but the child in me went into a gale of uncontrollable laughter at the two locks of hair tucked into the ears. Fortunately, he was not looking our way. Then he began to speak. His voice was not very loud, but it was pleasant; and in his easy, unaffected way, with absolutely not the least voluntary suggestion of his being a man of profound learning, he told us the story of the martyrs and of their shrine as though this were an agreeable anecdote that we would have much pleasure in hearing, as he had in recounting it. He hinted, here and there, at the work he had done in the Catacomb, and at the important discoveries made in it, but only once or twice he said "I found" or "I caused an opening to be made"; for generally he attributed all the toil and all the honor to "the Commission of Sacred Archæology under the auspices of the Holy Father." It was an admirable way to escape glory, and worthy of the man. For my part, I too, *nel mio piccolo*, stand indebted to him since that feast-day of Santi Pietro e Marcellino when I first saw him.

Standing or sitting in the grass, and forming a semicircle around him, were his hearers. The stillness was audible. A cool freshness remained in the air in

spite of the sparkling sun; the overarching sky shimmered in clear, pale blue like some exquisite satin. Every now and then, across the master's speaking, came the wild trill of a bird, rejoicing in life and in liberty, and flinging almost a note of defiance at the poor mortals who can not follow and capture him on the wing. Three or four circled together quite near, wheeling, and seeming to ask questions in their cries.

De Rossi is deep in his story, as though it were some engrossing romance. Over there, where his lifted arm indicates the spot, in the midst of many beautiful villas which studded the plain in those days, was the fair summer palace of Constantine, who delighted in the charming spot; and his villa was called "Ad Duas Lauros" (The Two Laurels), a name that the Catacomb has taken from the Emperor's dwelling or from the locality, and by which it is frequently designated still. Yonder, but at a short distance away, was the mausoleum of the Empress St. Helena. We could see the ruins of it, from which that famous colossal porphyry sarcophagus, now in the Vatican Museum, was removed. Constantine had loved his mother, Helena Augusta, so much that their names appear together upon several monuments still in existence,—even upon the gold cross which they laid upon the tomb of Blessed Peter, where it reposes to this day; and when she died, "for the great affection he bore her," says the chronicle, he richly adorned the place of her burial. He built the church of Santi Pietro e Marcellino, and decorated it, perhaps because it was near their graves that his mother was buried, as it was always near the tombs of famous martyrs that the early Christians desired to be deposed.

At a stone's throw (again his hand indicates the probable spot) was another celebrated necropolis, the sepulchre of the "Equites Singulares," the mounted knights of the imperial guard. These great memories of public monuments, known to all Rome, kept the remembrance of the locality ever fresh in the minds of the people, so that they did not forget the Catacomb of Santi Pietro e Marcellino as completely as they forgot some of the others. Yet this, too, had fallen into neglect, and the sand-pits near it have made it hard to work upon the recovery of the ancient cemetery.

Not far away from the Two Laurels, a thick wood used to cover the soil; and perhaps it contained some grove sacred to heathen deities, or a shrine where incantations were performed. In the days of the Empire, it was a lonely, remote spot known as Silva Nigra (Black Forest). But its name was changed after the blood of the martyrs washed and sanctified it; and to the Christians it was no longer dark or dreadful, but a lightsome and lovely spot, which they called the White Wood (Silva Candida).

It was toward the end of the third century, or the beginning of the fourth, that Peter the priest, and Marcellinus the exorcist, both of the clergy of the city of Rome, were seized as Christians during the cruel persecution of Diocletian (284–305) and led out secretly to the woods, there to be put to death. When they learned from the lips of the executioner what fate was to be theirs, they made haste with their own hands to clear the brushwood and to prepare a place for their burial, rejoicing that they were to be found worthy to yield up their lives for Christ. Pope Damasus—"the good Pope Damasus," De Rossi called him (and to one of his hearers that great Damasus of the fourth century has been "the good Pope Damasus" ever since),—so faithful to gather up the memories of the holy martyrs and so touching in his devotion to them, has left it on record that he

learned the details of the execution of these heroes of Christ from the very lips of the executioner, the "percussor," when he himself was a child. This inscription of Pope Damasus is well known from the many copies of it made by pilgrims at the Catacomb where he placed it.

In the ninth century, when Pope Gregory IV. (826–844) was bringing the bodies of the martyrs from their graves in the underground cemeteries to the shelter of the city churches, in the fear that those hallowed remains might be desecrated by the ravaging Saracens, the relics of Saints Peter and Marcellinus were similarly taken up and, whether with the consent of the Roman Church or surreptitiously, were carried away into France (the monk who had been a secretary of Charlemagne seems to relate the transportation as perfectly legitimate, though many have thought that the relics were stolen), and then again moved to Seligenstadt, the City of the Saints (probably so named for the martyrs), near Mayence.

Most of the Catacombs fell into neglect and abandonment after their chief treasures, the bodies of the saints, had been removed. And this one was no exception; but it did not quite pass, as some of them did, from the memory of man. In the seventeenth century Antonio Bosio, that pioneer and zealous student of the Catacombs, effected an entrance into the deserted crypts, and left a description of many things which he saw there, not all of which remain. De Rossi hoped to find many objects and memorials in a place that had been so famous, and where the underground oratory and the tomb of the martyrs remained, even if their ashes were elsewhere. Here, too, rested Tiburtius, a young martyr, son of the Prefect of Rome; Gorgonius, another martyr of note; and also those four obscure martyrs known as the *Quattro Santi Incoronati* (the Four Crowned Saints).

The speaker had begun his work in the Catacomb of Saints Peter and Marcellinus many, many years ago, in the first prime of his youth, about 1852. (The date seemed almost incredibly remote!) And for more than forty years he had been searching and exploring its depths.* Only now, quite recently, he had been able to say with certainty which was the historic crypt of the patron martyrs and to identify their grave. We had seen it: it was that block of tufa upon which the altar was erected for Mass; that was the very earth in which their bodies had lain. Originally it had been simply a *loculus*, one of those shelf-graves in the side walls with which we were all familiar; but for reverence it had been isolated, the earth around it being removed, and it stood now a detached monument. His colleagues and he had the further good fortune to find the little column supporting the marble table, the *mensa olcii*, upon which votive lamps and perfumed oils were burned before the shrines of the martyrs. That, too, we had probably observed in the historic crypt.

He spoke all these things very simply, with great modesty, happy to tell them, and more happy that out of all the ruins and dust, out of the buried and forgotten past, he, Gian Battista de Rossi, a plain man, had been able, by the favor of God, to draw great pages—and none better than *he* knew their colossal importance—of the history of the Early Church. Of the long years of arduous labor, of the nights of study that whiten a man's hair, of the frequent disappointments, and the

* De Rossi died on the 20th of September, 1894, after many years of labor in the Catacomb. The excavations and studies made in 1896, and so rich in results, were chiefly undertaken by Enrico Stevenson, Monsignor Pietro Crostarosa, and Orazio Marucchi. Their discoveries bore out in full the hypotheses of the deceased great archæologist.

harsh trails ending in blankness, he said nothing: only simple rejoicing, like a child's, and gratitude for the wondrous things God had placed in his hands; and a profound sense that the real treasures of the world are these,—not the gold and silver, not the diamonds and gems for which men mine; but a little dust which was once a human body, a few words carved on some shattered marble, because the dust and the stone confess that Christ is God.

De Rossi said, too, that he rejoiced because he observed that there were a number of foreigners among his hearers. He was glad that they also should love and revere the Catacombs, which are the common inheritance of us all; and gratified that ladies, to whom these studies of antiquity are less familiar, should grace this meeting by their presence and interest. If there were any present who had not understood his words, he would ask his friend and colleague, Professor Orazio Marucchi (Marucchi was one of his pupils and a devoted fellow-worker), to repeat the substance of the lecture in French.

This figure, too, was well worthy of note. Of rather thick build, with broad shoulders, blue eyes that had grown a little dim with poring over ancient manuscripts, and corn-colored hair and beard, he had already broken many lances as a scholar, and his own associates were beginning to pay him the supreme compliment of sometimes saying: "Marucchi thinks thus and so." He repeated faithfully, though more briefly, in the French tongue, what his master had said in Italian; then withdrew with a sort of determination to keep in the background.

Several foreign scholars, and the ladies to whom the great archæologist had alluded so gracefully, drew near to shake hands with him and speak some word of congratulation or of thanks; and he met them all with that same air of genial kindness, interspersed with polite little bows and the regret that he could not speak to them in their own languages. The majority returned to their carriages after the long morning spent in the hoary past; but the Cultores, some sixteen in number, with three or four women relatives and guests, not to mention two delighted and rather scared young Americans, took their way to the roadside inn, the Osteria, where the *agape*, as they insisted on calling it, was to take place.

"I wonder if we ought to go in to dinner with them?" whispered one in the ear of the other.

"Why, of course! Monsignore said particularly that we were to come to the *agape* and stay all day in the country."

"I know. But do you realize that we shall have to go and sit down with all those learned people,—we two poor small 'mouses'?"

"We've got to do it! Monsignore invited us and we accepted. And I'm so starved I can't wait till we get back to town."

As though he had heard—though he certainly hadn't, and could not understand English, anyway,—our host turned back for us. "Come along, conspirators! Let us go in and see what the *massaia* [farm mistress] has prepared for us."

(Conclusion next week.)

THE well-instructed Catholic knows that education not based on religious principles and coupled with a thorough religious training is a curse instead of a blessing; and no religious training, to satisfy a Catholic, is possible in a school not exclusively under Catholic control. We would much rather our children should grow up ignorant of letters than be taught in a school which is not Catholic. Better to be ignorant and believing than to be learned and doubting.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Vigil Hymn.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

LORD of the bitter Passion Tree,
Whose naked woe invests the world,
We lift our broken swords to Thee
Amid the darkness round us furled.

The path ahead pales in the gloom:
Though pity's tears have long been shed,
We feel the sea winds' weighted doom,
And laughter stiffens where it bled.

The benediction of our wars
Is Thy defeat on Calvary;
Thou art the Captain of our scars
And Master of our misery.

Plant Thy stark standard on the height,
A thunder flag on mountain spires;
But keep the tryst with us this night,
By our beleaguered battle fires.

The Best of a Bargain.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IT was in July, six years ago, that I saw him first. Belgium was in her agony then, and we were all knitting day and night, that every relief ship which left our ports might carry warm woollen things to her people. My dear father used to say, only too truly, that I never do anything in moderation; and I had worked so closely all winter that by March my eyes had begun to complain; and when I paid no heed to the warning, they had rebelled so furiously that I was forced to give them absolute rest, and to go to Dr. White for treatment three times every week. My appointment with him was for ten o'clock on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings; and day after day I reached his office at ten, and sat there until eleven or even half-past eleven, before he found time to see me.

How I hated those long waits! That my time was not at all valuable was no consolation; although it was some justification of Dr. White, who was beset by patients who insisted that they must not be detained a minute longer than was necessary.

The outer office in which we waited was a long, rather narrow room, which had been made by throwing together two square ones. Chairs of every shape and size were ranged against the walls; a table at either end was littered with well-worn and more or less out-of-date magazines, and the walls were covered with nondescript pictures. I dared not read a line in the magazines, and knew the pictures by heart after the first day; so my only resource was to watch the other patients, and they were hardly more interesting than the pictures. A querulous old woman was always there, in the care of a worn, middle-aged daughter; a studious-looking young man often came,—a young man with big glasses, a pallid face, and stooped shoulders; there were usually two or three anæmic children; a few people from neighboring towns, whose whole talk was of the schedule of interurban cars; and one or two business men, who had evidently succeeded in making Dr. White believe that their time was priceless, for they were always called into the inner office a few minutes after their arrival.

On the morning of my sixth visit, as soon as I was seated my eyes were attracted by a woman across the room, whom I had never seen there before. She was perhaps fifty years of age, small, thin, spectacled, with a sweet, patient face that brightened wonderfully when she smiled. I noted, too, that she was simply, even shabbily dressed, in an old-fashioned black cloth skirt and a white lawn waist. Beside her sat a young man, whom I took to be her son; but it was the mother who first drew and held my attention. She had a wonderful face, I decided: patient to the point of heroism. The son I thought a little stolid, until he turned to

his mother and said a few words, which I did not overhear. After that it was he who interested me especially; for as soon as he smiled, and I quickly found that he smiled almost constantly, his face was the merriest I had ever seen; and his manner toward his mother was beautiful—protecting and tender and reverent.

Once or twice, when the room chanced to be unusually quiet, I overheard his little remarks to her, and laughed to myself; for every word of his was somehow delightfully funny whether he commented on the length of their wait, or the stuffiness of the room, or the noises that came from the crowded street below. "It is plain that he is trying to cheer her," I thought, and liked him for it. I wondered a little if his mother had serious trouble with her eyes and worried much about them.

Soon one of the attendants came into the room, and I looked up expectantly, hoping that my turn had come; but she motioned to the pair across the room, and then, to my amazement, I discovered that it was the young man, not his mother, who was the patient. He wore no glasses; neither were his eyes inflamed or swollen, but evidently he saw very little or not at all. When the nurse motioned to them, the mother told him that it was his turn; and, taking his arm, she led him toward Dr. White's consulting room.

That was on Monday morning, and on Wednesday I saw them again. When I entered the waiting room they were seated near a window, with a vacant chair beside the mother, and I took it eagerly. Soon I made some little conventional remarks, hoping to find that she was inclined to talk; but she responded shyly, and in very few words; and I doubt if I should have succeeded in winning her attention, and much less her confidence if in opening my bag I had not chanced to drop my Rosary on the floor. After I had picked it up and put it away, I found that she was smiling at me in a friendly way.

"So you are a Catholic!" she said, as if that fact were a strong tie between us. I understood instinctively, from the tone of her voice, that the Faith meant everything to her.

She talked a little then of commonplace things; and I quickly perceived that she was shy, but glad enough to make even passing friends. We had chatted freely for five or ten minutes, when Dr. White appeared in the doorway. It was the first time I had seen him in the waiting room, and at once I turned to watch him. Another doctor was with him, and they talked in an undertone for a few moments, before Dr. White approached my new acquaintances and touched the young man on the arm.

"Dr. Gaynor and I will have a look at you now," he said; and to the mother: "You need not come. The inner office is hot to-day, and your son will tell you Dr. Gaynor's opinion."

So it came about that the mother and I were left alone together, and at once she turned to me and began to talk much more freely than she had done when her son was present.

"Dr. Gaynor is to examine John's eyes and to give his opinion, although Dr. White has very little hope that it will differ from his own. You see, my son's case—" And there she checked herself abruptly. After a pause, she asked apologetically: "But would it bore you to hear about it?"

"Bore me! Indeed, I should be very much interested," I answered sincerely; and, smiling her thanks, the mother went on directly:

"I try to be cheerful and brave. John has never broken down for a minute. You see, he has a serious and very unusual disease of the eyes. Dr. White says that he can not help him at all; he says there is only one man in the world who might be able to cure him:

a Dr. Buxton, in London, England. He has made a specialty of this trouble. But the trip for two of us and the oculist's bill—we can not do it. We tried to plan a way when Dr. White first spoke of it, but it is impossible,—simply impossible."

It is not often that I am interested in strangers, but somehow this brave little woman's distress went straight to my heart, and quite openly I expressed my sympathy. She seemed to be touched, and continued her confidences, even more freely.

"I am a dressmaker," she said. "I have worked ever since my husband died fifteen years ago. I have never grown tired, because I have had something to keep up my courage. But now—now—"

Her voice broke, and she paused; but not for long.

"I was determined to keep John in school. He went through the eight grades, and afterward through high school at St. Xavier's, and after that to college for full four years,—working in summer and at odd times. Then at last he was ready. We had planned and worked so long, both of us, and at last he was ready to enter the seminary. That was last September. He did better than ever this year; and he is very fervent, very good, the rector tells me. It's because he longs to be a priest that this trouble is so hard to bear. But John is brave: he never complains. Sometimes I almost wish he would. Now I—" She stopped abruptly; for some one came, bringing her son back to her.

He was smiling, as usual, as she put his hat into his hand.

"Those fellows think I'm better than a side-show," he grumbled laughingly. "They're not done with me. Dr. White put some drops into my eyes and wants to look at them again in half an hour. You will have to wait a little longer, mother. Are you very tired?"

The mother denied being tired at all. She had forgotten me since her son returned, and sat in silence for a few minutes looking straight ahead of her. When at length she spoke I knew that she had been gathering courage to hear the probable answer to her question.

"And this other doctor, John—what does he think?"

"He and Dr. White agreed like brothers,—like twin brothers. So—so—" His voice shook a little just then; and in that instant I made a decision toward which I had been groping during the preceding quarter of an hour.

Turning toward the mother and the son, I said: "I should like very much to speak to you both for a few moments. But not here. Will you come with me into the little room to the left?"

When we reached it and I had closed the door, it was to John that I spoke.

"Your mother told me that Dr. White believes that your sight might be restored by Dr. Buxton of London. She told me, too, that it is impossible for you to meet so heavy an expense. She explained why your sight is so precious to you and to her and to—many others. Now I—I am a Jew at a bargain: all my friends tell me so; and I want to make a bargain with you. My dear only brother is—he's dissipated, and he has been out of the Church for ten or twelve years. Won't you permit me to supply the money you need? I have an abundance,—a superabundance; and, in return, you will sometimes pray for my brother's soul. Will you agree to this?"

Both faces flushed. I saw that they were both embarrassed and somewhat humiliated. Still addressing John, I added quickly and pleadingly:

"Can you refuse? There is my brother to be thought of, and *your* Master, is *my* Master, too. Won't you give me an opportunity to do something for *Him?*"

The young man held out his hand then, but he could not speak; and, turning quickly to his mother, I explained my plan, and gave her a card on which I had scribbled a few words.

"This is the name and address of my lawyer. I will see him to-day, and will you please talk to him to-morrow? For whatever time you want it, he will secure passage for you both, and he will put two thousand dollars to your credit in the bank. It is good of you to allow me to do this. And you will help me to save my brother, won't you?"

It was my voice that trembled now; and, hastily shaking hands with them both, I hurried away,—entirely forgetting my appointment with Dr. White.

As I walked toward town my mind was busy devising means of making ends meet without those two thousand dollars; for my income, though large, was not inexhaustible. I determined to forego my summer outing,—a small sacrifice, as I had not been keen about the plans that were afoot; and I resolved to buy no new clothes for several months.

Before going home I stopped at my lawyer's office, explained the case, told him that there was no need of my name being mentioned in the matter; and so all was settled. I did not see either mother or son again, and after a few months the incident was beginning to fade from my mind. It had been too short, and too impersonal to myself, to make a deep impression upon my mind or heart.

It was five years later that the accident occurred. A train, coming from New York, was wrecked twenty miles from the city, and my poor brother was brought home to me dead. He had been terribly mangled, and had lived but half an hour after the collision. He and I were alone in the world, so it would have been sad enough for me in any case; but to know that he had died as he had lived was almost more than I could bear. I shut myself in my room, refusing to see even our intimate friends; but, to my great annoyance, on the day following the funeral, the maid came to my door, saying apologetically that Father Henderson was in the drawing room and wished to see me.

"I told you, Mary, that I will see no one," I answered crossly. "Why, I do not even know a Father Henderson."

"I said that you are seeing no one, but he said to tell you it's important," the maid explained.

I could not send a priest away; so, very reluctantly, I went downstairs to find in the drawing room a very young priest, a stranger to me. He carried one arm in a sling, and there was a plaster above his right eye.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, Miss Levert," he began. "I have news that you will rejoice to hear. I was on the New York train last Monday, and had a seat just behind your brother's. We talked together early in the day, and he told me that he was a renegade Catholic. When the crash came I remembered him at once, and crawled to his side. He was only too glad to go to confession, and did so most humbly and contritely. I was ordained only a month ago, and his was the first confession I ever heard. I chanced to be on my way home to visit my mother."

Then Father Henderson smiled—and in a flash I understood. This was the young man whom I had sent to London that he might be able to continue his studies for the priesthood. "Dear Lord, the reward is too great," I said in my heart; and to Father Henderson I said—I hardly know what, except that I thanked him again and again.

THE one who in trial will be found capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The River of the Lost Souls.

IN the days when Spain ruled our Western country an infantry regiment was ordered out from Santa Fé to open communication with Florida and to carry a chest of gold for the payment of the soldiers at St. Augustine. The men wintered on the site of Trinidad, comforted by the society of their wives and families; and in the spring the women and camp-followers were directed to remain, while the troops set forward along the cañon of the Purgatoire—neither to reach their destination nor to return. Did they attempt to descend the stream and perish among the rapids? Did they starve in the desert? Were they killed by hostile Indians?

None will ever know, perhaps; but many years afterward a warrior told a priest in Santa Fé that the regiment had been surrounded by Indians, and slain to a man. Seeing that escape was hopeless, the colonel, so said the narrator, had buried the gold that he was transporting. Thousands of doubloons are believed to be hidden in the cañon, and thousands of dollars have been spent in searching for them.

After weeks had lapsed into months and months into years and no word came of the missing regiment, the priest named the river El Rio de las Animas Perdidas (the River of the Lost Souls). The echoing of the flood as it tumbled through the cañon was said to be the lamentation of the troopers. French trappers softened the suggestion of the Spanish title when they renamed it Purgatoire; and "bull-whackers" teaming across the plains twisted the French title into "Picket-wire." But Americo-Spaniards keep alive the tradition, and the prayers of many have ascended for the succor of those who vanished so strangely in the valley of Las Animas.

Defective Observation.

SINCE observation is merely the act or fact of observing, and noting or fixing in the mind, it is probable that the average man or woman complacently imagines that his or her powers of observation are at the least very creditable. Given an important occurrence of which he has been an eye-witness, the man in the street is inclined to believe that he can present a thoroughly accurate account thereof. And perhaps he can; but, if so, he differs very materially from the *average* man in the street. Humboldt tells us that "to behold is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is to be obtained only by education."

An American essayist, William Wirt, gives similar testimony. "Perhaps there is no property," he writes, "in which men are more distinguished from one another than in the various degrees in which they possess the faculty of observation. The great herd of mankind pass their lives in listless inattention and indifference as to what is going on around them, being perfectly content to satisfy the mere cravings of nature; while those who are destined to distinction have a lynx-eyed vigilance that nothing can escape." So, too, that very observant Scotch writer, Samuel Smiles: "It is the observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every other pursuit of life."

To defective observation, rather than to any criminal intention of perjuring themselves, may be attributed much of the contradictory evidence given by different witnesses in lawsuits as to questions of fact. The great discrepancy in the matter of observational powers in different men has frequently been proved by experiments, the results of which have been recorded by psycholo-

gists, and appear in books by such authors as L. W. Stern, Hugo Munsterberg, W. Duncan McKim, etc.

In a classroom of the University of Berlin there occurred one day a sudden quarrel between two of the students. They clinched, and then one of them drew a revolver and fired. The quarrellers were separated, order was restored, and a certain number of the students present were requested to write an exact account of the occurrence as they had observed it. The next day other students were asked for their written evidence; and a week later still others were told to write *their* remembrance of the affair. As a matter of fact, the quarrel was what the boys themselves probably called a "frame-up" or a "put up job"; but only the two combatants and the authorities were aware of its being a planned comedy. A careful examination was made of the reports handed in by those who had witnessed the performance. Omissions, wrong additions, and alterations, were counted as mistakes. The least inaccurate of the reports gave twenty-six per cent of erroneous statements; the most inaccurate gave eighty per cent. Words were attributed to men who had been silent spectators during the whole affair; the quarrellers were credited with actions of which there had not been the slightest trace; and, on the other hand, actions which formed an essential part of the quarrel had been entirely forgotten by a number of the witnesses. And all these witnesses were law students.

A similar comedy was played at Göttingen during the meeting of a scientific association, the members of which were jurists, physicians, and psychologists,—persons supposedly well trained in careful observation. On this occasion, the door of the hall was violently thrown open and a crowd rushed in, pursued by a Negro with a revolver, all from a carnival crowd in the street. Fierce words were exchanged; one of the men fell to the floor; the other jumped on him, and the revolver was discharged. The president of the association had alone been let into the secret that the whole affair had been carefully planned, and rehearsed with photographs to ensure greater accuracy.

The members were asked to write out reports of the affair, as it would come before the courts. They did so; and, of the forty reports handed in, there was only one whose omissions amounted to less than twenty per cent of the characteristic acts; fourteen omitted from twenty to forty per cent; twelve omitted from forty to fifty per cent; and thirteen omitted more than fifty per cent. Moreover, apart from the omissions, there were only six of the forty reports that did not contain positively wrong statements; in twenty-four of the reports, ten per cent of the statements were pure inventions; and in one-quarter of the reports more than ten per cent of the statements were absolutely false. In a word, the majority of these scientifically trained observers omitted or falsified about one-half of the events of which they had been eye-witnesses.

Similar proofs of imperfect or defective observation on the part of people generally may be obtained by the simple process of asking half a dozen witnesses of any accident just what occurred. In all probability no two of them will give identical answers, either as to the facts or the incidental details. Some will approximate the truth more closely than others; but all the answers are likely to be characterized by omissions, additions, or substantial variations of the events actually seen. It will give additional interest to the answers if they relate to events of which we ourselves have been witnesses; and it may serve to lessen our sense of our own accuracy in noting and

fixing in our minds the chief facts and principal details of any given occurrence if we discover that others have observed what we have missed.

While Humboldt and Smiles seem to think that accuracy of observation may be acquired by training from one's early years, there appears to be a difference of opinion about the matter. "Special experiment and common experience," says McKim, "agree in showing that the accuracy of general observation is entirely a matter of innate capacity. Special training may develop observational powers along certain lines; but, through narrowing of interests, rather lessens it in other directions." Interest certainly conduces to more accurate observation than does indifference. Anything that has to do with our own hobby or fad is more attentively observed than matters or occurrences relative to the hobbies or fads of our neighbors.

A man and his wife call for the first time at the house of an acquaintance, and are shown into the parlor or drawing-room. At the close of a brief visit of fifteen or twenty minutes, the man, asked to describe the furniture of the room in which he has been sitting, will be able to give only general answers. He has noticed that the floor was covered with carpets or rugs, that the rooms contained some tables and chairs, that its walls were painted,—and that is about all he remembers. His wife, on the other hand, can give a complete inventory of every object in the room down to the last ornament on the centre table or mantel; and can, moreover, tell the texture of the carpet and curtains, the make of the piano, and the newness or second-handness of the upholstery. Let the man take his wife to a ball game or a horse-race, and the rôles are reversed. He observes dozens of incidents to which, for all practical purposes, she is blind. Interest whets our observation.

A Pressing Duty.

A STEREOTYPED remark of indifferent Catholics, when they are requested to contribute to the Foreign Missions, is to the effect that there are pagans and heathens enough in our own country to give full scope to their missionary activities, without their occupying themselves with the "field afar." The trouble is, however, that such Catholics shirk missionary effort either afar or at home. Yet such effort is a pressing duty of our times.

This twentieth century has been called pre-eminently the laymen's century, and the Church has assuredly a right to expect from her sons effective co-operation in her great work of evangelizing the world, and, more specifically, of bringing to a knowledge of the truth the outsiders of the circle in which we habitually move. Mr. Floyd Keeler, a Catholic layman who was once a Protestant clergyman, writes of the matter, in *America*, thus pointedly:

> Our laity should be kept keenly alive to their duties and their privileges in the matter of bringing the Church and her ways to the attention of such "men of good-will" as they meet in business and social relations. There is little danger that they will develop into that unctuous "Brother-are-you-saved?" type which used to characterize some Protestant denominations. But even that is better than being ashamed of one's religion. If our best men—members of the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name Society, for example, the pick of our parishes—realize that their priest wants them to go out and be apostles, if they are made to understand the hopelessness of Protestantism to give its devout adherents what they want, if they realize how completely its ministry falls down in a crisis, and how the millions of "unchurched" are unchurched not because they do not feel the need of religion but because, having asked bread, they were given a stone, they will respond in a way that will cause astonishment.

Weighty, wise and earnest words are these. They should be taken to heart. A famished multitude are crying for the bread of truth.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times in Catholic circles is the continuously growing interest in spiritual retreats for laymen. The increasing popularity of these exercises is vouched for by reports from all parts of this great country, and emphasized by numerous leaflets received by us from many quarters where such retreats are something of a specialty. At Mount Manresa, New York; at Techny, Illinois; at St. Mary's, Kansas; and here at Notre Dame, Indiana, to mention no other centres, measures have been perfected for a regular series of these "spiritual outings"; and from year to year the number of professional, business and working men who follow the exercises is growing from dozens and scores to hundreds. Not infrequently those who attend the retreats are afterwards quoted as to the numerous benefits they have derived therefrom; and we have yet to read any such testimony that has been other than frankly, not to say enthusiastically, in favor of this latest manifestation of true Catholic action.

Social studies for business men, lawyers, judges, physicians, etc., in connection with retreats for laymen, are calculated to do a world of good, by spreading among Catholics a knowledge of social facts of vital interest, and of the principles in the light of which these facts must be interpreted. An excellent programme for a course of social study has been designed by the Rev. T. J. Shealy, S. J.

Under the caption, "A Noble Testimony," the London *Catholic Times* pays a generous tribute to the courage of those Anglican prelates who have protested against the English Government's infamous policy of reprisals at the expense of innocent Irish people. In this connection it quotes a writer in the *Nation*, who calls the attitude of the prelates a religious attitude, adding: "The Church of England is standing out with a steadfastness few of her sons, and fewer still of her critics, thought to discern in her. She is not frightened by the charge of condoning crime; and she is not to be 'bluffed' by it into giving a religious sanction to the doctrine of reprisals. So it is hardly too much to say that, for the first time in over three hundred years, the Church withstands the State on religious grounds in a matter of moral (not ecclesiastical) policy. She is not united. But a good deal of her stands with firmness behind her two archbishops. And I call that an event."

"And it *is* an event," comments the *Catholic Times*. "Had the Churches always in the past stood out against the State when the State was doing immoral acts, the world would be different to-day and the moral law would be held in respect. The State is not impeccable, and needs guidance from good men. So we might escape wars and conquests and all the train of evils which an ambitious imperialism has brought upon an impoverished world."

One of the most generally interesting passages in Dom Hunter-Blair's biography of Lord Bute refers to his life as a Catholic. In a letter to a sympathetic friend, dated about a year after his reception into the Church, he writes:

> The first thing you will want to know is how I am getting on in the Church. I am, thank God, *very* comfortable! I had, no doubt, a first flush of fervor and enthusiasm; but that soon passed away, and I became almost immediately quite a humdrum Catholic. The practices, as you know, were already familiar to me; and I knew also a great many, if not all, of the practical drawbacks, of which florid figured music and appropriated and paid-for sittings in church are (to me) the most distasteful. Florid forms of devotion and piety have never appealed to me any more than florid music; and in that respect I am

(so I am told) considered like the slowest type of old English Catholicism. The old-fashioned "Garden of the Soul" is my book, except when visiting some very holy shrine, when I find myself able to use occasionally the "Prayers of St. Gertrude," or at least some of them. I am perfectly at peace in the Church, and have been. My taste for controversy has gone, and for theological inquiry also, to a great extent. I think that when one has once entered the Church—well, one has jumped over the cliff and reached the bottom, safe and sound, it is true, but in a condition that renders restlessness impossible, and controversy absolutely superfluous.

The experience of most converts to the Faith is much the same as that of the famous English nobleman. Having become familiar with the Sacred Liturgy even before his conversion, and having translated the Roman Breviary into English, it is no surprise to learn of his distaste—it amounted to abhorrence—for florid figured music and florid forms of devotion and piety. He was the author of a form of prayers, all of a strictly liturgical character, "for the use of Catholics unable to hear Mass upon Sundays [illegible] days." An intimate friend of Lord Bute once told us of how strictly he always observed Lent and the Ember Days, taking nothing in the morning but a crust of bread and a cup of coffee.

One palpable consequence of the aftermath of the war—the political and social confusion, the embittered conflict between Capital and Labor, the general unrest of the peoples of both hemispheres—is a reawakening of the consciousness, on the part of the leaders of thought, that the great remedy needed by the world is spiritual rather than political, industrial, or commercial. It is becoming increasingly plain to those who have eyes to see that religion—genuine religion, not its pale counterfeit—can alone solve the multifarious problems that confront mankind in these closing years of the first quarter of the twentieth century. This is the gist of a correspondence in the London *Times*, under the caption "A Spiritual Lead," and is the meaning of the following paragraph contributed to that correspondence by Sir Martin Conway, a non-Catholic professor who sits in the House of Commons as member for the Universities:

In the Middle Ages Western Europe was animated by a single ideal which made it one in heart. It was an ideal which sent the common man in his hundreds of thousands off to the Crusades; which enshrined itself in countless wonderful cathedrals, abbeys, churches; which produced great schools of philosophy and art, great epic poems, and great institutions. It expressed itself in a theory of Government manifested in the Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Catholic Church. It expressed itself likewise in the lives of great men—in the royalty of St. Louis, the saint-hood of St. Francis, the statesmanship of Hildebrand. This ideal, like all the ideals by which the great societies of men in the long past of our race have been fashioned, in the fulness of time wore out. It lingered on in the piety of the good men of the eighteenth century. It was killed by the discoveries and mechanical contrivances that have resulted from the labors of men of science.

A non-Catholic correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, who is strongly of opinion that neglect of devotion to the Mother of Christ ("an essential Christian doctrine") by Protestants, accounts for much of the prevailing immorality of our day and country, writes in part as follows. The letter is signed "A. L. T." and dated June 18:

I think there are about 111,000,000 of people in America; 60,000,000 are classed as not belonging to any denomination. In America proper, I think there are 15,000,000 Roman Catholics and the remainder are divided among the numerous sects. In the colleges are used different text-books, but the text-book of both Catholics and Protestants is the Bible. They both believe it to be inspired,—the Catholic, *in toto;* the Protestant, not in all parts. The Catholic and Protestant together believe certain texts are inspired, but explain them differently. The Catholic sticks to the text, and believes what is above his comprehension, because it is inspired. The

Protestant selects an interpretation that suits him better because more within the bounds of his mentality.

Now, the Bible states that before the world was made, before man had fallen, God selected a young Jewish Maid to be the Mother of His Son. Consequently, she must be next in importance to the Triune Godhead. This was the person who prophesied in the hymn called the *Magnificat* that all generations would call her blessed. That was more than nineteen hundred years ago. Our country, like all other Protestant countries, denies this statement by not so calling her and by not giving her suitable honor. The excuse is that such honor would rob God. Whoever heard of a good son that did not like his mother honored, even among us poor mortals! And fancy the Son of God, the model of all virtues, disapproving of it in the case of His Mother!

...And the *Magnificat*, which the Roman Catholic Church believes and teaches, is a more crucially important utterance than any dictum of science, so far as the moral elevation of the world is concerned, and never more necessary to be believed than now; for, taken as a model by all the women of America, the great wave of divorce and shocking immorality here, more than rivalling that in any other Christian country, would cease. Shutting out the light of the truth as to the Immaculate Mother of God helps to destroy souls and bodies that science can never save.

Discussing, in a popular magazine, the desirable relations between laborers and their "bosses," a thoughtful writer declares:

There are many men working to-day, and there are many motives that cause them to work. The fundamental motive, the most deep-seated of all, is undoubtedly money,—the economic urge that demands a day's toil in order that one may have a day's bread.... But there is something in a job besides pay. The war revealed human springs of action which industry had largely overlooked; and it emphasized, often in tragic ways, the amazing differences between them. The thinking manager of to-day will do well to realize that the sons of Adam are not all twins; that, as men differ in their appearance, their characters, and their abilities, so also do they differ in their desires and in the motives which spur them to action.

Let us add that the most successful manager of laborers in any sphere, low or high; is he who apportions to each of his men work that is congenial, that the man actually likes to do,—takes pleasure in doing. Be the work manual or mental, one's taste or distaste therefor will make a notable difference both in the amount performed and the quality of the result. Congenial work is akin to play, just as uncongenial games are ofttimes equivalent to work. No man can do justice to himself if engaged in a task which he dislikes; and the shrewd manager will, accordingly, make it a point to discover the tastes as well as the capacities of his men, and then, in so far as is feasible, assign to them congenial work.

If any man of ancient or modern times deserves to be called a "most genius man," as a French friend of ours used to call Napoleon, it is Leonardo da Vinci. Critical studies of him in connection with the celebration of his anniversary afford abundantly conclusive proof that he not only excelled in everything he attempted, but was such an innovator in science and art as to stand out more as a prodigy of learning than an unusually learned man. His accomplishments and attainments are indeed bewildering. Besides being a great artist, he was a scientist, inventor, author, the precursor of modern geology; he laid the foundation-stone of the experimental and inductive system more than a century before Galileo. He designed flying machines—some of his models are still preserved,—invented war engines, made plans for levelling mountains,—speculated boldly on every subject under the sun. Though regarded by many of his contemporaries as a magician, and by many of ours as much of a free-thinker, he was a deeply religious man, a lover of solitude and of prayer.

Concluding a recent editorial article, which it entitles "Germany's Grip on

Russia," the New York *Herald* remarks: "This re-establishment of old German relations in Russia emphasizes the grave danger which the best judgment in America and England always foresaw in heaping extreme penalties upon Germany in the indemnity settlement. Always natural economic allies, Germany and Russia might very easily have been welded into a political and even national whole, had France and the other Allied nations driven Germany too far. And the truth can not be blinked that the power of Germany and Russia combined, measured by population and by natural wealth, would vastly outweigh all the rest of the countries of Europe put together."

How few persons know that Russia comprises one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, and covers, with internal waters, an area of 8,660,395 English square miles! It was Cardinal Manning, we believe, who first called the attention of the English-speaking world to the rapidity of growth of the population of Russia. In 1722 it was only 14,000,000; in 1904 it was 143,000,000. It is senseless to talk about the Russia of the Soviets and the Russia of the Czars. Economic interests are sure, sooner or later, to reunite "All the Russias"—with Germany.

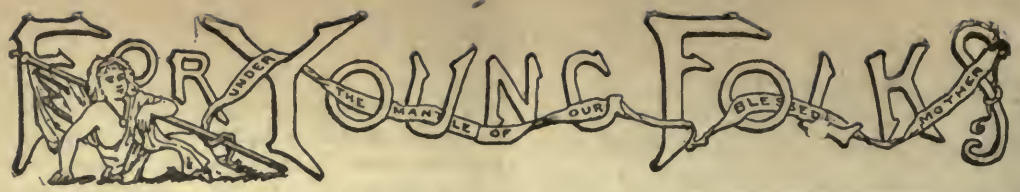
For the benefit of such of our readers as have only a vague notion of the provisions of the new educational law in Michigan, we quote the following passage of an article by a contributor to the Brooklyn *Tablet*:

> Four points of supervision are specified in the new law. These four points are important and should be held in the memory of every Catholic, whether of the clergy or of the laity. They are: sanitation, the nature and extent of the studies taught, the enrolment records, and the certification of the teachers. While all four points are important, the question of certificating teachers in Catholic and private schools is by far the most momentous. Hereafter no teacher, whether Brother or Sister, or even lay, may instruct in a Catholic or a private school unless possessed of a teacher's license entitling one to handle a like grade in a public school of the State. Yet the religious and lay teachers who have been engaged in classroom work for ten years or over will be accepted as licensed teachers, the certificate being issued by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Those now on the teaching staff of the Catholic and private schools, but under ten years in the work, will be allowed until September 1, 1925, to qualify through the proper preparation and passing of examinations.

The writer of the foregoing states that the Michigan law is approved by the Catholic hierarchy; and while our bishops do not claim to be infallible, it must be said that the presumption favors their being right.

Discussing a new book by a philosopher who asserts that ethics have been "based almost entirely upon the phenomena of desire and make scarcely any provision for the satisfaction of impulse," and who, furthermore, contends that all impulses are good, and therefore not to be repressed, a writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* acutely observes:

> The difficulty of this position is that it may do away with ethics altogether. If all impulses are good, what becomes of our values, upon which ethics must be based? And though in theory you may value all impulse, in practice you will certainly fail to do so, and your ethics, if you choose to call them by that name, will become as unreal as any system of the past, and as far from common-sense. Suppose, for instance, you are interrupted, while writing a treatise in praise of impulse, by a small boy beating a tin bath. You may still praise his impulse in theory, but in practice you will not praise it; and ethics are barren unless there is at least an attempted harmony between theory and practice. In ethics the problem is to state convincing values, and then to establish a connection between them and conduct. The glorification of impulse, whether or not it convinces, does not help us much in conduct. It may be well enough, so long as I am concerned with my impulse, to write a treatise in praise of impulse; but when I have to deal with the small boy beating the bath, what then is my conduct to be?



Redemption's Token.

BY S. MARR.

FORTH from its bonds pours the Precious Blood,
June's crystal vase is broken;
The world is red with the saving flood—
Redemption's sacred token.

Afar it bears on its love-swept tide
Our sins to Mercy's ocean,
While graces from Christ's open side
Enkindle love's devotion.

O saving stream, may my life's frail bark
To thy current safe confiding,
In morning's light and even's dark
Be true to Love's own guiding!

The Little Minstrel.*

I.

A SMALL boy was sitting, lost in reflection, on the edge of a great stretch of moor covered with heather and broom. He was only eight years old; yet his life had been such that he was, in a certain sense, mature for his years, while in another he was a very simple and innocent boy. For as long as he could remember he had lived almost alone in the company of the kind woman whom he had always believed to be his mother.

The night before, while he was eating his supper of bread and milk, a rough man had suddenly appeared in the doorway; and at sight of him Mother Barbarin had started up as though in alarm.

Remi, for that was the little boy's name, thought he had never seen so dirty a man. He was covered with mud, and one could easily see that he had walked a long, long way.

"I've brought you news from Paris," said the man, abruptly.

"Bad news?" cried Mother Barbarin. "I am sure it is bad! About Jerome?"

"Yes, about Jerome. He has been hurt, but he isn't dead, and will get well. He is in the hospital. As I was coming back home, he asked me to bring you a message. I am in a hurry—"

"Oh, do not go yet!" exclaimed Mother Barbarin. "Do stay to supper and perhaps all night. They say the wolves are quite fierce just now, coming to the very edge of the woods. You can start early in the morning. And I want to hear all about Jerome."

"Well, then, I will," replied the man; and, dropping his bundle on the floor, he sat down near the fire, holding his wet, muddy shoes and trousers to the cheerful blaze.

He began to talk, and Mother Barbarin came and sat on the other side of the chimney-piece, listening. Remi slipped down from the table, stretched himself on a wooden bench near the wall, thinking and wondering, paying little attention to the conversation, of which, now and then, he caught only a few words, which conveyed no meaning to his ears. Who was Jerome? He had never heard of him before. And why was his mother so distressed about him? Perhaps it was her brother.

After a while, from snatches of their talk, Remi began to understand that Jerome was a person of some consequence, to his mother at least, and that she was even contemplating going to Paris to see him. It seemed he had fallen from a scaffolding where he was working, that he intended to sue his employer for damages, and that he

* "Sans Famille." Adapted for THE AVE MARIA from the French of M. Hector Malot, by Mary E. Mannix.

needed money to carry on the lawsuit,—which money he expected Mother Barbarin to send him.

"But I have no money," he heard her say at last.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I am only giving you the message he asked me to deliver," he replied. "And now if you will spare me a little to eat, for which I can pay, I will stretch myself on yonder settee and sleep, for I am very tired."

"Go to bed, Remi," said Mother Barbarin kindly, as she always spoke to the boy.

He obeyed, said his prayers, and was soon under the covers. The next thing he knew it was morning, with the sun shining in through the little window of the loft where he slept. He hurried downstairs, but the man was gone, and his mother was writing a letter at the table. He could see that she had been crying.

"Mamma, why do you cry?" he asked, sidling up close to her.

She put her arms around him as she answered: "Because I am in great trouble. Your father is ill in the hospital in Paris; he needs money and I have none to send him."

"My father!" exclaimed the child. "I did not know I had a father; I thought he was dead. Is Jerome my father?"

"Yes, child,—yes."

"Why have you never spoken of him to me, mamma? Where has he been all this time?"

"I will tell you, my little Remi. He went away and left me, and I thought he was never coming back. I had nothing to tell you of him. And now he has been hurt. I am sorry for him."

"Yes, mamma, I see. And you have to send him money."

"There is only one way that I can think of, Remi: we shall have to sell the cow, and that is another reason why I have been crying."

And now Remi began to cry also.

"O mamma, mamma," he said, "please do not sell Rosette, she is so good, so gentle! She loves us and we love her. What should we do without her? And she will be very lonely. And how shall we live then, mamma? No butter to put in the soup, no milk for the potatoes, or to have with bread for our supper!"

"I have thought it all over, Remi," answered Mother Barbarin. "There is no other way. Rosette must be sold. I am writing Jerome to tell him I will send him the money as soon as I can find some one to buy her. Come and eat your breakfast, dear. I have to go out."

Very well did Remi know where Mother Barbarin was going when she left the house, hardly noticing him as she passed him sitting on the doorstep. After she had disappeared from his sight, the boy climbed the hillside to the broad moor, and turned his face toward the town. After a while he saw what he had been expecting. In the distance appeared Mother Barbarin trudging beside a big, burly man, who carried a thick stick in his hand, swinging it to and fro as he walked. It was the cattle dealer of Chavonis, who was coming to take Rosette away. Remi could not bear to witness her departure. He turned his back on the cottage and stable and began to weep.

After some time he fell asleep. When he awoke the day was far spent. He hurried across the moor and down the hill. Rosette was neither in the field nor the stable, the doors of which were open. Mother Barbarin was in the house, seated at the table, finishing her letter. She looked up at him as he entered. Her eyes were red. Remi asked no questions, and she told him nothing. That night there was no milk, the next day no butter; nothing but dry bread and some radishes for breakfast; only potatoes and salt for dinner and supper.

St. Catherine's feast came a few days later. It had been Mother Barbarin's

custom on that day to have pancakes and apple fritters for supper, of both of which the boy was very fond. "But this year," thought Remi, "there will be neither the one nor the other." Yet he did not allude to what was in his mind, for fear of grieving his mother.

Towards evening he came in from the garden where he had been working. The potatoes, steaming hot, were already on the table. His mother turned around from the cupboard, smiling. He had not seen her look so happy for several days.

"What is it, mamma?" he asked.

"I have been thinking, little Remi," she answered, "that if Jerome gains his lawsuit we shall have, perhaps, more money than ever before, and that we can then have Rosette back again."

"But, mamma, by that time she may be sold far away."

"I hope not," replied his mother. "With this in mind, I made Boncours promise not to sell her for six months, saying that perhaps I would buy her back at the end of that time, giving him an advance on the price he paid me."

"Oh, how good that will be!" cried Remi. "And do you think Jerome will gain the lawsuit?"

"Do not call your father 'Jerome,' Remi," reproved Mother Barbarin. "It does not sound respectful. Say 'father.' "

"It is because you say it," he replied. "I did not think, and 'father' is a new word to me. Besides, mamma, I can not think of one as a father when I have never seen him."

Mother Barbarin looked tenderly at the boy. Mingled with the love for him with which her heart was filled were many doubts and fears. But she said nothing.

Remi sat down to his scanty meal, and she brought out a yellow bowl from the cupboard. It was filled with flour.

"What is this, Remi?" she asked.

"Flour!" he replied. "Of course I know that."

"And this?"—producing a lump of butter and two eggs.

"O mamma, what funny questions you ask!" and his eyes sparkled; for he already began to hear the sputter of pancakes on the griddle, and to inhale the delightful odor. From an upper shelf she took three rosy apples.

"Peel these, Remi, and put them in water, so that they may not get black before I am ready to cook them. For this is my feast, St. Catherine's Day, and we are going to have fritters and pancakes for supper."

"O mother, I had forgotten it!" cried the boy. "But when—but how did you manage it?"

"I will tell you. This morning, before you were up, I gathered some fresh radishes and two heads of lettuce. There was a tablespoonful of tea left in the canister, and I took that along also. Then I went about among the neighbors and exchanged them for milk, flour, eggs, and butter; they were all very kind and gave me good measure."

"How lovely it will be to have pancakes and fritters!" said Remi. "I never thought to taste them again."

"Please God, you will eat them many and many another feast of St. Catherine," said Mother Barbarin, beginning to break the eggs into a bowl, adding the flour, milk, and butter, which she beat long and rapidly. Meanwhile Remi was peeling and slicing the apples.

When the mixture was sufficiently beaten, Mother Barbarin placed the earthenware bowl on the warm cinders to rise. Several times Remi cautiously lifted the cloth which covered it, to see what was happening. Once, when Mother Barbarin saw him, she cried:

"Don't do that, Remi. The batter will get cold and it won't rise well."

But it did rise well,—very well: little bubbles were beginning to appear at the top.

"Go and chop some wood," Mother Barbarin said at last. "We need a good, strong fire."

Remi ran out and soon reappeared with an armful of wood. Mother Barbarin had lit the candle during his absence.

"Put the wood on the fire," she said.

It was not necessary to say it twice. Remi had been waiting to hear those words. Soon a bright flame was leaping up the chimney, and the blaze lit up all the kitchen. Then Mother Barbarin took down the frying-pan from its hook and placed it on the fire, Remi standing close beside her.

"Give me the butter quickly."

He hastened to get it from the table. With the end of her knife she slipped a piece onto the pan, where it hissed and sputtered. It was a long time since Remi had inhaled that odor, or heard that delightful sound.

How good the batter smelled! He was listening to its fizzing song when he heard footsteps outside the door.

"Some one is coming, mother."

"Only a neighbor, I suppose, for the loan of a little firewood, perhaps," replied Mother Barbarin, her mind fixed on her cooking; for at the moment when one is pouring batter into the pan it is not well to let one's thoughts wander.

Then somebody knocked violently at the door, and it was roughly thrown open.

"Who is there?" asked Mother Barbarin, without turning around.

A man had come in. By the bright flame of the fire Remi could see that he carried a big stick in his hand.

"So you're having a feast here!" he said harshly. "Oh, don't disturb yourselves!"

"O Lord!" exclaimed Mother Barbarin, laying the frying-pan with its freight of beautiful pancakes on the stone hearth.

"They will be heavy now,—they will not be good," thought Remi. "What a pity!" He did not speak, though he had an idea who the newcomer might be. He shrank behind his mother, but she drew him forward towards the man, who still stood in the middle of the floor.

"It is your father, Remi!" she said. "Come and speak to him."

The man lifted his stick as though to strike. Remi shrank back, and so did Mother Barbarin. He turned towards her.

"You told me a lie!" he cried. "You said you had sent him away,"—glowering fiercely at the child. Then, sniffing the pleasant odor of the cooking, he asked: "What have you for supper? I'm famished."

"Pancakes and fritters. This is my name-day," she replied.

"No fit supper for a hungry man. What have you besides?"

"Nothing else, except a little butter."

He looked up at the ceiling where formerly flitches of bacon had hung. He saw nothing there but a few onions. He knocked down a bunch with his stick and threw them on the table.

"Fry me some of these, with butter," he said, and sat down, stretching his legs to the fire. "Take these pancakes out of the way!" he commanded.

Remi's heart sank. He knew there would be no feast for him that night. He sat in the corner, gazing furtively at the big, ugly man, who, he had been told, was his father. He could not realize the disagreeable fact.

Silently, Mother Barbarin peeled and proceeded to fry the onions. When they were ready she said in a low voice:

"Come to the table."

Remi could not eat.

"Aren't you hungry?" inquired Jerome.

"No, not very."

"Well, go to bed, then. Sleep is good for growing boys."

The child rose from the table.

Mother Barbarin, still busy at the fire, took one of the discarded pancakes and slipped it into his hand. Jerome's back was turned.

Remi munched it slowly as he went up the ladder. But the savor had gone from all food. He undressed, said his prayers, and lay down; but he could not sleep.

After a short time, when Jerome had finished his meal, he lit a pipe. Remi could smell the smoke.

"What about your lawsuit?" Remi heard Mother Barbarin ask.

"I lost it. The judge gave the verdict to the rich man, of course. Not able to work yet; money all gone; and here I come back and find that child! Why didn't you send him to the foundling asylum, as I told you?"

"I really had not the heart to do it, Jerome."

"He's not our child."

"He is like my own, as dear as my little Nicolas who died when he was a baby."

"How old is he now?"

"Eight."

"Well, he'll go off to an asylum as soon as I can get him there. I mean to stop at home a while and be master in my own house."

"O Jerome, you won't do that! You won't send him away!"

"Won't I? Who's going to prevent me?"

"He is mine.'"

"He is *not* yours. He is no poor man's child. You can see that by his delicate build, his small hands and feet. He can never work for us when we are old."

"But, Jerome—" pleaded the woman.

"Not another word! I am going outside to smoke my pipe; it is stifling in here."

He got up and went out. When the door closed, Remi called:

"Mamma, please come here!"

(To be continued.)

A Monk's Invention.

IN the year 1024 there lived a monk named Guy, who was very fond of music; and, being well skilled in that art, he was employed in teaching ecclesiastical chant to the children who were being educated in the monastery of Pomposa, where he himself had passed his youth. But the immense difficulties of his task induced him to consider whether some method of facilitating the notation of music might not be devised. As yet, the sounds of the musical scale were represented only by the first seven letters of the alphabet, or by notes. These letters and notes showed, indeed, the relative length and value of each tone, but did not render their succession sensible to the eye.

After seeking for a long time for some easy and precise system, Guy one day recognized, in the chant to which the hymn of St. John Baptist was ordinarily sung, an ascending diatonic scale, in which the first syllable of each line occupied one note: *Ut queant laxis —Resonare fibris—Mira gestorum—Famuli tuorum—Solve polluti—Labii reatum, Sancte Ioannes.* Accordingly he applied himself to teach this chant to his pupils, and to render them familiar with the diatonic succession of the syllables, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol,* and *la.* Next, he arranged the notes on lines and intervals, and thus produced the musical staff with its proper clefs. By means of these improvements he was able, in a few months, to teach a child as much as a man, under the old system, would have had difficulty in learning in the course of long years.

Lion-Hearted.

Richard I., King of England, was so called on account of the many prodigies of personal valor which he performed in the Holy Land.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A popular edition of "Fabre: Poet of Science," by Dr. C. V. Legros, is now available; T. Fisher Unwin, publisher. Everyone may now become acquainted with the life and works of the "Insects' Homer."

—An illustrated memorial volume in honor of the recently-celebrated octocentenary of Reading Abbey, by Dr. Jamieson B. Hurry, has been published by Elliot Stock. This famous religious house was founded by King Henry I. A history of it, by Dr. Hurry, had already been published.

—A compendious record of the doings of the Oxford Dante Society has been compiled by Dr. Paget Toynbee, who, like the late Dr. Edward Moore, is one of the foremost Dante scholars in the world. The Society was founded in 1876, with ten members; it now has thirty-nine.

—The editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia announce a one-volume supplement to the work, to be published early in the Fall. In size it will exceed the present volumes by about 200 pages. Besides the addition of many entirely new articles, there will be a revision of certain old ones. The need of such a supplementary volume has been felt by all users of the Encyclopedia.

—"The Dead Hand of Foligno," by Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., is a graphic account of a personal investigation of the facts concerning the apparition, on Nov. 4, 1859, in a Franciscan convent at Foligno, Italy, of a soul from purgatory, and the striking memorial of that extraordinary occurrence known as "La Mano Morta." We hear that this case has been thoroughly investigated also in recent years by members of the Society for Psychical Research. An illustration of the door, with the impression of palm and fingers burned into its wood, from an original photograph, forms a frontispiece to this new AVE MARIA pamphlet. Eighteen pages; price, 10 cents.

—"Trent," by Dr. Frederick Joseph Kinsman (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a collection of four lectures on perhaps the most renowned Council ever held in the Church. They deal, respectively, with certain superficial aspects of the Council; with the character and tendency of the Protestant Reformation; with the principles and presuppositions that determined the Council's action; and with certain aspects of the Council's attitude which have constant practical value. While not a history of the Council, but rather a sketch of certain of its aspects, this work is of deep interest and real apologetic worth; and its perusal will serve as a good review of one important chapter of Church history. A twelvemo of 119 pages; price, $1.10.

—A reviewer of the recently published reminiscences of Dr. Robert Lucius, who was one of Bismarck's most intimate friends, observes that those who look for scandals in this work will not find them. "Incidents and conversations are filtered through a mind evidently incapable of spite and scandal-mongering." Though a stanch Catholic, Dr. Lucius was a trusted friend of Bismarck, and a *persona grata* at Court.

—"Mary's Praise on Every Tongue," by the Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J., is best described by its sub-title, "A Record of Homage Paid to Our Blessed Lady in All Ages and Throughout the World." It differs in character from most other English books on the Blessed Virgin, since it aims, not so much at supplying a series of meditations or reflections on her life and virtues, or a number of devotional exercises in her honor, as at showing how devotion to her has been taken up with enthusiasm in all countries and by all classes of persons, notably in Catholic England, once known as "Mary's Dowry." A prose anthology, it is a fitting companion volume to Orby Shipley's "Carmina Mariana." As Father Bernard Vaughan, who contributes the preface, well says, the book "is a bouquet of flowers offered at Mary's feet; they symbolize her virtues; they are tokens of our child-like, clinging love of her, who, as she gave to us her Son, can win for us His grace and His love." A twelvemo of 288 pages, it is well printed and contains both a table of contents and an index. London: Manresa Press; B. Herder Book Co. Price, $2.25.

—The writer of the interesting "Et Cætera" department of the London *Tablet* (June 4) furnishes the following account of the late Miss de Czaplicka, who was known to many people in this country through her connection with the Philadelphia University Museum and her books and other writings:

> The death is announced of Miss Marie Antoinette de Czaplicka, a Polish lady who ends her career of great scientific distinction in England while still in the early and brilliant prime of her life. Born near Warsaw, she came to London with a scholarship from

that city eleven years ago, and, later, studied at Somerville College, Oxford, specializing in anthropology, and taking the Oxford diploma in 1912. Only two years later she made her mark in scientific literature when the Oxford University Press produced her "Aboriginal Siberia," with a preface by Dr. Marett. In that book her linguistic capacity had play, five languages yielding their results by her hand to the English reader. As the Mary Ewart Travelling Scholar of Somerville, she went with the anthropological expedition, organized by Oxford University and the Philadelphia University Museum, to the Yenisei Valley, in Siberia, living for a year with the Samoyed and Tungus tribes within the Arctic Circle; returning to England in 1915 by way of Petrograd. The Russian supplement of the *Times* contained an account of her wanderings, and this she extended into her book, "My Siberian Year,"—a book, not of gossip about herself, but a serious contribution to our knowledge of the primitive tribes of Northern Asia. In 1919 appeared her "Turks of Central Asia in History and at the Present Day," a book which, like other of her writings, was relied upon for its information by our own Foreign Office. Among her accessory honors was her Honorary Membership of Lady Margaret Hall, her Mary Ewart Chair of Ethnology, her award of the Murchison Grant of the Royal Geographical Society, of which she was a Fellow. Many of her associates assisted at the Requiem Mass in the Pro-Cathedral at Bristol on Tuesday, after which her body was laid to rest in the Arnos Vale Cemetery of Holy Souls.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher.) 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Southworth, of the archdiocese of Liverpool; Rev. John Westkaemper, Rev. F. R. Windisch, diocese of Bismarck; Rev. Peter Beutgen, archdiocese of Oregon City; and Rt. Rev. Anthony Allaria, C. R. L.

Sister M. Leo, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Mother M. Agnes, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Felicitas, Sisters of St. Francis; and Madame Anne Hoban, R. S. H.

Mr. Albert Peters, Mr. Francis Carlton, Mrs. Catherine Flynn, Mrs. W. H. Coates, Mr. William Sloane, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoye, Miss Mary Breen, Mr. Henry Johnson, Mr. Philip Cook, Miss Sarah Maher, Mr. Patrick Melican, Mr. W. T. Lang, Mrs. Elizabeth Hatton, Mr. John Hennon, Mrs. Daniel Fowler, Mr. Patrick Connellan, Mr. John Valade, Mr. Jacob Lang, Miss Agnes Genereux, Mr. P. McCabe, Miss Anna McCabe, Mrs. James McKeown, Mr. Henry Rochon, and Mr. Joseph Rivers.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: H. H., $5; Mrs. N. McD. (Nev.), $1; W. L. A., in honor of St. Anthony, $5; J. M. K., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, $10. For the sufferers in Central Europe; subscriber, $10; Mrs. M. M. H., $3. For the Foreign Missions: A. F. $100.



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Ave Maria.*

HAIL be thou, Mary, Christ's Mother dear,
Who art Heaven's Queen, fair and sweet of cheer;
Star of Heaven, shining bright and clear,
Help me, powerful Lady; hear my prayer,
Ave Maria.

Hail, Blessed Mary, mild Queen of Heaven!
Blessed be thy name, so good to name:
To thee, Lady, I moan and make my call,
In none of the seven sins let me die nor fall,
Ave Maria.

Hail be thou, Mary, sweetest flower of all,
Like a rose from the arbor ruddy red,
To thee, O Lady, I cry and call,
To thee I pray and make my bead.
Be thou there close to me by my side,
When I must draw unto my death;
And let me never fall and bide
Into the devil's bonds there beneath,
Ave Maria.

Hail be thou, Mary, sitting high on thy throne!
I beseech thee, sweet Lady, grant me my boon;
To love and fear Jesus; my life to mend soon,
And bring me to bliss which shall never be done,
Ave Maria.

Hail Mary, glorious Mother and gentle, lend
Me meekness and truth, and abstinence send,
With love and purity, to my life's last end,
That through thy prayer, Lady, to heaven's bliss I may wend,
Ave Maria.

* From a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

FRUGALITY is a sister of Charity.
—*St. Jerome.*

"St. Helen of the Two Laurels."

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

PART I.—(Continued.)

IT was a large, clean room on the ground-floor, well whitewashed, with a brick pavement, and not a single ornament of any kind in sight. The coarse cloth, immaculately white, was laid upon a long table; and. though everything was heavy and clumsy—plates, glasses, knives and forks of country style,—yet it was evident that all had been prepared with scrupulous care.

De Rossi took the head of the table. At his right was his brother, a noted geologist; the Cultores at the two sides; the women and young people "below the salt," at the foot of the board; our two special Cultores flanking us, through their kindness, and covering us with their protection. It was an ordeal to have to sit under the very eye of De Rossi; but he only looked over, smiling in the kindest way at the two embarrassed youngsters; and Monsignore observed that it was by no means the first time that he had the pleasure of dining with us. I can remember to this day what the *massaia* had prepared for us: *pasta asciutta*, which means spaghetti with butter and cheese but no tomato sauce; roast chicken, and a rather bitter but not unpleasant salad; *formaggio e frutta*. The red wine of the countryside, *vino dei Castelli*, was served; and at the end the blackest

coffee that was ever put into small cups.

But this simple repast kept us long at the board; for, before we had finished the second course, the familiar Italian cry for "*Brindisi,*" a health or toast, began to go up, accompanied by much laughter and good-natured banter. They well called it an *agape;* for the love among these men was the genuine, cordial love of brothers. "Love the brotherhood," to them meant some deep and strong thing, and they do not live in the midst of the Catacombs in vain.

One young man stood up, raising his glass to his master in enthusiastic admiration. "Say it in verse!" one of his companions shouted. And immediately, without the least hesitation, the improvisatore spoke the same sentiment in a few delicate lines worthy of a poet. De Rossi clapped his hands. "Good, my boy! Fine! I see that the Muses have not forgotten the poor archæologists. You answer that, Marucchi!" Marucchi did in the fourteen lines of a perfect sonnet. There was a roar of appreciation. Then another man stood up with an impromptu epigram; and still another with a droll lyric of ill-assorted words that had been given him to rhyme; and De Rossi was laughing and laughing, like some fond father or some fond mother amused at the antics of his or her children.

There was a brief silence, when one of the older men rose, turning to the head of the table, and spoke rejoicing and congratulation in the name of them all. He ended with a charming allusion to the Two Laurels at St. Helen's.

Would that I could, from those immortal bays,
Gather a leaf of fame for the two brothers!

De Rossi clapped his hands. "But, *caro mio,* you wouldn't think of it! One leaf between the two of us! Grant us at least one leaf a head!"

A delightful altercation between the brothers followed as to who should have the leaf. The geologist was aggressive, and Gian Battista turned sportively abusive. "You need not try to put anything over on me! We are both of us in a sorry enough plight. But I tell you that, of the two of us, I would rather be myself; for people call me the *catacombaro* (one who grovels in Catacombs), and that's bad enough. But they call you the *terremotaro* (he who deals in earthquakes), and from your ware may the Lord deliver us!"*

PART II.

Ad Helenam Via Campana multi martyres pausant.
—*Itiner. Salzburg.*

By two o'clock the *agape* was over and the last carriages left for the city; but Monsignore again favored us by giving us, ere we departed, a long, delightful visit to the historic Catacomb. The last word has not yet been said in regard to any one of the underground cemeteries; and here, as elsewhere, excavations are still being made in different directions to find new paintings and inscriptions, and those intact walled regions which the early Christians themselves closed up when all the space had been used, and fresh passages were being driven in new earth. Santi Pietro e Marcellino has two stories, of ant-like construction, while the cemetery "of the Jordans" (*Jordanorum*) has as many as five.

We directed our steps first to the crypt where Mass had been celebrated in the morning, and where the odor of incense still faintly hung. Identified

* At the beginning of Gian Battista's career, this brother, Michael Stephen, had been his constant companion and assistant, making drawings and plans of the Catacombs for him, and helping him in every possible way. His own studies drew him gradually away from the field of archæology, but his sympathy and interest never flagged. De Rossi once had occasion to acknowledge in public his indebtedness to his brother: "You may think I praise him overmuch, perhaps; but the contrary is true. I owe him so much that no word of mine, and no commendation of mine, will ever be sufficient to requite him."

now positively as the tomb of Peter and Marcellinus, it is at the very heart of the Catacomb. A flight of steps to the north gives access directly to the crypt, which is in a somewhat ruinous condition, but in which it is possible to identify with sureness that it had been enlarged to the form of a small church of the basilica type. This was the primitive underground basilica,—not the basilica of Constantine, which was almost certainly in the open air above the Catacomb.* The apse is directed southward, with the slightest inclination to the east. The walls are faced with masonry, added no doubt to strengthen the tufa; and were apparently covered with plaster and probably, too, with frescoes; the coat of *intonaco* remains at many points. Innumerable *graffiti*, or names and invocations to the martyrs scratched in the plaster, both on these walls and on the walls of the passages leading to the crypt, show that the spot was in peculiar veneration and that pilgrims and pious visitors flocked to the shrine.

One of these scrawls names the martyrs explicitly: *"Marcelline Petre petite pro Gall.. ..hristiano."* Another, in Greek, implores the mercy of God. Certain Greek priests, perhaps in the sixth or seventh century, when Rome was full of Byzantines, have written their names in a column; and a cleric of the Roman Church describes himself as *"humilis et indignus ordinandus."* The mass of the *graffiti* is like a chorus of praise in honor of the holy martyrs, and shows how great was the devotion to them. One fine Greek invocation (high up to the left of the apse) reads: "O God, through the intercession of the holy martyrs and of St. Helen, save Thy servants John..."

The floor shows three different levels. The first, which was probably the original one of the time of the deposition of the martyrs; a second one, which experts believe to be the fourth century floor of the oratory consecrated by St. Damasus; and finally the third, to be identified with the restorations made in the Catacomb by Pope Vigilius in the sixth century, after the expulsion of the Goths. This is the actual floor upon which we stand. An inscription has been imbedded in the wall, in the conjecture that it may be part of a dedication by Pope Damasus; it is not, however, the famous metrical inscription set up by that Pontiff, the text of which is well known, owing to the copies of it made by pilgrims:

MARCELLINE TUOS PARITER PETRE NOSSE TRIUMPHOS
PERCUSSOR RETULIT DAMASO MIHI CUM PUER ESSEM
HÆC SIBI CARNIFICEM RABIDUM MANDATA DEDISSE
SENTIBUS IN MEDIIS VESTRA UT TUNC COLLA SECARET
NE TUMULUM VESTRUM QUISQUAM COGNOSCERE POSSET
VOS ALACRES VESTRIS MANIBUS MUNDASSE SEPULCRA
CANDIDULO OCCULTE POSTQUAM IACUISTIS IN ANTRO
POSTEA COMMONITAM VESTRA PIETATE LUCILLAM
HIC PLACUISSE MAGIS SANCTISSIMA CONDERE MEMBRA

It repeats the story of how Damasus when a child learned from the lips of the executioner the details of the secret condemnation and beheading of the two martyrs; and how upon hearing that they were to die they gladly (*alacres*), with their own hands, cleared away the brambles to prepare their sepulture. The pious woman Lucilla, being informed of their place of burial, some say by a vision of the holy martyrs, gathered up and laid here their most holy remains. Their Acts say that she buried them in the crypt beside St. Ti-

* "Et fecit basilicam BB. MM. Petri et Marcellini in territorio inter duas lauros et mysileum Helenæ Augustæ." (L. P. in Sylvest.) "And he, Constantine, made the basilica of the Blessed Martyrs Peter and Marcellinus in the locality of the Two Laurels and the mausoleum of Helena Augusta." The ruin of the mausoleum is now called "Tor Pignattara."

burtius.* The itineraries, or pilgrims' guides, however, distinguish different crypts which they call by the names of "caves" or "grottoes." Thus the Itinerary of Salzburg: *In aquilone parte ecclesia Helenae primus Tiburtius martyr. Postea intrabis in speluncan ibi pausant SS. Martyres Petrus presbyter et Marcellinus martyr.*—"To the north of the church of Helen first is Tiburtius. After which thou shalt enter into a cavern, where repose the holy martyrs Peter the priest and Marcellinus the martyr." The same itinerary also mentions "Gorgonius the martyr in an interior grotto, and many others; and in one place in an inner recess forty martyrs, and in another thirty martyrs; and in a third the Four Crowned Saints, and St. Helen in her rotunda." Most of these champions of Christ, known and unknown, are believed to have perished in the persecution of Diocletian. The successive caverns mentioned by the Medieval writer are no doubt the various cubicula adorned with paintings which the archæologists would be so glad to be able to identify now.

The inscription of Pope Vigilius also placed in the crypt of Saints Peter and Marcellinus, after the Goths had smashed the marble of St. Damasus, is extremely interesting. A fragment of it unearthed from among the ruins was placed in the Lateran Museum; it was recognized with ease, as the text was known in primitive collections made by travellers of the Middle Ages, chiefly ecclesiastics and monks:

CUM PERITURA GETAE POSUISSENT CASTRA SUB URBE
MOVERUNT SANCTIS BELLA NEFANDA PRIUS
ISTA QUE SACRILEGO VERTERUNT CORDE SEPULCRA
MARTYRIBUS QUONDAM RITE SACRATA PIIS
QUOS MONSTRANTE DEO DAMASUS SIBI PAPA PROBATOS
AFFIXO MONUIT CARMINE IURE COLI
SED PERIIT TITULUS CONFRACTO MARMORE SANCTUS
NEC TAMEN HIS ITERUM POSSE PERIRE FUIT
DIRUTA VIGILIUS NAM MOX HÆC PAPA GEMISCENS
HOSTIBUS EXPULSIS OMNE NOVAVIT OPUS

The name of Vigilius calls up a vexed and sorrowful period of history. Rome was under the tutelage of the Empire of Byzance, and of princes too much inclined to presume in theological and doctrinal matters. St. Silverius (537–540) was Pope. It was during his pontificate that that cruel and protracted siege by the "Getae," the Visigoths, under Vitiges, occurred from March 537 to March 538. In 538, Belisarius, general of the Byzantine army of relief, entered the city; but Silverius, the rightful Pope, was covered with ignominy and banished under a trumped-up charge of having conspired with the Goths. Vigilius was *apocrisarius* (apostolic representative) at Constantinople at the time. By the efforts of Theodora, the wife of Justinian, who favored the Monophysite heresy, Vigilius was thrust into the Chair of Peter, which he occupied unlawfully until the death of St. Silverius in 540. At that juncture he resigned. But, being then canonically elected, he

* Tiburtius, the only son of the Prefect of Rome, Chromatius, is said to have been converted by St. Sebastian, who stood godfather for him at the baptismal font. He was safe in hiding in his father's house, when he was betrayed to the persecutors. Being condemned to walk on red-hot coals, he made the Sign of the Cross and passed over them unharmed; but this striking miracle was attributed to magic, and he was led out to the third milestone on the Via Lavicana, and there beheaded at the spot called "Ad Duas Lauros," the 11th day of August, 286.

It is curious that on the same day, August 11, is kept the feast of a virgin martyr, St. Susanna, of whom it is reported that she also perished during the persecution of Diocletian but nine years later, in 295. She is said to have lived with her uncle in a villa of the territory of the Two Laurels, and to have been secretly put to death there. Were it not that the Acts have a sort of legendary character, we should point at once to the fresco of the Biblical Susanna in the Catacomb as a memory of the virgin martyr of the same name.

remained in the See as the successor of Silverius. It was probably at this time that he restored the Catacombs, a work that will always entitle him to the gratitude of students; for a few years later Justinian had him placed upon a ship in the Tiber and conveyed to Constantinople, from whence he did not return. Vigilius died on his way back to the Eternal City in 555. Though many of the accusations against Vigilius were made by enemies, the topographies are silent in regard to his place of burial, as they are about that of Liberius,—a sure sign that he lay under a suspicion of some kind. It may be that future studies and discoveries will rehabilitate his name in full.

In the inscription, Vigilius mentions expressly the destruction of the "holy marble" of Pope Damasus and his own grief at the sacrilegious violation of the tombs of the martyrs. "He, Vigilius the Pope, mourning, made the whole work over anew," after the expulsion of the invading hosts.

After Vigilius 538–555) other vicissitudes must have befallen the cemetery; for Pope Hadrian I. (772–795), so zealous in adorning churches, found it necessary to renew the roof of the basilica and to make a staircase for the pilgrims, in order that they might descend into the Catacomb. These stairs of Hadrian may be the very flight by which we just came down. The quotation from the Liber Pontificalis becomes vivid at that spot: "He renewed the cemetery of the most blessed Peter and Marcellinus on the Via Lavicana, near the basilica of blessed Helen; and the roof thereof—that is, of St. Tiburtius and Saints Peter and Marcellinus—he made anew; and the steps which descend to their sacred bodies he made anew, for there was no descent at this time to those holy bodies." (L. P. in Hadr.)

Monsignore was particularly anxious that we should see next the third-century frescoes in more remote parts of the Catacomb, and he pointed out with delight those which the recent excavations had brought to notice: several Biblical subjects, vault compositions with garlands, birds, and figures; a Susanna between the Elders; a fine Good Shepherd; and a later scene, perhaps of the sixth or seventh century, of Our Lord seated in the midst of six figures, probably representing the Apostles. The three levels in the floor of the crypt of the martyrs tell a story that is borne out by the differences of style and period in the frescoes. They are of three, or more, distinct periods.

One of the most notable of the frescoed cubicula is the one that is sometimes called Crypt of the Madonna, by reason of the painting of the Adoration of the Magi. The vault and the side walls are enriched with brushwork done in vivid colors: decorative lines of deep red and bright green upon a white ground, all as fresh and pleasing as if it had been done but yesterday. They are conceived in the antique spirit, although the subjects are religious: which means that they belong to the golden age of classic Christian art.

At the centre of the vault is the Good Shepherd, beardless after the Roman fashion, and with short, curly hair. He wears a brief tunic of a faint red-brown color, a cloak of a darker brown thrown over toward the left and covering the left arm: and leggings with crossed ligatures. A lamb rests upon His shoulders, and two sheep of a golden hue recline upon the sward, with their heads turned to look at Him. Two young trees are at the right and left. In the Shepherd's right hand is an object that resembles a cup, but may be the pastoral pipe made of reeds, the syrinx which is frequently an attribute of the divine charmer of souls. In the upper cross sections of the ceiling are four symmetrical figures,—two men and two women with arms extended in the atti-

tude of prayer; the men are clad in tunics that just cover the knee, and brown cloaks buckled at the right, near the neck, and thrown over toward the left. The women are in long tunics of a saffron color, with black or purple *clavi* descending from the shoulders almost to the hem, and full sleeves with bands; the bands, like the *clavi,* are marks of honor. The hair is dressed like that of the women in the fourth century mosaics at S. Maria Maggiore: parted in the middle, covering the ears, and forming a small coronal at the top of the head. A square of a lighter color painted at the back of each female head may be a veil, but is not very definite. Whether these figures represent saints, or men and women of note in the Church at that time, or deceased persons buried in the crypt, we can only conjecture. But the garments and attitude and their nearness to the Good Shepherd suggest that they were held in veneration by the Church.

The lower spaces of the vaulting contain in four pictures the story of Jonas the Prophet, who prefigured in his own person the death and resurrection of Christ. In the first is the ship and the sailors casting Jonas into the jaws of the whale. In the second, the monster raises him up out of the water to vomit him upon dry land. The color of the sea in this lunette is of an exquisite green-blue as in the southern bays of Italy; there is no question that the artist knew the exact gleaming quality of the water from sight. And it should be remembered—though in reality one forgets it—that these frescoes had to be painted fast while the plaster was still wet, and that they were in places that the daylight never reached, consequently painted by torch or candlelight, or by the light of a small lamp filled with oil. The two latter scenes show Jonas in the "booth" he had made for himself, and the fresh green of the climbing vine that sheltered him. He sits up pointing to his head, indicating the heat of the sun or his anger and trouble; in the last he is reclining and the ivy or gourd has turned sere and yellow above his sleeping, in the one night. "Thou art grieved for the ivy,... and shall I not spare Nineveh?"

The frescoes continue upon the side walls and cover a fine arcosolium. The upper spaces of the arch-face represent Moses striking the rock and the water gushing forth; and, on the opposite side, Noe floating in the ark, shaped like a square box, and the dove flying to him with the olive branch in her beak. These images are striking illustrations of the mercy of God and of miraculous aid extended to mankind. The two latter, however, both representing water, may be allusive to Baptism. More than one of the early Fathers compared the "water breaking from the rock" to Christ and to His grace.

On the two sides of the door, *fossores* are represented at work,—active energetic figures, done wholly in a brownish color, and engaged pick in hand in the piercing of a gallery or in opening a tomb. Evidently, before our own century, art had found some significant types in the field of labor!

In the main space above the arcosolium is one of those remarkable third-century representations of our Blessed Lady which are such a joy to Christian archæologists and so powerful a proof of the veneration of Mary in the early centuries of the Church. The testimony of the Fathers would be sufficient and is more valuable, carrying authority; but can one stand before a well-authenticated image of the Mother of Christ in such a spot as the Catacombs, among the very foundation stones of the Church of God and in the midst of the holy martyrs, and doubt what was the attitude of the Church and of the "holy people of God" toward the Virgin Mother?

Our Lady is seated in a throne chair

with a straight, high back (the same seems to have come down from antique Greek art), in much the position of the Madonna at the Cœmeterium Priscillæ, the earliest of all the Catacomb Madonnas. Her dress is white and she wears no veil; the dark hair is carefully dressed in the style of the day. She turns slightly to the right, meanwhile supporting with both hands the Divine Infant upon her knee; but she holds Him chiefly toward the left side, as against her heart. There can be absolutely no question that this image was made for veneration: it speaks for itself. The Child has short, dark, curly hair and raises a small right hand in benediction. His garments are a short tunic, and cloak with folds curving to the left, as was the habit of the time for men. The Magi are two in number, probably a mere matter of symmetry, to which the artist seems attentive, instead of the traditional three. They wear short, belted tunics, large cloaks, and a sort of Phrygian cap. Each one is in the act of advancing toward the throne, bearing gifts upon a platter.

In still another chamber was a fresco which is said to represent a market,—vegetables hanging from lines, and a woman and girl approaching to buy. The composition is singular, as the paintings from life are few; but if the vat-makers and bakers had their own trades represented in their grave-chambers, why not the green-grocers too? In another Catacomb is the epitaph of an ancient woman who "sold barley near the Antonian Baths." Such humble memorials were not out of place for the followers of a Master whose Gospel "was preached to the poor."

The marriage-feast of Cana is depicted as a Roman supper,—six guests seated at the semicircular board, the stone jars in the foreground, and the Lord, a figure in classic toga, standing beside them with outstretched hand; while the steward assists Him.

There are several scenes of banquets that suggest the *agape*, and many of the details make one think that it is the Eucharist which is being symbolized; but while scholars are quite certain of the sacramental significance of the frescoes at St. Callixtus, and in one Monsignor Wilpert has actually recognized the Breaking of the Bread (the *Fractio Panis*), in these at Santi Pietro e Marcellino they incline to think that the banquet is the celestial banquet of the blessed in the realms of heaven. Three men are seated at the curving board, with their arms resting upon the long, bolster-like cushion in front of them; one seems to have an object like bread in his hands. At the ends of the table, two women sit upon chairs facing each other, and a youthful server is between them. A small round table upon which is a fish—the emblem of Christ (from the letters of the Greek word fish, the initials of "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour")—is set in front of the banqueters; and a tall vessel with handles stands beside it upon the ground. The server holds a cup in his hands.

Two sentences are painted above this scene: *Irene, da calda.—Agape misce mi.* ("Irene, give me warm food [or drink]."—"Agape, pour the drink for me.") The figures seem to be real figures, and you find yourself haunted by a puzzling and fascinating recollection that there was a woman of that name married to Castulus, a chamberlain of Diocletian; that he suffered martyrdom and is buried on this very road, somewhat nearer the city. And Irene herself is that noble woman who found the body of the martyred Sebastian, hanging by the garments from the wall of the sewer, into which it had been thrown and who brought it to her own house—yea, to the very Palatine upon which she dwelt—before its interment in the Catacombs. But the historian shakes his head with a faint smile, and

Monsignore thinks the names are but a veil: Irene, peace, Agape, charity,—they are the rest and the love that await the soul in the banquet-halls of eternity.

In a remote part of the cemetery, more recently opened up, we observe in the vault of a crypt one of those distinctly Byzantine compositions with which the mosaics of the sixth and seventh centuries have made us so familiar: the Christ seated, holding the open Book of the Gospels, with Saints Peter and Paul at His right and left, and the four chief martyrs of the Catacomb, having their names beside them: "Gorgonius, Petrus, Marcellinus, Tiburtius." Beneath them the symbolic Lamb of God stands upon a hillock, whence flow the four rivers of Paradise: "Geon, Tigris, Fyson, Eufrata." And these to ecclesiastical writers were the "streams of the Four Gospels watering the whole earth to make it fruitful."

Some of the inscriptions are very interesting. A good number of them, picked out of the loose earth and débris, were carried to the Lateran Museum of Christian antiquities, and some also which were of great dogmatic importance; for instance, that famous one, *Refrigera Deus Animam Hom...* ("Refresh, O God, the soul of Hom"), so clearly allusive to prayer for the dead in the third century, and to that intermediate state where refreshment might, through the mercy of God, reach the soul; not heaven, for there it would not need refreshment; nor hell, for the Church never prayed for the accursed.

There is the memorial of a priest who for twenty-six years held his pastoral charge:

HIC QUESCIT ROMANUS
PRESBITER ET QUI SIDIT
PRESBITERIO ANNUS XXVI
MENSIS X DEP. . . .
X KAL SEVERINI . V C. CO

The consular indication pointed either to A. D. 461 or 482 (the pontificate of St. Leo I., or of St. Simplicius). Another inscription, simply graved in the plaster beside a tombstone conveys the valuable information that this Catacomb depended from the church or titulus of St. Eusebius, one of the city parishes:

OLYMPI
LECTORIS DE
D . EUSEBI
LOCUS EST

"This is the place [grave] of Olympius, lector of the Church of the Lord Eusebius." The title *Dominus* was frequently given to the martyrs.

Behind the apse, low down in the wall, and unmoved from its original place near the graves of the martyrs, is the epitaph of a holy woman to whom the great praise is given that she was "acceptable to God and to the saints":

A . DEO . ET . SANCTIS ACCETA . (accepta)

There are two children's graves in the same vicinity:

LEA IN PACE QUE
VIXIT ANNIS QUINQUE
MENSES VII DIES VII DIE XII KAL JUL

The other small loculus is in the passage outside the crypt of the martyrs,—an infant with the curious name Little Roundling, "Rutundula":

RUTUNDULA IN PACE
QUE VIXIT M XI D XX
IN PACE

A relic that was of peculiar interest to our two kind guides was a writing scrawled in charcoal nearly two hundred years ago upon the plaster of the wall, stating that on that day the "Mattei," a society which was the forerunner of their own College of the Cultores for the study of the Catacombs and the revival of the devotion to the holy martyrs, had sung Vespers at this spot. Their signatures are there: Spada, Pansuto, De Angelis, Marangoni, the most noted of all; and the date, 8th March, 1728.

They may have been keeping the feast of St. Gorgonius; for, though there is much obscurity in regard to this saint, one Gorgonius having been

martyred in Nicomedia, and this one almost certainly in Rome; and though it has been said that there were as many as five martyrs of that name, perhaps owing to the distribution of the saint's relics in the eighth century, yet it is very remarkable that the feasts of these different Gorgonii are all kept on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of March.

Personally, we were more drawn by an elegant figure of St. Catherine of Siena, done with swift, masterly strokes upon the plaster of a broken wall; and we cried out together: "Some artist from Siena!" She swings forward admirably, the crucifix in her right hand, and in the left a palm branch. Had it occurred to this designer from the hills of Tuscany that she, too, was a martyr? We had to spell out slowly in its oldtime script the writing he had left there: *Santi Avanzini, Pittore Senese, Anno* 1600 *si ritrovò in questo loco addì* 29 *di Agosto.* ("Santi Avanzini, Sienese Painter, found himself in this place on the 29th of August, the year 1600.")

And yet one thing more Monsignore was determined that we should see. One of the recently discovered chambers has fresco decorations in which golden candelabra are painted, simply by way of ornament. But scholars are of opinion that they have been introduced there to keep alive the memory of the four candle-holders, weighing two hundred pounds, which Constantine in his munificence donated to the church of Saints Peter and Marcellinus, near the tomb of his beloved mother.

The afternoon light was waning as we left that memorable and fascinating spot of the cemetery near the basilica of Blessed Helen, in the territory called of the Two Laurels. The Campagna seemed to have sunk down, literally, to a lower level, owing to the withdrawal of the brilliant sunshine, and the change in tone to an atmosphere of dark blue and ever-deepening violet. Yet the west was warm still. Long shafts of pale opal and rose color illuminated the softly inclined slopes, and flushed ruddily upon the slender, upstanding ruins of the aqueducts. It is said that what we see is that same destruction by the Goths over which Vigilius mourned, after the "nefarious war." The dome of St. Peter, the immortal landmark of Rome, hung like a pearl above the ascending mist, depending more from heaven than from earth.

"I know now," said my sister, "where Virgil got his idea of 'a purple night.' " But we were all too much engrossed in our own thoughts to answer.

And suddenly the first tremulous point of silver pierced into the silent, shadowy sky.

(The End.)

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

II.—A People's Need.

Freedom all solace to man gives:
He lives at ease that freely lives.
—*J. Barbour.*

WHEN Walter rose next morning and looked out of the window of his bedroom, though it was a sunny morning, he saw that the fleecy clouds were flying low and swiftly, that the sea in the bay was white with foam, that a fresh southwesterly gale had sprung up in the night. This could not delay his crossing to Ostend. He was accustomed to rough seas from his childhood; for his father kept a fifty-ton cutter that flew the white "burgee" and ensign of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in her he had made many a cruise up and down Channel. As he slowly dressed, he wondered whether the Count would venture across it, with the sea that was running. But, thought Walter, if he does, he will be on his back all the way, and my promised lesson in history will be lost. Walter shared

with many of his countrymen the belief that all foreigners are bad sailors.

When he went down to one of those substantial breakfasts that only English inns provide, he found the Count all ready for tea and toast, bacon and eggs.

"There's a fine breeze blowing," remarked the Count. "I hope you enjoy a rough sea? *I* do. I've often knocked about in rough seas on an Ostend fishing-smack, and I've rarely had finer sport." Walter was glad to hear this; he would not miss his historical lecture.

A little after eight, the two young men, having paid their reckoning at the Ship Inn and promised to revisit it whenever they passed through Dover, went with their luggage to the Packet Boat Quay, alongside of which was moored the "Crusader," on which they had secured berths. She was one of the five high-masted, schooner rigged, paddle-wheel steamers which since 1826 the British post office ran thrice weekly to carry the mails to Ostend, and on other days to Calais or Boulogne,—small, smart, seaworthy craft, strange-looking in those early days of steam navigation as they ploughed their way across the Channel, black smoke streaming from the apparently high stack of each boat. They were commanded by masters and manned by seamen of the King's Navy, and flew the blue ensign of the postal service.

The commander of the "Crusader," seeing that it was nine o'clock by his chronometer, ordered "two-bells" to be rung on the ship's bell; and this being the hour for sailing, the vessel was at once cast lose and steamed slowly out of harbor. The baggage and all the passengers (ten all told) were, except two, stowed away below. The two were Walter and the Count, who, wrapped in their long travelling coats, ensconced themselves under the bulwarks on the weather side of the quarter-deck. There they could chat and smoke, sheltered from waves and winds. Hardly had the vessel cleared the harbor than she felt the force of the gale which carried her merrily towards Ostend. She was as buoyant as a cork, and for those who had "sea-legs," and, better still, "sea-stomachs," it was a joy to see her dancing on her way. But the rich "mi-lord" and his valet, and the city magnate with his wife and six children, who had gone below, did not relish the skipping ship.

Interesting as the record would be of all that the Count told Walter about the history of his country, it is too long to report verbatim. Suffice it here to say that, in brief but picturesque terms, the Count described what had been the history of the Low Countries from the days when the Franks invaded them down to his own times. He divided their history into four great periods: the Frankish, from 445 down to the treaty of Verdun in 843; the Feudal, down to the closing years of the fourteenth century; the Burgundian, that ended with the death of the gentle Mary of Burgundy in 1482; and, lastly, the period of Foreign Domination.

"To the Frankish period," remarked the Count, "we owe our civilization, our religion, and our languages. I was almost going to say 'our lands'; for to the rude labors of the Frankish settlers, aided by many Frisians and Saxons who mingled with them, forests were cleared, marshes drained, and lands reclaimed from the sea by the erection of those dykes that defend us against the attacks of the North Sea even to this day. The missionaries and monks, who brought us Christianity from Rome, directed in a large measure these patient and fruitful labors. As you know, among those who were the first to preach the Gospel among our heathen ancestors were saints from your islands. Saints Boniface, Willibrord, and Wilfrid came from England; St. Rumold, the patron of Mechlin, prob-

ably was of Irish origin, as also St. Livinus. Of course there were many apostles sent us from Gaul, notably St. Amandus, St. Eligius, and St. Arnold."

"How do you explain the differences of language which I believe exist in your Belgic provinces?" asked Walter.

"Our Walloons, in the southern provinces, speak indeed a French dialect; elsewhere the people's mother tongue is Low German. If you draw a line from a point south of Dunkirk and passing through Brussels to Maestricht, you will have marked roughly the linguistic frontier between the two languages. The line nearly corresponds with a broad belt of forests that extended across the country in very early times. The Franks who settled south of these forests were brought into close contact with Gallo-Roman populations, and adopted their language. The Franks who built their homesteads north of these forests kept their Teutonic tongue, and the more readily as they were reinforced by Frisian and Saxon settlers. But the forests have gone, and Walloons and Flemings are now ready to recognize their common origin and to form a common nationality, albeit bilingual."

"You don't include the Dutch; yet, if I mistake not, their language differs little from what your Flemings speak."

"True, but in the sixteenth century a great gulf was dug between us, who ought to be brethren. The Dutch became Protestants; we remained Catholics; and this separation is even now bearing evil fruits. But to return to our history. In the Feudal Period, the Low Countries were split up into a great many duchies and counties, whose princes were vassals either of the Holy Roman Empire or of the French King. Sometimes, as were the counts of Flanders, the prince was vassal of both for different parts of his lands. It was in this period that the great urban communes, such as Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, developed themselves by their energy in trade and industry. It was not, however, until the third or Burgundian period that their wonderful prosperity reached its climax. Arts and letters flourished, but luxury among the rich and turbulence among the workers set the seeds of decay. Then we passed under the rule of a long and varied succession of princes,—Spanish, Austrian, French, and Dutch. Holland escaped this for a time; we southern Netherlanders were oppressed and we decayed."

"We have been ruled, too, by foreign princes; yet, on the whole, we have not done badly?" objected Walter.

"I doubt very much if your countrymen fared well under your foreign kings, who were more interested in their possessions on the Continent than in England until your barons had the good sense and power sufficient to force King John to grant them the Great Charter. Then your Parliament has for centuries been a very real power; it ruled: your kings only reigned. When the Stuarts did not act as the people willed, you beheaded one and took the crown from another. You imposed on your Orange King a Bill of Rights, and quite lately your ministers have obliged the crown to give assent to a law emancipating Catholics. We have never been a strong enough and sufficiently united people to force our foreign kings to do justice to our crying needs. They valued us only for the money they could filch out of our pockets. To do this more easily, they respected our local liberties; but if it suited their policy, they were ready to barter away our best interests and to sell us to the highest bidder. The Schelde was closed to foreign ships; the flourishing Ostend Company for trading to India was ruined; and Joseph II. was on the point of selling us to France,—all to propitiate other Powers who made of our provinces the 'Cockpit of Europe.' One

thing our princes protected—our religion,—until Joseph II. meddled with it. Then we made the Revolution of Brabant, which, if partially a failure, was all-important in this: it implanted in our hearts a desire to be a *nation*."

During this conversation, the gallant little "Crusader" had throbbingly ploughed more than half its way to Ostend. It had left the white cliffs of England behind it; they, with the numberless vessels that were rounding them to reach the Thames or ports on the east coast, had disappeared below the horizon. The character of the sea itself had changed. The great, dark-blue, white-maned waves that had coursed up Channel and chased the "Crusader" into the North Sea, had given place to waves of a less noble character. The water was now of a tawny greenish hue, and boiled and bubbled and splashed itself about in a manner that would soon have exhausted the strongest swimmer, but which, much to the relief of the sufferers in the cabin, allowed the "Crusader" to cease its dancing and skipping.

Then Walter and his companion discovered that sea air was very appetizing, and they asked the steward if they could have some lunch. There was not much choice of viands on board, such as is to be found in our modern mail packets. Some cold beef, pickles, cheese, bottled beer, brandy and rum were all that the steward's pantry offered. Shortly after they had ordered lunch, the steward returned, and, touching his cap, said:

"Captain's compliments, gentlemen! And would you take your luncheon in his cabin? He thinks that you'll find it more agreeable than in the passengers' apartment."

"With much pleasure," replied our friends; and presently they went to the captain's small, snug cabin.

The captain was a bluff, hearty old tar, with a jovial face reddened by the salted winds of many oceans. He had such keen, piercing eyes that one felt that there were few fogs through which he could not see his way. His thin, pursed lips bespoke his firm character. They were flanked by formidable brown whiskers, slightly tinged with grey. He gave a hand to each of the young men as they entered the cabin, bidding them be seated on either side of him. The captain, removing his gold-laced cap, bowed his head and, not irreverently, muttered a blessing. His guests also said grace, crossing themselves unostentatiously.

"Mr. Gane," said the captain, addressing Walter, "I saw your name on your luggage; may I ask if you are related to the London banker? Oh, his son? You are welcome to my table as such. Many a time has your worthy father crossed the Channel in steamers I have commanded when he travelled on business to Paris and other large cities. And your friend?"

"A friend, if I may venture to call him such, whose acquaintance I made only yesterday,—the Comte de Vrye, a Belgian gentleman, late of the Dutch Embassy in London."

"Glad to see you, Count. I don't know much about politics, but I know when a storm is brewing; and, from what I hear, a storm appears to be brewing in your country. The Paris Revolution seems to have found an echo in Flanders. A tussle between your folk and the Dutch would be a grave matter. The Dutch are tough customers. Man and boy, I've served thirty-five years in the King's Navy; and in 1797 I fought in the battle of Camperdown against the Dutch. Brave Duncan won, but the Dutch were not beaten until we had taken or destroyed fifteen of their ships. They knew how to fight, gentlemen."

So the trio talked, until, each having drunk a glass of grog that the sea-dog had mixed, he returned to his post on

the bridge, and the young men to the quarter-deck to smoke their cigars. The voyage took eight hours in those days, and it was nearly four o'clock as the "Crusader" began threading its way through the shoals off the golden sand-hills of the Flemish coast. Now and again they caught sight of steeples rising from above the sandhills, behind which Walter could hardly realize that there lay a rich country. They saw the tower of the church at Nieuport; and, nearer the sea, a lighthouse dating from the fourteenth century. Then above the sandhills they saw the green fortifications of Ostend, topped by the red roofs of houses crowded around the tower of the old church of the seaport. Guided by the lighthouse on the west side of the harbor, the "Crusader," making a sharp half-turn to starboard, was soon gliding quietly between two short wooden piers that protected the entrance to the harbor.

(To be continued.)

My Flute.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

O MAGIC piece of wood, I love you so!
I breathe into your ivory lips, and lo!
Your dark frame trembles with the breath of life,
Your soul with unsung melody is rife;
And now the first sweet notes come, faint and low.

Didst thou, perchance, in some primeval wood,
Store up the song of wind and bird and flood,
And hold them safe until you came to me?
My lips have wooed all of these things from thee
When in thy wakened presence I have stood.

O magic piece of wood, what is your spell?
Whence cometh the sweet secrets that you tell?
The ages' songs come down to me through you;
I see the lightning strike; the rose in dew,
And hear the cadence of a passing bell.

Helen.

BY HARRY BAILEY.

I.

THE rather lengthy examination ended, Donald Yates felt his heart beating furiously as he awaited the verdict of the keen-faced doctor.

"How long have you felt the pain in your right chest?"

"About two months."

The medico drummed on the desk with his fingers.

"I should like to see your father," he said.

"He's dead. Come, sir, tell me the truth. I can't stand this suspense."

"Both your lungs are slightly affected; but, with care, you should recover. I should certainly spend the next few winters out of England, though."

Donald laughed harshly. "I understand," he said. "I can fight, even though you have killed in me something more precious than life itself."

The strong wind, redolent of newly-turned earth and bursting buds, bore no message for him as he walked, head on chest, down the rain-scoured streets of the little town. He had been doomed. The constant pain in his chest, coupled with a steady loss of weight, had been the first warnings. Now it was decided. For himself he had no fear. He could die as he had seen hundreds die before him. It was the thought of Helen that troubled him.

The breathing even of her name made him wince. How would she take it? She had patiently waited four years while he had borne his part in France and elsewhere. But what had she waited for? A broken wreck, the mere shell of a man! He had nothing to offer her save money. But would she give him up? Would she not, loyal, true and tender woman as she was, insist on marrying him so that she would have

thé right to nurse him? It was the bitterest thought of all. The knowledge that he would probably be compelled to act as a cad towards Helen unnerved him more than the certainty of his own early demise.

But when he visited her that evening he was, outwardly, his usual self.

"Mrs. Day thinks you look very ill, Don," she said; but, from her smile, it was evident that she regarded Mrs. Day as a modern Cassandra.

"That's a trick as old as the hills," replied Don, a little anxious lest she should push her question.

"It's a woman's query, you think?"

"Just to see how much you cared. If—"

"Donald!"

Helen rose to her feet, an outraged goddess. She was tall and slim, with delicate hands and ankles somewhat incongruous to one of her build. Her hair was glossily black, and the light loved to display its ability to convert pure black into a thing of wonder. She was typically English in coloring, with full, red lips and aquiline nose. Her eyes were startlingly light except, as now, when feeling darkened them to violet. On the white of her left eye was a spot of brown, an undeniable but attractive blemish.

"What do you mean? Do you think there is an 'if'? Is it you that has changed or is it I? I must know why you doubt me now."

Donald shuddered and his face became white and strained. "I'm worried, Helen," he began. "I've heard this afternoon from a friend of mine who is in the first stages of an incurable disease. He told his fiancée and advised her to break off the engagement. She did so at once. Probably it's for the best, and one can not blame the girl in the slightest; but my friend is naturally a trifle bitter with Fate, and perhaps his letter has embittered me."

Helen laid a hand on his arm.

"I forgive you, Don," she breathed. "Poor man! It is hard luck. But that girl! How could she give him up, Don? How could she? In one way he is lucky, for she never really loved him. Love doesn't demand perfection. Love is content: it gives. Nothing would make me give you up if you wanted me."

Donald was a prey to so many emotions that he could not connect his thoughts. Helen wanted him; and, oh, how much he wanted her! That was joy. But with realization came the bitterness of unutterable anguish. She did not know what it meant. If she nursed him, she, too, would fall a victim; and that should never happen. He would break away if it cost him his sanity. Then fear crowded in. How—how was he to tell her? He had to shatter her perfect faith.

"Perhaps she had fallen in love with some one else," he suggested.

"Donald!"—she was surprised. "You seem to speak from knowledge."

"Unfortunately, I do."

She mused a moment, chin cupped in her right hand, in the dear familiar manner. Donald's heart nearly burst. He knew her acumen. In a second she would realize, and he would never see her in that position again.

"Unfortunately! Does it concern you, then?"

"Yes." He was an excellent actor.

She stiffened; her hand fell to her side; some of the color left her lips; but her eyes, dauntless and steadfast, met his commandingly.

"She loves you?" Her tone was still even.

"Yes."

Her hand rose to her heart, paused there a second, then fell to her side.

"And you love her," she said. "I understand. I—I think you had better go—at once."

She swayed a little and Donald advanced to support her; but she waved him away imperatively. He walked

down the long drive, cursing the world and all that was in it,—all save Helen.

II.

Donald speedily arranged his worldly affairs. Like Helen, he had no really close relatives, so there was nothing to restrain him. He visited his lawyers and made a will, leaving everything, save £50 a year as long as he himself lived, to Helen.

It was young Truscott he saw, and Truscott and himself had been friendly in the old days.

"Pardon me for butting in, old man," said the lawyer; "but I see no necessity for this. One would imagine you expected to die soon."

"I do," said Donald, and gave him a summary of the doctor's decision.

Truscott thrust out his hand. "I'm really sorry, Yates," he said, and he seemed to grow sadder than ever. "I always admired you, and I've regretted many times that our paths have diverged of late. I'll look after the house for you. Shall I sell it if a customer comes along?"

"Yes."

"What do you intend to do? You can't live on £50 a year. If I were in your place, I should buy an island in the South Seas."

"That's not my way. I'm not bowing to it: I'm going to fight it. It's kill or cure with me. I'm a tramp from to-morrow. In the summer I shall live and sleep outside; in the winter I shall seek the occasional hospitality of an inn. I may earn a living as a peddler, a chair-mender or a knife-grinder. In any case, the £50 will save me from starvation. I'll let you know my address, and the money can be forwarded quarterly."

With Mr. Truscott's earnest and fervent hopes for renewed life ringing in his ears, Donald entered his house in the Close for the last time. A few hours later, garbed in his oldest clothes and carrying a knapsack containing a change of linen and a few carefully selected books, he left Stourminster on his quest for health.

Resting at the top of the hill, he turned his gaze towards the old town drowsing in the sparkling sunshine. He could plainly discern the Minster and the Close. He could see the farmhouse where Helen lived,—a grey old structure with warm red tiles. For a moment his heart ached; but resolutely he thrust aside the thought of her, lest even now he should retrace his steps. He had passed out of her life forever. So he rose to his feet, and, attempting a light-hearted whistle, strode forward manfully towards Worcester.

He arrived there late in the evening, and, avoiding the larger hostelries, chose an unpretentious inn whose rear abutted on the silver Severn. The absence of pain after so long a walk encouraged him greatly; and, when he awoke next morning, he lay a little, feeling at peace with all the world.

In the yard below there was a great bustle. Noises indicative of trampling horses and swishing water came to his ears. He luxuriated in the change.

"Watson! Where the deuce is the man?" cried a rough voice.

The reply "Here, sir," just floated to Donald's ears.

"Have you groomed the 'osses? No? I thought not. Why, you've got that green book again, you lazy devil! Give it 'ere!"

"Sir," said the faint, drawling tones, "this book is the fifth book of Virgil. No profane hands shall sully it."

"Shan't they? I'll teach you, you old good-for-nothing!"

There was the sound of a scuffle, followed by the violent tearing of leaves.

"You will have to find another ostler," said the owner of the book. "I'm going now. Virgil in the hands of a Worcester innkeeper! What a joke!"

Donald was so interested that he walked to the window, and, peering down, saw the red-faced, choleric landlord confronting a small ostler, with scanty grey locks and lined, intelligent face.

"You can go to the devil!" cried the landlord.

"He may demand payment before he takes me," was the swift retort; and the landlord, comprehending, thrust a hand into his pocket and threw several coins onto the cobble-stones.

The little man stooped to pick them up, and as he rose, his keen eyes saw Donald at the window.

"You heard, sir?" he cried. "Times are hard for a student of the classics."

Donald had an inspiration.

"Wait for me!" he shouted. "I'll be in front of the inn as soon as I've breakfasted."

An hour later Donald left the inn. Looking around him, he quickly espied the wizened form of the little man outside a neighboring bookstore.

Donald was more than a little shy. He wanted greatly to discover why an apparently learned, elderly man should have been an ostler at a second-class inn; but he found it a difficult matter to break the ice. He spoke twice before the man heard him, so absorbed was he in his contemplation of the books. Then he turned, and each took stock of the other. Donald saw that his first judgment had been true.

"I hope we shall be friends, sir," he said simply.

"Friendship," said the old man, gazing at him serenely, "is like the miraculous pitcher. The more one gives, the more there is to give. Only be sure you give whole-heartedly."

They strolled through the sun-bathed streets, chatting easily. It did not take the old man long to learn that Donald had decided to ape the tramp on a small annuity. Donald was much slower in discovering that his companion had no relatives in the world, a small sum in the post office savings bank, and was a veritable philosopher on any subject under the sun.

"I like your face, young man"—this was after they had dined,—"though you have much to learn of the world and its ways. I will accompany you on your sojourns. You shall be a prop to my feet, but I will support your brain and heart. I will be your mentor. Together we will wander over England. What say you?"

And Donald, glad at heart, paused near the cathedral and took the other's hand, vowing his new friend had but voiced his own thoughts. So began his new life,—not friendless and empty as he had anticipated, but partially filled by the sparkling wit and ready sympathy of Titus Easewell, the ex-ostler.

They journeyed southward by easy stages, by way of Hereford and Symond's Yat, and passed through the Forest of Dean almost to Cheltenham. June ushered in a spell of glorious weather, so that it was possible to sleep out in the open. Donald's thoughts, obsessed at first by the loss of Helen and the prospects of his own early death, responded, slowly but surely, to the cheerful companionship of Easewell. The pain, too, was becoming intermittent instead of incessant; and he found at the end of two months that he was able to walk twenty miles, sleep soundly on the bracken, and rise next morning with the call of the lark, feeling as fit as ever he had been.

The wind was whistling through the trees when he awoke one morning; so, rising, he breasted the hill and faced the Atlantic gale. He could scent the tang of the salt, and his whole being seemed to throb with renewed life.

"Do I look a dying man?" he cried gaily to Easewell, who was busily engaged in cooking the breakfast.

"I refrained from questioning you," was the answer; "but there are only

three things that send a man on the road: a woman, health, and adventure. You never have been sufficiently interested in life and its changes for me to call you an adventurous soul,—ergo!"

Donald mentioned that he was under sentence of death.

"*Cherchez la femme,*" said the old man, unconvinced. "No, I don't disbelieve you; but I know you sufficiently well to discountenance the suggestion that you would, voluntarily, do what you are now doing had you only yourself to consider."

"You're a wizard," laughed Donald; but, nevertheless, he told him of Helen.

"Are there such women?" mused Easewell, a spasm of pain crossing his face. "I have never met any of them. Probably she would have answered differently had you told her the truth."

"Never!" said Donald, angrily.

Easewell waved his hands deprecatingly. "Boy," he said, "you are young and I am old. I know women. They cajole, they deceive, they lie. And all for what? Not for glory, not even for power, but simply from self-conceit."

From Cheltenham Donald wrote, telling Truscott to forward his quarterly allowance to the village post office at Churchdown. The letter awaited him on his arrival. Truscott hoped his old friend was better, gave him a minute account of Stourminster life; and finally mentioned the fact that Helen had been very ill.

"I was there," continued the letter, "when some ass, thinking possibly that he was giving welcome information to an invalid, mentioned that you had gone away for your health. Helen rose slightly. 'I had not heard,' she whispered.—'Quite true. The news is pretty general. Believe it's tuberculosis. Hard lines for him.' She fainted; and amongst us all we contrived rather well to tell the unutterable idiot what we thought of him."

It was good to muse on the old life again. He passed the afternoon lying on his back in a field of newly-mown hay. Helen knew why he had prevaricated. So far it was good. He had always feared to die leaving her under the impression that he had behaved as a coward and a cad.

Death? The thought was rather quaint now. He kicked out his legs vigorously, drew in a deep breath, and arched his chest until the blood rushed to his face. He was certainly better. But no one ever fully recovered. He grew despondent again, and walked away to find Easewell.

The old man was strumming on a fiddle he had bought for a few shillings, and singing, in a passable tenor, to a group of gaping rustics:

"Last year we plucked the growing wheat,
And watched the wagtail skim
Above the lazy, silent stream,
Till daylight's sight grew dim."

He broke off and the countrymen melted away. "They are free, these Englishmen," Easewell said to Donald. "They are so free that they give their wealth to the village innkeeper. 'Tis what they like. But, lad, you are worried. I will cease."

Easewell watched over him tenderly as they wandered still southward through Gloucester. Skirting Bristol by way of the Cotswold villages, they travelled easily to the Mendips and through Cheddar gorge. Soon Donald became himself again. He had only one desire: a sight of the sea. So they reached Taunton, and, striking due north, came in the golden month of September to Washford, a tiny hamlet lying a mile inland and cheek by jowl to the wilds of Exmoor.

There fortune favored them; for the local carrier had recently died and Donald was offered the vacant position, together with the cottage; for he had been an unmarried man.

(Conclusion next week.)

LIBRARY

Some Gems of Controversy.

FATHER BRIDGETT, the English Redemptorist, known to many by his historical and controversial works, used to tell how, when he was still a Protestant and a student at Cambridge University, he went one day with a friend to see the Catholic church, then a poor little building almost hidden away in a narrow side street. The church was closed, but the sacristan who lived close by, an old Irishman, brought the keys and showed it to the visitors. As they left the place, Father Bridgett's friend and fellow-student said to their guide: "Now, Pat, do you really imagine that you have all the truth hidden away in this little church of yours, and that all the famous and learned men of the University know nothing about it?"—"Well, sir," said the Irishman, "if they know about it, isn't it a queer thing that they can't agree about what it is?" Father Bridgett used to say that this reply set him thinking, and the thinking was his first step towards the Church.

Many stories that are told of apt replies to objections against Catholic faith and practice turn upon such sallies of Irish wit; often, too, in the case of uneducated men whose faith is clear and strong, and who seem instinctively to hit upon the adversary's weak point without allowing themselves to be involved in prolonged discussion.

Such is the story told of an English tourist who tried to score a point of argument against a tenant farmer in the west of Ireland. The farmer was ploughing and the tourist had asked him the way. Then he remarked that the plough was a first-class modern implement, with a steel share and metal frame, and he took this for an illustration of his argument.

"That's a fine plough you have," he said. "It cuts a deep, clean furrow; but I dare say your grandfather, or even your father, had nothing better than a clumsy wooden plough, that meant three times the work and only scratched the ground."

"True enough, your Honor. Surely there's wonderful improvements in everything."

"Just so," said the Englishman. "The world moves on. What was good enough a hundred years ago is out of date now. That's why it puzzles me to see so many in Ireland keeping to old-fashioned ways in their religion. It was all very well in the Middle Ages—hundreds of years ago,—but the world moves on, and we find out better ways."

"Better ways," said the farmer,—"ploughs and railroads and steamships and lots of other things. But all these are the things men make. Look at the trees and the sky and the rivers and the sea and the cliffs by the shore! They are just what they were ages and ages ago. For God made them, and they don't change; and 'twas God made the Catholic Church."

Another argument was summed up in a gem of wit when a clergyman of the "Irish Missions to Catholics" told a peasant by the roadside that he could not see why one should honor "the Virgin Mary" any more than any other good woman. "I can't see," he said, "why I should make more of her than of my own mother, for instance."—"Sure," said the countryman, "you need not talk about the mothers that way; for there's a mighty big difference between the sons."

A Protestant was talking with a Catholic friend on the question of "no salvation outside the Church." "You are anxious," said the Protestant, "that I should become a Catholic, but you grant that people are saved who have not actually entered the Church. Why not leave me where I am?"

"Just suppose," said the Catholic, "that I was in mid Atlantic on a

Cunard liner, and I saw you trying to make your way across in an open boat under sail. I think I would try to get you to come on board the big ship. Yet I know that men have crossed the Atlantic in tiny sailing boats. I could not say for certain that you would not get across, but I would say that you were taking serious risks and that on board the Cunarder you would be safe, and certain to get through. So I say now, get out of that leaky tub of yours and come on board Peter's Bark."

Newman, lecturing during the outbreak of anti-Catholic bigotry that followed the restoration of the hierarchy in England, put the whole question of the relative honor paid to sacred images into a telling popular argument when he remarked that his hearers had lately been reading in the newspapers that a Protestant mob had shown its feelings towards the Pope by "burning him in effigy." "They don't believe," he said, "in honoring an image of the Mother of God, but they seem to believe very strongly that they can in some way dishonor His Vicar by dishonoring and destroying a thing they call his effigy."

I have heard the doctrine of Papal Infallibility put in a nutshell by a happy phrase. "Do you mean," asked the Protestant, "that your Pope is taught all wisdom by God, that he is like an inspired prophet, and when he tells you anything it is a case of 'Thus saith the Lord'?"—"No," answered the Catholic, "Infallibility is not inspiration. But Christ our Lord—as you can read in your own version of the Bible—commissioned St. Peter and his successors to feed His sheep, and He takes good care that they don't poison them."

* * *

To friends and eke to foes true kindness show;
No kindly heart unkindly deeds will do;
Harshness will alienate a bosom friend,
And kindness reconcile a deadly foe.
—*Omar Khayyám.*

Discovering the Obvious.

A NEVER-FAILING source of amusement to fairly well-read Catholics is the periodical discovery, by non-Catholics of more or less repute, of various doctrines, truths, theories, methods, and systems which are really familiar as household words to everyone conversant with the history of the Church and with her unchanging message to mankind. Even as late as this third decade of the twentieth century, we find oracular Protestant publicists declaring, with all the impressiveness of an originator of an entirely new theory, that education without the religious element combined therewith is imperfect, and quite inimical rather than advantageous to the State,—as if the Church had not been teaching this elementary truth for centuries past. So with divorce. With all the emphasis of a responsible teacher of some "new thing," a non-Catholic judge ventures the assertion that separation from bed and board, and not from the bonds of marriage, is the proper solution of a number of matrimonial problems,—as if just that plan had not been in vogue among Catholics since long before Protestantism was ever heard of. So, too, with such religious matters as veneration of the Blessed Virgin; and with such economic matters as the right of private property, a living wage, interest and usury: the obvious to the Catholic is being just discovered by those "outside the walls."

Nor is it only the ordinary man in the street or the average professional non-Catholic who speaks of the common place as if it were phenomenal: similar action is found among authors whose intellectual prominence can not be impugned. A striking instance is afforded by Carlyle's "Past and Present." In the first chapter of its second book he says: "We will, in this second portion

of our work, strive to penetrate a little, by means of certain confused papers, printed and other, into a somewhat remote century; and to look face to face on it, in hope of perhaps illustrating our own poor century thereby." Of the papers in question he goes on to say: "Jocelin's Book,—the 'Chronicle,' or private Boswellian Notebook, of Jocelin, a certain St. Edmundsbury Monk and Boswell, now seven centuries old,—how remote it is from us; exotic, extraneous; in all ways coming from far abroad!... And then the ideas, life-furniture, whole workings and ways of this worthy Jocelin; covered deeper than Pompeii with the lava-ashes and inarticulate wreck of seven hundred years!"

The hero of Jocelin's "Chronicle" is the Abbot Samson, and the Scotch essayist was evidently impressed by the simple story of that twelfth-century monk. He grows almost dithyrambic in pronouncing the Abbot's eulogy. Thus: "The great, antique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on Earth; making all Earth a mystic Temple to him, the Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men; that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God. Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendor over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great law of duty, high as these two infinities, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else: making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be. The 'imaginative faculties'? 'Rude poetic ages'? The 'primeval poetic element'? O for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a Dilettantism, this of Abbot Samson: it was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity."

Now, however remote monastic life may have appeared to Carlyle, "exotic, extraneous; in all ways coming from so far abroad," the very truth is that just such a life was being lived in his day, not only in Italy and France and Germany and other countries of Europe, but in America, in Ireland, England, and his own Scotland. The essential features of the Rule of St. Benedict, under which Abbot Samson lived and held his sway in the twelfth century, have been preserved and practised by monks and nuns, religious Brothers and Sisters, all over the Catholic world ever since the writing of that rule in the sixth century. In hundreds of monasteries and convents throughout Europe and America "the ideas, life-furniture, whole workings and ways" of the chronicler Jocelin were in full force in 1843, when "Past and Present" was written, just as they are in this our own day, and as they assuredly will be during all the days to come until time shall be no more.

Not merely present-day monks and nuns, priests and religious, live, as did the twelfth-century Abbot, "in an element of miracle": every devout Catholic so lives. Putting oneself in the presence of God at one's morning prayer; assisting at the unbloody Sacrifice daily offered on our altars, receiving the veritable Body and Blood of our Divine Lord in frequent or daily Communion; visiting the Blessed Sacrament, the Eucharistic God really present in our tabernacles; entering the tribunal of penance and hearing the priest, "another Christ," utter the potent words, "I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,"—what is all this if it is not being encompassed by supernatural wonders from morning till night? As for "Earth's business all a

kind of worship," that is the veriest commonplace of the religious life. Monks and nuns, fulfilling their vow of obedience, do all for the honor and glory of God; and all their works, even acts that are of themselves indifferent from a moral standpoint, are meritorious for eternal life. In no metaphorical sense, but in very truth, Heaven lies over the devout child of the Church wheresoever he goes or stands on earth,—is close at hand; the Adorable Persons of the Blessed Trinity, the Immaculate Mother of the Word Incarnate, and all the hosts of archangels and angels and glorified saints within easy call.

That very many of us, especially among the laity, apparently forget our nearness to the supernatural, that all too often we live by sight instead of faith, and that the ordinary tenor of our daily existence does not impress our non-Catholic neighbors as being materially different from their own,—all this is no doubt regrettable; but it does not alter the fact that in the very depths of our hearts we know and realize the omnipresence of God, the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, in our innumerable tabernacles, the nearness of our Blessed Lady and her willingness as well as her power to tender us her assistance in all our spiritual and temporal needs.

As for monasticism, the religious life, in a truer sense than Carlyle had in mind, it was a reality in the twelfth century as it was in the sixth; and it is a reality in this twentieth century just as it will be in the one hundred and twentieth, should the world endure so long. The overwhelming mass of non-Catholics know little or nothing about that life or its meaning; but it will be quite in accordance with recent occurrences for a Protestant genius to discover it some day, and then publish his discovery to the world as something never before heard of or imagined.

Somnolescent Sermons.

THE editor of the *Sower* recently came across certain statistics which a distinguished Scottish professor had gathered to prove that sixty thousand sermons are preached in Great Britain every Sunday morning. "The humor of it," remarks the editor, "did not escape the audience. There was, in fact, laughter. The professor went on to wonder (and we find ourselves wondering with him) whether, on the whole, people are any better for these sixty thousand sermons; he hoped (doubtfully) that they are not any the worse.... The practical error of Protestantism in throwing over the sacraments and pinning its faith to the sermon is now obvious to everybody, even if there were no 'fed-up' Scotch professors to point the moral for us. To preach a set discourse week after week simply out of a dour sense of duty is a thing which surely no one with any sense of humanity could attempt without secret misgivings."

It would be entertaining to find out just how many reputable American citizens are put to sleep by unctuous harangues every Sabbath morn. The peacefulness of their slumber varies, no doubt, with the subject: the ancient brimstone of Jonathan Edwards was arresting, but who that is born of woman can resist ministerial platitudes on the League of Nations, the brotherhood of man, etc.? All up-to-date houses of prayer ought to be equipped with pillows in the interests of humanitarianism. Now that Prohibition is legal, there is no good reason for keeping tired business men awake,—that is, no reason unless one believes that Sunday is the Lord's day, and the church His house, and comes to listen to Him. And such a belief involves the Real Presence and the Mass, which the privately appointed expounders of the Scripture ruled out four centuries ago.

Notes and Remarks.

So many Governments, including several non-Catholic ones, are now represented at the Holy See, that leading politicians of Italy have begun to discuss the relations of the Quirinal and the Vatican, asking if Italy is to be "left out in the cold," and expressing the hope that reconciliation may soon be effected. It is pointed out that conditions have become greatly modified of late, and that obstacles, formerly regarded as insurmountable, are fast disappearing. Certainly the old rabid anticlericalism has decreased, and the prestige of the Vatican has been enormously enhanced. A socialist leader in Italy does not hesitate to express himself as favorable to a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Italian Government, and declares that the development of Catholicism everywhere is causing millions of people to look upon Rome as the centre of the world, and the Holy See as "the greatest of moral forces."

Italy sees plainly that the sovereignty of the Pope is now recognized by the rest of the world; she has only to abrogate or thoroughly revise the Law of Guarantees. Until that is done, however, she is certain to be "left out in the cold." The extra-national character of the Vatican is a necessity which is becoming increasingly plain to the whole civilized world.

It is a good thing to know that the people of the United States have raised and expended the sum of $60,000,000 for Armenian relief, and that an organization so devoted and efficient as the Near East Relief has been in charge of the work. Even though the whole world were clamoring for our charity, Armenia would have especial right to consideration: nowhere else on earth has tyranny been so ruthless, rapacity so ferocious, or victims so constant in their martyrdom. It is a story of deathless appeal. At a recent meeting in Indianapolis, Lady Anne Azgepetian received in behalf of her people the gift of a beautiful necklace from a donor who said, "I never knew what jewels were worth until I learned that they could actually save the lives of little children." Perhaps the maker of this phrase did not realize how close she had come to the root of things. Saving the lives of little children, building them up for the sturdy Christian life which their country had lived before the coming of the unspeakable Turk, is sublimely real alchemy.

Cleopatra dissolved her pearls to make a beverage suited to a queen: American women have the privilege of making their gems over into bodies and souls, into laughter and glory. And is there not some room for American men? They can give, of course; but it seems to us that there is the story in our history of an American sailor who led his frigate into Tripoli and put an end to the paying of ransom to the Turks. Another such sailor would not be altogether undesirable.

In the estimation of many of our readers, Sir Philip Gibbs very probably appears to far better advantage as the preface-writer of Mr. Hugh Martin's book on Ireland in insurrection than he did as an English propaganda lecturer in these United States. Like innumerable other judicious Englishmen, Sir Philip condemns the action of governmental England and Mr. Lloyd George. The distinguished war correspondent and publicist thus expresses himself:

> It is because I believe that the English people are better than their leaders, wiser and broader than the narrow intelligence of their officials, and with a real spirit of liberty and justice in their hearts, alarming in its power to those who pay mere lip service to such virtues, that I welcome this book by an English eye-witness in Ireland. Only by conciliation may we ever have peace in Ire-

land; for we shall never break the Irish spirit. Only by withdrawing our forces from Ireland can we stop terror and counter-terror. Only by the most generous, full, quick and honest acknowledgment of their rights to govern themselves shall we keep the Irish people within our commonwealth of nations, secure the loyalty which may follow hatred, and cleanse our reputation in the world.

The eminent Italian statesman and social economist, Signor Luzzati—though a Jew, we believe,—would seem to be a student of St. Francis. *Le Temps* quotes him as saying, in reference to the differences of the various rates of exchange in Europe: "This critical situation is at present of such a nature that from an economic viewpoint a St. Francis of Assisi would to-day be very much more useful to the world than a learned professor of economic science, or even a delegate to the League of Nations." As Prime Minister of Italy in 1910, Signor Luzzati sent a message to the municipality of Assisi, in which he referred to the remarkable—the unique—personality of St. Francis, who "better than any one else embodied in his life and character the loftiest law of brotherly solidarity between all sections and all classes of our common wealth."

From numerous letters of gratitude received from war sufferers in Central Europe to whose relief our readers have been contributing, we select the following passages, all showing the extent and the intensity of the suffering resulting, in one way or another, from the World War. The president and secretary of an aid society in Vienna write: "Great plagues, like those which once visited Egypt, have been sent upon us and our poor people,—first, the frightful toll of the battlefields, and then exorbitant prices, sickness, and other misfortunes. In one family here the father was killed, the mother sickened as a result: a four-year-old daughter died of malnutrition, and a boy of six years has been ill constantly as a result of the same trouble. You will not be surprised to learn that this family wishes to express its thanks for its share in your bounty. And we wish to add our hearty gratefulness for the relief which we are able to extend to other families because of the generosity of your readers." A widowed mother states her many afflictions in the fewest possible words: "Ever since my husband fell in battle I have been living, with my poor weak, deaf and dumb baby, under the worst possible conditions, especially since my aged mother became an invalid. Oh, how thankful I am for the alms received from you!"

From a band of children in an orphan asylum of Salzburg comes this characteristic expression of gratitude: "To our dear benefactors in America. These lines are written to tell you how thankful we are because your kindly hearts have compassion on starving children. You would certainly be happy if you could see how your gifts are 'gobbled up' by us. Of course we can not show our gratitude in many ways, and so we promise that we are going to be very diligent at school. Many people in Europe are calling for help, but we are the happiest because we have been so greatly favored by you."

From the *Catholic Leader*, one of our East Indian exchanges, we learn that a Trappist monastery has been founded in Annam, at Phnoe Son, China. Already a dozen young monks are said to be observing the rule with enthusiasm. They recite the short Office in Latin. Conspicuous among these new Trappists is a converted bonze, or Buddhist monk, son of that ferocious persecutor of the Christians, Mink-Mang, rightly termed a veritable Annamite Nero. The son has proved to be the direct antithesis of the father; for the converted bonze is declared to be among the most

devout members of the community. It is an excellent thing for China, and the East generally, this introduction of Cistercian monasticism within its boundaries. The direct and indirect influence of the Trappist monks can not but be beneficial to the cause of Christ in the Chinese Empire, as it has been in the West.

In concluding a learned and lengthened discussion of an ingenious etymological objection to the great Petrine text in the Gospel of St. Matthew (xvi, 18), "W. H. K.," of the London *Tablet*, was reminded of a pertinent *bon mot* by Gathorne Hardy, afterwards Lord Cranbrook. The witty Tory statesman was visiting Rome, when one of his companions, a certain Dr. Marsh, broached this untimely controversial topic in the presence of Catholic prelates, insisting on the pointed distinction between *petros* and *petra*. But, before any Catholic champion could take up the challenge, Hardy's ready wit lightly turned the Protestant shafts aside. "Come, come, Marsh," he said; "that is too bad. What would you have said if you had lived in those days, and the promise had been made to you, and some one had argued that the real meaning was, 'Thou art Marsh, and on this *morass* I will build my Church'?"

W. H. K. never loses patience with his opponents—unlike a learned polemic of the seventeenth century, who, after ably refuting every objection to the Supremacy of St. Peter raised by the sectarians of the time, exclaims:

Come ye *Rooters of foundations up*, that are *laid in promise*, if you will not let *Peter* have his *Supremacy*, let us compound with you in his behalf, let him have his *primacy* among the Apostles. Let him be the *prime* man amongst them, for so *all* the Evangelists reckoned him, in their several Catalogues of the Apostles: so when they named but two or three or four, *Peter* was always named *first*, not *imprimis*, as some *fore-man* of a Jury: but *primus*, the first, as Saint Matthew expresseth him. . . . *The first*, not by way of *order*, but by way of *excellency:* not as being only the *first* that was *chosen*, and so alwaies the *first* that was named, but *the* first, as he was *the first that acknowledged*, and openly *confessed*, the *Divinity of Christ*. The *first* that *preached* unto the Jews. The *first* that *converted* the Gentiles. The *first* that *resisted* the Synagogue. The *first* that *confirmed* his Doctrine by miracle. The *first* that *amplifyed* the Church by an addition of three thousand souls. The *first* who alwaies *rises up* to speak. The *first* who *propounded* businesse. Not *the first*, as if he had been but like some *senior fellow* of a Colledge, but *first* as *principle* of that Colledge.

If you will not let him be this, he shall be more: if you will not let him be *primus ante omnes*, he shall be *Solus inter eos:* the *only man amongst them:* for only to *him* was it said, *Whatsoever thou shalt bind in the Earth shall be bound in the Heavens: and whatsoever thou shalt loose in Earth shall be loosed also in the Heavens. Onely* to him, *I have prayed for thee* Peter, *that thy faith fail not. Onely* to him, *Confirm and strengthen thy brethren. Thou art* Peter, *and upon this Rock will I build my Church. To thee will I give the Keys. Onely* to him, *Feed my sheep, feed my lambs.*

Not the least gratifying sign of the vigor and robustness of American Catholicism is the rapidly increasing activity of our clergy and laity in behalf of the Foreign Missions. It is only a brief period since the United States itself was divested of the name and character of a foreign mission—some portions of the country indeed still preserve that status,—and our people as a whole are becoming more and more convinced that they, as well as the other peoples of the Catholic world, are personally interested in and affected by Christ's commission, as forcible and almost as timely to-day as when it was first issued to the Apostles: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

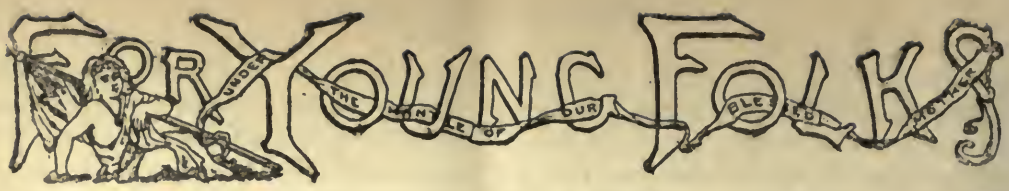
Of the two essentials for the carrying out of Christ's command, men and money, the former is the more difficult to secure. Funds to support the

missionaries may not always be forthcoming in sufficient magnitude, but they are much more easily procured than are the missionaries themselves. It is a matter for rejoicing, accordingly, that of late months American priests, religious and secular, have been going in increasing numbers to the foreign field. The Holy Ghost Fathers have sent men to the Far East; American members of the La Salette Congregation have gone to Madagascar; American Jesuits have sailed for the Philippines; additional Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross are on their way to Eastern Bengal; another band of missionaries of the Divine Word are soon to embark for different missions in the Orient; and American Vincentians are sending, this month, five priests and four students to open a new mission in Southern Kiang-si, China.

One corollary of the foregoing statement should, we think, impress itself forcibly on the minds of our lay readers: if the clergy provide the men for the Foreign Missions, then in all honesty and fairness the laity should supply the money necessary for the missionaries' work. Support of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Association of the Holy Childhood, gifts to certain specified missions or to individual missionaries, and—a donation which everyone is competent to bestow—fervent prayers for all work and all laborers in the field afar,—these are some of the means by which one may acquit himself of the real duty imposed upon him by Christ Himself, that of doing his full share in evangelizing the heathen.

With regret we record the death, on the 28th ult., at his home in Baltimore, of Charles Joseph Bonaparte, one of the most distinguished Catholic laymen in the United States. He was a grand-nephew of Napoleon and grandson of the Emperor's brother Jerome, who married the famous Miss Patterson of Baltimore and afterwards was King of Westphalia. Mr. Bonaparte was Secretary of the Navy and later Attorney-General in the Administration of President Roosevelt, by whom he was held in highest esteem. His activity in the National Civil Service Reform Association and the National Municipal League, while naturally raising up many enemies, caused him to become widely known as a man of noble character and sterling citizenship. As the legal adviser of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions and a trustee of the Catholic University of Washington, Mr. Bonaparte rendered important service to his coreligionists. He will be gratefully remembered by them also for an admirable address on "The Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics," delivered at the University of Notre Dame, from which (in 1903) he received the Lætare Medal.

As a thoroughly successful contributor to the gayety of nations—Catholic nations at least,—a Masonic weekly of London, *The Freemason*, assuredly deserves honorable mention, if not a first prize. Just at present this British journal is publishing a series of articles on the "secret societies of the Catholic Church." There is, of course, very little amusement to be derived nowadays from the charge that the Jesuit Order is the most nefarious of institutions; the world has grown as weary of that ancient lie as of the jokes of Joe Miller; but this up-to-date maligner of Catholicism has discovered something really new. It specifically mentions the Children of Mary as being virtually a secret society. Shades of Münchausen! What shall we have next? Possibly that the Altar Boys' Association is in reality a preparation for the training of future anarchists.



Types.

By Denis A. McCarthy.

THE Roman letter says: "I'm here.
Four square. I've come to stay."
Italic cries: "Look out! Stand clear!
I'm up and on my way!"

The one holds fast in storm and stress,
Unmoved by gain or loss;
The other burns with eagerness
To put the thought across.

The Little Minstrel.

II.—Remi is Sent Away.

MOTHER BARBARIN climbed up the narrow stairs of the loft.

"Did you hear, Remi?" she asked.

"Every word, mamma. Are you going to let me go to the foundling asylum?"

"No, Remi,—no!" She put her arms around him and kissed him.

"Mamma," he said at last, "I love you better than ever. But I am glad he is not my father. Where do I come from?"

"Once, Remi, we lived for a short time in Paris. One night my husband was passing along the streets and he found you, a baby, lying in a doorway. He took you to the police station, and they fed and warmed you. They told him the parents of such a fine child, dressed so beautifully as you were, would be sure to give a large reward for your return. Some bad man had stolen you, they thought, and then got frightened and ran away and left you. Jerome said he would take you home,—we had just lost a nice little boy. He was hoping for a reward. So we took you and no one ever came to ask for you. That is how I came, dearie, to be your mother."

"O mamma," cried Remi, "don't let him send me to an asylum!"

"I will not let him do it, my child. Now go to sleep."

Kissing him tenderly once more, she left him; and, greatly comforted, he soon fell asleep.

Barbarin went out after breakfast next morning, and did not return till noon. He ate some bread and onions, and then said to Remi:

"Put on your cap and come with me!"

The boy glanced at Mother Barbarin, who nodded, and put her finger to her lips to warn him not to answer. Remi did as he was told, and followed Barbarin, who, though he limped a good deal, walked very quickly. The boy found difficulty in keeping up with him. At length, not being satisfied with Remi's pace, he seized him by the wrist and dragged him along beside him. In this way they entered the village. Remi was very much embarrassed, as he thought people would imagine he had committed some crime.

A man was standing at the door of the village tavern.

"Come in, Barbarin," he said. "I want to talk to you."

Remi was not at all averse to this, as he had often wondered what was inside the tavern, with its leathern curtains hanging in front of the entrance. His mother had told him that taverns were the ruin of many a good man, and he had a strong curiosity to see for himself the horrors within, though he had never passed the place without quickening his pace.

To his surprise, he saw nothing but a number of clean white tables, around some of which a few men were sitting,

chatting and drinking wine. "There is nothing dreadful here," said Remi to himself. He took a seat on a bench near the big fireplace, watching the people who came and went. In a corner near him sat a tall old man with a long, white beard. He wore a strange costume, the like of which Remi had never before seen. Long ringlets fell to his shoulders, surmounted by a high, pointed grey hat ornamented with green and red feathers. A sheepskin, the woolly part turned inward, was fastened around his body. There were no sleeves,—only two holes. Under this was a blue velvet jacket. He wore leggings, wound about with narrow ribbons to keep them in place. He sat very still. Lying quietly beside him were three little dogs: a white spaniel, a black one, and a pretty, little grey dog, with a sharp, pointed nose. The white spaniel wore an old helmet, fastened by a strap under his chin.

Remi could not hear what Barbarin and the tavern-keeper were saying, though he felt that they were talking about him. But the quiet old man must have been listening, for he suddenly got up and said, pointing to the boy,

"Is that the child you are trying to get rid of?"

"Yes," replied Barbarin.

"I know a way by which you can dispose of him and earn a little money besides."

"Come here," said Barbarin, beckoning to the boy.

Remi arose and stood between them.

"What will you give me for him?" asked Barbarin.

"I will not buy him: I will hire him for thirty francs a year."

"He is a handsome child," said Barbarin. "That is not enough."

"It is all I can give," replied the old man. "At the asylum you will get nothing at all."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Barbarin.

"My name is Signor Vitalis. I will give him a place in my travelling theatrical troupe, teach him to play the violin and harp, and dance and sing. He will learn to do all quickly, I am confident."

"Where is the troupe?"

"Right here,—I will show you."

He put his hand in the bosom of his sheepskin and took out a strange animal. It was a monkey. Remi had never seen one before. It was dressed in red, and had bright eyes and a hairy, ugly face.

"This monkey is named 'Joli-Cœur,'" said the old man. "It is the star of my troupe. Joli-Cœur, salute the gentleman!"

The monkey kissed his hand, bowing deeply.

"Now, Capi!" he said, turning to the white spaniel. It came forward and bowed so low to his master that the point of his old helmet almost touched the ground. Then Capi made a sign to the other dogs, who approached and saluted the bystanders all around.

"I call this one 'Capi,'" said the old man, "because he is the captain of the others, being the most intelligent. The black-haired one is called 'Zerbino,' because he is a regular 'sport.' The little one is 'Miss Dulcie,' because she is so sweet and amiable."

The crowd in the tavern, now beginning to increase, pressed around the dogs and their master.

"Be good enough, Capi," he went on, "to tell the little boy what time it is."

The dog gave three barks. Remi looked at the clock: it was just three.

"Now we will have a little dance," said the showman.

Capi ran to his master's pocket and took out a rope. Zerbino stepped forward. Each held one end of the rope, while Dulcie took her place lightly upon it, and, looking at her master with her beautiful brown eyes, began to dance.

"Are they not intelligent?" asked the

old man. "Now I must have a fool to act with them."

"This boy is not a fool by any means," said Barbarin, roughly.

"No, he is not," replied the other, calmly. "It is only a clever person who can play the fool, and that is what I want him to do. If he comes with me, I can teach him all he needs to know in a few lessons. He will be treated kindly, travel about the country, and see new sights all the time. Again I offer you thirty francs a year for him."

Remi thought it would be delightful to travel from place to place and see the world. But he could not bear to leave Mother Barbarin. His eyes filled with tears, while Signor Vitalis tapped him gently on the cheek.

Suddenly Capi leaped to the table, where Joli-Cœur, unperceived by his master, had alighted before. He was about to raise to his mouth a glass half filled with wine, when Capi snatched it away from him, emptying its contents upon the sanded floor.

"You see," said Signor Vitalis, "how intelligent they are! And now, Mr. Joli-Cœur," he continued, addressing the monkey severely, "you, being a glutton and a thief, will go over to yonder bench and stay there, with your face to the wall, until I tell you to move."

The monkey went immediately.

"Shake hands, Capi," said Signor Vitalis to the spaniel. "You are a faithful servant and a fine fellow."

The dog, proud and happy, held out his paw to his master.

"Now, and for the last time," said the old man to Barbarin, "I offer you thirty francs a year for the boy."

"Go out in the yard till I want you," said Barbarin to Remi.

Remi left the room and seated himself upon a large, flat stone. He felt very sad; his little heart was almost breaking. In about half an hour Barbarin came to the door.

"Home!" he cried gruffly. "And be quick about it."

Remi looked around. Signor Vitalis was nowhere in sight. He was not to be handed over to the showman. His childish soul was filled with hope and thankfulness as he followed Barbarin out of the yard.

"Well?" said Mother Barbarin, as they entered the house.

"I have nothing to tell," replied Barbarin, "save that the Curé's housekeeper is very ill, and wants to see you to-morrow morning early. Do you hear?"

"Yes," said Mother Barbarin, in a peculiar tone; it seemed to Remi as though she doubted the truth of what her husband had told her.

Where had Barbarin seen the Curé or his housekeeper? Remi had been with him all the afternoon. Suddenly he began to fear that the announcement had something to do with himself, and he believed his mother suspected it also, she looked at him so strangely. When she went out into the garden for some radishes, Barbarin said to him:

"If you say one word to my wife about this afternoon I will beat the life out of you. Now, mind you!"

"I will say nothing," replied the boy.

Barbarin left the room, and Remi finished setting the table.

Next morning when he awoke the house seemed very silent. He could not hear Mother Barbarin walking about the kitchen. Hastening down, he found his breakfast set out on the table. Barbarin was not there. Presently he came in, and Remi asked:

"Where is mamma?"

"Gone to the Curé's."

"When will she be back?"

"How can I tell? Go and work in the garden."

Remi, glad to escape, ran into his beloved garden, in one part of which he had planted a new vegetable which some one had given him. He was keep-

ing it as a surprise for his mother. Some day when they were ripe he would gather those Jerusalem artichokes and cook them for her.

He had the watering-can in his hand, ready to water them—they were responding very nicely to his tender care,—when he heard Barbarin calling him impatiently. He ran as quickly as he could, to find Vitalis standing in front of the fireplace, with his monkey and the dogs. Then he knew why his mother had been sent away, and he began to cry.

"Oh, don't take me away!" he sobbed.

Barbarin slapped him on the arm.

"No nonsense now!" he said. "Quick, go with this gentleman!"

"Yes, come along," added Vitalis in a kind tone. "He has made me pay forty francs instead of thirty, but I believe you will be worth it."

But Remi continued to sob.

"Get out,—get out," cried Barbarin, "or I will beat you out!"

"Do not scold him like that. He has feeling. That is a good sign," said Vitalis.

"Mamma, mamma!" murmured Remi.

"The sooner we start, the better," said Vitalis. "Here is the money."

He counted eight five-franc pieces upon the table, which Barbarin seized greedily and dropped into his pocket.

"Where are his clothes?" asked the showman.

"Here," answered Barbarin, producing a small bundle,—a blue cotton handkerchief tied up at the four corners.

"A small pack," said Vitalis.

"All he's got," replied Barbarin.

"Well, then, come on, Remi."

The child held out both hands imploringly,—first to the showman, then to Barbarin. The latter turned his back, the former seized him firmly by the arm. They began their march. Ah, the dear little town! It seemed to Remi that he had left half of himself behind. They walked rapidly up the hill.

"Will you let me rest a moment?" asked the boy after they had been walking some time.

"Surely," said Vitalis. "Sit down."

He let go of Remi, but made a sign to the two large dogs. They stretched themselves beside the boy, who saw at once that they were stationed there to capture him if he should try to run away,—a thing he had no thought of doing.

Suddenly on the road in the valley he could see a white sunbonnet. It was Mother Barbarin; it was her blue skirt. She was walking quickly, as though anxious to get home. He saw her enter the house, come out again and look up and down the road. He could almost hear her call. He stood up and shouted:

"Mamma, mamma! Mother Barbarin!"

"Get up!" said Vitalis, pulling him to his feet. "You are rested enough; we must be off."

Remi quickly went on with him and did not look back. But he was crying softly to himself and wishing that he could die.

After they had walked perhaps a mile, Vitalis spoke for the first time. Remi's sobs had ceased.

"I know how you feel," said his new master. "Crying will do you good; but let it be over now. You will be better off with me than you would have been down there. The wife was good to you, I know; but the man would have made your life miserable, if he had kept you, which he would never have done."

Remi did not reply. The walk seemed very long to him, though Vitalis and his dogs appeared to enjoy it.

"Are you tired?" inquired the showman at last.

"Yes, I am," responded Remi.

"It is those wooden shoes. I will buy you some others at Ussel. And I'll buy you some velvet trousers and a hat and a vest. Oh, you will look fine, my boy!"

"How far is Ussel?" asked Remi.

"About six miles now, but we will not go there to-day. It will be too late. There is a little village near here where we can spend the night."

It began to rain,—to pour. Soon they were drenched to the skin, except Joli-Cœur, who found shelter in his master's bosom.

When they came to the village no one would let them in. They did not like the looks of a dripping man and boy, and three dogs soaking wet. At last a peasant gave them permission to pass the night in his barn. They crouched down on the hay, dogs and all, glad to have found this refuge.

Vitalis took some bread from the bag he had been carrying on his back, and gave a large piece to Remi; he then divided the remainder between the animals and himself,—breaking off, between his own bites, little pieces for Joli-Cœur, Capi, and Dulcie. He allowed Zerbino to make out as best he could with what had been thrown to him.

It was night now, still raining, and dark as pitch in the barn.

"Your teeth are chattering," Vitalis said to Remi. "Lie down in the hay and you will soon be asleep. Wait a moment," he continued. "I haven't much clothes, but I can spare you something."

He took from his bag a dry shirt, large enough to cover Remi from head to foot; to this he added a vest nearly as large.

"Put these on," he said. "They are dry, at least, and will keep you warm. Hang up your wet clothes; they will be all right by morning."

Remi quickly made the change; he looked quite comical in his new attire, but it took the chill from his poor, half-frozen little body. Then he shook out his shirt, trousers, and jacket, and spread them on a projecting beam above the hay. His feet were sore; his stomach was empty; his lonely little heart was sad.

Try as he would, he could not go to sleep. What was Mother Barbarin doing now? Probably frying onions for Barbarin's supper. How delightful it would be to be "snoozing" on the old chimney-corner bench, instead of shivering in a tumble-down barn! Now, perhaps, Mother Barbarin would be going to the window to look out on the rain, and wonder where little Remi was on this bleak night. Now she would sit quietly by the fire, perhaps weeping. He remembered some little verses she had taught him. They might have been written about himself, so well did they fit his present condition. He began to repeat them under his breath:

Poor little wanderer! out in the rain,
Roaming forlorn over hillside and plain;
No one to shelter him, no one to say,
"Come in, little boy, and be happy to-day.

"Come to the fireside and dry your wet feet;
Here there is welcome and shelter and meat.
Ah, how you shiver! Your fingers are numb.
You may lie by the fire till morning has come."

"How still," said the mother next morning, "he lies!
His cheeks are so pallid, and closed are his eyes.
Though weary and rough was the way that he trod,
He will tread it no more: he is resting—with God."

The repetition of the verses made Remi sleepy. "Who knews," he murmured, "but that to-morrow morning I, too, may be 'resting with God'? I should like that,—I should like it very much."

And then the tired eyes closed and he was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

Milk and Honey.

"A land of milk and honey" is the name often given to a country, abounding in good things, or of extraordinary fertility. The Prophet Joel (iii, 18) speaks of "the mountains flowing with milk and honey." Figuratively, this expression is used to denote all the blessings of Heaven.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The best literary quip we have seen in a long time is contributed to the New York *Herald* by Mr. Harold Seton. He quotes a child who when asked by the Sunday-school teacher, "Who slew Abel?" answered promptly, "Mr. Hall Caine!"

—One of the literary events in Germany is Max Scheler's "Vom Ewigen im Menschen," which would seem to be quite like Chesterton's "Orthodoxy." Scheler, a distinguished German thinker, takes for his thesis that the only way out of the terrible chaos of the present is a return to the fundamental truths of Christianity.

—Edmund Gosse's "Books on the Table," to be issued by Scribner's Sons, is a collection of the famous English critic's latest literary papers. They cover a wide variety of subjects, including "The Last Years of Disraeli," "Edgar Allan Poe and His Detractors," "Thackeray's Daughter," "The Essays of Mr. Lucas," and (not least) "The Autobiography and Mrs. Asquith."

—While editions of popular novels have of late years occasionally run as high as one hundred thousand copies; first editions of ordinary books usually number from a thousand to fifteen hundred copies; though not a few are limited to still lower figures. A firm in New York has just published a *de luxe* edition of Kipling's poem "The Feet of the Young Men," in an edition of 377 copies; and a London publisher is bringing out a collected edition of Max Beerbohm's works which is not to exceed 750 copies.

—"Revolution: A Novel," by J. D. Beresford (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is styled by its author a story of the near future in England; and the judicious reader will be inclined to think that much of the narrative is merely a realistic picture of the recent past. It carries with it an air of actuality not less vivid than that which permeated "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," published a few years ago. The theme is the struggle between Labor and organized government; and the revolution is the substitution, for such government, of the Soviet system. Mr. Beresford disregards the effects of that system in London and other cities, confining his attention to its working out in a village and among the rural population. The lesson which the author evidently intends to convey is clearly that violent upheavals do no service to the mass of the people (at least in England), and are likely to be followed by a reaction, with the establishment of military rule. In the philosophy of the hero, not force but love is the key to the problems of social wrongs.

—The Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Monroe, Mich., have issued, as a souvenir of their Diamond Jubilee, a handsome volume of sixty-four pages, appropriately bound in blue cloth. The text is of great interest, and is much enhanced by numerous well-chosen and skilfully-printed pictures. From an acorn, planted seventy years ago in a semi-wilderness, the Congregation has become a mighty oak, with far-spreading branches, other acorns from which are producing a whole grove. More than forty mission schools, mostly in the State of Michigan, have already been established from St. Mary's, Monroe. The Sisters in charge of them are among our best teachers; and the demands for their services are increasingly numerous and urgent from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and other States.

—Burns, Oates & Washbourne have brought out a second edition of "The Story of St. Mildred of Thanet," by Minnie Sawyer, edited with a preface by the Right Rev. Abbot Egan, O. S. B. As explanatory of the title—Story rather than Life,—the editor declares that what is needed nowadays to make people admire and love those whom God has set up as models of Christian living is a species of biography in which, without diverging from historical accuracy, the narrative takes the dress or form of a romance; and the author assures us that the book is a true story worked out with imaginative details. The result is a justification of both editor and author. The biography is of a Saint of Saxon times—St. Mildred was born about 650. A. D.,—and is as interesting as the best of romances. A map and good illustrations enhance the worth of the volume, which is a twelvemo of 207 pages. No price is stated.

—For the past few years the Rev. George Thomas Daly, C. SS. R., in articles contributed to Canadian Catholic papers and in addresses delivered to Canadian Catholic audiences, has emphasized, not the reconstructive, but the constructive, work that needs doing in the far western portion of the

neighboring Dominion. What he calls these "stray sheaves of thought, published here and there," he has now gathered together in book-form and proffers to the public under the title "Catholic Problems in Western Canada." (Toronto: The Macmillan Co.) The volume is as timely as it is thought-provoking, and can be recommended whole-heartedly to readers on both sides of our international boundary. Of much of the Canadian West the author speaks with first-hand knowledge, as he labored for three years in the Province of Saskatchewan. The problems which he discusses with admirable directness and suggestiveness are religious, educational, and social. The eighteen chapters of the book proper are supplemented by three articles of cognate interest by American authors. Price, $2.50.

—A work which bids fair to rank in importance with the Catholic Encyclopedia is being projected by the Knights of Columbus; and the efficiency which they have of late years manifested in any enterprise which they have undertaken furnishes a fairly safe guarantee for the success of that work—a standard American history, "to be written by eminent men of diverse racial extraction and religious denominations." The work is expected to entail a cost of from half a million to a million dollars, but we are assured by the leading officers of the society that "no matter what it costs or how long it takes, the Knights of Columbus are determined to enroll the best historians to present the true story of the nation's progress from Colonial days. Propaganda of every kind will be eliminated, and only the great facts with their fine Americanism will be set forth."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's) 3 vols. $9.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher.) 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) $1.50.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Koudelka, bishop of Superior; and Rev. Joseph Philibin, of the diocese of Buffalo.

Sister M. Josephine, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Pius and Sister M. Vincent, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. W. J. Adams, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, Miss Mary Rowan, Dr. Stephen Hayes, Mrs. Winifred Duff, Mr. William Kohling, Mr. Thomas Brown, Mr. Michael Whalen, Mrs. Martha Foley, Mrs. Walburga Karl, Mr. James Smith, Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, Mr. Charles Curtis, Mr. Henry Benoit, Mrs. Hannah Murphy, Mrs. E. Springer, and Mr. John Hodorick.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 16, 1921. NO. 3

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The Wordless Song.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

THE trees are whispering soft and low,
As the Summer breezes around them blow;
And the rivulet murmurs far below.

Solemn—the hush of the list'ning dawn;
Unearthly—the beauty, of sunset born;
Glad—the sweet songs of birds at morn.

Love's are the fingers that softly sweep
Over the strings—now high, now deep,—
Unheard too often by hearts that sleep.

A Shrine in the Pyrenees.

BY M. N.

TRULY has it been said that the simplest prayer ascends to God as well as the most sublime; and it is none the less true that, though so much has been written about Christ's Blessed Mother, the inexhaustible subject is like a holy field where the humblest writer may go and glean side by side with authors the most famous and learned that the world has ever known. One turns, therefore, with renewed confidence to the task of describing, however inadequately, some of the sanctuaries—often hidden away amidst valleys, or standing remote on far-off mountain slopes—where our dear Lady's graces and favors have been manifested in such a way as to attract the special devotion of the faithful.

A very interesting shrine and place of pilgrimage, set amidst the soul-stirring beauty of the Pyrenees, is that known as Notre Dame de Betharram, where the Immaculate Queen of Heaven is honored under her double title of "Mother of Sorrows and Virgin ever glorious and triumphant." Betharram is situated in a fair and fertile country. On one side rise wooded hills, with numberless villages and picturesque homesteads scattered about their green slopes; on the other side, fields of maize and vineyards stretch as far as eye can reach, till at last they are lost to sight at the feet of the majestic Pyrenees.

Betharram has been not inaptly termed "L'étoile des Pyrénées." Its chapel and calvary are frequented by the pious inhabitants of Béarn, of the Basque Provinces, of Bigorre, Gascony, and Languedoc. Crowds come to visit a spot whose ancient fame has been sung by poets and recounted by historians in many ages. Mountains, mysterious, ever-changing, and beautiful, ring it round; while roses of the Pyrenees blossom everywhere in sweet profusion; the ground is, in truth, clad with verdure. Rising as it were from the mountain-side, a line of imposing buildings proves to be the church and convent of Betharram,—that spot so celebrated throughout the Middle Ages.

The origin of the name has been the subject of much controversy; but the most reliable authorities tell us that "Betharram" means, in the language of

Béarn, the "beautiful branch of a tree." The old story, handed down from generation to generation, says that a young girl having fallen into the river, invoked Our Lady at the very moment when the torrent seemed about to engulf her forever in its depths. Immediately, to her astonishment, she found under her hand the branch of a tree, and by its aid was enabled to regain the bank. As a mark of gratitude for her miraculous escape, she placed the branch of a tree, made in gold, upon the altar of her protectress, and thenceforth "Betharram" became the accepted name of this favored place.

The exact history of the devotion to Notre Dame de Betharram is, however, more or less wrapped in obscurity, owing to the unfortunate fact that all the archives and treasures which this spot must have contained perished in the confusion caused by the inrush of Huguenot troops in 1569, when only the bare walls of the monastery and various chapels were left standing.

It would be impossible to describe the utter desolation caused by this religious war,—villages burned and pillaged; whole tracts of country laid waste; flocks and herds destroyed, or driven to the mountains; and abbeys, like that of Saint-Jean-de-Castile, ruthlessly and sacrilegiously sacked.

The abjuration of Henry IV., however, having mercifully put an end to this unhappy state of affairs, Betharram speedily regained its former celebrity. Fresh miracles appear to have attracted the attention of the clergy. In 1614, Jean de Salettes, the friend and secretary of Cardinal du Perron, came to Nay, and gave orders for the chapel to be restored. The faithful, unswerving devotion of the inhabitants of Lestelle, was rewarded, and Betharram became once again the centre from which divine grace radiated throughout the diocese.

Pierre Geoffroy, with six priests and a choir of young monks, set forth to re-establish the Congregation whose duty it was to protect the numerous pilgrimages. Their enterprise, it is scarcely necessary to state, was fraught with considerable danger; for the church of Nay was still in the hands of Protestant fanatics. A crowd of five thousand persons followed the courageous little band to Betharram. The Huguenots had forbidden the priests to appear in their sacerdotal garments, or to raise the standard of the Cross within the walls of the town. But as soon as the procession reached the country, songs of joy resounded on all sides; for, as an ancient chronicle says, this procession added greatly to the solemnity of an occasion which was a veritable triumph for the Catholics, who had come to render public homage to the Virgin Mother in an humble shrine from which the pious prayers and devotions of the faithful had been banished for nearly half a century.

Naturally, the new foundation at Betharram suffered much from scarcity of funds. It was inevitable at the beginning; though very soon charity and zeal came to the aid of these brave monks, and enabled them to rebuild their monastery on the same precipitous and singularly picturesque site which was consecrated by so many holy traditions. One of those who did most to give back to Betharram its former splendor was Léonard de Trappes, Archbishop of Auch, who died in the odor of sanctity, A. D. 1629. It was his custom frequently to celebrate the sacred mysteries in this well-loved sanctuary; and, says the old chronicle, "always with evidences of the most extraordinary fervor."

The original statue, which had so long been the object of such deep devotion, had been carried to Spain in the troublous times consequent upon the Huguenot persecution; and, as it was venerated in Arragon under the title of

Our Lady of Gascony, the holy Archbishop of Auch did not feel justified in taking it away from its present owners. He gave, therefore, to the chapel at Betharram another no less beautiful image of Our Lady; and graces and favors continued to reward the piety of the faithful.

The new buildings were soon finished and opened; and upon the highest rock was placed an immense cross,—the sign of Catholic worship, and the crown and symbol of the Church's triumph over her enemies. Nine months later, Louis XIII. published the Edict of Fontainebleau, which restored to the clergy of France their possessions and their privileges.

Very soon after its restoration, Betharram gained a fresh benefactor in the person of a saintly priest named Hubert Charpentier, who, on visiting a convent of Poor Clares, chanced to talk with the superioress about the famous shrine. During the course of their conversation, she said to him: "Reverend Father, when I entered this house as a young novice, there was here a religious, more than eighty years of age, who had been born at Lestelle. I recollect that more than once I heard her speak of miracles taking place at Betharram; and she added that, in all the country round, this spot was known as the Holy Land, because of its resemblance to the city of Jerusalem."

This resemblance had struck many travellers, and it decided Hubert Charpentier to put into execution an idea which had suggested itself to his mind: he would erect a calvary at Betharram. The scenery had a distinct likeness to the Valley of Josephat, with the torrent of Cedron and the Mount of Olives, and so forth; whilst, in the words of Père Poiré (1630), "what encouraged Hubert still further to carry out the good work he had planned was the fact that, at this time, an image of Our Lady holding her Divine Son in her arms, and as fresh and beautiful and perfect as if it had just left the hands of the sculptor, was found amongst some brambles near the chapel." This image having been placed upon the altar in the chapel, pilgrims began to arrive in large numbers. The King and the royal family, who were then at Béarn, made rich presents to the place, and a handsome hospice was built for the accommodation of the faithful who came thither.

"This chapel," continues Père Poiré, "being situated at the foot of a small mountain, bears a singular resemblance to Calvary. Eight Stations were erected round it, where the pilgrims came to perform their devotions; and on the summit of the mountain were raised three large crosses." These Stations were life-size representations of the scenes of the Passion, marvellously executed. The concourse of pilgrims was soon so great as to impress even the Calvinists, who were unwillingly compelled to admire the fervor at which they had come to scoff. The Congregation established at that time bore the name of the Confraternity of the Cross. Pope Urban VIII., by a Bull dated June 3, 1638, enriched it with special indulgences. That same year was a memorable one for the community, because then it was that Hubert Charpentier was called upon by eminent personages in Church and State to erect at the gates of Paris a second calvary. No idea more calculated to inflame his zeal could by any possibility have been suggested to him. To plant the standard of the Cross and trace the road to Calvary in sight of luxurious Paris,—what nobler mission could the heart of a true apostle of the Faith desire?

Cardinal de Richelieu and François de Gondi, Archbishop of Paris, smoothed away the difficulties raised by the irreligious spirit of the age; and

soon Mount Valerian was covered with stations and chapels on the very same lines as those at Betharram. Thirteen priests, living under the same rule, swelled the ranks of that powerful fraternity, which increased throughout the seventeenth century, and, side by side with churches, convents, and Sisters of Charity, worked for the help and the amelioration, both socially and intellectually of all classes of people, and contributed not a little to the welfare of France at this period.

Hubert Charpentier lived for twelve years on Mount Valerian, during the whole of which time he never ceased to correspond with his dearly-loved brethren at Betharram, to whom he bequeathed his heart, which lies on the left of the altar, under a slab of black marble, upon which are inscribed:

HERE LIES THE HEART OF
HUBERT CHARPENTIER,
FOUNDER OF THE CALVARY.
1650.

Thus protected by God and man, the work at Betharram prospered beyond all expectation. Blessings innumerable seemed to rest upon the spot, and many conversions took place. But, alas! when the fatal period of the Revolution drew near, Betharram could not hope to escape the spoliation and ruin which, in the name of Liberty and Fraternity, befell all the religious institutions of that fair France once named the Eldest Daughter of the Church. The revenues of the convent at this famous little shrine were then about ten thousand francs. This exceedingly modest sum, in the charitable hands of the good monks, relieved much misery, and worthily kept up this sanctuary so dear to the people of Béarn. But, in 1791, the suppression of this useful foundation was decreed. Its priests were dispersed. An emissary of the government arrived to direct the workings of the guillotine in the district of Lestelle; he was accompanied by an infuriated crowd, eager to destroy the Stations of the Calvary.

"Spare these works of art!" cried the courageous mayor of Lestelle, Monsieur Lescun. The commissioner appeared to hesitate for a moment; but the mad rabble who escorted him could not be restrained, and the chapels were speedily plundered. They had already placed their ladders against the façade of the church when the mayor once more intervened, and, in the interests of art, entreated that this monument of the past should be saved. His request was granted, on condition that the doors of the church were walled up. The holy chapel, with its appurtenances, was put up for sale as public property; and, fortunately, the purchaser was a pious inhabitant of Lestelle, who carefully preserved it from all harm. Some time later, nine persons clubbed together and bought the Calvary; and when, in 1803, Catholic worship was restored at Betharram, these devout men gave it back free of charge.

A new seminary was established and devotion was flourishing again in the surrounding districts when, in 1812, there was once more question of suppressing the convent. But an eloquent appeal in praise of this favored shrine, published at that time by the Abbé Baradère, of St.-Jacques-de-Pau, prevented its condemnation. "They may," he wrote "raze Betharram to the ground, but they can not destroy the deep-rooted devotion to this sacred soil. Here parents have come to consecrate their children to God; here they have journeyed at different times in their lives, that they might renew their vows of fidelity to their Divine Saviour and His Holy Mother. The Reign of Terror has been powerless to lay waste this spot: pilgrimages have still continued. If not a single stone remained of this monument, so dear to the piety of our forefathers, the faithful would still flock thither as, of old, the

children of Israel gathered in the field of Bethel."

At length in the year 1845, Monseigneur Lacroix, Bishop of Bayonne, had the gratification of placing the seminary and sanctuary under the care of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, zealous missionaries, whose motherhouse was at Garaison. The instruction of children, the direction of pilgrimages, the superintendence of the seminary, and preaching, constituted their regular occupations. There ecclesiastics who desired to make a spiritual retreat found a home ever awaiting them. There, always ready to second the zeal of the faithful, were thirty priests, whose ministrations often proved insufficient on the eve of great feasts.

"On Good Friday and the 14th of September, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross," says an author of our own day, "many of the faithful make the Stations, or Way of the Cross, upon their knees; and more than once this touching sight has caused the conversion of hearts still hesitating, yet already prepared by grace." Another, writing at the close of the nineteenth century, observes: "The Mountain of the Calvary, which during the Reign of Terror had suffered so many misfortunes, has been completely restored. Nine chapels depict different scenes from the Sacred Passion. The statues, which are life-size, are the work of a pupil of Pradier, M. Alexandre Leloir, who, in order to fulfil his task, lived like a hermit at Betharram, and consecrated the best years of his life to this wonderful example of Christian art." The representation of the Crucifixion, on the top of the mountain, is truly wonderful. Near the group surrounding the cross is a beautiful statue of Faith, in Carrara marble, the work of an artist from Bourges, M. Jules Dumoulet; it was presented by Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Bayonne.

Some fifty years ago, another chapel, called the Chapel of the Resurrection, built opposite the calvary, was completed. It is especially interesting as the tomb of the saintly and venerable Père Michel Garicoits, the last superior of Betharram convent. His holiness and learning had endeared him to the whole neighborhood, and long years after his death his name and fame were on every tongue. It is recorded of Père Garicoits that on one occasion, when he went to the Castle of Coarraze to see the bishop who had come to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation at Lestelle, his Lordship affectionately reproved him for never allowing himself any rest. On leaving, the good Father asked for the episcopal blessing. "No," answered the bishop, laughing, "you shall not have my blessing, because you disobey me by killing yourself with work and fatigue." —"I assure you, my Lord," urged the priest, "that I have very special need of your blessing to-day." These words recurred to the bishop with singular significance when he learned that very day, on arriving at Lestelle, that the good Father had fallen ill, and had quietly breathed his last, after having received absolution. In all the country round he was looked upon as a veritable saint; and those who came to implore favors of our Blessed Lady and her Divine Son hesitated not to ask his intercession.

Standing on the very summit of the mountain, near the calvary, a scene of wonderful fascination meets the eye: majestic mountains, green and smiling valleys, picturesque country-seats, and peaceful villages; the river making its impetuous way through rocky ravines to the sea! and, dominating all, the life-like representation of the Supreme Agony of the Saviour of the world. Truly few hearts could remain unmoved at the foot of this Mountain of Calvary, where so much earthly loveliness must needs raise the soul to an awestruck

contemplation of Him who, as we know, was the most beautiful among the children of men, as well as the God who saved us by His cruel and ignominious death upon the cross.

In concluding this brief sketch of a famous shrine, it may be remarked that it is the pious custom of pilgrims, on approaching it, to throw themselves upon their knees as soon as they catch sight of the chapel; or, if they drive across the bridge, they immediately leave their conveyance and humbly prostrate themselves.

The sight of such sanctuaries reminds us that our ever-Virgin Mother is always waiting to intercede for us; and we could scarcely find a prayer that would make a stronger appeal to her tenderness than that which is to be found at the end of an ancient poem on Betharram, by the poet Bastide: *O Vierge, obtien pour moi, non les richesses, non les pierres précieuses, non les honneurs, non la vaine gloire du monde, non les délices, non les brillants ornements: mais fais-moi don du divin amour!*—"O Blessed Virgin, obtain for me, not wealth, not honors, not precious stones, not worldly glory, not delights, not brilliant ornaments: grant me the boon of divine love!"

IT is pleasant and delightful to behold the heaven by night, in all parts garlanded with millions of stars for flowers,—flowers which never wither, but always display their beauty uncontaminated. And what more pleasant than it, when the night has passed away, and no sunbeam has yet appeared,—when, purpled by the rising sun, it is beautified like some crocus-dyed vestment? And what more charming spectacle than the rising sun, gilding with its beams all the land and sea, and the whole heaven, throwing aside the cloak which night had cast over things visible, and exposing all to our view?—*St. John Chrysostom.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

III.—BRUGES.

Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame!
The season of her splendor has gone by.
—*Southey.*

THE "Crusader" having been smartly moored alongside the quay, Walter and the Count took leave of the captain. Having landed, they confided their luggage and its keys to a *commissionnaire* to have it examined at the Customs House, and delivered their passports to the police official who demanded them. They then made their way to their inn. Having secured rooms, they strolled about the little town, so cramped by its girdle of fortifications. There was nothing of interest about the place, except to Walter, as being the first foreign town he had seen. The red-shirted, wooden-shod fishermen, the blue and orange uniformed little Dutch soldiers lolling outside the guardhouse on the market-place, and the milk-carts drawn by dogs,—all interested Walter. He would have liked to walk on the ramparts and see something of the defences of what was then reputed a strong fortress, but he was sternly warned off by the sentinels who guarded the cannons in their embrasures.

So Walter and the Count, passing by a sally-port, crossed a moat by a wooden drawbridge, and took a turn on the levee by the sea. Little did they dream that there would one day, not so far distant, arise palatial hotels, houses and pleasure resorts, and that the fortress would disappear before a town given up to pleasure. They then returned to the inn and dined, tasting the oysters and rabbits for which the place was noted.

They retired early to bed, and rose and breakfasted off coffee and rolls before the sun was well risen. At five

they called at the police office and received back their passports, duly stamped as being in order. At six, they and their luggage were on board the barge which soon was gliding on between, as Southey has recorded,

Strait banks raised high above the level land,
With many a cheerful dwelling white and green,
In goodly neighborhood on either hand.
Huge timbered bridges o'er the passage lay,
Which wheeled aside, and gave us easy way.
Four horses, aided by the favoring breeze,
Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek and large;
Crack goes the whip: the steersman at his ease
Directs the way, and steady went the barge.

The trip to Bruges took four hours. All the passengers except Walter were natives, and three amused Walter by the very guttural Flemish they spoke. The Count was able meanwhile to continue, at Walter's request, his historical lecture. He briefly described how his country had been overrun by the revolutionary armies of France, and had been made to pay for the doubtful privilege of being incorporated in the French Republic. Belgians might have been reconciled to French rule had Napoleon continued the policy of peace with the Church, to which the Belgians were so attached. But his cruel treatment of Pope Pius VII., and his heavy levies of conscripts for his wars, set all hearts in Belgium against him. His downfall in 1814 was nowhere hailed with greater joy than in the Low Countries.

"Alas! our joy was short-lived," continued the Count. "The Powers met in congress at Vienna, in order to check any latent desire France might have to begin afresh a career of conquests, decided to form a powerful kingdom on her northern frontier. They coupled Belgium and Holland together to form this kingdom of the Netherlands. In a very short time Holland showed that it meant to be the predominant partner. Dutch filled even in the Belgic provinces all important posts. Our liberties were trampled underfoot; our religion was persecuted; priests and publicists if they dared protest, were imprisoned. Even one of our bishops, the brave Monsignor de Broglie—he who had so daringly stood up against the mighty Napoleon,—was forced to flee the country to escape imprisonment. Sentence was passed on him in his absence, and it was placarded on a scaffold (as if he were a convicted murderer) in the market-place of his episcopal city. The press was gagged, and at this moment there are journalists of diametrically opposite opinions, united only in opposing an oppressive and foreign Government, lying in prison.

"If some Dutch spy overheard what I have been telling you," added the Count, with a laugh, "I might be sleeping to-night under lock and key. But, as I said, our desire to be a nation was awakened in us during the Brabant Revolution, and the present short-sighted policy of the Dutch is strengthening every hour that desire. Mark my words, before many months have passed, all parties will be united in defence of our faith and freedom. A breath may fan the slumbering embers of our patriotism into a blaze at any moment, and then we Belgians will fight to be a nation or perish off the face of the earth."

Walter was young, therefore impressionable, and was much moved by the Count's earnest patriotism. But his thoughts were just then diverted by their coming to a turn in the canal which gave him his first sight of the famous belfry of Bruges, flanked by the tall towers of the two chief churches of the city.

Presently the barge made fast to a stone quay, on which carriages were ready to convey passengers across the town to another barge waiting to convey them to Ghent, or to take those who

intended sojourning in Bruges to their inns or homes. Walter and the Count hired a carriage to drive them and their baggage to the "Fleur de Blé" inn which has won world-fame by Longfellow's verses on the *carillon,* or chimes, of Bruges. The inn was built round a picturesque courtyard partly laid out as a garden, and was entered by a big doorway.

A buxom, bustling old landlady, with a fresh face, and white hair half hidden by a lace cap, bid the two travellers welcome as they alighted from their carriage. She was all the more delighted to see them, as the Count was well known to her. She jokingly reproached the Count (whose political sentiments she evidently knew) with not having been present at a great patriotic banquet which had been recently held in her hostelry, and wondered why he had not come express from London to help in the warm welcome the people of Bruges had given the Dutch King who had lately visited the Flemish city. It was so enthusiastic that out of a bevy of young ladies placed on a balcony to witness the royal procession, only two obeyed orders and waved their handkerchiefs as the King passed!

"Banquets and demonstrations are of little avail now, Madame," replied the Count, dryly. "The hour for action will soon strike, and then you'll see on which side I am."

Presently, having two hours to spare before the midday meal would be served in their inn, Walter and the Count sallied forth to see something of Bruges. It was, indeed, a dead city, and never before then had its fortunes been at so low an ebb. Its now pleasantly planted ramparts were then mere grass-grown mounds of earth, topped by rickety windmills that rarely seemed to have work to do. The public buildings were in a half-ruined condition. Much of the domestic architecture, now happily restored to delight the eyes of travellers, was hidden away beneath plaster and whitewash; and its outlines were destroyed by the houses having been surmounted by hideous cornices of painted wood. The sluggish canals, filthy and reeking under the hot summer sun, were rarely disturbed by the passing of barges; and the graceful white swans, with their brownish young ones, were the sole navigators and scavengers of those inland waters.

Few were the passers-by in the grass-grown streets. The population had fallen to fewer than forty-three thousand souls, of which over a third were so poor as to need public relief. Industry and commerce had fled from the city as if it were plague-stricken, so there was little to induce the inhabitants to quit their dwellings; and those who did so, moved about in leisurely fashion. Priests in black cassocks and three-cornered hats, friars in brown habits and sandalled feet, nuns in brown, black or grey robes, and many women of the middle and lower classes who wore black cloaks with hoods, formed the larger half of the people in the streets. Now and again Dutch soldiers lounged by in groups of five or six, and by their uniforms added a dash of color to the sad monotony of the scene; while one of their officers would pass, trailing his sword on the pavement; and the clank of his scabbard against the cobbles, and the chimes in the belfry, were almost the sole sounds that broke the deathlike silence of the city.

The once fine churches, too, which Walter and his friend visited, wore a bare, deserted aspect; no tracery, no colored glass in their windows; within, they were whitewashed from floor to roof; they had not yet recovered from the ravages of the French Republicans.

"What do you think of Bruges?" asked the Count of Walter, as they made their way back to their inn.

"'Tis Bruges, but living Bruges no

more," replied Walter, parodying the poet's line. "I seem to have been visiting some great cloister to which the inmates were returning after it had been pillaged, say, by the Northmen."

Our two youths found things livelier at the *table d'hôte* dinner of the "Fleur de Blé" inn. For two francs they were regaled on capital soup, boiled beef and vegetables, delicately white veal, pigeons with stewed pears, apple fritters and dessert, washed down with a half bottle of excellent *vin ordinaire* that cost but fifteen pence. The price of the entertainment was, Walter thought, more than repaid by the interest the numerous guests at table afforded him. There were Dutch officers and officials who kept together at one end of the long table that ran down the centre of the long dining-room of which the ceiling and its cross beams were of oak darkened by age and the smoke and steam of generations of dishes. Above the Dutch guests sat a number of stout, jovial Flemish farmers, cattle dealers, and commercial travellers, a noisy party after the soup and meat had satisfied their evidently ravenous appetites.

The landlady had a marvellous way of sorting and assimilating her guests. The Count, as belonging to the local nobility, was given the head of the table. On his right were placed a French elderly Legitimist gentleman who had fled from revolution in Paris, a dark, swarthy man, who was vice-consul of the Two Sicilies, in Bruges, and a banker of the city. On the Count's left sat Walter; next to him were placed an English lady and her daughter; and beyond them, a half-pay British naval lieutenant, and one or two Bruges business men. Except the two English ladies, none of the fair sex graced the table.

"Your first visit to Bruges?" Walter was asked by the voluble little English matron on his right. Then, after much desultory conversation, in which her daughter joined only by monosyllables when appealed to by her mother, the babbling little lady informed Walter that she had taken a house in Bruges for three years,—'for motives of economy, and that her dear Alice might have the advantages of masters to perfect her in French, music, and drawing; that they were moving into it that day, and would Mr.—ah! yes, Mr. Gane, favor it with a visit, and bring his friend?'

Dinner over, most of the guests began to smoke. The Neapolitan vice-consul and the half-pay lieutenant, however, took their hats and went off to their lodgings in town. The Count, Walter, and the old French gentleman withdrew to a shady arbor in the garden which was reserved for the use of guests lodging in the inn. The two former were served with cigars, coffee, and cognac; the elderly Frenchman, who had courteously begged leave to join them, sipped his sugar and water flavored with *fleur d'orange*, and took much snuff from a jewelled box given him by Louis XVIII., wasting, as is the wont of snuff-takers, more than he consumed. He was a man of the old régime, wore a wig, buckles to his shoes, a frill to his shirt-front, and laced ruffles to his wrists. He was a staunch believer in the divine right of kings, and was clearly shocked when the Count maintained that a king was made for a nation, and not the nation for the king, and hinted that a revolution might under certain circumstances be justifiable. Presently the old man retired to take an afternoon nap, and then Walter began:

"Will you call with me on Mrs. Hartley?" Walter had been given the little lady's card and address.

"No: I don't accept invitations from ladies of whom I know nothing and chance to meet at an inn," replied the Count, dryly. .

"Why not?" asked Walter.

"A lady giving me such an invitation, if she knows nothing about me, must be very guileless; if she knows all about me and I nothing about her, she must be, I suspect, a designing creature. No: I shall not call on her; nor would I, if I were you."

Walter was silent and puffed his cigar, and in the clouds of smoke formed visions of a fair face he had lately seen. It was not Mrs. Hartley's.

(To be continued.)

An Anglican Parson in the Mission Field.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.

FATHER FRANCIS THOMAS WILFRID called himself a priest, and was quite convinced in his own mind that his were the full powers of the Apostolic ministry. A Cambridge man, he was duly ordained and at once appointed to a curacy, only to resign it on hearing the call of the shepherdless, wayward sheep in heathen lands. He became a Church of England missionary on the Drakensberg, the high and rugged South African mountain chain, whose forbidding altitudes and dark recesses the vivid imagination of the first Boer trekkers peopled with mythical dragons. Hence its name. It lifts some of its peaks ten thousand feet and more towards the sky. Running north and south, it separates Natal from the interior of the continent. Cleft by the Orange River and its numerous tributaries and streamlet feeders, it abounds in rocky canyons and gaunt summits; it is green and pleasant and fertile as an Eden where the granite is hidden by earth, and water abounds. The home of a hardy, manly race of pastoral blacks, the Basuto, the high regions have attracted a few white adventurers. But the missionary alone has sought out perseveringly the scattered tribes that dwell on its slopes, to bring them tidings of a better life than the one circumscribed by the crags and valleys that enclose their kraals.

Thither went Father Wilfrid. In close, constant communion with primitive nature and primitive man, he all but found his own soul. On his passing, he left a brief record of his painful journeying of body and mind as a message for other hearts to ponder.

Without any preparation to soften the transition from civilization to a solitary, comfortless life, he yet relished intensely this new existence, with its few hours of intense, overpowering joy, with its days and weeks of monotonous travel over stony, winding paths, under a pitiless sun, among refractory and dull natives. Those dragging, wearying days are little dwelt upon in missionary literature. But they test the missionary's stamina to the utmost, as they are so much more numerous than the few fleeting occasions on which he can register and enjoy a visible success. He learned the language, the Sesuto—in Bantu the prefix determines the meaning of the root,—yet he could never really get inside his people. He loved them; he was at their service; he sought them out in their mountain fastnesses; he lived in their huts, accepted their everlasting porridge, and their poor, well-meant presents. But the conviction grew in him that the white man's mentality is not the black man's. They have much in common: the fundamental thoughts, desires, feelings, of all humanity. Yet their mental outlook is not ours: the white visitor to a native village must remain speechless and impassive, cold and hungry, until the black host has extended the first welcome. Then the visitor is treated to the best the land affords. That is a characteristic if by no means the only rule of Negro etiquette, that upset his precon-

ceptions most frequently when he was least in the mood to endure the shock.

Thrown upon his own resources in his contact with elemental nature and elemental man, Father Wilfrid saw the conflict of truth, half-truth, and error under new aspects. Old problems presented themselves with a singular clearness and insistence. Facing them with open mind, he was irresistibly carried forward from one conclusion to another. On the slopes of the Berg, with its teeming life of all kinds, its raging snows and fearful tropical tempests, its gaunt black boulders and rocky needles and exuberant soil, its racking fevers and its glorious vistas of rarest beauty, the problem of nature and religion suggested itself with uncommon vigor. Law and purpose run all through the universe. God has stamped Himself indelibly upon His creation. The wonderful order postulates a divine mind that unloosens those impetuous forces and checks them to prevent absolute chaos. Yet man remains the plaything of these well-regulated powers. They thwart him at every turn; they appear, one and all, to be his sworn enemies. While on the whole they seem beneficial, man must watch and guard against them: they have full freedom to injure him almost at will. Speculating on these old problems in the light of his new surroundings, Father Wilfrid was often at a loss for an answer, until his musings turned to another paramount problem: the discovery of the true religion.

Long since he had experienced misgivings about his status in his own Church. He realized that any ministry was worthless unless its powers were derived from the Catholic Church through the Apostolic succession. He fondly clings to the belief that he is a Catholic, that his communion is an offshoot, a true offshoot, of the parent stem; retaining, if not in all its purity at least in its full strength, the original God-given sacramental powers. But ever and anon in his missionary wanderings, the fact is startlingly borne in upon him that his own superiors are not of one mind with him. They look upon his offering of Mass, his hearing of confessions, as the practices of a ruthless, dangerous innovator. They are glad that he is far away on the Berg, and harmless in consequence.

He arrived one day at a mission school of the Anglican Church,—a school ordinarily attended by another minister of his denomination. At once he sent out word through the resident catechist that he had come "to shrive the people and say Mass." The catechist did not understand. Father Wilfrid explained that he wished to prepare the people for "Holy Communion." "Oh," said he, "the Father means the Supper!" And his eager face fell.

"Now, I hardly meant the Supper. To me the Holy Communion was instituted at the Last Supper; but was not that Supper? And the Church early distinguished between the Love Feast, which was the Supper, and the Eucharist, which was soon separated from it. All that I could hardly explain just then, but his use of the word told me so much. Wherever you hear it, it means that the people are Protestant rather than Catholic. But I did my best. 'No,' I said. 'I always have my supper in the evening. But I mean that I have come to hear the people's confessions and give them the Sacrament of Our Lord's Body and Blood to-morrow morning.' At this he still looked a little perplexed; but he said he was delighted, and he was sure the people would be. 'They must be early,' I said, 'as I have far to ride afterwards.'—'They will be in about one o'clock,' he said. 'They live far....' And at that my heart sank; for it told me a great deal that the people should be accustomed to come in at one o'clock to meet their priest. I could not stay till past midday; or go

to the altar then, if I did; and I said Mass the next morning with only three of us present, and gave the teacher Communion. He made what he called a confession, but it was perfectly plain that what he and I meant by confession were two different things. And as to my Mass, well, bless the dear fellow! he hardly knew what I was about."

Sad at heart, he journeyed on. Once in the saddle, during a long, monotonous ride, while the horse cleverly follows the narrow native paths, thoughts crowded upon his mind. The clear-cut difference between a mere preacher, and a priest who is the divinely ordained dispenser of sacramental grace, dawns upon him with unwonted vividness. He and his brother priest of the same Church of England stand at opposite poles in the conception of their bounden duty as ministers of God. Instead of winning their untutored black charges by a simple, straightforward presentation of truth and unity of practice, they succeed in confusing and disconcerting them. "The Anglican Church has been a sorry failure, and nowhere is that failure better seen than in the Mission field." Confession, that abominable doctrine and abominated practice, is a very good case in point.

"If the Sacrament of Penance—confession—is the divine plan for the forgiveness of sins, then naturally, whatever I do, I must do that. If, on the other hand, it is only a help to some people who can not quiet their consciences, then probably a good, sound sermon on penitence and the recitation of the General Confession will suit the case. What doctor, attending a man with a broken limb, would omit first and at once to set it? Necessary as the giving of a good dietary would be, that would be pretty useless without the other. His directions would be secondary and supplementary to his bone-setting, and the bone-setting is to a Catholic the Sacrament, the dietary the sermon. Underneath all this lies a much deeper thing which is the crux of the whole matter. To me it seems that at the bottom of Protestantism is Rationalism; and at the bottom of Catholicism, Revelation, however much the one may be disguised, or the other defended by reason. Revelation involves the hypothesis that God has shown something to men which they would not have found out by themselves, —that He has committed something to them, given them a plan, arranged a scheme. He has shown what He wants and how He wants it. And the conclusion is that this must be safeguarded, continued and obeyed.... And the minister of such a theory is not only of necessity a priest, but a priest after a certain order. No man or body can assume such a priesthood, and determine the manner of its assumption. The stone has been laid; the faith has been delivered; the one can not be dug up and settled down in a new order, and the other can not be reconsidered and corrected. Indeed, it is of the essence of things that if the faith needs correction, then the faith has failed."

Late one night in his zigzag trekking across the Berg, Father Wilfrid arrived at an out-of-the-way village, where, to his surprise, he found his friend, Father Lemans, a French missionary priest whose trail he had often crossed without meeting him. After his harassing doubts, Father Lemans appears to him as the embodiment of unquestioning faith, single-hearted and clear-minded in his devotion to duty, living a life of peace and contentment among the natives, and satisfied with the gift of a new suit when his old one is in rags. For Christ's sake and the Gospel's he has neither wife, children, lands nor home. If there be a wistful longing sometimes, just tinging a phrase or underlying a sentence, still Father

Lemans is very happy. He has inevitable worries, but knows no distress. He has his work, and he does it. He never argues about his faith or doubts any article of it. As to the future, well, another will "carry on" when he lays down his tools. The Church changes not, and the future is with God. His converts are very numerous; and, what is better, they are steadfast, the result of long discipline and very thorough instruction. He talks little about his work, and writes even less about it.

As they lay on their blankets late that night in a native hut, on either side of a candle stuck in an old tin, and smoking many pipes of peace, Father Lemans unwittingly solved the haunting question of a beneficent God in a malevolent nature: "The good God is far more sorry than we are for the evils of which we suffer. This world lies under a curse. He is preparing a better place for us. It cost Him the cross to do it, and it will cost us the cross to reach it." That is the Catholic religion. And it offers the only answer to the dark riddle of the universe that has led so many minds to their destruction.

As the bright night wore on, Father Lemans' tongue unloosened in friendly confidential conversation. He told simply some of the wonderful happenings in his long missionary career on the Berg. He told of Teresa, an old Negress who for seven years was the only Christian in her kraal. Father Lemans brought her the Sacraments regularly. On these occasions he always preached to the heathen villagers. But there was never a convert. They were quite content with polygamy and the rest of their ancestral customs. Teresa resolved that somehow these recalcitrants must be brought to see the light. Moved by what seemed an inspiration from on high, she implored Father Lemans to be allowed to make a vow: she would pray seven times a day and fast till sundown three days a week. Father Lemans, well aware of native fickleness, refused his consent. She entreated all the more earnestly. At last he gave in, reluctantly. The next morning at Mass she made her vow, and knelt on as in a trance while the priest took his departure. Towards the end of the season he was called to attend her. It was a six days' journey over wintry roads and rough passes, and he came near having a very serious mishap. He was startled, when arriving at Teresa's kraal, to find that she had told the villagers all the details of it when it happened three days before. He gave her the last Sacraments. The next morning she was found dead, without a single convert having been made as the result of her self-imposed penance. But to-day, strange to say, that whole village is Catholic to the core, without one single exception.

The story would most likely be sneered at, or at best received with a shrug, by those who deal in gold and diamonds at the foot of the Berg. Nor are there many such beautiful lives at the present stage of missionary progress. However, Father Lemans related in his dry, matter-of-fact way the short history of the pagan boy whom he baptized some years ago at his own insistent request. The only son of a pagan chief, to Father Lemans' utter astonishment he wished to become a priest. Realizing what children mean to a native ruler, it was an heroic resolve. The boy went home at Father Lemans' behest; thence shortly after to the mines of Johannesburg. The missionary was sorely puzzled and distressed. Some time later the boy was brought to the mission hospital in a dying condition. Father Lemans was made the confidant of his last moments on earth: "I had to go to the mines, Father, or my father would have forced me into marriage. As it is, he has already paid the cattle for the girl, and she is waiting at my place. He wrote

to tell me of it while I was there, in the City of Gold; and then I did the only thing I could do: I threw myself on Our Lord, and I begged that He would not forget that He had chosen me. And quickly this sickness came on, O my Father, and now I go to Him! Oh, yes! Grieve thou not, for He has chosen me."

Father Wilfrid was more impressed than he cared to acknowledge at the unemotional recital of the staunch old missionary going about his duty with an assurance free from all racking doubt and uncertainty about this life and the next. He himself is still at sea as to his true position in his own Church. He knows he is looked upon as an enemy within the gates of the Establishment. He is fully convinced that there can be no real priesthood unless it trace back its origin to the Apostles. And yet Mr. Lloyd George appoints bishops to the apostolic succession. The glaring incongruity is humiliating and unbearable. He believes with St. John Chrysostom that as the shepherds found Our Lord in the stable, so Christians find Him on the altar. The companionship of the saints, and particularly of the Most Holy Mother of God, is his happiness and strength. He recites his Rosary faithfully. All this he preaches to the natives up on the Berg. But in the camps of the whites of his own land he has to offer "the propitiatory Sacrifice of the Mass not in the words of the ancient Western rite, which makes no doubt at all of the real presence of Christ's body and blood, but in the improved phraseology of a turncoat archbishop who most definitely believed the very contrary."

Nay, he has been deceiving the natives themselves. They are becoming aware of it. They are beginning to read, to get books and magazines from both points of view in the Church of England; even papers by Anglican divines denying Our Lord's divinity and His historic resurrection and ascension. And he envies all the more his neighbors, the priests of the Roman mission: "When a man falls in that mission, he can die gladly; for he knows another will step into his place, to work with the same end in view and to teach the same thing. He is part of a world-wide Church in which heresy is everywhere ruthlessly suppressed. His sheep indeed may fall victims to the wolves, but it will invariably be their own fault. There are none in the fold, nor can wolves enter."

The manly words of the Bishop of Delaware in resigning his office and ministry in the Church of England in America he would fain make his own. But that means he must give up—oh, so much that is dear and venerable! The Roman Church seems no mother to him holding out tender arms. He is not drawn, as some converts are, by the beauty and art of her churches and ritual. "If I go to her, it will be because I can not find my Lord elsewhere." Even as was His teaching, so are her dogmas but clear-cut statements of the obvious and the inevitable. Take one such, one of the most disputed: the Immaculate Conception: "Could I believe Almighty God to deign to be born of a woman and to think nothing before or after of the woman thus honored? Would He not have prepared His Mother like 'a garden enclosed'? And as to the method, it is so natural, so simple, so beautiful that it requires no proof whatever, beyond the teaching of the Church."

Thus across the arid sands of life Father Wilfrid trudged, haltingly, towards the Catholic Vision, dawning slowly upon his consciousness with trenchant finality. "No form of Protestantism can hold me any longer," is his emphatic declaration. Even the faith of the devout Pusey and the pious Keble is but a mirage. His frequent

communings on the grim Berg have taught him that beyond recall. And there is only one thing for a traveller to do when he realizes that a mirage is but a mirage: he must resolutely turn his back upon it.

Thus end the letters of Father Francis Thomas Wilfrid, priest. Seemingly he passed beyond the veil to find surcease from his earthly wanderings and dark gropings before he reached the haven of rest of his heart's desire. Happily, the publication of the "Letters" following upon his demise, under the title of "Pilgrim Papers," is but a literary fiction. Their author, the Rev. Robert Keable, has given the best years of his life to the primitive folk of the mighty Basuto peaks, as an accredited Church of England missionary. He has not taken the final step, so consistent and apparently so imminent, on the plea that "the grand old Berg has taught him, after all, how to wait." Some years ago an apparently inconsequential incident among the blacks of far-off Kikuyu land, Central East Africa, shook the Establishment to its foundations, and dispelled at one stroke, at once and forever, the doubts and hesitations of many an earnest man. The Rev. Robert Keable's "Pilgrim Papers," please God, will perform that kindly office for many others, if not at last for their author also.

The Hen and the Diamond.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAGEDORN.

A HUNGRY hen, in time of dearth,
Picked up a diamond of worth,
And buried it again in earth.

She spake: "What joy were it for me
Could but the lovely stone I see
A grain of wheat or barley be!"

Well may abundance be deplored,
When all the treasures that we hoard
No real enjoyment can afford!

Helen.

BY HARRY BAILEY.

III.

AFTER Donald's departure, Helen went through the valley of the shadow of death. Fortunately for her perhaps, an attack of brain fever prevented her brooding over her loss; and when she did recover, she was but a ghost of her former self. Her pallor, her slightness, were pathetic; but above all there was an expression of utter misery in the deep violet eyes,—a look that made her friends fear for her sanity.

Roger Truscott became her devoted adherent when she was convalescent. One must give him his due. Had Donald not been an invalid, he would never have stepped between an affianced pair. But Donald was condemned; so Truscott considered his honor inviolate in seeking to win Helen.

She was very apathetic, and progress was infinitesimal. But Truscott possessed unlimited patience,—a virtue that proved of great value in the months which ensued.

She rallied after the babbler informed her Donald was suffering from tuberculosis. It was some consolation to know that he had not deceived her, that he still loved her. All her love returned, and she vowed afresh—as she had vowed on the night he left for France—to be his in life or death. She dallied pleasantly with the thought of seeking him and nursing him back to health. But when she mooted her projects, Mrs. Day, Truscott, and others, hinted gently of the nature of the insidious disease from which he was suffering. Nobody ever fully recovered, they insinuated, even if they hesitated to say it outright.

Helen let the opportunity slip. Her health was impaired. No longer could she face opposition, the more strong in

that it was then entirely unsuspected.

As the days slipped past, Roger Truscott spent more and more time in her company.

"When am I to congratulate you, Helen?" asked Mrs. Day bluntly, after several ineffectual hints.

The slight figure moved restlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said in the dull, heavy tones of the dreamer or the fatalist.

"I had the impression you were to be married soon."

"I shall never be married."

"I know you have been ill, dear; but do you think you are treating Roger Truscott fairly in encouraging his advances? He must think you mean to marry him."

"Roger Truscott!" said Helen, in astonished tones. "I've not encouraged him."

"Wait!" said Truscott to Mrs. Day, when she told him of Helen's unflattering remark. "She's still dazed. She did not mean to be cruel. Say no more to her on the subject."

Truscott redoubled his attentions. Suave, persistent without obtruding himself, ever ready to perform the little deeds that capture a woman's heart, he pursued the right policy to win her.

Just after Christmas he proposed. She refused him gently. His heart swelled, for he had anticipated an uncompromising rejection. He would win her yet.

"Have you heard from Donald recently?" she asked.

"Last week. He is staying at a village in Somersetshire and is working as a carrier—" He halted purposely.

"Did he mention his health?" she faltered.

Truscott hesitated. It was the great moment in his life. Donald had said he was much better. Should he tell her? It would wreck his chances, if he did.

"No," he lied. "I'm sorry, for we were great friends."

She shivered.

Two months later Truscott asked again, and Helen said, "Yes." All her love was given to Donald; but, as he could not have her in this world, she would at least surrender what little was left to an honorable, selfless man. So she told Truscott, and he declared himself satisfied.

"When shall it be?" he asked. "Soon, I hope."

Helen was about to fix an early date, for she cared not—when suddenly out of the void came a breath.

"I'll marry you on October 2," she said; and there was a resonance in her voice that had not been there for months.

"So long?" whispered Truscott; but he was, nevertheless, content.

Helen mused before the log fire after he had departed. Something had made her say October 2. Ah, she remembered! Donald had written in one of his letters, "I shall be with you on October 2, dearest!" What did that breath of memory mean? She did not know; but at least it brought her hope, and, after so many months of torture, it was a sweet possession.

IV.

Donald and Titus Easewell spent the winter and spring in the quiet Somersetshire hamlet. Truscott made no further mention of Helen in his letters; and Donald, beyond mentioning the fact that he was much better, in the hope that the girl would be informed, made no reference to her. Not that he forgot. Sometimes at night, when the southwest gale drove hard against the thatched roof, thoughts of her would come unbidden, and he would wrestle with his desire to return and win her. His trouble was that he believed his disease incurable; and so long as he retained that opinion, so long would he recoil from returning to Stourminster.

"The blacksmith tells me he needs a

striker," said Easewell one day. "Do you think you could manage it? I could take on the carrier's job."

"I'm not fit," said Donald.

"He seemed to think you'd do."

No more was said, but Donald began work at the forge. For a time the strenuous labor tired him to the uttermost; but he gradually grew accustomed to it, and finally reveiled in the swing of the ponderous hammer.

In May "wander-lust" seized Easewell and they restarted their travels. The old man had an intense longing to see London once more, so they dallied pleasantly through the leafy lanes of the Southern counties until they came to Southall.

There Easewell was suddenly smitten with illness. He complained alternately of great heat and intense cold. He had a severe pain in his back. Nothing would serve but that Donald should immediately go to Harley Street and fetch Sir Robert Fyffe.

"He won't come," said Donald, thinking the old man was delirious. "Let me fetch a local doctor."

"He *will* come. Give him this letter."

Donald was so surprised that he went.

"In a common inn!" said the great surgeon. "Heavens, young man! Do you know who he is? I *thought* not."

Fyffe's car drove them out of town. Donald told the doctor of his travels with Easewell as he knew him.

"Easewell! It fits him like a glove," was the comment.

"Hullo, Bob!" cried the invalid when Sir Robert entered his room.

"Dick!" There was a something of pathos in the doctor's voice.

Titus Easewell rose in bed.

"I'm all right, old chap," he said. "I had to descend to subterfuge to trap the obstinate young fellow who fetched you. He thinks he's got tuberculosis, and is ruining his life and that of the girl he loves."

They chatted for an hour on very different topics. Then Easewell called:

"Donald!"

When Donald entered he went on:

"Sir Robert says it's only a touch of ague I've got. I've persuaded him to examine you. There's no escape, my lad!"

Donald trembled again as he had shivered on that momentous afternoon so long ago.

"Well?" he breathed at last.

"You're as sound as a horse," said Fyffe, bluntly.

Donald was dazed. "But I have had tuberculosis," he said.

"I said 'a horse.'"

"I thought horses never had tuberculosis."

"Exactly. You have my meaning. You probably had indigestion and general disorganization. There never was any serious disease. Will you excuse me now? I have something further to say to Lord Grondlay."

Donald hardly heard his last remarks. He had never been diseased. He was free to marry Helen. Oh, the wonder of it! He was so happy that he even sought to excuse the doctor whose verdict had robbed him of Helen for at least twelve months. What was it he had called Easewell? Lord something or other. What was a lord wandering around the country for? And taking work as an ostler!

Donald sat and mused until he heard the physician departing. Then he rushed into Easewell's room, crying:

"I'm going to Helen to-morrow!"

"I thought you would. Yes, we'll go to-morrow."

Easewell found it a difficult task to listen unmoved to the boy's wonderful faith in Helen. She was waiting, he said many and many a time as they wandered northwards, while the leaves turned to gold and brown and began to fall.

Donald was returning as he had

started,—a tramp. He was eager to see Helen. Still more anxious was he to keep his word to himself; and his utter certainty that she would be waiting and ready for him when he claimed her rendered him acquiescent to the necessary loss of time.

It was the evening of the last day of September when they reached Stourminster. Nothing would serve Donald but that they should steal up to Helen's house in the darkness, and attempt to see her sitting in the great armchair, with her right hand cupping her tiny, square chin.

But as they were passing up the drive, Easewell gripped Donald's arm.

"There's somebody in the shrubbery!" he whispered. "Hist!" He gave the thieves' signal, and immediately it was answered.

"Two on yer," said a rough voice as they cautiously entered the shrubbery. "On the same lay as me an' me pal, I'll be bound! Still, there's enough for all. Shall us share? What d'yer say?"

"Is it worth it?" asked Easewell, hoarsely.

"I don't think. The gel from 'ere's gettin' married day after t'morrer. Plenty o' goods."

Easewell motioned Donald to be quiet; but the latter shook so violently that the older man was compelled to bend over and whisper:

"Be silent! If you speak now, they may kill Helen."

The threat sufficed; but Donald suffered, as he had never believed it possible to suffer, in the hours they lay there. Helen to be married—to some one else! His brain rêeled.

At first he was furious and blamed her bitterly. But soon he saw her conduct in a clearer, purer light, and began to realize that he was to blame for calmly accepting the first doctor's decision and shutting her out of his life, without even informing her, when she had a distinct claim to know. He had been too sure. It was his punishment. He bowed his head to the ground, and in those moments a deeper, finer love for Helen—a love that was never to falter nor break—was born.

But the others were rising. He followed them, with pulses beating at the prospect of the struggle that was imminent. Admittance was gained through the French window of the study.

"Some servant bribed," whispered Easewell.

The leader stationed his companion to guard the window, while Donald was placed at the door. Then, after much fumbling, the electric light was switched on.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the room was smothered in presents.

"A well-liked and well-to-do couple!" chuckled the first burglar, rapidly transferring the choicest objects to his capacious pockets.

Donald signalled to Easewell, and the elderly lord gradually edged himself nearer the unsuspecting guardian of the window; while Donald sauntered into the room and pretended to be absorbed in contemplating an antique Japanese dagger. Suddenly, as if worked by one brain, their two bodies leaped in the same second, and there were two mighty thuds; for Donald's man hit the floor first. Followed a mighty threshing and knocking about of movable articles; but Donald's opponent was like wax beneath the grip of his mighty muscles.

Loosing the unconscious robber, Donald rose—to see the form of Helen framed in the doorway.

"Don!" she said.

"Helen!"

And for a moment time ceased to be.

Presently a dull sound reached their ears, and, turning, they found Easewell still struggling with the second burglar.

"Let him go, old friend!" said

Donald; and Titus, panting and distressed, was only too glad to rise.

"This is a great friend of mine, Helen," he said, after the burglar had made a speedy exit. "Lord Grondlay, alias Titus Easewell."

Easewell bowed with the grace of a courtier.

"I have heard much of Helen—if you will pardon me, madam. I forgive my friend, now that I have seen you."

Helen smiled her thanks, then turned towards Donald.

"You are well?" she said. "How strong you look, Don!"

"Quite well," he assured her; "in fact, I never had the disease."

"Oh!" she wailed. "I've broken my word, Don. I'm to be married tomorrow. Can you forgive me? I thought you had passed out of my life forever; and, even though I could never forget you, I thought I might make some one else happy."

"It was my fault, dear!" said Donald. "But the position is awful. I can not force you to break your word."

He turned away, biting his lip hard to repress the passion that was slowly surging.

"Truscott might have warned me," he murmured, half to himself.

"I am marrying Roger Truscott," said Helen. "Why—why didn't you let me know you were better, Donald? That would have given me sufficient strength to wait."

"I told Truscott I was much better in my last two letters," said Donald.

"When did you first say so?" cried Helen, eyes afire with hope.

"Last Christmas," replied Donald, wonderingly.

"Wait! I remember. It was before he made his first proposal, which I refused. I asked him if you were better and he said 'No.'"

"The cad!" cried Donald, furiously.

"He deceived!" said Helen; "so I am free."

A cough that required several repetitions interrupted their conversation. Titus Easewell stood in the doorway.

"Farewell, Donald!" he said. "You have won your heart's desire, as you have deserved. I shall miss you, lad."

Donald took his hand and drew him into the room.

"Titus Easewell, my Lord Grondlay,—I suspect you of possessing several other names, too,—you are staying here until I go. Then you will come and live with us in our new home."

"But Miss Helen—"

Helen took his other hand.

"You are Donald's best friend," she said. "He needs you: you need him. Please stay."

And, as Titus did not wish to go, he made the only possible answer.

(The End.)

Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of All the World.

FOR the first time, St. Joan's feast has been celebrated officially, with a homage which the multitude brings only to those whose greatness is of the heart, of the inner sanctuary of the spirit. Unfortunately, it may be true that the emotions aroused by the occasion are mingled with murmurs of false patriotism, of hate, of ungenerous vengeance. How good it would be if everybody took to heart the earnest and beautiful words which François le Grix, the French poet and editor of *La Revue Hebdomadaire*, has addressed to his people on the meaning of St. Joan!

It is not French patriotism, nor is it the Church, that has fashioned artificially some new glory for Jeanne. It is Jeanne herself, who from the moment of her death mystically began to live again, to grow, and to dwell in the recollection, the imagination, or, to use a better word, the conscience of men,

to such an extent that the day was inevitable when the hymn of Michelet would supersede the irony of Voltaire; when Dupanloup would erase the memory of Cauchon; when France, too little grateful by nature, would discover its purest heroine; and when the Church would finally place in her hands one of its most resplendent palms.

The reborn youth of Jeanne d'Arc, which has mocked at time, scoffs also at space. Her brightness is upon all the parts of the earth. There is not a nation but sings her praises, and England is in the forefront of them all. Jeanne reunites with their country even those who deny country; with the faith even those whom the faith appears to have passed by.

That which makes her seem so modern, so close to us, so active, is it not the strange and difficult combination—the like of which may be seen only in St. Louis among the beatified—which the idea of nationalism and the idea of Christendom have achieved in her? One may say that she comes and goes between earth and heaven,—in other words, that she crosses constantly the frontiers.

God grant that she has completed forever her first miracle: to push the enemy out of France; her second miracle, which is to reconcile France with herself. These things she has done for nationalism, and we have followed her example in them quite resolutely. It remains for her to perfect her work with the third miracle which shall be the greatest of all: to reconcile France with her enemies (this to be done for Christendom), and *to lead them out together on a new crusade*....

What is that crusade? We can not begin again the one from which we are returning.... Behold the great human multitude crushed in mourning! For the first time, mankind as a whole has partaken of the blood that was shed. The finger of the Dark Angel has drawn a funereal meridian round the globe.

We have come from the sacrifice of our best blood on a crusade for a false love and an abstraction: and here we are, poorer, more despoiled of hope than ever. We had thought that these millions of young men had died that the world might have more of freedom. We had been told that. And, lo, we do not hear men speak of anything except the markets in coal, in oil....

Upon our new humanity, which contents itself with a hollow philosophy as if it were a dogma, and loses its sense of invisible realities, the world of matter wreaks its vengeance. It enslaves those who pretend to enslave it.... Ever since this abstraction has ruled over men, it seems that the Spirit has departed from the world.

Therefore we, who believe in the signs of the spirit, and are convinced that Jeanne is one of them shown to us by God,—one very close to us,—know that it will not do that we should misjudge her again. It is our business to be reminded of her, to raise up her image in our hearts, to look long upon her countenance and to say to her:

O thou who art, whether angel or lady, our own Jeanne;

Consider our poverty and our universal desolation; and make us to be born again in the spirit, that we may save the world.

If we had been people of the mist, thou wouldst have become a fairy;

If we had been people of the sun or of the snow, thou wouldst have been the peri, the sibyl, or the amazon;

But we are plain people of our own soil, of gentle slopes and clear skies,—simple, ordinary people; and you are exactly on the road between heaven and earth, our Jeanne d'Arc, our Saint, even for those among us who can not see heaven.

Little maiden, reasonable to the last, like unto Jesus in the temple, wiser

than the learned whom thou didst confound by the sweet good sense of thy answers;

Who didst understand always how to remain sensible and not to lose heart;

Who dost continue to be good and attentive to all;

Flower of our race and perfume of our soil;

By the mystery of thy charity, do not turn away thy pity from the Kingdom of the Lily.

We think ourselves very clever and practical because we have the best oven and the best wine-press, the finest bread and the finest wine;

But what have we done with a victory paid for with so much of blood, of which thou wast sparing?

Deliver us at last from this deadly idea, from this prestige of the machine and of false philosophy.

Make us to be born again in the spirit, that we may save the world.

But, after having thought of all, think of each one—of each one of those who have come out of the war and survive in a world that is worse.

Above all, do thou come to the aid of those who have lost hope; who, like thee, have chosen the executioner and have accepted the martyrdom, but for whom heaven remains closed amidst the flames that engulf them.

Flower of our race, perfume of our soil, light of our sky, be our recompense, our promise!

ALREADY I had learned from Thee that nothing ought to seem true because it is well expressed, nor false because the word-symbols are inelegant; yet, again, that nothing is true because rudely delivered, nor false because the diction is brilliant; but that wisdom and folly are like meats that are wholesome or unwholesome, and that either kind of meat can be served up in silver or in delf,—that is to say, in courtly or in homely phrase.—*St. Augustine.*

An Interesting Record.

A GERMAN Protestant writer, named Dennert, has made an exhaustive study of the religious opinions of three hundred famous savants. The most illustrious names that have appeared during three centuries have been selected: men principally distinguished in the natural sciences—botany, geology, etc. Dr. Dennert's work is an interesting record.

For the first period of his investigations, including the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the author cites the names of eighty-two men, noted leaders in their particular domain, seventy-nine of whom were believers in Christianity. Among these are Newton, Huyghens, Leibnitz, Galileo, and Copernicus.

In the second period, the eighteenth century, fifty-five names are given,—five infidels, eleven whose religious views are unknown, while thirty-nine admitted the existence of God, of the soul, and of Revelation. We may mention among the most illustrious of these last the names of Herschel, Linnæus, Werner, and Boerhaave.

The third period embraces the nineteenth century. Here the number of savants is considerably increased. Dr. Dennert cites one hundred and sixty-three illustrious names; of this number a hundred and twenty-four were believers, twenty-two held indefinite religious opinions, while only twelve were infidels. Among the latter are the names of such materialists as Tyndall, Huxley, and Vogt; the indefinites include Arago, La Place, and Darwin. While Dr. Dennert places Mr. Darwin among the unbelieving fraternity, it is fair to note that he never once declared himself a materialist.

Among modern scientists of the most unswerving Christian faith are numbered Pasteur, Haüy, Faraday, J. B. Dumas, Le Verrier, Cauchy,

Ampère, Volta, and many others. In fine, among the three hundred names collected by Dr. Dennert there are found two hundred and forty-two with religious convictions, repudiating the doctrine of materialism, and loudly proclaiming the harmony existing between Faith and Science. As expressing the sentiments of innumerable Catholic scientists, we may quote a declaration of the illustrious Cauchy, one of the greatest mathematicians the world has ever seen:

"I am a Christian,—that is to say, I believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ with Copernicus, Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Grimaldi, Euler, Boscovich; with all the great astronomers, all the great physicists and geometricians of past centuries. I am even a Catholic; and if I am asked, I shall willingly give my reasons. It will be seen that my convictions are the result, not of prejudices imbibed from my birth, but of a thorough examination. I am a sincere Catholic, as were Corneille and Racine, La Bruyère, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon; as have been and are still a large number of the most distinguished men of our age,—those who do most honor to science, philosophy, and literature; who have contributed most to the glory of our Academies. I share the profound convictions manifested, in their spoken and written words, by so many savants of the first rank—Haüy, Laennec, Ampère, Coriolis. And if I avoid naming those who remain, I can say at least that I loved to discern all the nobility, all the generosity of the Christian faith in my illustrious friends,—in the Abbé Haüy and in the immortal Ampère."

Many of the Catholic scientists of whom mention has been made were distinguished no less for tender piety than strong faith. Volta was said to be "as pious as a nun." His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was known to all his acquaintances.

A Timely Warning.

TESTIMONY as to the general attitude towards religion of our State universities and larger sectarian colleges is conflicting. They are represented as being "refrigerators of conservatism" or "hotbeds of radicalism." The first classification may not altogether fit sectarian institutions: we hear that the spirit of liberalism has invaded not a few of them. But there can be no question that a large number of State universities are well described as "hotbeds of radicalism." Mr. William Jennings Bryan ought to be a good judge in the matter; for he has often visited these institutions, lectured before the students, and held converse with the presidents and professors. He is not an alarmist or a pessimist, but he is convinced that young students on all sides are losing faith in God and Christianity as a result of such teachings as they are the victims of. From a short article by Mr. Bryan, contributed to a periodical of recent date which we can not identify, we quote this passage:

Having had opportunity to make a personal investigation, I feel it my duty to warn the lovers of the Bible of the insidious attacks which are being made upon every vital part of the Word of God. A father tells me of a daughter educated at —— who calmly informs him that no one believes in the Bible now; a teacher in —— University begins his lessons in geology by asking students to lay aside all that they have learned in Sunday school; a professor of the University of —— tells his class that the Bible is a collection of myths; a professor of philosophy at —— occupies a Sunday evening explaining to an audience that Christianity is a state of mind, and that there are only two books in the Bible with any literary merit; another professor in the same institution informs students that he once taught a Sunday-school class and was active in the Young Men's Christian Association, but that no thinking man can believe in God or the Bible; . . . a young man in South Carolina traces his atheism back to two teachers in a Christian college; a professor in —— has the reputation of making atheists of all who

come under his influence,—this information was given by a boy whose brother has come under the influence of this teacher; a professor in —— combats Christianity for a session, and then puts to his class the question whether or not there is a God, and is happy to find that a majority of the class vote that there is no God; a professor in a Christian college writes a book in which the virgin birth of Christ is disputed; one professor declares that life is merely a by-product and will ultimately be produced in the laboratory; another says that the ingredients necessary to create life have already been brought together, and that life will be developed from them,—adding, however, that it will require a million years to do it. These are a few of the illustrations furnished by informants whom I have reason to believe. My own experience confirms the information that has been brought to me.

Catholic parents who, without necessity, allow their sons and daughters to attend such institutions as Mr. Bryan mentions, surely can not be aware of the danger undoubtedly incurred.

In Scotland.

TIMES have changed in Scotland, as everywhere else. The author of a new book of Highland memories ("A Hundred Years in the Highlands." Osgood Hanbury Mackenzie), who is a Gael of the Gaels, and a staunch member of the Free Church, remembers when frequenters of concerts and dances were classed among the backsliders "fenced" from the yearly communion. After that solemn service, the minister and his wife used to entertain the heritors and elders at dinner, providing plenty of port and sherry; warning them not to drink water, unless liberally diluted with whiskey,—water drawn on Saturday would be unpalatably flat. "It would have been an unpardonable sin to go to the spring [on the Sabbath Day] for a jug of fresh water. Any one guilty of doing so would render himself liable to undergo discipline and stern censure from the Kirk Session."

Notes and Remarks.

The hubbub about education continues. People have never seemed so anxious to have it, or to be uncertain of what it really amounts to when finally obtained. For one man it means ability to answer forty questions without drawing breath; for another its sum and substance lie in being trained to pronounce Nietzsche correctly and to quote him incorrectly. And, accordingly, we do not doubt that "Education for Authority," by Dallas Lore Sharp, will be thought one of the most interesting papers in the July *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Sharp makes a plea for more naturalness, more poetry, and more religion. While his remarks are not free from a certain vague transcendentalism, he says many pertinent things, among them this: "We Americans do not give beauty and joy to our children. We are not a happy-hearted, imaginative people. It is the foreign children who steal the flowers from our public parks, who merrily dance to the hurdy-gurdy, who haunt our picture galleries,—little lovers of warmth and tone and color!"

It is also the foreign child—God bless it!—that is getting closer to nature because of the number of its brothers and sisters, and its comparative freedom from artificiality of upbringing; and that has, because its parents are so often practical Catholics, the better chance for religion.

Not the least interesting and important of the numerous conventions to be held in the course of the present summer will be the second annual meeting of the Sisterhoods engaged in Catholic social and charitable work. The meeting will be convened in September, in Milwaukee, and will immediately follow the National Conference of Catholic Charities. At the

first meeting, held in Washington last year, there were present 143 Sisters, representing eighteen religious communities; and at the coming convention, it is confidently expected, the representation will be much larger. The purpose of the meeting is, of course, to exchange views, examine different methods of solving the multitudinous problems that confront religious sacrifice in our modern society, and to cement the bonds of that union which in every sort of human endeavor spells additional strength. Among the problems to be discussed at Milwaukee are: standards for Catholic child-caring institutions, standards for day nurseries, the treatment of defective children, after-care of children discharged from institutions, institutional management, working girls' home, work of Sisterhoods engaged in home nursing, institutional care of chronics, care of the deaf and dumb, problems of correctional work, and girls' clubs.

As is evident from the foregoing list of the activities of our Sisters, society at large owes to these devoted religious women a debt of incalculable magnitude, and one which, moreover, is none the less real because of its being so very generally ignored by the great mass of American citizens.

The months that have elapsed since nation-wide Prohibition became, through amendment, an integral part of the American Constitution have not witnessed anything approaching adequate enforcement of the anti-liquor laws, State or Federal. As time goes on, indeed, the enforcement of such laws seems to be growing less rather than more effective. The New York *Herald* has been collecting data from its correspondents in a large number of our cities; and, as a result of the replies it has received, it uses this headline in publishing the outcome of its "symposium": "Rum Flows Freely All Over the Country." The dream of the Prohibitionists, or many of them, that no sooner would their views be embodied in the Constitution than drunkenness would disappear over-night, has been rather rudely shattered. Whether additional efforts, at a very largely increased cost, to enforce the law with greater efficiency will prove generally successful is a matter of opinion among both the "Wets" and the "Drys"; that the country, as a whole, will ever become "bone-dry" is the hope, but hardly the expectation, of any considerable number of Americans.

One of the commonest watchwords, or slogans, of our century is "Efficiency." In politics, in economics, in the industrial and commercial worlds, in every art and craft, in the educational training that fits individuals for the professions, and in the professions themselves, efficiency is exploited as the great desideratum. Now, one of the essentials of prospective efficiency is method, or order. The greater the organization, the more necessary of course become regular system and orderly procedure; and, accordingly, it is not at all surprising that the Church, the greatest organization in the world, should insist on the observance of strict method in all her processes and governmental functions. That she demands, for instance, a place for everything, and everything in its place, is clear from those sections of the New Canon Law that deal with parish records. The following statement of such records is from the *Catholic Gazette*, of London:

> Provision is made in the Code of Canon Law for no fewer than nine different registers to be kept in parish churches. There is first of all the Baptism Register, in which must be entered not only a person's baptism, but also his subsequent Confirmation, marriage, ordination to the subdiaconate, or solemn religious profession. Other registers prescribed by the Code are the Register of Marriages and the

Register of Confirmations. Then there are two registers which one does not always find in parish churches, but which are none the less of strict obligation—viz., the Liber Animarum, or Register of Living Parishioners; and the Liber Defunctorum, or Register of Deceased Parishioners. Equally important, if not more so, is the Liber Missarum, or Register of Masses to be said in the church, in addition to the private list of Masses which each priest naturally keeps himself. There is also the register of visiting priests saying Mass (referred to in Canon 804, 2.), and the register of pious foundations (for bequests, legacies, etc.), prescribed in Canon 1549, 2. Finally, there is the all-important cash register, or account book, in which must be entered full details of income and expenditure, in accordance with Canon 1523, 5.

The editor of one of the most influential organs of banking circles in this country, the *Coast Banker,* is somewhat impressed with the fashion in which Catholic Spain is solving the vexatious problem of Capital and Labor. "From the country that the civilized world considers far behind the times," he writes, "comes the report of what may be the most progressive development of the decade." The Spanish labor organization which elicits this encomium is founded on honesty and justice, and takes account of both the rights and the duties of employers and workers. Concerning the latter we are told: "Workers who are known to be faithful and devoted to their duties are admitted, and benefits accrue immediately. They are personally looked after by committees of the syndicates; fair wages are assured to them; they are freed from the oppression of hard masters; if they are sick, they receive medical comforts and their families are kept from want; if work does not come to them, the syndicate seeks and finds new employment; if they are in need, on proper evidence being shown, they are loaned money at low rates of interest." The employers are not less protected, and are guaranteed from vexatious strikes, sabotage, and similar obstacles to efficient management. On the whole, perhaps it is not an unmixed evil to be "behind the times" in the estimation of up-to-date economists.

A sermon of the kind that is always listened to with attention, or read with interest, was preached by Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, at the consecration of the Rev. Hugh C. Boyle as Bishop of Pittsburgh, successor to the venerable and beloved Bishop Canevin. All that a preacher would be expected to say on such an occasion was said, but it was said in an unusual way—concretely, forcefully, impressively, happily. For instance, after a striking reference to the decay of purely human authority, and the steady growth of the power wielded by the Church, the Archbishop said:

> It would almost seem as if our people, wearied by continued failures in what they themselves have so laboriously built up, are gradually turning in hope to what is of purely divine institution. For, say what you will, even from a purely human standpoint, the episcopate of the Catholic Church, whilst admittedly of divine institution, at the same time is the most perfect form of government we have in the world to-day. It is an autocracy within a democracy, is found in the Catholic Church alone, and is possible only within an institution possessing divine authorship, wielding God-given authority. Its ruling class, which is made up of its bishops, is not recruited from a superior caste: rather taken usually from the sons of workingmen, from the sturdy, plain middle-class people.... Neither do wealth, position, friends, influence, political or ecclesiastical, count for very much in arriving at such a choice for the office of a bishop in the Catholic Church. Sometimes in the past, it may be, with insidious interference of State officials, such things could happen with disastrous later results, but certainly not with us in this country, thank God!

In admirably chosen words, the preacher then described the calling of the Apostles, and rapidly reviewed the history of the Church, the seedtime and the harvest; telling how wondrously the

Apostolic Succession was preserved in times of persecution, how newer lands and newer people were won to Christ by the labors and sufferings of succeeding apostles. Then:—

During the past hour Holy Mother Church has again lifted for us the curtain on a scene of the past. It took no effort of the imagination to transport you back to the days of the infant Church. The rite you have witnessed is the same as took place when Matthias was chosen to fill the first vacancy in the Apostolic College, the same sacred function as when they consecrated Patrick for Ireland or another Hugh to be bishop of Lincoln. Here in this sanctuary we have just seen forged the latest link in the unbroken chain of Apostolic Succession. This young Bishop has just received from the hands of his predecessor the same power that has been exercised and been handed down to him by a long line of prelates, stretching far back into the dim past. Through them, it has come to him without change, without curtailment, without mutilation, from one of that original Twelve to whom the Son of God Himself had given it. The authority that he obtains to teach, to guide, to govern you is precisely the same as Peter and James and John received when from the lips of Christ Himself fell the words of their commission, "As the Father hath sent Me, so do I send you."

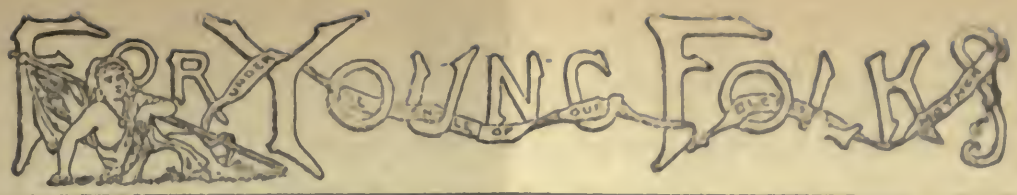
A study of the sermon from which we have quoted so largely—with regret at being unable to quote at still greater length—would show young preachers (who ought to be anxious to know) the kind of sermon that people will always listen to with attention, and infallibly derive benefit from.

It would seem that all but the most perfervid followers of Martin Luther have decided not to celebrate the quarto-centenary of his "triumph" at the Diet of Worms. A wise decision. In recent years, the world has learned a great deal about the so-called reformer, not only from Janssen, Denifle, Grisar, etc., but from Protestant authors themselves,—even ministers: the Rev. Preserved Smith, the Rev. Charles Starbuck, of Andover, Mass., etc. Dr. Starbuck was one of the most scholarly clergymen the United States has ever produced. His opinions on historical questions commanded highest respect, and he was generally admired for his honesty and fair-mindedness. Replying, in July, 1902, to some anonymous publicist who had referred to Luther as "one of the moral heroes of the world," Dr. Starbuck wrote:

Think of anybody's extolling Luther as an example of *purity*, showing that he has never read Melanchthon's letter to Camerarius, and has never read that tissue of abominations which, by Martin's own acknowledgment, made his writings favorites in evil houses! Think of anybody's extolling the mildness of the man who wants the Jews' synagogues burned down "with pitch and hell-fire," and wants the Pope and cardinals hung up on gibbets with their tongues cut out!

The Diet of Worms was held in the early part of the year 1521. It is getting too late now for any celebration in connection with it. And the more people learn about Martin Luther, the more thoroughly persuaded they will become that he himself was a veritable paranoiac, and his reformation a veritable myth.

Although comparatively few non-Catholics share John Ruskin's and William Morris' admiration for the Middle Ages—both pleaded for a return to them and the craft-guilds,—a great many Protestants have come to know enough about those thousand years or more to see the stupidity of calling them the "Dark Ages." They have been found to have their close bearing upon to-day and ourselves. The economic problems of then and now waited and wait for their complete solution. The direct and actual contribution of the Middle Ages to modern civilization is now more freely acknowledged. It consisted in refusing to dissociate politics and ethics. How truly does a recent non-Catholic writer say, "We have small cause to look backwards upon those ages with complacent superiority"!



In the Dark.

BY L. M. C.

ALTHOUGH it is so very dark,
And I am all alone,
Mamma downstairs, and nurse away,
With none to talk or play,—
Dear Lord, I know, to Thee the night
Is bright and shining as the light.

And I have promised dear mamma
I will not cry or shout;
So I must try and bear in mind
All we have talked about,—
How that to God the darkest night
Is bright and shining as the light.

For God can see His little child
And keep her safe from harm;
And, though it is to her so dark,
He'll shield her with His arm;
For to the One who made the night
It shines as brightly as the light.

And so I must not be afraid,
Or start at every noise that's made;
But I will shut my eyes and sleep,
Quite sure Thou wilt me safely keep,
Because, O God, to Thee the night
Is bright and shining as the light!

The Little Minstrel.

BY M. HECTOR MALOT.

III.—Travel and Adventure.

EARLY next morning Signor Vitalis and Remi were off. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining, the birds singing blithely. Capi hovered around Remi as they walked, now pausing to stand in front of him and bark, while he wagged his tail, and sometimes stood on his hind feet. He seemed to want Remi to know that he was his friend. And the poor boy's heart was gladdened to feel that he had even a dog for a friend.

When they came to the town, which was not far from the place where they had passed the night, Remi was much interested in finding a shoemaker's shop. He hoped Vitalis would not forget that he had promised to buy him a pair of shoes. He did not forget it. Back of the market-place he turned into a shop, to enter which one had to descend three steps into the ground.

It was very dark. Garments and shoes were hanging all around on hooks. Presently he found himself trying on a pair of laced, leather shoes with heavy nails in the soles, which made them very much heavier than the wooden ones. But Remi did not mind that. This purchase was followed by that of a pair of trousers, a velvet jacket, and a felt hat. The trousers were well worn, the jacket well creased, and the hat of a color no one could have made out from looking at it. But Remi thought they were beautiful.

After some money had changed hands between Vitalis and the shopkeeper, they went out into the street again, and, entering the back door of the inn, passed through a stone passage to a small room hung with saddles, bridles, and garden tools. There were also a small table and some chairs. Vitalis knocked with his fist on the table, and a man appeared. Vitalis and he had a short conversation in a language which Remi supposed, and rightly, to be Italian, as it was not French. Bread, cheese, and wine were brought, and they all made a very good breakfast. Each of the dogs had a meatless bone to gnaw, and enjoyed it very much. When they had finished, Vitalis took a large pair of shears from his pocket, and told Remi to take off his trousers. He did so, and Vitalis began to cut them

off to the height of Remi's knees. When he had done this, he produced a needle and thread from a morocco case in his bag, and sewed up the edges, so they would not ravel out.

Remi stood looking at him with large, curious eyes.

"Put them on now," said Vitalis. "I do this because I want you to look different from other people. Actors are always like that."

He then took out a bolt of red ribbon, which he twisted around Remi's stockings, put a red cockade on one side of his felt hat, and on the other a bunch of variegated woolen flowers which he had also found in his inexhaustible bag.

The dogs now capered and pranced around Remi; Capi, in particular, barked with delight.

"I think I look very well," he said, and Vitalis answered:

"You do, indeed."

Joli-Cœur, peeping from the folds of his master's shirt, laughed a monkey laugh. Remi could not decide whether it was one of approval or derision.

"Come now, let us get to work," said Vitalis. "We are going to play a little comedy, and shall have our first rehearsal."

"But I do not know how to play a comedy!" exclaimed Remi. "I do not even know what it means."

"I will show you," replied the master. "The animals, being only animals, although intelligent, have had to work hard; but you, who are a bright boy, will learn quickly. The play is called 'Mr. Joli-Cœur's Servant; or, Which is the Fool?' "

"Yes," answered Remi, listening attentively.

"Capi is the servant, but he is going to leave his master because he is getting old. He has promised to get him another. Now, you are to succeed Capi in the service of Mr. Joli-Cœur."

"Oh! Do monkeys have servants?"

"In plays they do. It is to show the intelligence of these little animals. You have come straight from the country, and your master thinks you are a fool."

"I don't like that," said Remi.

"Show them that you are not one. Go and set the table."

I forgot to say that Vitalis had taken from his bag plates, spoons, a cup and saucer, and some knives and forks,—enough for one person; also a white cloth.

Remi stood irresolute.

"Lay the cloth and arrange the dishes properly," said Vitalis.

"I am afraid I don't know how," answered Remi, taking the cloth in his hands and bending over the dishes.

"There,—that is splendid!" cried Vitalis. "It's because you do not know how that you do it so well—like a fool. After you have learned how, you have only to stand and look as you are doing now, to be a finished actor."

Remi gave great satisfaction, and was deeply interested. The rehearsal lasted an hour; the play itself, not more than twenty minutes. When it was over Remi said:

"You are a kind man. You speak to the animals as though they were people. In our village they beat them. But Mother Barbarin never did. We had a cow, Rossette, and we loved her."

"That is good," said Vitalis. "The dogs and the monkey are different, as you have already seen. The dogs are faithful: you can depend upon them. The monkey is intelligent, but he has no patience. His nature also is to do the contrary of what he is told; so I do not get angry with him. It is precisely because he has no patience that *I* must have it. Otherwise, we should never get on together. 'Duty' is a word unknown to Joli-Cœur. Do you know what it means?"

"Yes," answered Remi: "to do well what you have to do."

"That is right. Remember it always through life. The dogs teach me as

well as I teach them. They have taught me patience, and the dog resembles the master who has taught him. The thief has a sly dog; the butcher, a fierce dog; the stupid man, a stupid dog; a kind, intelligent man will have a kind, intelligent dog."

They stopped at the inn that night, and next day marshalled their forces and started for the market-place, or Plaza, where they were to perform. Vitalis led the way, playing on a fife, and moving his arms in and out, up and down, as he marched. Behind him came Capi, carrying Joli-Cœur on his back. He wore the uniform of an English General: a red coat and trousers, trimmed with gold braid, and a helmet with a waving plume. Joli-Cœur was dressed in red, blue, and green. Zerbino and Dolcie came next. Remi brought up the rear.

The music of the fife brought people to the doors and windows. They followed the procession; there were many children among them. The dogs played a number of tricks, to which Vitalis kept time with a violin. Then Capi took a metal cup and went around among the assembly. Nearly everyone dropped a penny or more. If any one hesitated, Capi tapped with his paw on the man's vest pocket, which generally resulted in producing a coin, and a laugh from the crowd. Then Vitalis said:

"We will now have the feature of the performance,—a delightful comedy called 'Mr. Joli-Cœur's Servant; or, Which is the Fool?' Mr. Joli-Cœur is a retired General. Until now he had a dog for a servant, but he wants a boy. The dog, who is leaving him, will find the boy."

General Joli-Cœur now entered, holding a cigar, and walking impatiently up and down. Presently, led by Capi, Remi entered, his hands hanging down, his mouth open. The General did not like his appearance; he evidently thought him a fool; as did the audience also, so well did he play the part. Finally the General decided to keep him, and told him (by signs) to set the table. Remi made many mistakes, which Capi showed him how to rectify,—the General jumping up and down with rage at the stupidity of his new servant. At length, the table being arranged to his satisfaction, he wanted to see how the fool ate, and told him to sit down.

"The General hopes that after his servant has had something to eat he will not be such an idiot," explained Vitalis.

Remi sat at the little table. There was a napkin on his plate. He picked it up, spread it out, looked at it, and then wiped his nose with it. The bystanders roared with laughter. Remi looked around, staring at them with a blank, stupid expression, as though not knowing why they laughed. Then he had an idea. He rolled the napkin into a rope, and put it around his neck for a cravat. The General held his sides with laughter, and Capi fell over and over in his mirth.

Finally the General dragged Remi from the chair, placed him in front of him and sat down himself. He would show him how to behave at table. He tucked his napkin into his breast, and then spread it out on his knees. It almost covered him. He made an elegant pretence of breaking his bread and drinking out of his glass; and, when luncheon was over, turned to Capi, who produced a toothpick. The General inserted it between his teeth, made a bow to the spectators, and the performance was over.

The audience was so pleased that several stray coins were thrown over the barricade of ropes which had been drawn around the performers. These the General picked up and presented to his master.

Vitalis was greatly pleased with

Remi's acting, and told him so. The people of the town also complimented the showman on the clever boy, when they discovered that his stupidity had been assumed, and that he was in reality a more than ordinarily intelligent child.

Ussel was not a large town; consequently the audiences were soon exhausted, and Vitalis prepared to move on.

"Where are you going next?" asked Remi.

"Do you know this part of the country well?" inquired Vitalis, smiling.

"No," replied Remi. "I know nothing of it. I have never been away from our village."

"Can you read and write?"

"No, Signor, I can not."

"Then I will teach you."

"Is it hard to learn?" asked the boy.

"That depends on the learner. You have a good head."

"How soon shall I be able to read?"

"It will take some time," said Vitalis. "We have a two days' journey before us. I will begin to teach you as we go along."

The next morning Vitalis picked up a long piece of smooth wood from the ground. At noon they stopped under a large tree. After they had eaten, Vitalis took out a penknife, cut the wood into small squares and carved a letter on each side. These letters he blackened with the ends of matches. He gave them to Remi and told him to carry them about in his trousers pockets. He then gave him his first lesson, saying:

"When you learn your alphabet, I shall teach you to form the letters into words; after that, you can read from a book."

And that was how Remi learned to read. One day as they were travelling, Vitalis asked:

"Now that you can read, would you not also like to learn to read music?"

"Could I sing like you then?" answered Remi.

"Do you like the way I sing?"

"It is better than the nightingales. Sometimes I want to cry and sometimes to laugh. When I hear you, I think of good Mother Barbarin, and I long for my dear home again."

"My child," said Vitalis, with tears in his eyes, "I will teach you to sing. And I believe that you also will make people weep with your songs; for you have a heart, Remi,—you have a heart."

Remi learned to read music as he had learned the alphabet; but found it much harder, for sometimes Vitalis got impatient with him. He would throw up his hands and exclaim; and Joli-Cœur would make gestures of impatience and despair. So Remi had the humiliation of being mocked by both master and monkey. But he went on bravely.

At last, after many weeks, Remi was able to read and sing an air from a paper on which Vitalis had written notes of his own composition. To this he put some Italian words, which he taught Remi to pronounce; and after several rehearsals, many corrections, and not a little praise, he said to the boy one morning:

"Remi, if you should have the inclination and the opportunity, I believe you may become a great singer."

"For which, master," answered the affectionate and amiable boy, "I shall have to thank you,—only you!"

(To be continued.)

An Admiral's Answer.

The pious French admiral, Depetit-Thouars, used to go to confession every fortnight, and always put on his full-dress uniform when he went to Holy Communion. A friend having suggested that he should go in less notable attire, he replied: "Why, it is in full-dress uniform that I present myself to my human superiors."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"When Day is Done" is the title of a new book by Mr. Edgar A. Guest, who is one of the most popular of our minor poets.

—A cheap edition in one volume of the Abbé Fouard's excellent Life of Our Lord ("The Christ the Son of God") is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. The notes and appendices are omitted.

—Great preparations are being made—especially in Italy, of course—for the celebration of the Dante centenary: new biographies of the poet, fresh commentaries on the Divine Comedy, popular expositions, etc. The well-known publisher, Olschi, offers a prize for the best book on Dante.

—"Japan and the California Problem," by T. Iyenaga, Ph. D., and Kenoske Sato (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a twelvemo of 250 pages, is a fairly thorough discussion of a matter that is fast becoming, if it has not already become, an international issue; or, as the preface puts it, "an intensified, miniature expression of the meeting of East and West, which Destiny has hitherto kept largely apart." The competency of the authors is vouched for by the fact that the first of the two is professorial lecturer in the department of Political Science in the University of Chicago, and the other is a former Fellow of the same University. We have found the book thoroughly interesting and informative.

—In 1919 the collective hierarchy of France, in a letter addressed to the country at large, declared: "If France wishes to rise again, if she wishes to be tranquil, strong, prosperous, and honored, she must come back to Christian principles and conform to Christian laws and institutions." An excellent elaboration of that declaration is presented by Mgr. Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, in "Les Reconstructions Nécessaires," a brochure of 350 pages, published by Pierre Téqui, Paris. The scholarly prelate discusses with admirable clarity and forcefulness necessary reconstructions as to souls, the family, the school, professions, the parish, the city, and humanity.—Another interesting brochure, a 12mo of 340 pages, from the same publishing house, is "Vie de la Mère Marie-Madeleine Ponnet," first superioress of the Visitation nuns of Lyon-Vassieux. She was born in 1858, took the veil in 1881, and, after a religious life of many vicissitudes and abundant good works, died in 1913. This biography, written especially for the edification of the members of her Order, has been published in accordance with the earnest request of bishops and priests who were favored with a perusal of the MS.

—The true voice of Spain echoes kindly through the pages of Ricardo León's novel, "A Son of the Hidalgos," which Catalina Páez has recently translated. It is no doubt true that the author's style, as fine and bright as the diction of Cervantes, loses in the Anglicizing, and that enjoyment of the story is somewhat contingent on a knowledge of Spain. Nevertheless, the translator has done her work very well, and León's art makes a universal appeal. He talks of life by presenting it exactly as it is, with its beauty and its sadness, its mockery and its consecration. Pedro de Ceballos, the hero, is very much of a fool, who tries to follow the delusions of modern thought, but is carried back in the end to the immemorial realities of life. An inverted Don Quixote, he is forced to discover the hollowness of the newest romanticism which has replaced the old. Our author voices the steadfast intelligence and sobriety of the Spanish race, and his book is a splendid invitation to the richness of his country's modern literature. Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers; price, $1.75.

—A new series of school history books, to be known as "The Bede Histories," has been undertaken by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The purpose is to show that the work of the Church is part of the history of England; that the history of the Church and the history of the State have been knit together from the beginning; and therewith to refute the beliefs set forth in many school histories—"that the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were 'Dark Ages,' in which Englishmen were sunk in ignorance and superstition; that the Bible was never read in England till the sixteenth century, and that Henry VIII. invented a new and very superior Church," etc. While this element is emphasized, however, the design is to write not a history of the Church but a history of the people of England. In fact, the first volume of the series, by Alice Drayton Greenwood, is thus entitled: "History of the People of England. Vol I., 55 B. C. to A. D. 1485." The series is planned to include volumes for children under ten; others for girls and boys

of twelve to fourteen; and senior books, of which Miss Greenwood's volume is one, for the use of those of fifteen and upwards.

—Father Tabb has become a literary character almost as interesting for Americans as Charles Lamb. He was a genial man and a fervent priest; his wit and humor are almost as unforgettable as his poems. Of all this, "Father Tabb: His Life and Work," a memorial written by his niece, Jennie M. Tabb, is an interesting and effective demonstration. The book is somewhat provincial in character, but it is far superior to any previous biography, and contains most of the poems of Father Tabb. Of especial interest is the chapter dealing with his child verse. We may be pardoned for reprinting this exquisite little masterpiece:

The Baby has no skies
But Mother's eyes,
Nor any God above
But Mother's love.
His angel sees the Father's face,
But *he*, the Mother's full of grace;
And yet the heavenly kingdom is
Of such as this.

This modest poet-priest seems destined for immortality; his shrine, however, will be garnished with all that is most lovable in mortals. The book, attractively printed and bound, is issued by the Stratford Co. Price, $1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's) 3 vols. $9.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher.) 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion," Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien (Maunsel & Co.) 16*s*.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—Heb., xiii, 3.

Rev. T. J. Ward and Rev. William Simmons, of the diocese of Providence; Rev. Francis Lamping, archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. Augustine Effinger, S. J.

Sister M. Eudocia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. C. C. Gray, Miss Emily Nesbitt, Mr. James McMahon, Miss Gertrude Pickup, Mr. George Bertel, Mr. William Wythe, Miss Anastasia Kehoe, Mr. C. E. Reid, Mr. Frank Fink, Mr. Michael Quinlan, Mr. John Brown, Mr. J. P. Cradick, Miss Margaret Sullivan, Mr. John Lake, Mr. Henry Bombrich, and Mr. Charles Dorries, Sr.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: J. G., in thanksgiving, $6; D. C. S., $1; A. B. C., $2.50. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Mary C. Sullivan, $2; "in honor of the Sacred Heart," $10; Miss A. C., $1; D. C. S., $1; friend (Meadville), $1; Clare, $1; A. B. C., $2.50. For the Foreign Missions: P. P. Ruff, $2.50; friend, in thanksgiving, $2.50.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I, 48

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The Plain Woman.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

OH, Market Day's the grand time! I'll not
be saying nay,
With all the little winds of dawn to squire me
on the way.
There's stir of traffic all around, there's barter
all day long:
Some are selling penny buns, and I a fiddler's
song.
But, oh, there's shadow on me wherever I may
roam,
And it's, oh, to see your plain face I left
behind at home!

The cows are in the clover and the doves are
in the sky;
The good folk give me greeting, the bright
folk passing by;
The colleens they are kindly meant; but, oh,
the heart of me
Goes back to you, whose cheeks are pinched,
whose hands are bare, *machree!*
The city's full of great sights, but the things
I truly miss
Are just your dear old eyes ashine, and just
your smile and kiss!

You're gray, my queen: for age has taken
your youth's fresh grace;
But, oh, the tender marvel of your shining,
wrinkled face!
Your soul has clung to Calvary through all
life's storm and stress:
It is heaven's inward light gives you its
loveliness.
And my heart goes home before me, tripping
straight to you,—
Mother of an Irishman, you're aye his sweet-
heart, too!

The Mother of Our Lady in History, Tradition, and Art.

BY G. M. HORT. *

WE know but little about the parents and kinsfolk of Our Lady. It is natural that devout imagination should seek to supplement that little; and that, in particular, a keen interest should be felt in the person and character of her whom the Mother of the Lord called mother, and whose early teaching and example must have left (it is but reasonable to suppose) a considerable impression on her daughter's mind.

The Apocryphal Gospels are, of course, our main source of information concerning St. Anna, or Anne. There is a tradition that her native town was Bethlehem; but her wedded life was almost certainly spent at Nazareth, where she and her husband Joachim dwelt many years, without the blessing of children, and subject to that half-scornful pity which the Jew of that time always gave to a childless couple.

Of this period of her life, and its effect on her later years, Father Henry Coleridge, in his "Mother of the King," makes the vivid comment that St. Anne had been "made a woman of prayer by all she had gone through." And we

* Among many authorities consulted, I especially acknowledge the help of the Apocryphal Gospels, the Catholic Encyclopædia (article, St. Anne), and Smith's Dictionary of Christian Biography. Reference has also been made to Miss E. Urlin's "Festivals," which the present writer helped Miss Urlin to compile, and which contains legends and traditions of St. Anne, collected from various sources.—G. M. H.

may easily imagine that, in spite of the public affront put on Joachim by the high priest, who would not suffer him to offer sacrifice with the "fathers in Israel," his wife's burden of grief and disappointment was the heavier.

It seemed heaviest on the day when, taunted by her maid servant, Judith, and troubled by her husband's absence (Joachim, after his repulse in the Temple, had wandered out on the hills to mourn in solitude), Anna, weeping in her garden, had a vision from God. She had just noted sadly that everything around her, except herself, seemed fruitful and of use in the scheme of creation. The angel's voice told her that God had seen her tears and would take away her reproach.

The "Annunciation of St. Anna" is a favorite subject in Italian sacred art. It is distinguished from the yet greater Annunciation by the details of the scene in which it takes place,—by the laurel tree under which Anna receives the greeting of the angel, and by the nest of sparrows, which she has been noting, in the bough of a tree near by.

Still more often represented is her happy meeting with Joachim at the Golden Gate of the Temple, whither the angel has bidden her seek him. Joyfully they return home together; and in due time Anna becomes the mother of that daughter whom, already, in gratitude, she has dedicated to God.

It was a short-sighted view of some non-Christian critic that the beauty and grace of *girl* infants had been unduly neglected by artists, who were incessantly painting the Madonna and her Divine Son. The childhood of Mary, watched over and ministered to by *her* mother, was often lovingly represented; and St. Anne was shown in the act of laying her daughter in the cradle, braiding her long, fair hair, or teaching her to read from an illuminated book,* while angels looked on in reverent tenderness. The face of St. Anne is usually pictured as sedate and grave; sometimes even as a little careworn, as befitting one to whom maternity came late, and whose trials had been sharp. When she makes one in a group of the Holy Family, it is naturally as a woman advancing in years. A picture of Francia's shows her offering an apple to the Divine Child,—an interesting symbolical detail, which has its homely verisimilitude, too.

Albrecht Altdorfer, the Bavarian artist (died 1548), has been specially happy in his representation of Anna, in his "Birth of the Virgin." With a look of eager joy and conscious triumph on her face, the new-made mother sits erect upon her bed, hardly seeming to need her mountainous pillow; while her lips can almost be heard to utter the words tradition ascribes to her when told that she had borne a daughter: "This day has the Lord made my soul great!"

The holy Spanish nun, Mary of Jesus of Agreda, who claimed to have had many visions of the life of Our Lady and of matters relating to it, thus describes St. Anne: "She was of medium height, somewhat less in stature than her daughter; her complexion was fresh and ruddy, her manner always even." Without pressing unknowable details, it seems only rational to suppose that the usual natural resemblance existed between her and her child, and that any authentic portrait of Our Lady gives us some idea of St. Anne's features and expression.

Veneration for our Blessed Lady's mother came early into Christendom. The Emperor Justinian dedicated a church to her in A. D. 550; and about a hundred and fifty years later her reputed relics were brought from the Holy Land to Constantinople, and enshrined in St. Sophia's.

In Brittany, where she has always

* In the old church of All Saints, York, may be seen a Mediæval stained window representing St. Anna at this last maternal task.

been peculiarly honored, there is a firm tradition that a chapel was built to her by the first Breton converts to Christianity. Indeed, the Breton legend of her actually claims that she herself was of Breton birth,—a princess of the country, who, cast adrift by a cruel and impious husband, in an oarless boat, was miraculously piloted by an angel to the Holy Land, where her daughter was born, and where she herself lived till old age.

In her last years, St. Anne is said to have returned to Brittany, where she worked miracles for her fellow-countrymen, and gained for them an even greater favor,—a short sojourning among them of our Blessed Lord Himself as her guest. To His Mother's mother, Christ is said to have promised at that time any boon she might choose to ask. So came the special blessing that rests on the church of Ste. Anne d'Auray, and on all who even see its tower from afar or hear the sound of its bell. Hence also the supernatural virtues of the neighboring holy well,* whereto the faithful for so many generations have gone on pilgrimage, singing hymns to St. Anne, and receiving through her prayers peace to their souls and health for their bodies.

There is an interesting legend concerning the rebuilding of the ancient chapel in the reign of Louis XIII. A pious peasant, named Ives Nicolazic, had repeated visions of St. Anne, in which she bade him rebuild the ruinous sanctuary. At last he gained a hearing in high places; ecclesiastical authorities were moved to act, and the King and Queen themselves made rich gifts.

The shrine of St. Anne of Auray, with the very ancient statue of her, which was loaded with the votive gifts of grateful pilgrims, was destroyed at the Revolution. But the devotion never died out; and in later days the shrine was again rebuilt, and a new statue (carried in procession at the famous Pardons) set up within it. There is a Breton saying that every Breton must go on pilgrimage to St. Anne at least *once;* and that if he does not pay that duty in his life, he must pay it after his death.

Our Blessed Mother's mother is the patroness of Brittany; even as she is of the Province of Quebec, where the seventeenth-century immigrants from France carried the devotion, and the tradition of the power of her intercession. The building of the chapel of Ste. Anne de Beaupré was marked, it may be said, by a miracle of healing. One Louis Guimont, in the act of laying the foundation stones, declared himself cured of an obstinate and painful complaint, and felt his strength renewed.

Many churches were dedicated to St. Anne in pre-Reformation England; and it is interesting to note the association of her name with certain medicinal springs, such as the well-known St. Anne's Well in Derbyshire. The Anglican calendar has retained her commemoration,—probably, it is thought, through the influence of the Catholic Anne of Denmark, the wife of James I., whose name-saint she was.

The frequent occurrence of the name of Anne in English baptismal registers, together with the fondness for linking it with that of Mary, is significant. In France, as the reader scarcely needs reminding, boys as well as girls often bear the name of Anne. This was even more noticeable in the past. The great Montmorency, Constable of France, was named Anne, and history supplies other famous examples.

We can readily understand how St. Anne came to be made the patroness of women in travail. Tradition says that before the birth of the Blessed Virgin she was specially protected from the assaults of Lucifer, who, suspecting

* According to the Breton legend, it was Our Lord Himself who made this holy well, by striking the earth with His staff.

that her unborn Child would be the means of ending his kingdom, tried repeatedly to kill her. So *she* protects all expectant mothers, and asks God's grace for their children.

It is not so easy to see why she is also the patroness of miners. But the answer rewards us for any trouble taken to find it. St. Anne was, humanly speaking, the source of those supernatural treasures, Jesus and Mary. She was, as it were, the treasure-cave from which came the heavenly "silver," Our Lady; and the heavenly "gold," Our Lord. So, by a naïve analogy, she is supposed to help those who seek for the gold and silver of earth, which, though infinitely less precious, are at least types and shadows of the true wealth.

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

IV.—FREEDOM'S BATTLE.

For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
—*Byron.*

AT this time, in Bruges, there was one hour in the twenty-four when the people of the city were thrown into a state of excitement. This was in the evening when the diligence from Brussels arrived on the market-place, bringing the latest news from the capital. On the evening of the day on which took place the conversation recorded in the last chapter—or, to be more explicit, on the evening of August 26, 1830,—Walter and the Count mingled with the small crowd that awaited the arrival of news.

The diligence came at last, clattering over the rough pavement. It brought, indeed, stirring news. This soon spread over the town, exciting the fears of some, the hopes of many, and uneasiness among all lovers of their ease. A revolution had begun in Brussels. One of the bearers of this news was a young friend of the Count, who was going to lodge at the Fleur de Blé, whither our two travellers accompanied him to hear in detail about what had happened in Brussels. He was a fluent speaker in French,—a language which, by the way, Walter understood and spoke correctly, but with an English accent. The landlady and her waiters, the old French gentleman and many frequenters of the inn, collected in the dining hall to hear the story told by the newcomer as soon as he had refreshed himself.

"I left Brussels at eight o'clock this morning," began the speaker. "Last night I was one of the audience in the Monnaie Théâtre. The piece was the 'Muette de Portici'; and when an actor recited the lines,

Amour sacré de la Patrie
Rends-nous l'audace et la force,

a frenzied desire for revolution filled every heart. As the audience poured forth from the theatre, its frenzy communicated itself to the mob. A breath had fanned into flames the long-smouldering embers of discontent. The mob made for the offices of the *National*, a paper that supported the Government. The windows were broken by a shower of stones. Then a cry was raised. 'To Libri's!' He was an ex-convict who edited the official journal. He was absent. Doors and windows of his house were broken; and the rioters, entering, pitched out of the house all its furniture, which was shattered to pieces; also his books and papers, which were torn to shreds. The mob then divided into two sections; one smashed the doors and windows of the public prosecutor's house and pillaged that of the head of the police; while the other section went to the house of the Minister of Justice, opposite the prison. With cries of 'Down with the Minister! Justice! Liberty!' the rioters broke into the house, dragged out the furniture

and made a bonfire of it. The house itself was set on fire, and the mob would not let the firemen put out the flames.

"The mob then broke up into small bands. The rioters tore down everywhere the Dutch arms, and, having pillaged the gunsmiths' shops, began to arm themselves. Patrols of gendarmes and soldiers walked the streets; but, being without orders, did nothing to put down the riot. Shots were, indeed, heard during the night, and at six this morning firing was heard in the upper town. As I left, it was reported that the troops had killed three or four rioters and wounded many more. That's all I have to tell."

While his audience were discussing the news he had brought, the young man took the Count aside and conversed earnestly with him. He then went his way. The Count proposed to Walter that they should sup together in his private sitting room, where they could more freely discuss the situation and arrange their plans. When the waiter had brought the supper and left the room, the Count said:

"It is quite clear that if your father stopped your going now on account of the revolution, he would not approve of your going, as you proposed, on to Brussels, which is in the hands of the mob. The same disorders may arise in any of our towns, even in this quiet, sleepy city. The dregs of its population are capable of mischief. Evidently the police and troops are paralyzed. The Belgians among them hate the Government, and so do not much care to stop the outbreak of the mob against it and its supporters. The Dutch members of the armed forces feel themselves abandoned amid a hostile population, and dare not act with that vigor and promptitude that alone can overawe rioters."

"Then what must I do? Return to England?"

"No! To-morrow I must go on to my chateau, which lies between here and Ghent. You know that I am an orphan and have neither brother nor sister, nor am I married. I have a good old housekeeper, who looks after me as might a mother when I am at the chateau. Come there with me, and see something of our rural life in peace and quiet."

"Nothing I should like better, but—" Walter hesitated.

"No excuses: You must come."

"Oh, I wasn't about to make excuses! I would only be too glad to enjoy your hospitality. But a thought came into my mind that might offend you if I voiced it."

"I'm not thin-skinned. Out with it!"

"I was thinking that, if there was to be mob violence in your towns, was it not the duty of men of your position to enroll yourselves into bodies like our special constables in England when there are riots? Withdrawing to your castles, under such circumstances, seemed to me conduct very akin to that of Nero climbing a tower and fiddling while Rome burned."

The Count laughed. "We're not withdrawing, as you imagine, to play the fiddle. What we are going to do, each in his castle, is to organize volunteer companies to put down disorders, and to face the Dutch if they send troops against us. In the provinces of Liège and Hainault, among the more military-spirited Walloons, this is already being done. The phlegmatic Flemings are more difficult to arouse; but I hope to get a company together among our peasants and villagers, many of whom have served in the army."

"Who is to drill and command them?"

"I shall. You see, before I entered the diplomatic service, I spent two years at the college of cadets, so I have some military knowledge. But when I lost my parents, I thought that garrison life at home would be dull work; I thought that I would like to see some-

thing of other countries, so I got a diplomatic post. None better than that to see life abroad. By the way, I think you mentioned that you were a militia officer?"

"I hold a lieutenant's commission, but have been to only one annual training."

"Still you might give me some useful hints in training our recruits."

"Willingly."

So it was agreed that on Friday morning—it was then Wednesday—Walter should accompany the Count to his chateau. The Count had some business to transact on the morrow, and so had Walter, who had determined to visit Mrs. Hartley and her daughter.

Having spent the morning in exploring Bruges, in the afternoon he smartened himself up for the occasion, and went to Mrs. Hartley's house in the Old Sack Street,—a curious name, derived from *cul de sac,* or "no thoroughfare," so the local antiquarians assert. A Flemish servant left him in a small, barely furnished room while she took his card in to her mistress. She soon returned, and ushered him into a large drawing room looking out on a small, pleasant garden, where he found Mrs. Hartley alone. The mother, as became a widow, was dressed in black; her cap, collar, and cuffs, however, were of pretty Bruges lace. Mrs. Hartley welcomed the young man warmly.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Gane," she said, "to visit a poor exile. But why have you not brought your friend the Count with you?"

"The Count has so many occupations just now that he had not time to accompany me here. He leaves to-morrow for his chateau, and he has asked me to go there with him."

"So we are to lose you so soon! I had hoped that the Count would introduce us to some of his Belgian friends. We do not find the English society here very agreeable; it is so Protest—" The voluble little lady broke off her sentence abruptly, and added, "We are Catholics, Mr. Gane, and so are not much at ease among Protestants. No offence, I hope, in my saying this."

"None whatever, Madame," replied Walter, smiling. "I, too, am a Catholic."

"Is that so? Yet you are rich. You are beginning the *grand tour,* I believe? I thought we Catholics were all poor."

At that instant the door was flung open and Alice Hartley entered, wearing her bonnet with its veil thrown back, and a light shawl over her white muslin dress, and exclaimed:

"O mamma, such news! Brussels is in revolution!"

She stopped abruptly, her fair face flushing as she caught sight of the visitor, who had risen from his seat. His face flushed, too, as he looked with admiration on the handsome girl, whose eyes sparkled with excitement.

Her mother bid her say good-morning to their visitor, and to restrain her revolutionary sentiments.

"We ought to respect the King," said the old lady, sententiously.

"But, mamma, I heard the news from the good Abbé de Foere, the chaplain of the English convent," said Alice, after she had shaken hands with Walter. "He says that the present Government is tyrannical; that the Belgians would be justified in throwing off its yoke, if they saw a chance of doing so successfully."

"Take care, Alice, how you utter such treason. Suppose the police heard you?"

"Oh, I'd willingly exchange these golden bracelets for iron handcuffs, if that would help on a revolution for faith and freedom such as the Belgian revolution would be,—as the Abbé says it would."

She had clasped her delicate, shapely hands and stood in the attitude of a manacled prisoner. "I wish," thought Walter, "that I could make this fair

girl *my* prisoner for life." Then the girl added:

"The Abbé says volunteer corps will be formed to fight the Dutch. I know, if I were a man, what I'd do: I'd go out and fight."

"Being English, what right would you have to interfere in these matters?" asked her mother, who had the heart of a Tory.

"Byron went out to fight for the freedom of Greece," urged Alice.

"A wicked poet's conduct is hardly to be imitated," replied Mrs. Hartley, and she turned off the conversation to less exciting topics.

Presently Walter took leave of the ladies. He went away full of resolutions to dare, do, and even die for the sake of faith and freedom. If he died, well, one at least would admire his courage; if he came out of the strife with honor, then he knew what he would do.

The news from Brussels that evening showed that revolution was making headway. The Government house and that of a general had been sacked; several factories in the suburbs, including one belonging to an English manufacturer, had been ruined by the rioters. The toll-houses at the gates had been pillaged, and the toll-takers driven away, so that large herds of cattle entered the city without having paid toll, and peasants swarmed in with vegetables and poultry without paying the petty tax on objects of consumption which had been such a source of vexation to countryfolk and to their customers inside the city. Lastly, it was good news to know that a burgher guard had been formed to replace the police and military patrols that had shown themselves powerless to restore order. Baron E. d'Hoogvorst had taken command of this guard. Proclamation was made that all gatherings in the streets of more than four persons were forbidden, and that persons other than the guards found out of doors after ten at night would be arrested. The black, yellow and red flag of Brabant had replaced the Dutch tricolor over the town-hall of Brussels. That flag became the national flag of Belgium.

Early next day, Walter rode away from Bruges with the Count, on horses that had been brought from the latter's chateau by the two grooms who escorted them. Their luggage had been sent on in a wagon. As times were troublesome and evil-doers might take advantage of them, all four riders had loaded pistols in their holsters.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Lucy of Scotland.

BY ETHEL MACKENZIE.

NO one who has thought much about the lives of the saints can fail to be struck by the number of these great servants of God, whose lives are more or less shrouded in mystery or legend, and about whom little or nothing is known, except that they were great saints. And, knowing as we do that God does nothing without a set purpose and design, are we not led to think that this is no chance,—that these details have not been accidentally lost in the labyrinth of time, but that it is just one of those "object lessons" which the Divine Master is continually demonstrating before us and to which we pay so little heed? It would seem to me that this is but one of the many ways in which the good God would say to us in the words of St. Jerome, "All that is not eternal is nothing." Sanctity is eternal; and even the memory of it lingers upon this earth, and outlives all details of time and place and circumstances, which are but the rungs of the ladder upon which the soul of the saint trod in ascending the mountain of Perfection which leads to the "House of Eternity."

St. Lucy of Scotland belongs more or less to this class of saints; and at first we might be tempted to feel a touch of disappointment that so much uncertainty should hang over a life which seems to gleam like a beautiful jewel among the dark, warlike events of old Scottish history. But though there is a certain element of legend about her life-story, we do know so much with certainty that we have little difficulty in filling up the crannies; and as we gaze in wonder on this beautiful picture of heroic sanctity (in such sharp contrast to our own self-indulgent, twentieth-century lives), we realize more and more that what we need to study in the lives of the saints, in order to be practical, is their holiness, their inner life before God, their daily practice of the virtues of their state of life, and that the details of the precise date of their birth and death are so far from being essential to our imitation of their virtues, that rather the very fact of their absence brings more and more forcibly home to us the truth that "all that is not eternal is nothing."

The date of St. Lucy's birth has been variously placed in the fifth, sixth and eleventh centuries; indeed, Alban Butler gives 1090 as the precise date of her death. This, however, is surely an error, as already in 1046 a village in the Diocese of Verdun bore her name, and an altar in the church was dedicated to God under her invocation. Moreover, had she been contemporary with the great St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, who died in 1093 (aged forty-seven), it seems hardly credible that we should not have more exact details about St. Lucy's parentage, etc. From the first years in which honor was paid to this saint, she was always styled "St. Lucy, Princess of Scotland," or "a daughter of a King of Scotland"; so that the most reasonable theory seems to be that she lived a good deal earlier than the eleventh century, and was a daughter of one of the petty kings in Scotland, some of whom were renowned for their holiness,—as, for example, "Rederc the Bountiful," the patron and protector of the great St. Kentigern. That St. Lucy was of royal descent seems to be beyond question; and from her subsequent history we may infer that her mother probably died during the saint's infancy or early childhood. We know, moreover, that the King survived his saintly daughter.

From her very earliest years, in the midst of the court and in her father's palace, St. Lucy always led the life of a cloistered nun rather than that of a royal princess. Fasts, vigils and prayer were her sole occupation and her only delight. She was never seen in public save in the church, or when she went to visit and comfort the poor and sick, whom she tended with her own hands.

St. Lucy assisted at the divine mysteries with an angelic modesty, which edified all who saw her; and she listened to the word of God with a firm determination of practising the maxims of the Gospel in their highest perfection. One day during a sermon these words fell upon her ears: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.... And everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting."

Child as she still was in years, St. Lucy was well matured in sanctity, and from that moment she realized more and more the vanity of this world's greatness; and, as though those words had been addressed to her personally, she formed in her heart the resolution to leave her father's house and country, in order that she might live unknown upon the earth, and follow Jesus Christ, whom she had already chosen for her

Spouse, giving Him her whole love. Time only strengthened this resolve, and it soon became her one and only desire. Her great ambition was its realization, while her every thought and action tended to its accomplishment.

This little Scottish Princess was a saint; but she was human, and the love of home and country burned no less brightly in her heart than in that of other maidens,—nay, the very strength of her love for God only shows more clearly the depth and intensity of her natural affections. So that it could not have been without many a struggle that St. Lucy determined to quit her beautiful, heather-covered mountains, where the wild deer roamed, and the lovely lakes and mountain streams so dear to the heart of every Highlander that they seem part and parcel of his being. If the love of country was strong, what must have been her love of home and all that home holds most dear? We know well the place that his "hame and his ain fireside" holds in the affections of every Scotchman, and his passionate attachment to kith and kin that has made his country the land of clans and clansmen, with their indomitable pride of race. If we take all this into consideration, it will help us to appreciate more fully the heroic soul and brave heart concealed under a young girlish form, and to understand in part the stupendous task which St. Lucy set herself to perform.

Travelling was not then what it is now; and, though as early as the eighth century we find the Scotch St. Tanco, bishop of Verdun, the communication between Scotland and the Continent of Europe must have been very infrequent, and attended with many perils and dangers even for men. For a young girl, nothing short of heroism was required to face the prospect of a lonely journey on foot through the wild mountain passes and dense forests, or the dreary valleys abounding in wolves, which she must traverse before she could even reach the seacoast and begin her journey to the mainland. But love overcomes all obstacles, and our saint allowed herself no delay once her mind was made up. Having carefully disguised herself, she succeeded in escaping from her father's castle, and began her perilous journey. She crossed Scotland, and, having found means to obtain a passage on board some ship, landed in the north of France.

St. Lucy had come to seek solitude, which was not to be found near the seaport towns, or close to the highways frequented by travellers and pilgrims; so she once more set out on her penitential journey overland. There is always something terrifying about the unknown; and, if her journey through her own country of Scotland had been difficult and fraught with dangers and perils, what must have been this second journey, through an unknown country, among a rude and barbarous people whose language, manners, and customs were strange to her! But with undaunted courage the saint pursued her way, trusting solely in God; and, after much hardship and fatigue, she arrived in Austrasia, now called Lorraine.

Many, many weeks, if not months, must have elapsed since she quitted her home, during which time she had been exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons, suffering from hunger and thirst, and a hundred other evils of all kind; and yet her courage was in no wise shaken, and she had no intention of remaining there, but was bent upon seeking a still more profound solitude, and of separating herself still more entirely from her own country.

God, however, had other designs for His servant, and so ordered events as to bring about His own end. When the young girl arrived near the River Meuse, she found that the waters had overflowed the banks, and were still rising, so that she was obliged to seek

safety and temporary retreat upon a mountain close by.

The Lord, who has ever care of His own, was preparing for her a safer refuge. She one day met a countryman of the name of Theobald, who noticing something unusual about her, offered her a shelter in his house, promising to provide her with food as long as she cared to stay in his family. Deeply touched by the good man's charity, the saint, no doubt acting under a special light from Heaven, determined, for the time at least, to forego her desire for perfect solitude and accept the kind laborer's offer, but on one condition: that he should engage her as a servant, and that the family should resign to her all the most menial and painful work of the house.

St. Lucy remained for several years in this place,—at one time tending the sheep, despite the severity of the weather; at another, doing all the work of the house, which, as we all know, is very rough in the country, and far above the strength of a young girl brought up in a court. But grace sustained her, and the joy she found in being a poor little servant to a villager made her find everything easy. So great was her love of Jesus, who, "being rich, had become poor" for her sake, that she quite forgot that at this very time she might have been a princess, waited on by the greatest nobles in Scotland. Indeed, she esteemed herself a thousand times happier in this poor and lowly condition than if she were still living in her father's house, surrounded by his love and care, and flattered and honored by courtiers.

However many or laborious her duties were, St. Lucy never neglected any of her spiritual exercises. She was often obliged to spend the whole night in spinning; and this work was particularly agreeable to her, as it in no way interfered with her close communing with her Divine Master. God was pleased to attest the sanctity of His faithful servant by many miracles. One day having to carry some live coals for the use of the family, she could find nothing but her gown to take them in, and she used it without the slightest hurt or inconvenience.

Another occupation much loved by our saint was guarding the sheep; for while doing so she could give free rein to her love of solitude and prayer. Here again God manifested His pleasure in her service. One day on the mountain-side, wishing to give herself more entirely to prayer, she left her spinning, which she was in the habit of continuing while the sheep grazed, and stuck her distaff into the ground. On returning to it the holy maiden found that the dry stick had taken root, and soon it grew into a cherry tree, the wood of which possessed a wonderfully beautiful perfume, which is said to continue to this day. At the village of Sampigny there still exists a very old cherry tree, known as St. Lucy's, which if not the original distaff, is certainly one of the first plantings from it. Thus is the good God pleased to perpetuate the memory of His servant.

Time went on, and Providence took from good old Theobald first his wife and then his children, but his faithful maid remained to comfort and cheer him in his old age. While ministering to his wants she grew daily in the love and grace of God, and gave herself more and more to a life of prayer and penance. Theobald fully appreciated the treasure which God had confided to his care, and was filled with gratitude for all the saint did for him. At his death he left St. Lucy heiress to all his possessions. But she, who had fled from wealth and a court for the love of her Divine Spouse, was not tempted to burden herself with the estate of a poor villager, though he was the richest man in the neighborhood. She, therefore, sold the whole estate and gave it to the

poor,—reserving only the house, which she had converted into a church in honor of the Most Blessed Trinity, the Queen of Angels, and the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul.

For herself, she caused a hermitage to be erected in the mountain-side, where, like the "dove in the clefts of the rock," she passed her life in prayer. Her tears, vigils, fasts and austerities were uninterrupted. When overcome by sleep, she rested on a rude bench cut in the rock, which is seen to this day and called "St. Lucy's Armchair." Those who, after the saint's death, came to implore her aid, begged for the privilege of sitting on this hallowed seat.

St. Lucy was now about forty years old; her great austerities had prematurely aged her, and her one longing was to be dissolved that she might be with Christ. Day by day the love of God increased in her heart, and her soul sighed for the "Voice of her Beloved." Like a faithful virgin, her lamp was well trimmed and lighted; and when the cry arose, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" she was ready to go into the "marriage feast of the Lamb." For her, indeed, the winter was passed and gone, and the flowers had appeared in the land. On the 19th of September, on which day her feast has always been kept, she went to receive the reward promised to those who shall leave all for the sake of Jesus.

We do not know if tidings of St. Lucy's sanctity found their way back to Scotland during her lifetime, or if her father was ever able to trace the footsteps of his beloved daughter; but some time after her holy death this good King himself came to Sampigny, to take back the body of his child to her native country. But the saint had left her father and her father's house during her lifetime, for the sake of her Heavenly Bridegroom, and she wished after death to remain in the land of her adoption. When the body was placed upon a cart to begin the journey northward, it was found impossible to stir the vehicle. Every effort was fruitless; and at last, recognizing the hand of God in this strange occurrence, the old Scottish King was obliged to leave the body on the spot where it had been originally laid to rest, and he took only the head of the saint back to Scotland.

The church which St. Lucy had built, and in which she was buried, was then called "Ste. Lucie du Mont." Later on it was confided to the care of a community of Minims, but, alas! both church and monastery are now in ruins. After the great Revolution, the proprietor of the land, a former Lazarist Brother, built a small chapel over the saint's grotto, the ruins of which serve to mark the spot where she lived so many years. The twelve steps leading down to the hermitage itself are almost worn away by the feet of pilgrims who flocked thither from all parts; for immediately after the death of St. Lucy, the fame of her sanctity seems to have spread, and thousands hurried to her shrine to seek health of soul and body.

Amongst other illustrious pilgrims, King Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, at the request of the French people, visited the saint's shrine to pray for the birth of an heir to the throne, for whom they and the nation had sighed in vain for twenty-three years. The birth of Louis XIV. was hailed with joy, and St. Lucy has always been especially invoked under similar circumstances. On one occasion a religious of Notre Dame at Pont-à-Mousson fell from a height of sixty feet. In her fall she invoked St. Lucy; and, on reaching the ground, was found to have received no injury whatever, although, naturally speaking, she would have been killed.

Seeing that her fame was spreading, and that miracles wrought through her prayers increased daily, Henry of Blois,

brother to King Stephen of England, who was Bishop of Verdun from 1117 to 1129, canonized St. Lucy. This prelate afterwards became a cardinal and bishop of Winchester. St. Lucy was honored with an Office in the Diocese of Verdun and in the Order of Minims; and efforts are being made to restore the Office in the diocese, from whose Breviary it was expunged in 1560.

Her relics were carefully guarded in the church at Sampigny, in a richly embossed bronze shrine, on which she is represented dressed as a princess, with sheep at her feet. A lamp was kept continually burning before the shrine, and remained alight miraculously for many years without the least diminution of the oil. Numerous miracles were wrought by the application of a few drops of the oil; and so much was carried away by devout pilgrims that the lamp became a veritable oil spring.

Devotion to this great saint increased as time went on; and the inhabitants of Sampigny and the neighborhood looked upon her as their patron and protector, and loved and honored her with extraordinary fervor. For this reason, Satan made her shrine a marked object of his vengeance during the terrible Revolution of 1793. On the 3d of December of that disastrous year a band of miscreants entered the church, which they had already seized and sold as public property. Laying sacrilegious hands on the saint's shrine, which stood beneath a beautiful gilt canopy, they broke open the case with their swords. A large covering of white linen was first exposed to view, which, being rudely torn off, disclosed another of beautiful red damask, containing the sacred bones, with which were six authentifications,—three very ancient ones on parchment.

It was proposed to destroy bones and certificates alike; but one of the band, a member of the municipality, less wicked than the rest, hesitated thus to profane the mortal remains of Sampigny's glorious saint. Nicholas Barbier, therefore, with the consent of the others, took the relics and parchments and placed them in the dust heap in the charnel-house, but in a marked corner. The next day the faithful, apprised of what had been done, came and carried away the treasure which they carefully concealed in different houses. On the 15th of August 1812, an appeal was made for the restoration of the relics, with the result that almost the entire body was recovered. Mgr. Costaz, Bishop of Nancy and Administrator of the Diocese of Verdun, renewed the authentification, and permitted the inhabitants of the town to resume the public veneration of the relics, which he allowed them to carry annually in procession, especially on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, and the Rogation Days.

The last translation of the relics of St. Lucy took place on September 18, 1897, when a general revision of the relics of the Diocese of Verdun caused the shrine of the saint to be removed from Sampigny to the episcopal town. At the news of this event, wonderful enthusiasm was shown by all the inhabitants. Families tried to outdo one another in the richness of their offerings for the adornment of the reliquary. The ladies of the town despoiled themselves of their jewels, and worked them into splendidly embroidered cushions. The usual ribbon thongs were replaced by massive gold chains adorned with precious stones of great value. The municipality and military authorities vied with the townspeople in decorating the streets for the return of their treasure; and repositories were everywhere erected, that all parts of the town might be blessed by the resting there of the relics.

The return of St. Lucy to her own

church seemed to cause a real re-awakening of the old Faith amongst the people,—that Faith which seems almost to have died out in many parts of the North of France. May it not be that St. Lucy has kept the tiny spark alight, and will rekindle it till once more France shall become a worthy "Elder Daughter of the Church"?

Turning to ourselves, can we believe that St. Lucy will do nothing for Scotland,—she who loved her country so dearly that she could think of no greater sacrifice to offer to God than to abandon it for His sake? Can we doubt that she loves it still? And if so, will not her most ardent desire be to see once more the light of Truth illuminating the mountain lands so dear to her heart? Devotion to this virgin saint is being rekindled with great ardor in the land of her adoption, and has already found its way into England, in whose very heart Divine Providence has raised up a shrine to St. Lucy of Scotland.

In the Convent of the Redemptoristines, Clapham Park, near London (which possesses a large relic of St. Lucy), stands a beautiful statue of her, surrounded by saplings from her own cherry tree at Sampigny, which have been transplanted from the ground hallowed by her footsteps. Why should not this devotion find a re-echo at least in the land of her birth?

Evensong.

BY S. M. ST. JOHN.

MY life is but a strain of broken music,—
This life I thought to make a symphony;
But grace has come and taught me to remember
Perfection's growth is from infirmity.

There seem to be so many dissonances
Where I had dreamed of happier harmony;
And yet, if I my song but bravely render,
Lord, perfect will the strain be unto Thee.

The Hill Influence.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

"STILL an' all, 'twas his own house," remarked Mrs. Bates, reasonably. "I suppose he had a right to sell it to whoever he wanted to." But her tone held a modicum of doubt, as of one who did not agree with her own words.

"But why wouldn't he sell it to Mr. Garrigan?" argued her companion. "He'd give as good a price as anny one, an' maybe better."

Mrs. Bates shook her head. "Jack Garrigan says he owns half the old houses on the Hill now and he can't afford to buy any more. A-a-h!" (with a mournful cadence) "I misdoubt but the old days are gone. The new people that do be comin' in are not like the old neighbors, God be good to thim!"

"Yerra, God be wid the ould days!" echoed Mrs. Roach. "'Tisn't what it used to be, the Hill. I mind whin 'twas like one big family, an' each one so kind you wouldn't know which was your best friend."

"Thrue for you."

Silence fell on the two women, looking back yearningly to days never to return,—busy days, whose happiness, so precious in retrospect, had been taken in the way that youth always takes it, as though it and youth would last forever. Mrs. Roach had come to the Hill a girl of sixteen, straight from Ireland, and was married two years later. In the last years of the Hill School she had been taught sewing by Miss Julia Bannon; and her own two daughters had been educated at St. Hilda's Academy, the successor of the Hill School, long since transferred to a new site near a distant city.

That changes had come to the Hill, no one was better able to perceive than she, looking back over a stretch of more than fifty years. The Settlement had been growing of late, and the new

residents had not the spirit of the old. An entirely different atmosphere began to manifest itself,—an atmosphere that had to do with restless demands for "city improvements," and even street car service. People were not content to plod up and down the Hill like the sturdy Irish of the early day. It was a "beastly climb," they averred; and, besides, it took too much time.

Ultimately the Belt Line became a reality; and a new and symmetrically hideous addition sprang up just beyond the Hill, ending forever the peace and quietude of the old-fashioned settlement. In time many conveniences came their way,—city water, twinkling street lights, gas in the homes, and ambitious brick pavements to supplant the pleasant flagged walks, crooked and grass-grown; but these could not compensate for the loss of the simple, easy, intimate old ways. There was no satisfaction to be found now in sitting out in their door yards of an evening, when strangers were always idling by with prying, inquisitive eyes,—people from the pretentious new addition, and some too from Centerville, discharged in crowds from the noisy street cars. They stared with rudeness, made pointed remarks, and laughed loudly at their own wit. Yes, indeed, it was too painfully clear to the Hill people that the old days and their privacy were gone forever.

"Oyeh!" cried Mrs. Roach at length, as she stood up creakingly, hands applied to protesting back. "Sure it's stiff I am from sittin' so long."

"Ay, it's the age comin' on us," agreed Mrs. Bates, disconcertingly.

"'Tis the rheumatism I do be havin' in me joints," Mrs. Roach gave back, not without a slight rancor; for was not Mrs. Bates older than herself by ten years? "But for the way it leps at me an' I sittin' down, I'd be as good as I ever was."

"Ye would so. An' if I had me footin' like I used, 'tis me would like to be up and down the Hill wid me! Eh, well!" (sighing) "I suppose we had our day."

"I'll go bail we had!" muttered Mrs. Roach, her rancor forgotten in a new twinge.

But she sighed as she crippled home, thinking of the Delancey house next door passing into the hands of strangers. No longer the young people stayed on the Hill. Industrial conditions had changed, and new avocations called insistently from the outside world, taking away the parents with their children. Only those remained now who had no close ties, and who clung to the Hill for the sake of old associations. These had their homes and enough to keep them while they lived, and they were not going to be dislodged from the place where they had spent so many happy days. Not but what some of them encountered difficulties in the clinging.

Mrs. Bates, for instance. She was seventy-five; and her only surviving daughter, who lived in Columbus, held that her mother would be so much better off with her. The daughter's six children were all grown and some of them married. Between them they could make "grandma's" life pleasant, and they would be glad to have her. But Mrs. Bates, with the amazing stubbornness so often exhibited by gentle natures, stayed on in the old house from year to year,—the old house that still to her echoed with childish laughter and the light tripping of little feet. Many a day she had them all about her in memory, the sturdy, laughing group,—all now, except Mary, dead and gone; two lying beside her husband, Jodie, and three others whose graves she would never see. Every day her lifelong friend, Jack Garrigan, now alone like herself, would drop in for a bit of a chat about old times, and one or another of the old neighbors also.

But this summer she was rejoicing in a visit from her granddaughter, Katherine Lewis. Katherine was a bookkeeper in the office of a big Columbus concern, and had overworked. For the long rest prescribed her, she had herself elected to go to Grandma Bates on the Hill. Already after a few quiet weeks she was feeling the good effects of the change. She loved the old place; she loved fussing with the meals and coaxing her grandmother's appetite. For hours she listened to stories about the Hill and its first settlers. Her quick fancy seized old Mr. Garrigan as a very interesting figure, and she wondered what he would have been like if he had lived in a big city, like those in which his sons had attained such prominence. Three of them were now "very big men" indeed, and the fourth was a priest of national renown. One daughter had become a nun at St. Mary's of the Springs, and the other two were married and living in Chicago. His grandchildren numbered seventeen, and he was inordinately proud of them all.

"They come to see me often," he told Katherine proudly. Four of the grandsons had motored through only three weeks before. All splendid young fellows.

"Yes, they were in Columbus," said Katherine. "We saw it in the paper. A Garrigan can't move around very much without getting written up. It seems to me they're always saying something about Dr. Garrigan."

The old man's face changed and then darkened.

"Yes," he said briefly.

And suddenly Katherine remembered. This was the youngest son, who had won much renown in the medical world but who had lost his faith. Her mother had told her what a bitter blow it was to Mr. Garrigan and to the young doctor's brothers and sisters. He had made his advanced studies abroad, and they all noticed the change when he returned,—a change that gradually led him away from the faith of his fathers. Soon he had become a great surgeon; and into such rare visits as he was able to make to his scattered relatives the acrimony of religious discussion was not allowed to penetrate. Only between himself and his father there existed an armed neutrality, following on the parent's first angry outburst.

Letters came from Dr. Joe at long intervals, and the father replied when he took a notion, but only once in six years had the youngest son found his way to the Hill. "What is the use?" he would say to himself, with a shrug. He did not want to quarrel with his father,—far from it. He would like to look after him now in his old age, to watch over him and help him conserve his strength. A man of seventy-six was getting up in years,—he needed to take care of himself. But the surgeon's eyes would gleam with a secret pride as he thought of the tall, upright figure of the old man, the proud carriage of the still straight shoulders under the leonine head of white hair. The deep blue piercing eyes (his own were just like them) were still as clear and undimmed as those of a child. Dr. Joe was proud of his father, and the only time his conscience ever woke to a prick was in that stern, uncompromising presence. Not that he called it conscience,—that vague uneasiness. It was merely regret that his own "broader views" should cause his father any unhappiness.

Of the wooded slope leading down to Centerville Katherine Lewis became very fond that summer. Here she spent many happy hours wandering among the trees, occasionally coaxing Mr. Garrigan to accompany her. There was one place to which she was particularly attached, a point jutting out over the valley to the south of the little town which was shut away from

view by the brow of the hill. Here it was pleasant to sit and feed the eye on the lovely panorama of hill and vale stretching away into the distance, with the road winding like a ribbon up into the rising hills which billowed off into the blue haze. From its fringe of willows in the valley, silver glimpses of Brush Creek winked up at her; and the white tombstones in the little cemetery, where rested many of her kindred dead, spoke soothingly to her nervous young spirit of the last, long sleep. Incredibly peaceful the city-bred girl found it.

One day they took a picnic lunch to the point, she and Mr. Garrigan; he expressing great pride at being the chosen escort of so pretty a girl. They circled an unexplored portion of the Hill, ate their lunch at Katherine's favorite spot, and started for home again as the afternoon shadows lengthened; and it was then that the accident happened. A treacherous stone turned unexpectedly under Mr. Garrigan's left foot, throwing him heavily to the ground; and in the sharp twist his ankle received, a bone gave way. He suppressed a groan, but his sudden pallor showed that he was seriously hurt.

"I'm afraid there's a broken bone, child," he said quietly, as sorry for her as for himself. "Maybe—the best thing would be to go and get some one."

"Oh, I will,—I will!" Katherine cried tremulously, inexpressibly shocked and frightened. "I can get some one, but will you be all right while I'm gone?"

The old man smiled at her. "Why not, my dear? I'll lie back against this tree as quiet as a mouse. I don't know who you'll get at this hour,"—looking troubled.

"Don't worry: I'll get some one, and I'll be back before you know it."

And the girl ran away hastily through the trees. Out of sight of the injured man, she turned and slipped down the hill, sure-footed and eager. It would be the wisest course to get a doctor the first thing,—the clever doctor who sometimes came up to see her grandmother; he would know exactly what to do. She struck a path that led her out into the little street near the station; and, cutting through that way to save time, she ran straight into a man rounding the baggage room corner. The impact caused him to drop his bag.

"I beg your pardon!" gasped Katherine, hot and perspiring. "I—I'm hurrying after a doctor, and I didn't see any one coming."

"A doctor? Can I be of any use? Is it urgent?"

Katherine looked at him doubtfully. "You're not a Centerville doctor, are you? I wanted—"

The man's lips twitched. "Not guilty. But I might do in a pinch."

"Oh!" Katherine felt confused and rather irritated, what between heat and hurry and anxiety. "I only wondered if you had time. It's quite a distance from here, on the Hill. An old man, Mr. Garrigan, had a fall—"

"Wait! I'll call a taxi," he interrupted.

"Don't!"—she grabbed his arm. "You can't get there in a taxi—"

"Didn't you say the Hill? Why not a taxi, if you're in a hurry?"

Katherine explained, and a quick compromise was made by riding part way in a taxi and then walking through the woods to the point. The chauffeur was instructed to make his way south at the top of the hill for about three-quarters of a mile, and wait there.

"This is very kind of you," Katherine said for a second time, as the two hurried along,—the man silent, looking about him. "I was so worried! Mr. Garrigan is the grandest old man—"

"I know," was the quiet response. "I ought to. I'm a son of his."

"You *are?*" The girl almost stopped in her amazement. Then, "Are you *Dr.* Garrigan?"

"I am. Anything strange about that?"

"Oh—well—it *is* a strange coincidence, isn't it? That you—your—father—"

"No coincidence at all" (in a dry tone). "I was passing through Columbus and I came over here to see my father. That cantankerous old housekeeper of his told me he wouldn't be home until late to-night; and, as I wanted to catch the five o'clock train back to Columbus, I lost no time in getting down the Hill. I had just got there when you—"

"When I came tearing along," she laughed. "So you're the great Dr. Garrigan! We're always interested when we hear anything about you. My mother," she told him shyly, "knew you when you were a little boy. She was Mary Bates."

"Mary Bates! Yes, I remember when she was married. Why, it must be—let's see—thirty years ago. I—I—" he haltered ever so slightly,—"I was an altar boy."

"Yes, it's thirty years ago. I'm twenty-nine."

She explained her presence on the Hill and told him of her people,—of Josephine, who was a nurse; and of the youngest, Will, who was studying medicine. She added:

"He says he's going to be a great surgeon, like Dr. Garrigan. He's heard mother speak of you. She says that, no matter how scattered the Hill people are, there's a sort of a tie—a feeling, you know? Though of course" (hastily apologetic) "you've been away so long you couldn't be expected—"

"To feel any tie?" he finished, with a half smile. "Oh, I've never forgotten the Hill!"

He could not tell her what memories tugged at his heart when he came back,—memories of a singularly happy boyhood; poignant memories of his mother, to whom he had been very close. But—a tie between himself and the Hill people? Why, he had travelled a million miles away from them and their crude ways. Not but what he thought of them kindly—when he thought of them at all. He was wondering what his father would say to him before this strange girl. Not that it mattered in the least.

He need not have wondered. His father was unfeignedly glad to see him.

"What—Joe? Where did you come from?" he said promptly. "Well," on the heels of the explanation, while Dr. Joe carefully removed the shoe from the injured member, "you can doctor your old father a bit now. A-a-h!" his attempted smile ending in a grimace of anguish. "If you're going to hurt me like this, you needn't send me any bill!"

It was only a small bone that was fractured; but the old man was exhausted by the time they got him home, so much so that his son decided to stay the night with him.

"But can you spare the time?" his father protested.

"I can spare a week, if necessary. I need a few days' rest myself," was the reply; though the next instant the surgeon wondered why he said it. If his father was all right the next day, he would have to be on his way.

"Ah," Mr. Garrigan murmured with a relaxed sigh, "I'm glad, Joe,—I am heartily glad to see you! It's good to have you, boydie!"

At the old pet name a sudden constriction came into the physician's throat.

"I'm glad I was here, father," he returned huskily. It was the first time in years the bars between them had been lowered, and the young man was amazed at the emotion which filled him. For the moment nothing seemed to matter so much as this—that out of his father's eyes had gone that old look of hurt and disturbing disapproval. With a quick change of spirits, he struck into

a lively stream of reminiscence, recalling some of the amusing incidents of his boyhood; and he and his father had just finished a hearty laugh when Katherine came in after supper to see how her quondam escort was progressing.

"I came to see a sick man," she pronounced, looking demurely from father to son. "Which is which?"

"Not me," declared the old man, gaily. "It must be Joe. Don't you think he looks pale, Katherine?"

Dr. Joe was amused at the girl's frank, weighing glance.

"He does look as though he needed some Hill ozone. I can recommend it, you know."

The Doctor said: "Laugh at me, if you like. I may not look worn and wasted, but I confess to 'that tired feeling.' Maybe I'll try your prescription, Miss Lewis."

An odd expression crossed the old man's face as he watched the two young people laughing and talking. The next morning he professed a great languor. The foot was comfortable enough, but he believed he would stay in bed, if Joe did not mind. Was he—haggard eyes gripping his son's—going away to-day? Dr. Joe smiled reassuringly into the anxious old eyes, quite unable to resist their wistful appeal, though the burden of his work was pulling at him strongly this morning. He really ought to go. Several important cases were awaiting him. And he need not leave his father alone. A wire would bring his brothers and sisters in a hurry; but it was he that his father needed—seemed to want. And Dr. Joe's heart leaped at the thought,—leaped exultantly, and with something of a curious pain.

Like a boy just out of school was Dr. Garrigan in the pleasant days that ensued; for they were pleasant, despite his father's indisposition. He spent a great deal of time with his father, whose "quare fondness for the bed" was a source both of surprise and uneasiness to Mrs. Bates, who considered it a bad sign entirely.

"But he has to keep off his foot, you know, grandma," Katherine told her.

"He could keep off it an' he sittin' down, couldn't he?" said the elderly woman, impatiently. "A little bone like that to keep a well man in his bed!"

"Oh" (mischievously), "he's just taking the rest cure by the order of his doctor and nurse!"

"I say nurse to you! Signs is on Jack Garrigan, to be ordered around the way he was a child!"

Katherine only laughed at her.

"You're jealous, grandma, because I'm giving him so much attention. Here, I'll stay home with you all day to-day!"

Mrs. Bates was not to be beguiled.

"You will not! Is it me to be begrudgin' a bit o' help to Jack Garrigan? Go 'long with you, an' see is there annything you can do for him!"

Said Mr. Garrigan when the girl ran in and told him:

"You can take this fella here out for a walk, that's what you can do,"—in assumed truculence. "Off with the two of you! I want to read my paper."

Nothing loath, the two were off; and so day after day went on for nearly a week, Dr. Joe throwing aside all thought of the responsibilities awaiting him in the big world so remote from this. He visited all the haunts of his boyhood, sometimes alone but more often with the girl as his companion; and occasionally they took along a frugal lunch, and ate it under the shadow of a giant elm or in Katherine's favorite spot.

On the sixth day they sat on a fallen tree at this point, looking out over the valley, resting so quietly under the afternoon sun, and Katherine's gaze became pensively absent. She was thinking that soon she would have to leave it, this lovely spot, and go back to

her work in the big, noisy office, when Dr. Garrigan spoke.

"It's an enchanted spot, isn't it?" he said softly. Then as the girl only nodded, he went on, "The whole Hill seems to be enchanted, for that matter —there's an influence—or something. I—" he paused in a curious embarrassment. "Do you remember the tie you spoke of that day—the day I came?"

Katherine emerged from her abstraction with a half sigh. It was wonderful to sit here in this beautiful place, with this marvellously pleasant young man, who would in a few days, by the strange alchemy of fate, become again the great Dr. Garrigan, as far removed from her small orbit as was the wisp of cloud floating across the deep blue sky. A tiny ache made itself felt in her heart.

"The tie?" she said. "Oh, yes,—between the Hill people! Was that it?"

"Yes, the tie." He seemed to muse on the words. "Well, to be frank, I thought it was only an empty sentiment,—couldn't apply to me, you know." He gave a short laugh. "Heavens, what fools men are! For it was there all the time, buried in God knows what mass of conceit and worldliness and false ideas, and it was strong enough to—to pull me back."

Katherine turned to him, her eyes startled, incredulous.

"You don't—you never mean—"

"Just that!" His voice rang out happily and he smiled, with an embracing glance at all the beauty and peace of the countryside. They were his again,—the old associations, the memories of early days denuded of the nagging, vague remorse that had poisoned them; the untouched, perfect peace. "Just that, Katherine. Aren't you glad?"

"Oh, so glad, for your father's sake, for your own!" Her voice broke in its joyous cadence. "God has been very good to you, I think!"

"He has" (reverently). "He brought me back to my father, and to the Faith; and—didn't He send you to me also?"

Well, they were all convinced of that,—Jack Garrigan and Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Roach, and all the rest of the Hill people, who took the charming romance quite as a matter of course. After all, the celebrated surgeon was to them only Jack Garrigan's son; and what more natural than that he should marry Mrs. Bates' granddaughter, "as purty a gerl—ay, and as fine a one—as you'd meet in a day's thravel"?

Maybe the tie still exists, though the Hill settlement is no more, and all who made it what it was have long since been laid to rest; for who is to say by what tenuous filaments of faith those of their descendants who have strayed into bypaths of indifference and unbelief may be led back finally to the feet of God?

The Old Woman's Cow.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

ONCE upon a time St. Peter and St. John were making a journey through France. They visited every house they came near, rich as well as poor; they preached in the churches and chapels of the towns they passed through, and sometimes they preached in the market-place in the presence of all the townsfolk.

One summer day they climbed a long and steep hill. The sun was hot, and they were very thirsty. When they reached the top, they saw a diminutive farmhouse sheltered among some trees. "Let us go in and ask for a drink of water here," said St. Peter; and in they went.

A little old woman sat beside the hearthstone, and not far off a child lay in a cradle.

"Grandmother," said St. Peter, "will you be so kind as to give us a drink of water?"

"Yes, surely, good gentlemen," she answered readily. "I have plenty of water—good water too,—but not much else in the world."

She filled a cup with water from her pitcher and gave it to the saints to drink. They drank, St. John after St. Peter, and then they looked at the little child in the cradle.

"That is not your child, grandmother," said St. Peter.

"No, surely not, but I love him as though he were my own. My daughter died in giving him birth, and I have to take care of him."

"Is his father living?"

"Oh, yes, and he goes out to work every day at a gentleman's house not far off. He gets his food and eight sous a day. That is all we have to live on. When my husband was alive, things were different; he was a farmer, and we had cows and pigs and chickens, but all are gone from us."

"Suppose you had a cow now?" said St. Peter.

"Ah! indeed, good gentleman, suppose we had, we should be happy enough. Though we have no longer any land, I could take the cow out and let it feed along the roads, and we should have milk and butter to sell on market days. But what is the use of supposing?"

"Lend me your stick a minute," said St. Peter, "and you will see something."

St. Peter took the old woman's stick and struck a blow on the broad hearthstone; and, behold, there was a beautiful strawberry cow with udders full of milk!

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the old woman, "however did that cow get here?"

"By the favor of God, grandmother; it is for you."

"May the blessing of God rest on you, good gentlemen! I will pray for you all the rest of my life."

"God be with you!" said the saints; and they went on their way, leaving the old woman lost in wonder as she gazed at the beautiful cow.

The cow gently lowed: it wanted to be milked.

"What a fine creature!" she said. "And how full she is of milk! But where can she have come from? Just from hitting a stick on the hearthstone; nothing can be easier than that. Ah, if I had only another such cow! I wonder if I could bring one by just hitting my stick on the stone."

No sooner said than done—and, behold, out sprang an enormous wolf, which jumped on the cow and killed her then and there.

Out ran the old woman: she hurried as fast as her legs would carry her after the two saints.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" she cried, quite out of breath.

As the saints had walked slowly, on account of the heat, they had not gone very far; they heard her calling and waited till she came up.

"Whatever has happened, grandmother?" said St. Peter.

"Alas, gentlemen, my cow,—my cow! You had hardly left me when in came a huge wolf and sprang upon her, and killed her on the spot."

"But what had you done first, grandmother?" said St. John, very gently.

"I—I only hit my stick on the hearthstone," said the old woman, hanging her head.

"The wolf came because you summoned it," said St. Peter, gravely. "Return to your house, and you will find your cow safe and sound. But, grandmother, be wiser in future, and be content with what God sends you."

Back went the old woman to her house, and found the cow safe and well. And then she understood that saints had visited her, and she learned to be satisfied with what God sends.

No one knows what he can do till he is fully resolved to do what he can.

At Prayer.

ONE of the most common experiences of persons who are trying to lead an interior life and striving to grow in holiness is the difficulty of concentrating their thoughts on the subject of their prayers. With every intention of being devout, of elevating their souls to God, and of occupying themselves with the things of God, they not infrequently find that their minds are rather dwelling on temporal matters,—on their business, their recreations, their friendly or inimical relations with their neighbors, and a whole host of other topics having to do with the natural instead of the supernatural life. Now, these diversions of thought and feeling into channels other than those in which we desire them to flow,—these excursions of the mind in this, that, and the other direction,—these distractions, in a word, do not necessarily vitiate our prayer or render it at all ineffective. Given that they are not voluntary, and that we endeavor to get rid of them by bringing our mind back to the subject of our prayer, they are so far from being sins or imperfections that they are occasions of merit, and very often of no inconsiderable merit.

To quote from an authoritative writer on the interior life, here is what St. Teresa says of the matter: "There is another thing which greatly afflicts those who give themselves to prayer. It is the distractions which often come and carry their thoughts, and their hearts too, hither and thither. These come at times from the immortification of the senses; at times from the soul's being distracted in itself; and often because the Lord wills it, to try His servants. Now, in such cases we must recall our thoughts from time to time, by reviving our faith in the presence of God, and by remaining before Him with reverence and respect. If we do not succeed in fixing them on the prescribed point, we must bear these annoyances and vexations with humility and patience. It will not be lost time, as at first sight may appear, but such a prayer may sometimes be more fruitful than many others made with recollection and pleasure. For, all the actions performed to banish or to endure these distractions, as they are done in order not to displease God, and to become better qualified for His service, are so many acts of the love of God."

Men and women of sound, practical, common-sense character, persons who are habitually moved by considerations that appeal to their reason rather than their feelings, will perhaps benefit by the counsel of St. John Chrysostom. He advised any one who was easily carried away by distractions to arouse himself by this comparison: 'What! I stand talking with a friend about news, trifles, reports, and I am all attention; but now that I am in the presence of God, I am all inattention.'

It is obvious that he who really desires to be free from distractions while engaged in prayer will follow the counsel of Ecclesiasticus: "Before prayer prepare thy soul. Be not as a man that tempteth God." Just as the violinist tunes his instrument before beginning to play, lest there should be any discord in the melody, so should we put our souls in tune with the supernatural before addressing our petitions to our Heavenly Father. The least we can do is to place ourselves in the presence of God, endeavoring to realize that we are standing in His sight, and then make a vigorous effort to banish from our thoughts all our worldly cares and interests. Such preparations being made, distractions, it is true, may still occur; but they will most probably be involuntary distractions, which, as has been said, are not sinful when they are repulsed and withstood, but are rather occasions of genuine merit.

Notes and Remarks.

In the United States of to-day, where sciolistic theorizing and dogmatizing are making such havoc in our legislative halls, it is important that the people generally should be instructed as to the fundamental principles underlying any adequate sociologic system. Such articles, accordingly, as "The State and the Family," contributed to *America* by the Rev. Dr. Ryan, are worth attentive perusal and study. The article in question is a commentary on this utterance of Leo XIII.: "Inasmuch as the domestic household is antecedent, as well in idea as in fact, to the gathering of men into a community, the family must necessarily have rights and duties which are prior to those of the community, and founded more immediately in nature." (Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, par. 15.) After discussing the three principal relations in which the State comes in contact with the family—the marriage contract, the rearing and educating of children, and the general attitude towards the family in contradistinction to the individual,—Dr. Ryan sums up as follows:

> According to Catholic teaching, the family, not the individual, is the social unit and the basis of civil society. This is more than an empty logical distinction. Since the State could not long exist and can not carry on its work effectively without the family, families are necessarily the cells of the social and political organism. Individuals as such can not perpetuate the State. Therefore, the State should formally concern itself with and protect the family. It should always regard the family rather than the individual as its principal object. In so far as modern States have departed from this viewpoint and come to regard the individual as their main concern, they have wrought injury not only to the family but to society.

It was made very plain by the Holy Father in his address at the recent Consistory that present conditions in Palestine are quite unfavorable to Christian interests. The Zionists are having—or trying to have—everything their own way. The British Mandate in the Holy Land demands investigation. There is danger of Christians being ousted from the country to make room for Jews. Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., who was commissioned by the Holy See to visit Palestine, is reported as saying that the Zionists have interpreted the Balfour Declaration of 1917 in an unwarranted sense, and thereby aroused the antagonism of the Palestinian Christians, a delegation of whom and Arabs, chosen by Christians and Mahometans, is now on the way to London, to lay before the central authorities the questions in dispute with the Zionists. The commission appointed by the League of Nations, at the instance of Benedict XV., to safeguard Christian rights and interests in Palestine has not yet begun its deliberations. Hence the importance of insisting meantime upon an examination of the British Mandate.

In the month of July, 1821, there began a missionary career which rivalled in the western portion of this country the apostolic life of St. Paul in Judea and neighboring lands. The Belgian Jesuit, Father De Smet, might have repeated more truthfully than most other pioneer priests in the United States the words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles: "In journeys often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea." The outstanding feature of the personality of this noted missionary was pointed out by the eloquent Archbishop Ryan, who preached his funeral sermon. 'There was such a fascination about the man that it was sufficient for him to present himself, for the attraction to be instantly established. This attraction, we are told, was felt by all

sorts of people,—savage and civilized, princely and plebeian; military men and civilians; Indian agents and trappers; Mormons and Forty-niners, and Oregon settlers. They all had absolute confidence in him. Among the Indians especially, his influence was almost marvellous. He could walk into the midst of thousands of infuriated savages, all ready to massacre the whites, and could calm them at once. They would conduct him in triumph, side by side with big chiefs and multitudes of Indians in feathers and war paint, who forgot their thirst for blood and rushed forward to greet him. Sitting Bull and Black Moon would roll themselves up in their buffalo skins and sleep beside him, with their tomahawks ready to brain any one who might attempt to harm him.'

A great missionary, whose memory is deservedly held in honor.

A letter dated June 8, received last week from Han Yang, China, reports that twenty-nine Chinese Catholics have been put to death by a group of fanatics under a self-styled "Ta Han King," or the Heavenly Son of the Ta Han Dynasty. The massacre took place in a pagan temple at Shu Sha Win, a town on the borders of Hupeh and Szechwan. The Christians were dragged from their homes and brought to the temple, where, under threat of death, they were ordered to offer incense to "The Living Buddha." They all refused, and bravely gave up their lives for love of Him who died for them.

Archbishop Hayes, of New York, has under his jurisdiction 1,145 priests, 391 churches, 66 colleges and academies, hundreds of parish schools; homes for emigrants, and friendless women, and Catholic seamen, and dependent children, and the aged; hospitals, industrial and reform schools, orphan asylums, and asylums for the blind, etc. And the Catholic population reaches the inspiring figure, 1,473,291. Quite as impressive in a different sense, and not at all inspiring, is the statement issued by the Jesuit Fathers of Fordham University, to the effect that, owing to a lack of patronage and of support from the Catholic people at large, they are obliged to close the doors of their medical college, which they have conducted for sixteen years past at an annual loss, or deficit, of more than twenty thousand dollars. Fordham's medical college has superabundantly justified its existence since its inauguration, and the cessation of its activities can hardly be considered as anything less than a calamity.

All fair-minded people who have been influenced to regard the soldiers of the Irish Republican Army as "blood-thirsty traitors," "assassins," a "murder gang," etc., would doubtless be of quite a different opinion if they were to read what Mr. William Hard has to say of the character of these soldiers, in the special article, "Terror and Empire," which he contributed to the *Metropolitan* for June. We have already quoted at some length from this article (all the more notable on account of being written by a non-Catholic), but the following paragraphs also are well deserving of reproduction:

> Bishop Fogarty said that the soldiers of the Irish Republican Army in his diocese were drawn from among his best young men,—from among the most intelligent of them, and the most devout and most temperate and chaste; and that the population was bound to follow them, because it was bound to follow its best; and that it was now following them more than ever.
>
> Images came back across my mind of young militant Sinn Feiners whom I had met; and further images rise before me now of other young Sinn Feiners equally militant and equally "murderous," whom I met later,—members of battalions of the Irish Republican Army, and messengers running between different parts of the Irish civil and military

"conspiracy of assassination"; and I remember that I was always conscious of the gulfs between them and me in race and in religion; but always conscious also of the feeling that I should have a quite satisfied admiration for any young men of my own race and religion who, in trying to impress a stranger, should follow the austere ways that these young men of Sinn Fein followed with me.

They virtually invariably refused intoxicating liquors. They rolled out no warlike oaths, nor any other oaths of even a mild drawing-room sort. They told no off-colorful stories. From among these young men I happened to hear not one profane word, and not one obscene word, and not one word or story that even the most squeamish person could call even vulgar. They were by far the cleanest-spoken string of young men that I had ever anywhere encountered. I was driven to conclude that, if in the matter of drink and in the matter of talk, they were simply trying for my benefit to live up to the high moral reputation of the Irish Republican Army, they were, at any rate, living up to it in those matters with a quite astonishing completeness.

Two things are, in fact, perfectly certain about the Irish Republican Army in justification of the popular regard for its moral character. First, it is an army greatly opposed to drunkenness and licentiousness. And, second, it is an army greatly given to the practice of the ceremonies of religion.

The plain truth, bluntly stated, is that the soldiers of Ireland have been as infamously maligned as the soldiers of Germany were during the World War. Nobody now believes that they were all brutes, any more than that the allied soldiers were all angels.

"It is indeed a most gratifying sign of the times in Catholic circles," writes the editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, quoting THE AVE MARIA, "to note the continuously growing interest in spiritual retreats for laymen. For some years past it has been the great privilege of the writer to attend a week-end retreat at St. Stanislaus' House of Retreats, Cleveland, Ohio. He has met there men from many quite distant sections of the country, and all say that, if they are alive, they will 'return next year.' To travel a long distance in order to make a week-end retreat requires some sacrifice; but that sacrifice is willingly made, the retreatants realizing that time may not be spent to better advantage. And what earnest men are those who make the retreat! Conversation is tabooed; every exercise is attended with devotion,—the exercises being an inspiration to all."

This year, the Passionist Fathers at Dunkirk have instituted week-end retreats which promise to attract many men from the Western New York section. And the Benedictine Fathers, of St. Benedict's College, Kansas, have done the same for the benefit of men of that and surrounding States.

A good many years ago a would-be contributor to this magazine mentioned, among the credentials entitling him to consideration, the fact that his family had been Catholic for fourteen centuries. We question, however, whether his ancestors, loyal to the Faith as they may have been, were quite so intensively Catholic as the family of the late Abbé Cadic, pastor of the Breton parish of Saint Jean de Brevelay. According to the well-informed *Semaine Religieuse de Vannes*, the Cadic family has given to the Church during the last three centuries more than one hundred priests. No fewer than twenty-seven members of this family, two of them priests, died on the battlefield during the Great War.

Readers who are fond of much in a little compass will appreciate these synthetic paragraphs from "The Church and Labor," a volume from the pen of Father L. McKenna, S. J.:

Some thirty or forty years ago, there arose all over the Catholic world an extraordinary movement of mind and action. Her pastors, such as Manning in England, Korum and Ketteler in Germany, Langenieux and Pie in France, Gibbons and Ireland in America, and a brilliant band of Catholic laymen, such as

De Mun and De la Tour du Pin in France, Windthorst in Germany, Decurtins in Switzerland, Vogelsang in Austria, raised their voices in eloquent pleading for the rights of the poor, and proposed measures of redress which sounded Socialistic in the ears of the many Catholics who at that time had forgotten the true social doctrine of the Church.

All over the Continent, as though a new spirit had been breathed into the Church, multitudes of priests, and especially multitudes of layfolk of all ranks and conditions of life—nobles, merchants, artisans,—faithfully following the Church's spirit, devoted themselves to the cause of the poor, agitating for their rights, providing works to help them, and binding them together in Unions.

Then these thousands of earnest Christian workers, bishops, priests and layfolk, found in 1891 a leader,—no less a leader than Christ's Vicar on earth, Pope Leo XIII., who in that year wrote his famous Encyclical *Rerum Novarum.*

The United States Commissioner of Education, the Hon. Philander P. Claxton, has requested the schools and colleges of the country to participate in the Dante celebration next September, suggesting that special classes be organized for the study of the great poet's works, particularly the "Divina Commedia." "That a Mediævalist," he remarks, "should call forth homage in the twentieth century from peoples living under civilization utterly different from that which he knew, and by nations which for the most part do not even know the language in which he wrote, is a marvel explainable only by his supreme genius."

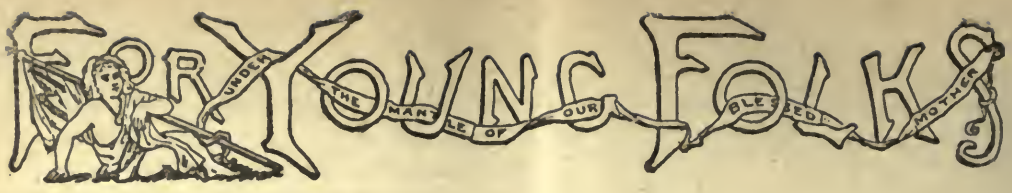
"The Commissioner's suggestion ought to appeal especially to Catholics," says the editor of the *Annals of St. Joseph;* "for as the Holy Father said in his recent letter to the Archbishop of Bologna, 'Dante is ours'; and we Catholics should see to it that he is properly studied and honored."

As time goes on and various systems of education are submitted to the Scriptural test of judging a tree by its fruits, the condemnation of godless schools is becoming continually and cumulatively more pronounced. In Canada, as well as in this country, increasing numbers of judicious citizens are deprecating the absence of religious teaching from the public schools. Witness the following extract from so prominent a Canadian journal as the Toronto *Globe:*

Bishop Bidwell, of the [Protestant Episcopalian] Diocese of Ontario, put his finger on a very vital, and it must be added very vulnerable, spot the other day when he said that many acute thinkers believe the prevalent lack of discipline and the present lawlessness are due to the lack of religious instruction in the public schools. He added as his own conviction that frequent and systematic religious instruction is a necessary and essential part of any education really worthy of the name; and he gave that opinion as a teacher of years' standing. It is the only foundation for moral and ethical training, if that training is to be of any permanent value. It should be in the hands of the regular teachers and should occupy a permanent and important place in the curriculum.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn *Tablet* states that, of forty-eight graduates of an evening high school in that city, only six were Christian boys, the great majority, if not all, of the remaining ones being Jews. To his question, "What is the Christian boy doing?" a rather graphic answer is afforded by a story told in another column of the same paper. It is well worth quoting:

A priest was walking along the street. Two boys, one a Jewish and one an Irish lad, were just coming home from the grammar school commencement exercises. "Well, my boy," said the priest to the Irish youth, "what are you going to do now?"—"I got a swell job at $9 a week, starting next Monday," he told the priest. "And how about you?" the questioner said to the Jewish lad. "I'm going to high school in the fall, and when I graduate I'm going to college." The other youth, with a laugh, said: "Jake will be studying hard for years, while I'm making my $9 a week."—"But," said Jake, with a smile, "after those few years are over, Mike will be working for me, and he'll still be making his $9."



A Little Girl's Gratitude.

AMONG the children of a Catholic asylum in Vienna for whom readers of THE AVE MARIA have been caring is a little girl named Käthi Hölzl, who thus expresses the thanks of herself and her companions:

As a gentle summer shower all the dusty fields revives,
So those gifts have brought their blessing to our little girlish lives.
How all eyes are gay with gladness, how our hearts dance in our breasts,
For by such great alms so kindly many a restless sorrow rests!
Do you take our happy greetings and the joy that fills the soul:
God will splendidly reward you for each hungry baby's bowl.
All the thanks that we can give you is our hearts' unceasing prayer:
When we kneel to ask in common, we shall beg for you God's care.
Even if between our saviors and ourselves the sea is wide,
Love of neighbor for a neighbor finds a path through every tide.
And we hold as fully certain, when life's trials all are done,
Shall a peace that is eternal find us neighbors every one.

The Gabriel Bell.

In olden times a special bell was frequently set apart for the morning and evening *Aves*, and this was called the Gabriel Bell. But in almost every peal of bells there was one dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and called by her name. Inscriptions on church bells in the Ages of Faith were nearly always of a religious character.

The Little Minstrel.

BY M. HECTOR MALOT.

IV.—MISFORTUNES AND FRIENDS.

VITALIS and his little troupe went on from village to village, stopping at every place that looked promising, but often continuing their journey till they came to a large town.

One day Vitalis said to Remi:

"You are travelling through France now, and if you keep your eyes open you can learn many things. Travel is a great teacher. I have learned much by it."

That evening they came to a village called Bastide-Morat. They spent the night in the barn of the inn. It was moonlight; they were sitting on a bench in front of the stable.

"I will now give you an instance of how you can learn by travel," said Vitalis. "In this village was born a stable-boy named Murat, who afterwards became the leader of thousands of soldiers, and at last was crowned a king. I knew him and have talked with him."

"When he was a king?" asked Remi, in astonishment.

"In Naples, when he was a king."

"And were you a king then?"

Vitalis laughed as he replied:

"No, Remi, I never was a king—of men."

"Of what, then?" thought Remi, but did not dare to ask.

"Would you like to hear the story of Joachim Murat?" asked Vitalis.

"Oh, yes, Signor!"

Remi found it very interesting; but the thing that had taken possession of his mind was the wonderful fact that

his master had known and talked with a real king. He had not always been a poor musician, then. Perhaps he might even have been the king's musician.

They passed the winter at Pau, which is so pleasantly situated that many foreigners go there to escape the cold and wind. From the latter part of autumn till the beginning of spring, the hotels are always full. They made a good deal of money at Pau. Children were always their best audiences. But when the season was over, the wanderers again took up their march, and finally came to Toulouse, where Vitalis said he thought they would stay a long time.

They were about to give their first performance near the botanical gardens when a policeman appeared and told them civilly enough to pass on, that strolling players were not permitted in the town. Vitalis answered him haughtily, which made the man angry.

The performance was not given; but the next morning Vitalis led his troupe to another part of the garden, and began putting up the ropes. In a moment the policeman reappeared.

"What did I tell you yesterday?" he said. "Get out of here at once."

Joli-Cœur, quite certain that something unusual was going on, began cutting up capers and imitating the gestures of the policeman, who, turning around, saw what the monkey was doing. Remi had been trying to catch him, in order to keep him still; but the policeman, already angry, and no doubt thinking the boy was responsible for the actions of the monkey, gave him a sharp blow on the back. At this Vitalis sprang forward and struck the man with his fist.

The policeman, who was very strong, seized him by both wrists, saying:

"It's all up with you now, old man! You have struck an officer of the law. Come along. You are under arrest."

Vitalis had had too much experience and was too old a man not to realize that resistance would be useless.

"Return to the inn," he said quite calmly to Remi. "Take the dogs, and stay there until I send you word."

It was a sad procession that made its way back to the inn. The dogs seemed aware that something had happened to their master; they walked with heads bowed down, lifting them occasionally to glance at Remi, whose own head was bent.

Vitalis always carried his money with him; he had forgotten in his excitement to give any to Remi, who had only eleven sous in his pocket. He related the story to the innkeeper, who said very little. Remi was afraid he might not be willing to feed them, but he gave them their meals as usual. He had known Vitalis a long time, and did not doubt that he would pay his score as soon as he was released from custody.

The next day Vitalis sent Remi a letter. His trial was to take place on Saturday. "I do not think the Judge will be hard on me," he wrote. "After it is all over, we will get out of this place as fast as we can." Poor Vitalis! Wanderer as he had been for many a year, that was his first experience with the law.

Remi took Joli-Cœur and locked him up in the room where they all slept. He allowed the dogs to accompany him to the court-house. Vitalis saw him and smiled at his little family. The dogs were beginning to bark with joy, but their master shook his finger warningly and they became quiet.

Remi sat with them in a corner, waiting for the end. It came quickly. Neither the appearance of Vitalis nor his intelligence, nor his plea that he had struck the policeman because of his conduct towards Remi, nor the fact that he had never been arrested before, was of avail: he was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of one hundred francs.

The poor old man, surprised and overcome by the verdict, meekly followed the policeman, who led him back to the jail. His fine white head, for the first time since Remi had known him, drooped low on his breast as he passed slowly from the sight of all those on earth who loved him.

When Remi returned from the inn, the landlord was standing in the yard. He had already heard the news.

"I can not keep you any longer," he said. "Vitalis already owes me a lot. Take your animals and be off."

"But where shall we go?" asked Remi. "I have no money."

"Earn some—where you can. Why should I keep you?"

"Why, indeed?" answered Remi.

"But you will leave your master's bag with me. When he gets out of jail he will come here at once."

"But how will he find us?"

"Come back on that day, or the day before."

"But I may be far from here."

"Do not go too far."

"How can I live if I stay in the same neighborhood all the time? People get tired of us."

"And I am getting tired of you just now. Go at once! If I come out and find you here, I'll settle you and your animals."

Remi turned slowly away, went into the house and released the dogs and the monkey. He tied a cord around his shoulders and fastened the end of it to Joli-Cœur's belt. If he had not done this, the monkey might have run away. The dogs followed him without any trouble. Across his back was slung the harp which Vitalis had bought and taught him to play. He also carried a small, flat basket with the wardrobe of the troupe.

They walked for about two hours, until they reached a village. The smell of fresh bread came from the bakery. Joli-Cœur began to rub his stomach; the dogs, too, were hungry, and so was Remi. He went in and bought a pound loaf. They sat under a tree and ate the bread, equally divided.

They rested a while and again pressed on. Twilight was falling as they came to another village,—quite a large one this time. Remi dressed the dogs; and, walking as they were accustomed to do, in procession, Remi playing the harp, the monkey perched on his shoulder, they entered the village. But it was not at all like when Vitalis—his head thrown back, his tall form moving hither and thither to the music of the fife—had made a triumphal entry wherever they had stopped to play. Remi was almost weeping.

They began the performance, but no one came to listen. Suddenly a man appeared,—another policeman.

"Get on,—get on!" he said. "You are transgressing the law. Quick, now, or you will be arrested!"

Remi lost no time in collecting his forces, hurrying them away as fast as he could, only pausing at the edge of the village to buy half a loaf of bread. They walked quickly along the smooth white road until they came to a wood in which were many great blocks of granite, close together. The weather was warm and beautiful: they would not suffer by sleeping out of doors. In a sort of grotto, between two large stones, carpeted with withered leaves, they rested. Remi broke the bread, giving each animal a piece. Then they lay down on their leafy bed; and, though Remi had felt sure he could not close his eyes that night, for anxiety and sorrow, he was soon fast asleep, with Zerbino, Capi, and Dolcie at his feet, and Joli-Cœur snuggled up in his coat beside him.

They woke very early in the morning. The dew was on the grass; the birds chirped merrily in the trees all around them; the fragrance of the dawn was in their nostrils, and the

craving of hunger in their stomachs.

At the first village, there was no need to ask where the baker lived: they could smell the fresh rolls, and their noses guided them to the shop. A very kind woman gave them two loaves of bread for five sous,—though none of it was freshly baked that morning. They could easily have eaten all of it, but Remi knew that would not be wise; and, as he had no money left now and might not be able to earn any that day, he had to look out for the evening meal.

They walked for a time, and finally came to the bank of a canal. There were very few people about, but Remi decided to play an air on his harp which might attract some persons, and at the same time revive his drooping spirit and that of his companions, who were dragging themselves wearily along. Even Joli-Cœur was unnaturally quiet. After he had played two or three lively airs, the poor creatures began to frisk about, and presently they were all dancing.

Suddenly the clear voice of a child called out: "Bravo! Bravo!"

Remi turned quickly. A house-boat had stopped on the canal. It was being drawn along the bank by two horses. Remi had never seen so strange a sight before,—a boat drawn by horses. But neither had he ever seen a canal.

On the deck of the boat, under an awning, a boy was lying on a stretcher. He seemed to be about Remi's age, but looked pale and ill. Beside him sat a beautiful lady, with a sweet, though sad, face.

"Come nearer," said the lady.

Remi descended the bank, the dogs following.

"Are you playing for your own pleasure?" she asked in French, but with a foreign accent.

"I am playing for my living, Madam," replied the boy. "But I love to play."

"Will you play again?" she asked.

"Would you like a dance?" said Remi.

"We would like it very much," she replied.

Remi played. The dogs and Joli-Cœur danced. They did it with all their hearts; for they were hungry, and knew that money and food would follow.

"Will you come on board?" said the sick boy. "I want to see you closer."

"Yes," answered Remi. "We will go aboard if you like."

The lady made a sign to a boatman who was standing by. He threw out a plank, and the troupe stepped across.

"Let me see the monkey, please!" said the boy, stretching out his hands.

Remi went over to him, holding Joli-Cœur in his arms. The lady was watching him attentively.

"Have you a father or mother, my child?" she inquired.

"No, Madam, but I live with a very kind man. I am alone just now."

He did not like to say that his guardian was in prison; she might think him a thief, and Remi also. He had a wise little head, this boy.

"Will you be alone long?" asked the lady.

"For two months."

"A long time for so young a boy as you are," she said.

"It has to be, Madam."

"Why does not the man earn money?"

"He does, when he can. He can not earn any just now."

"Is he ill?"

Remi looked into that beautiful face, those kind, motherly eyes, and felt that he might tell the truth about Vitalis. When he had finished, the sick boy said:

"How hungry you must be! Mamma, ask Tessie to give them some food."

When the animals heard the word "food," which they all understood, the dogs began to bark joyfully and Joli-Cœur rubbed his stomach with all his might. The boy was very much amused.

The lady went to a half-open door,

through which Remi could see the head of an old woman peeping. She wore a large cap with a deep ruffle all around her kindly face. The lady said a few words to her in the strange tongue which Remi had never heard before; and in a short time the old woman appeared, carrying a tray with bread, meat, apples, and milk, which she placed on a table.

"Sit down, my child," said the lady.

Remi did so at once; the animals crowded around him.

"Will they eat bread?" asked the lady.

"Will they, Madam!" he answered. "Watch them!" He threw them scraps of bread and meat, which they devoured eagerly. Then, with greater restraint but equal appetite, he ate his own meal.

"Poor boy,—poor boy!" murmured the lady in her own tongue to the serving woman, who replied in terms which would have proved to Remi, if he had understood, that she had a very kind and generous heart.

"God keep them and save them, the crathurs," she said, "and give them luck, food, and shelter the rest of their wanderin' way!"

Suddenly the sick boy turned to his mother. For some time they spoke to each other in the foreign language which sounded so strange in Remi's ears. Then the boy turned his head towards Remi. His body did not move. For the first time Remi noticed that it was strapped to the board.

"Would you like to stay with us?" he asked.

"On the boat?"

"Yes," said the lady, "until your guardian is released. I am an Irishwoman. My son's name is Arthur. When a baby, he fell from his crib, and has always been an invalid. But he is better than he has been. In order to make the time pass more pleasantly for him, we are wandering about in this way. He loves the water. My home is in Ireland, but I live part of the time in London and also in France. Will you stay with us?"

"And the dogs and Joli-Cœur?"

"Of course. They will interest Arthur, and we will find quarters for them very easily. You can play and sing to my boy, and talk to him. Would you like it?"

"O Madam!" replied Remi in a trembling voice, as he lifted her hand and pressed it to his lips.

"Poor little boy,—poor little boy!" she said, and turned her head away.

"Play for me again!" said Arthur. "Play everything you know."

Remi began tuning his harp. The dogs cuddled down at his feet; Joli-Cœur leaned against Capi and went to sleep.

Mrs. Milligan got up, blew a silver whistle which hung at her side, and went into the cabin. The boatmen mounted their horses, and in a moment the ropes and chains began to creak. The boat thrust its pointed nose through the still, lapping water; tiny ripples began to rise and fall on either side. They were off on their journey; and Arthur had fallen asleep.

(To be continued.)

A Lucky Rhyme.

A little boy, seven or eight years old, in a country school where a certain Miss Blodgett was teacher, had written the following lines on his slate:

A little mouse ran up the stairs,
To hear Miss Blodgett say her prayers.

The teacher discovered the rhyme, and for punishment gave the offender his choice—to make another rhyme in five minutes or receive as many strokes of her switch. When the time was nearly up, and the teacher was lifting the switch in a threatening manner, the little rhymester exclaimed:

Here I stand before Miss Blodgett,—
She's going to strike, I'm going to dodge it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Something new in the way of literary contests is proffered by a Mr. Grenville Kleiser, of New York. "In order to stimulate a deeper interest in the effective use of English," he offers a prize of one hundred dollars for the best list of fifty prose similes, selected from standard authors.

—The harassed instructor in English will find more than a little to inspire and aid him in a small book which Brother Leo has prepared on "Teaching the Drama and the Essay." He believes that literature should be associated closely with life, and illustrates his method admirably. Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss; price, 75 cents.

—Abbé R. Cocart, hospital chaplain at Boulogne-sur-Mer, is the author of a small brochure which it might be worth while for some of our seminaries or religious Orders to have translated into English—"Enfant, que feras-tu plus tard?" It is a discussion of the question of a vocation to the priesthood. Published by M. Téqui, Paris.

—We welcome a new edition (revised by the Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S. J.) of "Moral Principles and Medical Practice," a volume of lectures, subentitled "The Basis of Medical Jurisprudence," by the late Fr. Charles Coppens, S. J. The enlargement of the work consists of chapters on euthanasia and vasectomy, sex hygiene and eugenics, and birth control, with an appendix (Recent Decisions of the Holy Office) and a short bibliography. A full index is also provided. The work is intended primarily for medical students and physicians, but will be useful to others in a directive or tutorial capacity. Published by Benziger Brothers; price, $2.50.

—It is gratifying to notice that the excellent brochure on "The Forbidden Marriages," by the Rev. Godfrey Schlachter, C. PP. S., issued by the Messenger Press, Collegeville, Ind., is now in its ninth edition. May there be many more! It would be quite superfluous to praise a work which has been so highly recommended by the hierarchy and clergy of the United States as this. Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati, in a letter to the author (a missionary priest of great zeal and wide experience, beloved wherever he has labored), writes: "I wish that Catholic young men and women who contemplate marriage with non-Catholics would peruse your little book carefully and prayerfully. I am sure it would deter many of them from entering these alliances, which the Church has always condemned."

—From the Catholic Records Press, Exeter, England, comes a pamphlet containing the Introduction, part of the table of contents, and some specimen pages of "Spiritual Counsels on Abandonment or Total Surrender to Divine Providence," by the Rev. J. P. Caussade, S. J., edited by the Rev. J. Ramière, S. J. The work is a translation, by Miss E. J. Strickland, from the tenth complete French edition; and contains not only the admirable treatise on total abandonment to Divine Providence, but the "Letters of Direction," the far more practical portion of Father Caussade's remarkable work,—a portion now for the first time translated into English.

—"Altar Flowers from Near and Far," by a priest of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill., is a collection of "stories, anecdotes, and incidents, with pious reflections for clergy and laity." The book (a sixteenmo of 328 pages) is divided into two parts; the first treating of "altar flowers in species,"—that is, readings directly concerned with the Holy Eucharist; and the second part dealing with "altar flowers in genus,"—stories, etc., having to do with religion generally. As a volume for spiritual reading, the work may attract some who would turn away from more professedly devotional works; and these will undoubtedly derive benefit from its pages. As for the verses scattered through the book, it would perhaps be unkind to subject them to such rigorous criticism as is meted out nowadays to any printed matter wearing the outward semblance of poetry. Very few of the pieces show that regard for technique which one expects in serious or devotional verse; and some of them sound a good deal like the "free verse" with which an inoffensive world is now being sorely afflicted. Published by St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill. Price, $1.50.

—From the Encyclopedia Press, New York, comes a brochure of exceptional interest and merit—"Ireland and the Ulster Legend; or, The Truth about Ulster," by W. A. McKnight. The body of the work consists of statistical tables compiled from Parliamentary Blue Books, White Papers, etc., with notes and observations by the compiler; but preceding these tables there is, in the form [illegible] word of thirty pages, by Sophi[illegible]yant, [illegible]

[illegible] COLLEGE [illegible] UNIVER

Sc., Litt. D., a digest of the story which the tables tell. And the story is that, so far from being (as is commonly asserted) superior in material prosperity, in education and public spirit, in physique and hygiene, and in morale, to the rest of Ireland, Ulster is emphatically and indisputably inferior, in each of these respects, to either Leinster, Munster, or Connaught. There is no getting away from the cold facts shown by these multiplied statistics, more especially as Mr. McKnight, in order to ensure accuracy, had all his information and calculations verified by a chartered accountant, whose certificate furnishes a fitting preface to the statistical portion of the brochure. No one who honestly reads this little work will ever again think of Ulster as being, in any sense whatever, the best of the Provinces of Ireland.

—There is no poetry to speak of in the following lines contributed to the *New York Herald* of recent date by McLandburgh Wilson; but we have met with no poem anywhere for a long time better worth committing to memory than this didactic little piece, which the author entitles "Yourself." It has good thought well expressed throughout:

Don't think your charity will live
By just donating pelf to it;
A check is not enough to give:
You have to add yourself to it.

And likewise come to understand
There is no hidden art to it;
'Tis not enough to give your hand
Unless you add your heart to it.

Would you succeed in any plan?
Your strength—you have to spend of it;
Your rope won't help a drowning man
Unless you hold your end of it.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's) 3 vols. $9.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion," Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) $1.50.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Jesus of Nazareth: who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

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"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Paulinus Wenkman, O. S. B.

Brother Idonius, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Ildefonse, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Basil, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Teresa, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. Joseph Boardman, Mr. E. P. Gillett, Mr. John Sexton, Mr. G. G. Brewer, Mr. W. L. Hickman, Mr. Michael Murray, Miss Margaret Marshall, Mrs. Owen Daly, Mr. W. J. Steffen, Mr. Thomas Kearney, Mr. Frederick Molden, and Mr. A. F. Barr.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: T. B., $20; Miss Martin, $2; Miss Schadell, $5; M. A. B., in thanksgiving, $5; Mrs. W. P., in honor of St. Anthony, $5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Deo Gratias!

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

LORD, God of Hosts, in Thy pool of grace
Thou hast bathed my spirit long;
Thou hast touched mine eyes with the light of Thy cross,
In the paths where gropers throng.
And, lest I should forget, Lord God,
My thanks for the gift of song!

Lord, God of Love, I have glimpsed Thy face
In the river-floods of pain;
I have marked the prints of Thy blameless feet
Where sorrow surged like rain.
And though they slew Thee on Golgotha,
I saw Thee slain again.

Lord, God of Faith, I have heard Thy words
In the nights that were thunder-sown;
I have felt Thy voice go out like a lash
To the quick and the blood and the bone;
And when I was most alone in the world,
With Thee I was least alone.

Lord, God of Hope, in my darkest hour
I have borne Thee wreaths of tears;
And though I came like a beggar in rags,
Thou hast given me Food that cheers.
Thou hast been the Warden that freed me, Lord,
From the prison of old years.

Lord, God of Hosts, in a world that is fair,
If men but came at Thy call,
I shall sing Thy Name in a pæan of prayer,
Whatever may yet befall.
Thou hast given me life, faith, hope, and love,—
Lord, God of Hosts, take all!

The Hofstrada Maria.

BY DARLEY DALE.

HOFSTRADA, or Haafstrada, is a small town on the northern shore of the smaller northwest promontory of Iceland, and, like the greater number of towns and villages in Iceland, it is inhabited mostly by fishermen and sailors. In the Middle Ages, when Iceland was a Catholic country, and devoted especially to our Blessed Lady, Hofstrada was one of the two most celebrated places of pilgrimage in the land. In its church there was a life-size statue of Our Lady known as the Hofstrada Maria, the object of the greatest veneration, to which every year pilgrimages were made from all parts of the country, particularly from Reitjavik, the capital; from Holar and Skalhalt, the two episcopal towns; from the Augustinian friary at Flatey Island, in the neighborhood, and their four or five other houses; and from the celebrated Benedictine monasteries of Kirkjubaer, Munkatverar, Thingevar, and others, with equally difficult names with which we need not trouble our readers. These places were all destroyed at the Reformation, and scarcely a trace now remains of what were formerly centres of learning, prayer, and good works.

The church at Hofstrada was one of the 150 churches in Iceland which were dedicated to Our Lady out of the 260

existing at the Reformation. Some of these churches—the greater number, no doubt—were of wood; but others, like that at Helgafell, which was one of the earliest Christian churches, were of stone. There is a certain amount of stone in the country, but it is difficult to transport from the quarry, because everything has to be carried on the backs of the Icelandic ponies. There were no carts or wheeled vehicles in the early ages, and there are only a few small carts now; but in these progressive days things will probably soon be altered, as a few roads are now in course of construction, and bridges are being thrown over the rivers.

The Hofstrada Maria is described as a wonderful statue, magnificently decorated with gold and silver, lighted with a profusion of wax candles, and adorned with votive offerings from the sailors and fishermen, who came to pay their vows at the feet of Mary. Pilgrimages were possible in this land of long summer days only in the summer months, when the sun does not set; and the longer winter ones in which it does not rise; so the feast of the Assumption was the day on which the great pilgrimage took place. Most of the pilgrims came by sea, as the towns and villages were for the most part situated near the coast. Farmers whose homesteads were not near a seaport would either have to walk, or ride on their sturdy ponies, to the nearest place of embarkation; for there was but one road in the country till quite recently, and that went only from Reitjavik to a place called Thingvellir, thirty-seven miles distant, where the ancient Parliament—or Althing, as it was called—was held in a natural amphitheatre of mounds of earth raised by volcanic action.

We can reconstruct the scene of this pilgrimage; for the people, the country, and the national dress have changed very little from then till now. The farmers, fishermen, and sailors wear thick, knitted, woollen jerseys and coarse homespun-cloth nether garments. The women have two costumes,—one for every day and one for festivals and holidays; but they always wear very full skirts, with bodices which may or may not match, and a large apron which is *de rigueur* for out-of-door wear on ordinary occasions. Their heads are adorned with the national headdress, which consists of a small, knitted, black woollen cap, with a large tassel of wool or silk with knotted ends, strung through a silver tube, hanging down on the right-hand side of the head. On festivals the young women wear white dresses, the older women black or dark-colored ones, and the aprons are discarded. The headdress is elaborate, being a sort of white cap with a horn which curls over the front. A white veil hangs over the head and shoulders to the waist, and a gold or silver band is worn round the forehead. In cold weather the women wear thick, woollen, knitted shawls over their shoulders. An Icelandic bride wears a cap of white muslin or lace, nearly a foot high, with a long, white veil at the back; a peasant girl often wears a black dress, but the high cap is always the national bridal attire.

The scene at the various places of departure of the pilgrims when they embarked for Hofstrada must have been similar to that which takes place now in Brittany when the Breton fishermen at Plougastneux and Paimpol sail for the summer fishing off the coast of Iceland. A procession is formed of priests and acolytes, with a statue of Our Lady, lighted candles and banners from the village church. Having arrived at the beach, the fishing boats are manned, and the wives and mothers and children of the fishermen follow. Knowing that some of the boats may never return from their perilous voyage, hymns to Our Lady Star of the Sea are sung, and the priest blesses

each of the boats with holy water. In the case of this old Mediæval pilgrimage, the boats would be filled with pilgrims,—men and women who had come by land from their homes to the nearest place of embarkation on this steep and rocky coast. Hymns to Our Lady were sung of which the Icelanders knew many, and have preserved some, in spite of Lutheranism, down to the present day.

The sudden and terrible storms to which the seas round Iceland are subject, to say nothing of the still greater danger of the fogs which are apt to prevail at the close of the summer, made this pilgrimage anything but a pleasant excursion. It was fraught with dangers as great as, though different from, those to which pilgrims to the Holy Land, or even to Compostella or Rome, were liable in the Middle Ages. But the French fishermen and the Icelanders seafaring men, for the most part, were accustomed to brave them.

Although this pilgrimage to Hofstrada ceased at the Reformation, devotion to our Blessed Lady has, strange to say, never wholly died out, in spite of the drastic suppression of the Catholic religion. A certain Lutheran bishop named Sweinsson, in the seventeenth century, had strong leanings towards Catholicism and was very devout to Our Lady; he actually wrote several hymns and canticles in Latin in her honor, and copied out in his own handwriting the "Psalterium Marianum." This good man had also a great devotion to the Cross, and composed a hymn in veneration of it. He wrote this hymn for a special and very interesting occasion.

It happened that, in those far-off days, there was another place of pilgrimage in Iceland, where a celebrated crucifix in the church was the object of great devotion. This was at Kaldadarness, a town on the southeast coast of the northwestern peninsula. It was quite as popular a pilgrimage as that of Hofstrada, and attracted as many, or even more, pilgrims. The crucifix seems to have been very large; but why it was so much venerated, or what miraculous powers were attributed to it, or to the Hofstrada Madonna, we do not know. At the time of the Reformation there was an apostate bishop named Gisur, who became also the first Lutheran bishop, and did more than any Icelander to root out the Catholic religion. (It must be remembered that it was the Danish King Christian III. who imposed the Lutheran creed on the Icelanders, much against their will.) Gisur, after destroying monasteries and robbing churches throughout his diocese, took himself to Kaldadarness in order personally to destroy this celebrated crucifix. He had the temerity to carry out his purpose, to the horror of the people; but he contracted a mortal illness on his journey, of which he died soon afterward. His death was considered a punishment for his sin. The Icelanders deeply mourned the loss of this wonderful crucifix, so wantonly destroyed; but about 120 years later that other Lutheran bishop, Sweinsson, who, we are told, was almost persuaded to be a Catholic, had another crucifix made to replace the one his predecessor had destroyed.

At the Reformation the Catholic churches which were not torn down—that is, all the stone ones—were devoted henceforth to Lutheran services. They have two kinds of churches, called first and secondary. The primary churches are the larger and parochial ones; the smaller churches belong to the farmers, who live at a distance from the parish church. A Lutheran pastor will sometimes have three or four of these churches in his parish to visit and hold service in from time to time. The farmers utilize the churches as guest-rooms in the summer season, when the

few tourists who visit this remote country arrive. If his guest-chamber is occupied, the farmer makes up beds on the floor of the church, or slings hammocks between the pews, to accommodate the visitors. Nor does he appear to have any reverence for his church; for the beds are made up close to the Communion table. This always supports six large wax candles, as is the case in all Lutheran churches; and these are lighted for the Lutheran Communion service. The officiating minister in the primary churches always wears a chasuble for this service; for at the Reformation the Icelanders insisted upon this. A few other Catholic practices were also retained.

The Icelanders are hospitable people; and, while strangers in the remote parts of the country may have to sleep in the church, the farmer will give them very good food. Salmon is plentiful; the countrywomen make cakes and pastry equal to any chefs; and the coffee, which may be called the national drink, is excellent.

The tourist season ends in September, when winter opens; but the polar night does not begin till the end of November. It lasts until the middle of January; and, on the other hand, the sun never sets from the middle of May till the end of July. It is not absolutely dark all day long in winter; for the snow reflects a certain glimmering light; and the Northern Lights, or *aurora borealis*, with the blazing clouds which seem to set the sky on fire, make a kind of twilight. In the summer, during the so-called midnight-sun, the light at midnight and during the small hours is pale and weird, varying in strength from day to day, as the sun gets higher or lower above the horizon.

A parallel might be drawn between the Polar night, when the sun disappears, but a faint light remains, and the introduction of Lutheranism, when the sun of the Catholic Church withdrew, but still left behind it a few glimmers of light, which have never been wholly extinguished. Unfortunately, the recent efforts of the Marist Fathers and the Sisters of St. Joseph are crippled by the want of money to build a new church at Reitjavik. Although at present there are not more than sixty Catholics in the country, the children are growing up, and in the course of time the Catholic population will naturally increase. In the summer months, not a few merchants and tourists visit the island, and among them there are sure to be some Catholics, not to speak of the French fishermen who come regularly every summer. The need for a more spacious church is, therefore, very urgent if the mission is to prosper.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, although founded in Chambèry, have a large convent and novitiate in Copenhagen, from which the staff of the Sisters working in Iceland is recruited. They also have convents, schools, and hospitals in numerous other places in Denmark. In Norway they have the Hospital of Our Lady of Good Hope, with ninety beds, and another novitiate in Christiania. Their Congregation is a very widespread one; for, besides all these Scandinavian houses, they have eleven convents in Brazil, seven in the United States, one in St. Petersburg, and several in France and Italy. Many of these are fine, flourishing institutions. But perhaps the brightest jewel in their crown is the little leper hospital at Reitjavik, on the terribly cold, stormy, inhospitable shores of Iceland, where their work is to overcome and dispel the anti-Catholic prejudices of three centuries.

EVERY virtue has its special perils: those of chastity are pleasures; of humility, riches; of piety, temporal affairs; and of truth, a multiplicity of words.—*St. Bernard.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.

V.—The Castle in the Woods.

How blessʼd is he who leads a country life,
Unvexʼd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
—*Dryden.*

THE four horsemen rode for several miles along the highway to Ghent, and then turned off to the left, entering a fine avenue of beech trees cut through dense and wide-spreading woods. At the farther end of this avenue there was a large, grassy clearing, in the midst of which stood a castle grey with age. Pointing to it, with some pride, the Count said:

"There, Mr. Gane, stands my castle in the woods, to which I shall be happy to welcome you."

It was a massive pile, built of bricks so grizzled with age that at first Walter thought they were stones. It consisted of two towers connected by a one-storied building with a high-pitched roof, having many dormer windows. The castle and the terrace behind it were surrounded by a broad and deep moat, filled with water from a rivulet that meandered through the grassy plain that spread itself out around the building, and which was itself encircled by woods.

"The castle was built," explained the Count, "in the fifteenth century on the site of a still earlier edifice, but suffered much during the religious wars that in the subsequent century desolated all Flanders. It then had four towers, connected by buildings so as to form a quadrangle. But gunpowder destroyed what had once been a formidable baronial fortress, and the bricks from the ruins were carted off to build farm-houses and cottages. The castle came to my grandfather through marriage with the last descendant of the old barons who had held the property for ages. Almost down to the French Revolution, they enjoyed extensive privileges. They might brew untaxed beer; they might administer justice even in capital cases. I expect their ale was pretty strong, and their justice, as a rule, pretty hard, especially on unlucky poachers."

Just then they drew rein at the wooden drawbridge that crossed the moat; and, dismounting, the Count and Walter entered the great hall of the castle, in which were gathered all the Count's indoor servants, at the head of them a grey-haired butler and an aged housekeeper, who, in spite of her white locks, was still alert, her face yet handsome. These two had been half a century in the service of the Count's family, and nearly all the servitors there had been born on its estates. They all appeared delighted to have their young master at home once more. With the two oldest he shook hands warmly, and had a kind word for all. The Count, thought Walter, is a man to win all hearts.

Walter was charmed with the old castle,—its grand oak-roofed hall hung with trophies of the arms and the chase; its reception rooms filled with solid seventeenth-century furniture; the walls covered by Spanish leather stamped with gold; and the galleries hung with pictures and family portraits almost all signed by great Flemish masters.

After an early dinner, the two youths walked to the village. Everywhere the Count was respectfully and warmly greeted. They left their cards on the parish priest, who had gone to visit a sick person; and on the burgomaster, who was the miller of the place. All seemed so peaceful in and around the village that Walter began to doubt if the country was on the eve of revolution. But his doubts were dispelled when, later, the Count received newspapers and private advices from Brussels. He

had arranged that a mounted messenger should daily await the passing of the diligence from Brussels and Ghent to Bruges, so that he might receive the latest news. Popular movements against the Government had begun at Liège, Verviers, and elsewhere; there were risings at Bruges, where a house had been sacked and burned, and prisoners in the jail had broken the bars. At Antwerp, there had been rioting; while, at Louvain, the mob had killed an officer.

Just as the Count and his guest were about to sit down to supper, a venerable, dignified ecclesiastic was shown in: the parish priest of the village. He accepted the Count's invitation to supper,—"the more readily, Count," he said, "as I would talk over with you the situation of our dear country, if there is no objection to my doing so before your guest."

"None whatever, Monsieur le Curé. My friend, Mr. Walter Gane, is as enthusiastic in the holy cause of faith and freedom as myself,—cold-blooded Englishman though he is," replied the Count, laughingly.

"I like enthusiasm, especially in young men like yourselves; but, Count, remember that prudence is a virtue. May I ask if what I have heard is true: that you really intend enrolling our simple people in a company of armed volunteers?"

"Quite true, Monsieur le Curé. Things have come to such an evil pass in our fatherland that it seems to me and to many others also that we must arm to maintain our rights as well as order."

"This mob violence of which we get daily reports is very sad," said the priest. "It behooves us all to oppose it. But you go further: you would oppose the forces of the Government. And if you overturn this Government, what will take its place? I should dread to see in power such men as De Potter and his friends, who, unfortunately for us and for themselves, have been nurtured in the worst principles of the French Revolution. They are the descendants of the democratic Vonckists who ruined our Brabant revolution and prepared the way for the annexation of our country to France. I am old enough to have lived through those times and to dread their repetition. Have all means failed to bring about a settlement with the Government? Men say that the Prince of Orange is well disposed towards us."

"Yes, and he is popular among us; and if Belgium and Holland are separated, he would make a good king for us. But his father is ill-advised and obstinate; and the Prince's brother Frederick is a cold, stern man and dreams only of coercing us by force of arms. So if we do not repel force by force, all the unjust laws and persecution, Monsieur le Curé, will go on."

"But I wish both parties to this dispute had listened to the pleadings of the Internuncio Capaccini, and to the pastoral which the patriotic Mgr. Bommel, Bishop of Liège, issued to his flock last January."

The good Curé prolonged his visit, and even consented to smoke a cigar with his young friends, thinking that it was his duty to modify the Count's ideas; for he knew that at least in his parish the influence of the Count was unbounded. But the saintly priest's task was all the harder and less likely to succeed; for at heart he felt a deep sympathy with his enthusiastic young parishioner's patriotism. And he also deemed that, if revolution there must be, Catholics should do their best to control it and to keep it from becoming unjust or unholy.

The following days were occupied by the Count in visiting the houses of friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood of his castle, to enroll in a

corps of volunteers as many as possible of the more able-bodied sons of the gentry and farmers. It was soon arranged that those willing to volunteer should meet him on a certain day.

On the appointed day about twenty-five youths met at the castle, and after some discussion it was resolved that they should form themselves into a troop of cavalry; that each member should bring with him his horse, and also a mounted man who should, as far as possible, be an ex-cavalry soldier. Each volunteer was to equip himself and his man at his own expense. Considering that, in the event of hostilities, sufficient infantry could be got together in the large centres of population, it was thought that, as these volunteers were all good horsemen, they would be useful formed into a troop of cavalry. They could then act as guides, scouts, and escorts. Meanwhile the ostensible reason given to the local authorities was that such a force would be useful in helping them to maintain order by patrolling the country, to check such vagabonds as might take advantage of the troubles to pilfer and pillage lonely districts. The Government's gendarmes, many of whom were Belgians, readily accepted this explanation.

Although the Count did his best to dissuade Walter from enrolling himself in the troop, it was to no purpose. Walter purchased a horse that was an old charger, and secured the services of an ex-dragoon who had fought with the Union Brigade at Waterloo and had been badly wounded. Having been discharged from the army, this Irishman, by name Patrick O'Brien, had returned to Flanders, married a Belgian girl and settled in the village near the Count's castle, considering himself as a denizen of his adopted country.

While the Count had been beating up recruits, Walter paid a visit or two to Bruges, and he thought it only polite when there to give the Hartleys a call. He found the little lady more and more voluble—a little too much so, indeed,—and her daughter more and more charming. He discovered that she had many gifts; among others, that she could paint admirably in water-colors. When the question arose of giving the troop a uniform, Walter suggested to its chosen captain that Miss Hartley should be asked to design it. The captain, who was no other than the Count, smiled suspiciously as Walter made the suggestion. Nevertheless, he assented, stipulating only that the uniform should be such as the Bruges tailors could make.

Walter promptly executed the commission, and brought back a sketch of the proposed uniform, which consisted of a black jacket with red collar and cuffs, braided with white across the chest and down the back; grey pantaloons with red stripes, a heavy shako with a red topknot, and riding boots with steel spurs. The armament consisted of a sword in a steel scabbard hanging from a white cross-belt, and a pair of heavy pistols. The uniform is (modernized of course) that still worn by the *Chasseurs à cheval* of the Belgian army.

"A very pretty design," remarked the Count, "and a handsome Chasseur you make, Walter!"

"I?" asked the youth, with unfeigned surprise.

"Are you so blind that you can not see that Miss Hartley has drawn your portrait in the Chasseur who stands facing us in this design? Who the one with his back turned is, I don't know," remarked the Count, dryly.

Walter blushed like a boy and said nothing. He had not sat for his portrait to the fair artist. Evidently his features must have made a favorable impression on her.

Just after this little incident, Walter received a long letter from his mother in answer to one he had written to his

father. The good lady had that very feminine failing of underlining many words in her epistle, which need not be given at length. She rejoiced that her son was in such *good* society, safe in a fine castle away from all those *nasty* mobs and their *vulgar* rioting. Her *dear* boy was right in "doing the *civil*" to those Hartleys. But the city of Bruges, she supposed, was also a *refuge* for the needy. No doubt the Hartleys, though poor, were *highly* respectable ladies; but Walter should not be too intimate with them. There was *something* about the father—well, there was no need now to repeat the tale; for her boy had left Bruges.

In a postscript she remarked that Walter's father hoped that the Belgians would drive out the Dutch reigning family. It would be a just retribution on the House of Orange, which had imposed Dutch William on England. "Your father," she added incautiously, "says that he's glad you are prudent; but were he in Belgium and a young man, and there was a fight on, he'd like to see it. But you know, Walter, how *foolishly* martial your father is when in his armchair by his own fireside. Mind, don't sit in wet clothes, or else you will live to be a *rheumatick* old man."

This rambling epistle gave Walter cause to pause and reflect. What was that about the Hartleys? It must be idle gossip, he argued. Why should he feel angry and uneasy because his mother had heard it and hinted at it?

(To be continued.)

The Mother Night.

BY A. W. P.

HOW soft and tender are the lips of Night,
On fevered brow and weary eyelids prest,
Cooling with breath of dusk the heart-fires white,
Hushing the broken heart to healing rest!

"Corot the Good." *

FOR many years there had been urgent need of a day nursery in the quarter of Paris known as Maison Blanche neighborhood. The mothers who were obliged to work were accustomed to entrust their children to the care of old women, who kept the helpless little ones huddled together in miserable, unclean rooms called *garderies*. The wretched condition of these children was the cause of much pain and regret to the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, who had long been established in the Rue Vandrezannes. At length one of their number formed the project of opening a day nursery there. But how to begin such a work?

It was evident that in so poor a quarter she could not rely upon local resources: she must secure means elsewhere. Accordingly, this courageous religious asked and obtained from her superiors permission to solicit contributions throughout the city of Paris. She was aware that she would meet many obstacles, but, for the love of God and His poor, she felt she could endure every hardship and affront.

At the time when the Sister began to solicit contributions for her worthy undertaking, Jean Baptist Corot, the illustrious landscape painter, was in the flower of his fame, at the most brilliant period of his glory. His pictures ornamented the grand salons, and many had been sold for large sums.

Corot painted the seasons, the hour, and the moment. As we gaze upon his paintings, we almost breathe the very atmosphere. The trees appear to bend to the soft wind, the streams to ripple, the dew-laden grass to wave. He painted the lake, the hillside, and the setting sun; and all are enveloped in a mysterious, transparent veil of perfect unity. He was, indeed, the poet-painter of Nature.

* Adapted from the French by K. T. C.

Corot was known, however, not only for his great success as a landscape painter: his friends said of him that there was never a more charming personality than his. His countenance was noble and thoughtful, his disposition happy, his heart inaccessible to anger or to envy. He had a kind word for all; and when he spoke, the pleasant tone of his voice and the kindly light of his eyes gave unmistakable testimony to his goodness and his simplicity. His generosity equalled his talent. If he made money easily, he knew how to dispense it generously. In his studio, his head slightly inclined to view the effect of some touch of his marvellous brush, his face revealed a man with soul as peaceful and pure as the thoughts which he portrayed in his pictures. Everyone called him the "Good Corot."

On one occasion, the Sister of Charity whom we have mentioned heard of a wealthy and liberal family from whom she might obtain substantial assistance. Her heart full of happiness and hope, she set out in quest of this family who lived in Faubourg Paradis-Poissonière. She traversed the streets of Paris until she reached their far-distant abode, knocked repeatedly at the door, but received no response. Saddened with disappointment, she was preparing to leave when she was startled by a peal of thunder, immediately followed by a heavy downfall of rain. She could not go out in such a storm; for, without the protection of an umbrella, her cornette would soon become indeed a fantastic headgear. While contemplating the awkwardness of her situation, her attention was attracted by voices in an adjoining apartment. Thinking to find the much-desired family, she hastened to make inquiries at the half-open door. To her surprise, a venerable gentleman greeted her. He wore a blouse of blue linen; in his hand he held a palette and brush.

He was no less astonished than the Sister; but he quickly recovered his usual dignified calm and said to her: "What is it that you desire, Sister?" Reassured by the elegance and gentleness of his manner, the Sister stated the object of her visit to No. 54 Rue Paradis, and her disappointment. M. Corot—for he it was,—putting aside his palette and brush, said: "I pray you, come in, my good Sister. The storm is furious. Stay till the rain ceases." She entered without hesitation, and found herself in a large hall communicating with two rooms not less spacious. Beautiful landscapes adorned the walls. For a time she thought she was in a museum, and concluded that the gentleman was a distinguished artist. M. Corot, with his accustomed good-humor, engaged her in conversation, and requested that she explain the project she held so dear to her heart. At the conclusion of her narrative, he cordially congratulated her, and wished her success in all she proposed to accomplish.

The storm having ceased, the Sister thanked her host for his hospitality, and prepared to depart on another mission of charity. "My good Sister," said M. Corot, "when I answered your knock at my door, I did not expect an angel's visit. I was awaiting the arrival of a friend. Our meeting, though, is most providential. You have related many heart-rending incidents of the misery existing in your neighborhood. Permit me to unite in this praiseworthy undertaking." So saying, he put into the hand of the astonished and happy Sister a bank-note. Then he added: "Such a work can not be accomplished without money. When you are in need, my good Sister, either for your dear orphan children or for your helpless poor, call on Corot. My studio is, as a rule, open only to my artist friends; but I shall give orders to my servants to admit you always, and I shall be most happy to receive you."

With these consoling and encouraging words, he bade Godspeed to the daughter of Saint Vincent de Paul, who in the depths of her grateful soul exclaimed: "God be praised! This proves to me that God's smile is on the Nursery of Saint Marcel. This bank-note, which has so providentially come to me, shall be its foundation-stone. How good is M. Corot! Holy Mother, protect him and pay him our debt of gratitude!"

Two months had passed since the interview of M. Corot and the Sister of Charity. Though often in her prayers she had remembered her amiable benefactor, she had not returned to ask further assistance. There must have been, indeed, pressing need of relieving some great misery before she would have ventured to have recourse again to his bounty. The need and the misery, however, eventually occurred. An old man of the Maison Blanche had seen his wife, his daughter and his son-in-law die. He was the sole support of his grandchild, a little girl of eight years. Yet another affliction befell him: he became paralyzed.

His misfortune deeply affected his neighbors, and, without reckoning the full extent of the responsibility, they took upon themselves the care and support of the old man and his young charge. The landlord, though a man of only moderate means, gave them a place to live in; and the proprietors of the small stores in the vicinity supplied them with provisions. The old man, however, daily became more and more helpless, and kindly disposed neighbors found the burden heavier than they could bear.

At last the sad condition of these people was made known to the Sister. She recalled the words of the great artist: "When you are in need, my good Sister, either for your dear orphan children or for your helpless poor, call on Corot." She hesitated no longer; she would visit him and ascertain whether his invitation was merely one of politeness, and perhaps already forgotten, or whether it came from the heart.

Arrived at the studio in the Rue Paradis, she was graciously received by Clement, the servant, who insisted on her entering immediately, as M. Corot had ordered him to admit at all times the wearer of the white cornette. At the door stood old Adèle, a good, faithful woman, who during many years had served M. Corot's mother, and who was now devoting her remaining days to the service of the son. Adèle conducted her visitor to M. Corot, who sat at his easel. When he saw the Sister, he instantly rose to greet her, and, turning to a gathering of his friends who were present, said: "Gentlemen, I owe the good fortune of my acquaintance with this daughter of Saint Vincent to a severe thunderstorm. I am sure she is here now on a mission of charity."

The Sister then told M. Corot the sad story of the old man and his grandchild. Without speaking, the artist took from his purse two hundred francs, which he gave her. When she wished to thank him, he stopped her, saying: "Why thank me, my good Sister? I should be very unhappy if I did not assist these poor people. It is I who should thank you for the opportunity afforded me."

Some days after, the Sister of Charity returned to announce to M. Corot that the old man had entered a home for the aged poor; that the little girl had been received in an asylum, where she was happy; and that the landlord and storekeepers had been paid. M. Corot did not dissemble his emotion. He was happy at the thought that through his aid the poor and afflicted had been comforted. Again he gave the Sister a considerable sum of money, saying: "This time it is for the little ones of the Nursery."

Such munificence inspired so great a confidence and reliance in M. Corot that

the Sister had recourse to him in all financial difficulties. So, very often she journeyed to the Rue Paradis, when the bills of the contractors or merchants were due. She always received the same cordial welcome. If a stranger happened to be present in his studio, M. Corot hastened to join her in the vestibule; and, without waiting to hear her request, he would give her one or more bank-notes. In making the gift he was wont to place his finger on his lips, to indicate that he did not wish her to speak of it or even to thank him.

Shortly after the Nursery was opened, a young wife and mother, through the dissipation and neglect of her husband, was reduced to the utmost destitution. She had to depend upon her own efforts for the support of her children and herself, and often she found it difficult to provide the necessaries of life. Yielding to despair, she finally determined to end her existence and that of her helpless little ones. One night she went to the banks of the Seine to find a secluded and suitable spot where she could execute her design. The next evening she took her innocent children and directed their steps to the river. Her road lay through the Rue Vandrezannes.

Suddenly her attention was attracted by a house from which a young woman with a baby in her arms was coming. Over the door she read in large letters this inscription, "Nursery of Saint Marcel." At the same time a Sister of Charity ascended the steps of the house. She saw the nun stop and address the young woman. From some words of the conversation which she overheard, a ray of hope came to her despondent soul. "Is it possible," the disconsolate mother thought, "that this is a house of refuge?" Summoning courage, she approached and ventured to make inquiries of the Sister, who gladly answered her questions. She was told that if she were in need of assistance she might return the following day; that employment would be secured for her, and proper care given to her children.

For the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the institution, the Sister conceived the idea of establishing an annual lottery. Thus it often happened when she came to the Rue Paradis she carried with her many small articles which she had collected for the raffle. One day M. Corot said to her: "My good Sister, the contributions which you procure in this neighborhood are, indeed, numerous. You will be greatly fatigued if you undertake to carry them to the Rue Vandrezannes. I intend to give you a place in my studio, where you may put the various articles, and we shall call it your 'Mont de Piété.' "

Under the pretext of looking over her newly acquired gifts, he would ask her if all went well, usually accompanying the question with money. Once, when the Sister had described a particularly sad case, M. Corot added a second offering, which she hesitated to accept. "Take it all, I beg of you," he said. "My heart would be as empty as a shell if I did not assist in relieving such distress and misery."

Another time, in order that he might more easily overcome her reluctance to accept his generous gifts, he said: "My dear friend, it is altogether for my own interest. You should know that my work is more satisfactory when I have given you money. You see that my brush reflects the joy I feel when I have been able to relieve the sufferings of the poor." Appealing to some friends who were present, he asked: "Is not what I say quite true?" On such occasions the compassionate artist manifested deep feeling, and very often a sigh would escape him as he learned of some new case of misfortune.

Many charming incidents are related of this Sister of Saint Vincent de Paul

and her Mont de Piété. Among the articles of which she had come into possession, M. Corot discovered some small coffee-cups, probably worth twenty-five centimes each. "The good Sister has come opportunely," said he to his friends. "A cup of coffee is just what we need. Here are the cups, but we can not use them unless we purchase them. I have no doubt the good Sister will consent to sell them. How much, then, for the cups?" So saying, he offered her one hundred francs, adding with kindly humor: "We shall be obliged to you, Sister, if on your way out you ask Clement to make us some coffee."

Among other treasures that found their way into the Mont de Piété was a large field-glass. When M. Corot saw it, he exclaimed: "Surely, gentlemen, our good Sister is a holy sorceress! She seems to divine the very articles most useful to us."

"It is a gift for our lottery," the Sister explained; "and the lady who donated it said it was worth perhaps thirty francs."

"Thirty francs is not enough for it, Sister," remarked an artist, who eagerly examined the instrument. "You could easily obtain twice that amount."

"Better than that, sir," replied M. Corot. "The Sister has said thirty francs, but I think another zero should be added." Taking three hundred francs from his purse, he gave them to her, saying: "I thank you sincerely, Sister. You have saved me the trouble of going out to buy a field-glass."

M. Corot was never more content than when he gave pleasure and happiness to others. His charities and kindly deeds were without limit. Very often his generosity was unknown to any but the recipients of his gifts. To poor, struggling artists, to the sick and unfortunate, he ministered with utmost kindness, delicacy, and affection. The servants of his household, and all others depending upon him, were objects of his special solicitude. Nor was his interest entirely of a material nature. He often said to them: "To-day is Sunday: you should all go to church, but I must go and work for the unfortunate."

The Sister of Charity once heard him speak thus, and took occasion to intimate to her illustrious friend that it would be more edifying were he to unite precept with example. M. Corot was astonished, believing that in his case charity replaced all other obligations. Later he referred to her remark, saying: "You believe that I do not possess a thoroughly Christian spirit because I do not go to church to pray; yet I never retire to rest without reading a chapter of 'The Imitation of Christ.' I enjoy the beauties of life and Nature, but these words ever recur to my mind: 'To-day man is, and to-morrow he is gone.' "

The Angel of Grace, however, had accomplished her work in this soul, and came one day to bear away its fruit. M. Corot was taken seriously ill. His good friend, the Sister of Charity, with sentiments of thankfulness and veneration, came to visit him. He manifested great joy. "To-day," said he, "I am happy. I have received the holy sacrament of the Eucharist. What courage and strength it has given me! Ah, how good it is to have Our Lord with us!" Then, gazing upon a bunch of violets which she had brought him, he continued: "How can I thank you, my friend and Sister? You have brought light and peace into my life by giving me the opportunity to help the unfortunate. Pray that God may soon take my soul to Himself."

A few hours after this interview, on the 22d of February, 1875, the "Good Corot" had ceased to live. He had gone to a better and lovelier world, to enjoy forever the recompense of his inexhaustible charity.

THE retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—*Sir H. Taylor.*

In Remembrance.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

WHATEVER a quick suspicion might suggest to a casual observer, Kevin Glennon was far from being the black sheep in a notable family. His brothers and sisters would be returning with their records of service from the far parts of the world: Kevin was only a sort of come-easy-go-easy farmer beyond the State-line and Templedale, over among the poor acres of Woodstock. Patience was the initial requisite for the prospect and performance of a farmer in that region; and the seven miles of road to Templedale markets called for that virtue.

"The mystery of the Glennon family," one man called this chapter of Woodstock history. "The miracle," said another; and John Buchan spoke of it months afterwards to Jimmy Brown as "the sacred drama we'll ne'er forget." If such epithets seemed to flaunt too broadly the enthusiasm of the preceding days, the event itself was destined to exhaust the non-academic supply of superlatives. During three weeks of anticipation, whatever were the creeds and racial origins of the commentators, Templedale warmed its deep heart with active sympathy for the approaching celebration.

"And the story grows as it goes," remarked Jim Clancy, when the group of old men assembled in Jerry's shoe-shop one evening shortly before Memorial Day. "It will bring over to us the entire community of Woodstock,—the young and old, rich and poor, aristocracy and democracy." Jim chuckled at the sound the words made across the humble room.

"In the old days," as the story-tellers in Jerry's would say (though indeed they were alluding to their young days), the seven miles from Woodstock made many a pedestrian halt; and it was a journey for a farm horse which had already labored a long morning on the up-and-down acres. There were no trolley cars in Neil Glennon's day, running in and out of the stretches of alders; and the automobile was yet in the realm of the imagination.

"And in the old days," said Mat Allen, as he drew towards the topic from Woodstock, "it was a man of faith who would come in every Sunday to St. Mary's, whether in the rain or the shine or the snow. And that is what Neil Glennon did, he and his family. The blessing followed them,—yea, and went before them with the great Call that came to so many of them.

"The great news," and again "the miracle of the house," developed into an entrancement for conversation. Dan Mahoney somehow was the first to bring the subject down to a new turn, and he showed real nonchalance as he made the announcement: "Memorial Day is to have for the orator at the Common no less a one than Father Owen Glennon, son of Kevin, son of Neil."

Owen Glennon! That was a name unmentioned before. "Neil was a bit before our time," said one of the old shop visitants; "and Kevin is of our day. But Owen is younger than the youngest of us."

It would have prompted "more than a nightful of considering," had not Jimmy Brown entered; and, though breathless, he read out immediately a note from the Templedale column of the evening journal: "The home-coming of the Reverend Owen Glennon, son of Mr. Kevin Glennon, will be a notable event, not only to Woodstock, the home of his family, but to Templedale as well,—especially to St. Mary's, where the Glennons worshipped. Father Glennon will celebrate his First Mass at St. Mary's on Sunday, and he will be orator on the Common at the exercises on Memorial Day. His grandfather,

Neil Glennon, hero of several gallant actions in the war, and severely wounded at Antietam, was a former Commandant of Ammidown Post, G. A. R., in Templedale."

"Kenny Cleary, if he were living, would be the one to tell us about the older Glennons," said Mat Allen, with a naïve appearance of hesitation. "He used to walk out to Woodstock on an occasional afternoon long ago." Mat would have paused had not Jerry Whittaker given a gesture, which was equal to a command, to proceed with the story. "Kenny often spoke of the marvel and the wonder that a little house so far away from a town, so far from school and church, should have had the fortune of the Glennon house: all the children but Kevin going off to great work and labors."

"And what kept Kevin from the way?" was a question to others beside and besides Jim Clancy. Jim moved his chair forward; a foot nearer was a difference when Mat Allen was the narrator.

"Now, I myself would be wondering at first why Kevin had not gone the way of his brothers and sisters." Mat was in a ruminating mood; reflections, and not logic or chronological order, guided his "way along."

"But first, Mat dear," Jim whispered again, "might I venture to ask the start of the story?"

"That is further back than I can go," answered Mat. "Kenny Cleary would be insisting mainly that there was a little house out there in the lonely hills, far from school and church. Little of the world's wealth came to it, but wealth of a better kind came in abundance."

Jim Clancy managed to get the story into a brief synopsis for himself, "to make a short list of it afterwards." His compressed version was the following: Neil Glennon and his wife shortly after the Civil War bought a small farm in Woodstock. Neil brought with him the effects of a severe wound at Antietam: residence in the country was the imperative admonition of his physician. Four sons and two daughters were born in Woodstock; they, with the exception of Kevin, had gone into the service of the Church. The elder daughter was a Sister of Mercy in Philadelphia, the other a Sister of Charity in New York; and of the sons, one was a chaplain in the army, the second a Jesuit among the Indians in the Rocky Mountains, and the third a missionary among the poor in the hills of Tennessee.

There was a kindly reticence after this catalogue of religious achievement, out of regard for John Buchan, who was not of St. Mary's; but the old Scotsman was curious to know "why Kevin was not for the following of the others."

"Kevin had to remain at home to take charge of the farm when the father died," answered Mat,—"to stay behind while the others went away one by one."

Mat caught the sound of a horse's hoofs outside the shop. It was a welcome hint, indicating that Doctor Curtis was to be the visitor.

The Doctor was aglow with enthusiasm when he entered; his salute was the brightest he ever gave. His message leaped from his lips: "Father Beatty has just now informed me that all the Glennons are to return for the First Mass of Father Owen. From the convents and the mission fields, from the ends of the country, they will revisit the old homestead, the blessed place it proved to be for them. It will be a grand scene for our town,—an epochal event, I may say."

Mat Allen proffered a chair, the best he could sight in the shop; but the Doctor chose to stand to give emphasis to his words. "Father Beatty has but one thought in his mind. He marvels—that is his word,—he marvels that a

hidden house in the distant woodlands, so far out of the world, could have obtained so many ambassadors for the Kingdom of God. He will this very night examine the old parish register, search through the notes and records, with the hope to discover some explanation of this wonderful history. The spirit bloweth where it listeth; we know that truth. Yet it will be interesting to learn about the temporal circumstances which were first connected with this extraordinary case. And we must take notice that, though the father's death prevented Kevin from following in the procession of his sisters and brothers, the Call found response in the soul and heart of his son, his only child, Owen."

Doctor Curtis proceeded to outline the plans he had made to bring all Templedale and Woodstock together, "to honor the honorable servants of God."

John Buchan, who had not been inside a church for twenty years, whispered to Mat Allen: "Ye'll find me a seat beside ye, I ken well, Mat." And John, in his own words long afterwards, "was witness of the splendor." With the simplicity of a child he had watched the beautiful ceremony, had taken in every tone and color of the long program that day at St. Mary's. Many from the other churches had followed the scene with delight in their eyes, among them the ministers from the "Episcopal" and "Free Evangelical."

"And it would be well worth asking if Father Beatty ever found out anything in the books he was examining," ventured Jim Clancy during a lull, a week later. Indeed the old priest had discovered a narrative of a remarkable incident; he would prefer to have secular lips relate it on an evening for the dear old men at Jerry's.

He found Doctor Curtis eager to take the little history to the assembly at the shop. The Doctor did not read the closely-written pages to the men; but, having first learned the contents by heart, he presented it in the form of a dialogue between the old pastor and Neil Glennon. "I mean the old pastor who was in Templedale in those days," the Doctor said in his prelude. "He was going about for funds to build a church when this incident took place."

"And I have come out to Woodstock" (the Doctor was speaking for the old pastor): "but I am not going to ask for a penny from the Glennons. I know that Neil's poor health hardly allows a living upon the poor acres here."

"But if you will not ask it" (the Doctor now spoke for Neil), "if you do not request it as a duty from us, then as a right you will let us contribute something."

"Not now,—not now," answered the pastor, preparing to go away. "Later perhaps, when the children grow up, you may give what you can."

"But we have anticipated your coming," said Neil, and a brave look went with him as he left the room. "We heard of the new church," continued Neil's wife, "and we prepared a little gift,—a little remembrance at the altar for ourselves and the children."

"It is our hope," said Neil when he returned to the room, with a careful hand upon the package,—"it is our hope that we shall all be able to attend St. Mary's on Sundays and the holydays no matter how stormy the weather. But if sickness—blessed be the will of God!—should keep any of us away, well, then" (and he took his wife's hand as he held forth the gift), "this humble chalice, which we give to the altar, will serve in our remembrance."

"It must have cost every cent the family had," the pastor was saying as he returned to Templedale; "and I took it gladly for the blessing it would be to the faith of Neil Glennon and his family. And when I arrived home, I did not wait to search for an engraver.

Having a touch of the skill myself, I myself cut the names of Neil's children on the inside of the base of the chalice. There they are, the names of the four boys and the two girls, set in a circle around the words of the Memento in the Holy Mass."

Doctor Curtis drew his finger across the air to indicate how the lines of the Latin stood:

MEMENTO, DOMINE,
FAMULORUM
FAMULARUMQUE TUARUM

Then he added his translation: "Remember, O Lord, Thy little man-servants and Thy maid-servants."

"It was a memento, indeed: they were all remembered," Mat Allen whispered, with his accustomed reverence. "Nor was Kevin forgotten, the brave, honest, kindly man: Father Owen got the Call."

The chalice, now kept in a vault at St. Mary's, was made the object of veneration on the following Sunday, "the old men of the evenings" having received an invitation to visit the sacristy. Jim Clancy went aside to speak with Kevin and his wife. "She had a look as warm as sunshine on a November hill," said Jim the following night. "She told me that they never had the faintest shadow of loneliness out there, although Father Owen has gone off to the world's end. She pointed to a pretty garden of wheat and grape-vines that surrounded it. Kevin will be sending some flour and wine to Father Owen for the altar soon."

MOST men will grasp the truth of the Church by the evidence of disciplined and self-denying lives. They will believe in sanctity; prayer will make itself manifest to them; the fear of God will be seen and felt. The Catholic must be known as a child of God, and men will be convinced that there is really something in Catholicism.

—*Anon.*

One Sort of Reading.

IN a popular sermon book, one that has gone through a large number of editions and has been translated into several different languages, one series of discourses bears the graphic caption, "The Gates of Hell." The second discourse under this heading deals with bad reading. If there be, as there certainly is, any appropriateness in terming the reading of bad books or papers one of the gates to the infernal regions, then there is equal fittingness in declaring good reading to be one of the gates of heaven. More particularly is this true of the reading of the Bible, the Lives of the saints, books of meditation, and similar devotional works,—books which form the material for that religious exercise specifically known as spiritual reading.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the mere perusal of spiritual books does not constitute "spiritual reading." Such perusal may obviously be undertaken for a variety of purposes other than devotional ones. The reading of Holy Scripture, or of apologetic or ascetical works, for the purpose of preparing a controversial paper or a magazine article; reading theological treatises with the view of increasing our knowledge of our faith; reading sermon books, the biographies of saints, or expositions of the contemplative life, to the end that adequate reviews thereof may be written; reading of conversions to the Church merely to satisfy our curiosity,—all this is doubtless an excellent employment of our leisure, but it does not constitute the specific religious exercise, known in Catholic literature and spoken of in Catholic practice as spiritual reading.

The real nature of the exercise, and its purpose as well, are admirably indicated in St. Bernard's words: "He who sets himself to read does not so much seek to learn as to taste the things

of God." That we do learn much from such reading is of course indubitable; but this increase of knowledge is incidental: it is not the predetermined end and purpose for which the reading is undertaken.

An all too common fallacy among the members of the Church, even those members who are ordinarily referred to as "good, practical Catholics," is that spiritual reading is required of religious and the clergy only, and that it can hardly be expected of people engaged in the hurly-burly of the business and the labor world. A little reflection should make it clear to any one that it is precisely such people that have really the most need of this fruitful exercise. Those whose time is almost exclusively given to temporal affairs have greater need of such religious practices as will prevent them from losing sight of the salvation of their souls.

One category of Catholics, in particular, may be said to be especially bound to give occasional half hours to spiritual reading,—those who, willingly or unwillingly, fail to hear the Sunday sermon. It is worth while, perhaps, to note that, although there is no special injunction imposed on Catholics to hear sermons, the Council of Trent, in ordering that there shall be a sermon in every parish church on Sundays and festivals, virtually commands such hearing. As one of the precepts of the Church commands attendance at Mass on Sundays and holydays, and as it is the custom to have the sermon after the first Gospel, all those who obey the precept hear the sermon as a matter of course; and accordingly a special order as to that point was deemed unnecessary.

Books of sermons—and there are hundreds of them in our language—are not at all out of place in private Catholic libraries, or on the comparatively few book-shelves which suffice for the volumes to be found in the more humble Catholic homes. A sermon read is doubtless less effective than a sermon heard; and yet it has its advantages: we can read it whenever we will, can peruse it with more deliberation than we are able to give to the spoken word, and can select the particular topic which interests us more intensely or which corresponds best to our actual spiritual needs. Of books of sermons, and other devotional works appropriate for spiritual reading, it is pertinent to remark that, for practical purposes, the best of them are those that are the best written,—those that are readable, not only in the etymological sense that they are "capable of being read," but also in the literary sense that their perusal is exceptionally easy, interesting, or delightful. In other words, a simple, unlabored, clear and flowing style is an excellent thing in any book, and not least in one designed for spiritual reading.

Of the advantages accruing from habitual spiritual reading it should be unnecessary to write at any length. It is a substitute for listening to the word of God, or a supplement to that listening; and, as such, ranks as a very important aid to spiritual progress. Preaching, it must be remembered, was the principal occupation of Our Lord and the Apostles; and any exercise that supplements, or takes the place of, preaching can not assuredly be disparaged or made little of by persons who, like Catholics, are professedly followers of Christ, and imitators, in greater or less degree, of Christ's canonized saints. Spiritual books have well been called mirrors in which we discern our own feelings and the virtues of which we stand most in need. A little thought, indeed, on the part of any judicious Catholic will assuredly convince him that spiritual reading ranks second only to prayer as a means of advancing in virtue and maintaining the congruous standard of Christian piety. "Spiritual reading," says St.

Francis de Sales, "is to prayer what oil is to a lamp. Alas! how many lamps are extinguished, morning after morning, for want of oil!"

One notable benefit to be derived from this exercise is so obvious that the saints and spiritual writers do not dilate upon it with their usual copiousness. It is that spiritual reading stores the memory with such a fund of good thoughts, pious reflections, and devout mental pictures as proves in time of temptation a valuable offset or counter-poison to the thoughts, reflections, and pictures of an entirely contrary nature deposited in our minds by our multifarious reading of profane books and papers. In other words, spiritual reading, regularly and faithfully attended to, may well prove the effective destroyer of many a mental submarine cruising about with the most deadly purpose in the war zone of our interior life.

It is perhaps superfluous to remark that the manner of one's reading is scarcely a less important consideration than is the matter. It is quite possible to read even the best spiritual book for half an hour daily for a month without deriving from the practice any appreciable profit, or at least a profit at all proportioned to the time expended. To get the best results, our reading should be methodical,—should have a fixed time set apart for it every day, or at the very least every week. In the second place, if our reading is to be profitable, we must give to the matter read our attentive consideration, turn away from distractions as soon as we notice their presence, and repeatedly bring our mind back to the consideration of the full meaning of the lines which our eyes are traversing. And, finally, we must meditate on what we have read; for spiritual books, especially, belong to the class of which Bacon so wisely said, "They are to be chewed and digested."

Maurice Barrès Speaks of Dante.

THE sixth centenary of the author of the "Divina Commedia" has called forth enthusiastic appreciation in nearly all the countries of the world. Ever since the days of Ozanam, French scholars and literary men have encouraged the study of the great Florentine; and it is not surprising that as the synthesis of Mediæval poetry held recently in the Sorbonne, the most eloquent of contemporary French littérateurs, M. Maurice Barrès, should have been chosen to present "The High Mission of Dante."

This mission the speaker envisaged as the synthesis of Mediæval poetry and also as the source of modern inspiration: "A multitude of beautiful works found their wings in this old masterpiece; a multitude of strong souls have discovered in it their retreat. And they have been souls of the most striking diversity, Littré as well as Lamennais. Have you ever reflected on what must have been the reveries of the aged Lamennais, that proud spirit beaten to the dust, in the midst of the vast Christian solitudes of the "Divine Comedy," when, disillusioned of everything and of himself as well, he waited for death while translating the three cantos?

"What is the attraction which Dante holds for powerful souls?" asks M. Barrès. "What has he to offer them? He presents the experience of a fully rounded life. One misunderstands him when one seeks to fix him, with a picturesque epithet, in a single attitude. The sombre Alighieri—what does it mean? Only those will be satisfied with this adjective who have confined themselves to reading the 'Inferno.' Hell *is* sombre, certainly; and so is Dante in pursuit of destructive passions. But one has looked upon him very superficially if one has seen

nothing but that bitter profile. It is necessary to note as well the grace, the elegance, the memory of beautiful youth,—youth active and ardent,—the youth, in a word, of a young poet who was both lover and soldier, and delighted in the chase, the dance, the ride, music, gardens, flowers, nature, the charm of the countryside. It is necessary to remember the portrait which represents him as he was then, beautiful with courtesy and purity and victory.

"There is in him also all the culture of his time. He is the great Christian who has fed on the poetry of Rome, who absorbs the civilization of the Cæsars and the civilization that followed them. Even more, he stands between the Orient and the Occident, and scholars are now finding in his work the legends of the Moslem. All the poetry of the Mediterranean country floods his soul. Finally, he has absorbed the flaming passions of the political struggle that raged about him. He is by no means an artist of the library. Magnificent activity lies at the roots of his work. He is a believer, a man of politics, a thinker, a lover. He is a poet who plunges headlong into the human mêlée. His first thought is, action. But it is definite action he calls for,—action with a purpose. Dante despises formlessness and confusion. The whole of the 'Divine Comedy' is the story of his journey towards perfection and towards order. His favorite metaphor is the ladder. His work is an ascent towards the light. Every one of the three cantos ends with the word, 'star.' His great mission was, in fact, to establish order within himself, within his nation, within the race of men.

"The 'Inferno' is essentially a land of drama by reason of the fantastic and arbitrary qualities of the landscape, the attitudes and ways of living adopted by the personages, and above all the adventures of the two heroes, Dante and Virgil, who encounter obstacles and live through moments of anguish. The 'Purgatorio' is dominated by human psychology. One is provided here with portraits of souls, altogether charming against the background of the tenderest of vistas. It is the Italian countryside, and the emotions have been transcribed from ordinary life. The 'Purgatorio,' in short, is an idyl. But the 'Paradiso' is tremendous. Where is the artist who has not dreamed of expressing the divine in nature through a medium that is sublime and, as it were, celestial? Phidias made a Zeus of ivory, gold and silver. Our French ancestors built cathedrals, in which the sunlight plays in windows of jewelled glass, and into the shadows of which musicians may bring their most buoyant symphonies and songs.

"The 'Paradiso' is a composite of splendor and of ethereal harmonies and rhythms. It is, at one and the same time, the firmament of stars, the celestial choir, the perfect peace that governs the souls of the blessed. Material appearances and moral realities are fused in one. This Paradise is the ecstasy of desire, of will and of contemplation; it is the upward rush of souls borne to the Mover of the world. Dante presents us with spirits who live only in the atmosphere which they breathe in the presence of God. He shows us the purest, the most intimate elements of the life of the soul, which are the very essence of beauty: movement, melody and light. The wonder of it is that Dante's manner of expression becomes steadily more simple and more striking as he enters upon a moment more solemn. He does not try to speak in the grand style. Ah! the mere setting forth of mystery is transcendently beautiful. But to convey the meaning of mystery in the style of familiar conversation is the ultimate resort of genius."

A Protestant Concept of the Blessed Virgin.

MORE and more as the years go by, we note with gratification a diminution in the insistence with which the oldtime charge of Mariolatry is preferred against Catholics by those outside the Church. A fuller acquaintance with our real belief regarding the Blessed Virgin has succeeded to the former gross ignorance, or, at the best, the very imperfect knowledge thereof, which formerly characterized the average Protestant; and many of our separated brethren now entertain rational views as to Mary's place in the scheme of the world's redemption and sanctification. Distinctly notable, as a case in point, is the following concept of Our Lady, published in a Lutheran journal of Christiania:

"We Protestants do not render her all the honor which is her due as the Mother of Jesus. We forget her more than did the confessors of the faith who lived and died for the truth and spread it throughout the world. Did not Mary suffer equally for the truth,—did she not suffer more cruelly than most of the other confessors of the faith? What every mother plunged in sorrow has endured for her prodigal son, she felt in a most intense degree; for her Son was obliged to die for all prodigals, although among all men He alone was not a prodigal. Her soul was pierced by a sword. Every desolate mother should think of her; she will give consolation in sadness, and the hope that sorrow may be changed to joy as was Mary's.

"The early Christians honored her much more than we do. Do not many Christians feel disdain in their hearts when they hear the Virgin Mary spoken of? And, still, she was hailed 'full of grace' among all women. Never will any other woman be born that can be compared to her. No other woman will ever be favored with so many blessings. She occupies a unique position in Christendom....She herself predicted that all generations would call her blessed. We should, therefore, do our part in giving her homage. It stands in the Bible. It is through her that Redemption came into the world. We must not forget that between her and the Son of God there existed a union which had never before existed between humanity and Divinity. She was the tabernacle of eternal splendor, of the light which enlightens the darkness of humanity. Star of Heaven, she is the Mother who brought the Son into the world. For this reason, her name shines out as the most noble star of Heaven and of humanity.

"She is the first among mothers. She was the obedient and humble mother: 'May it be done unto me according to thy word.' That was her whole life. Thus she accepted the vocation of motherhood,—that vocation which was to be for her so full of sorrow,—a sorrow which certainly did not end with the death of her Son on the Cross. In the midst of her blessed joy, of triumphant faith in her risen Son, her heart wept at the thought that she no longer held to her breast the Child she had borne. She felt more than all others the ardent desire of believing, of being one day united forever to her Lord. May this desire always animate our hearts! Then we shall one day see in the house of His Father, where there are many mansions, the Son of Man, together with the Blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints."

The appearance of the foregoing in the columns of a popular Protestant journal of Norway's capital strengthens the conviction, born of glowing reports, as to the brightness of Catholic prospects in that Northern kingdom. No people that pay tribute to Christ's Mother can ultimately fail to be visibly united with God's Church.

Notes and Remarks.

No injustice to the Jews was shown by Pope Benedict in his appeal to the Governments to bring pressure to bear on the League of Nations in order that the rights of Christians in Palestine may not be violated; that, in the words of his Holiness, the Jews may not attain "a position of preponderance and privilege." The danger of this will be apparent to everyone who reads those other words of the Allocution in which the Holy Father makes his appeal: "It is well known that the situation of the Christians in Palestine has not only not improved, but has become worse through the new civil ordinances put in force there, which tend—if not in the intentions of those responsible for them, certainly, however, in fact—to turn Christianity out of the positions it has occupied up to now and to put Jews in its place. And again We can not but deplore the intense activity which is being shown by many to take away the sacred character of the Holy Places, transforming them into pleasure resorts with every worldly attraction. That is worthy of reproof everywhere, but above all in places where at every step the holiest memories of religion are encountered. However, inasmuch as the situation in Palestine is not yet definitely regulated, We now raise Our voice that, when the time comes to establish there a permanent condition of things, to the Catholic Church and to all Christians shall be assured the inalienable rights they hold. Certainly We have no desire that any damage shall be done to the rights of the Jewish element: what We mean is that they must in no way be put above the just rights of Christians."

The Right Rev. Bishop elect of Cleveland, Mgr. Schrembs, is clearly not of that type of churchmen who once upon a time were called "weak-kneed prelates." He assuredly refuses to believe that Catholics exist merely on sufferance in this country, and has very scant respect for all such weakling sycophants as

> Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

In a recent address to the men and women of his diocese of Toledo, this energetic prelate made a strong appeal for a wider concept of Catholic duty, saying: "Hitherto we have been sacramental Catholics. Our whole Catholic life has been purely sacramental. It has stopped at the door of the church; it has stopped at the door of the school; it has stopped at the door of the confessional; it has stopped at the door of the priest's house. We meet on friendly terms, each unit trying to live its own life. We want our Catholic manhood and our Catholic womanhood to organize along the lines laid down by the National Catholic Welfare Council; we want a strong, vigorous, pulsating Catholic consciousness that will enrich every endeavor, vitalize every activity in our national life. We should be militant Catholics, stalwart and unafraid in the pure white light of Faith. We should be leaders, not trailers, bringing Catholic ideals and the Catholic conscience into the community in which we live."

Whether or not there be truth in the definition of news, ascribed to an American journalist, "News is sin and scandal," the average press reports from European centres, and more especially from Paris, would seem to recognize the definition as fairly adequate. Whatever of immorality or dissipation occurs in the fashionable world, or the underworld, of the "City of Light" is sure to be recorded in the columns of the daily press on both sides of the Atlantic. Occurrences of an opposite nature are apparently thought to contain nothing of interest for

humanity at large. And so we have seen in our daily press nothing about the "Catholic Writers' Week" recently held in Paris. Yet the fact that some five hundred French Catholic writers and professors met every evening for a week in a hall of the Catholic University, for conferences and discussions regarding their profession, is really not without interest to Americans as well as others. Possibly the secular press agents characterized as "poor stuff" the following paragraph of the cabled account of the week:

It was natural that the first session of the conference should be devoted to the spiritual life of the writer, looked at from the point of view of his peculiar dangers and responsibilities. The vital nature of this side of the writer's life was thoroughly grasped. The Catholic writer's need of prayer, meditation, and the Blessed Eucharist was emphasized at the meeting, as well as the value of various forms of religious association.

Reliable information about the situation in Ireland is afforded by the statement issued by the Irish hierarchy at the adjournment of their recent meeting at Maynooth. After expressing gratitude to the Holy Father for his gift of 200,000 lire for their suffering people, the bishops proceed: "We have long known that the condition of our country is a cause of deep concern to his Holiness. That condition has now challenged the attention and aroused the indignation of all true lovers of liberty. Last October we had to place before the world a picture of Ireland which, however horrifying in itself, was but an inadequate representation of the indignities and outrages to which our country had been subjected. Since then every horror has been intensified, and we are now threatened with even darker doings....In defiance of Ireland, a special Government has been given to one section of her people, remarkable at all times for intolerance, without the slightest provision to safeguard the victims of ever-recurring cruelty; and a Parliament of their own is set up in their midst after a year of continuous and intolerable persecution directed against the Catholics of Belfast and the surrounding area, at a time when the campaign of extermination is in full blast, and a public threat is uttered to leave the Catholic minority at the mercy of Ulster's special constables. Until repression ceases, and the right of Ireland to choose her own form of government is recognized, there is no prospect that peace will reign amongst us, or that the reconciliation which his Holiness so ardently desires will be accomplished."

A worthy bishop who during his life addressed very few messages to the nation, whose apostolate was humble and personal and seldom attended with victorious recognition, wrote from his deathbed a testimonial to the Faith that seems worthy of the most general attention. Those who knew the Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Koudelka, until recently bishop of Superior, Wisconsin, respected him for singular piety and devotion to duty. He was a missionary with the childlike faith of the Slav and the sturdiness of an American pioneer. It was not easy for him to be a bishop, because he felt almost too keenly the pressure of the episcopal ring. The following passages from the letter to his flock will explain why he succeeded, almost in spite of himself:

"I ask that my burial be as simple as possible; let there be no expensive coffin and no worldly display. I die a poor sinner, whose only wish is that God may send His mercy upon my soul. I thank the priests of my diocese for the manifold kindnesses, the respect and the faithful good will which they have shown me. I hope that they will continue to be true and zealous priests until the hour of their death, 'seeking not the things that are theirs, but Jesus

Christ's; loving poverty, despising riches, and avoiding especially that narrow spirit of nationalism which is the cause of so much ill feeling among priests and of great harm to the Church. I have suffered from this, but I feel no bitterness towards any one because of it. I forgive all, as I hope that God will forgive me. Throughout all eternity I will thank God for the gift of the True Faith. If our non-Catholic friends and those who have left the Church could only realize what we believe and honor, if they only knew the happiness that one can find in the religion of Christ, how eagerly they would seek entrance into the Church or reconciliation with her!"

Father Ernest Hull, editor of the Bombay *Examiner*, was converted from Anglicanism at the age of nineteen. One of his numerous correspondents once put to him the question, "Why not write a history of your conversion?" In the course of a pleasantly discursive reply, the Jesuit convert intimates that there are ten thousand objective and important subjects crying for treatment, and that it would be only the sheer lack of anything else to write about that would induce him to undertake such an autobiography. Incidentally, he writes these decidedly illuminative paragraphs:

The fact is, few people are converted to the Church by reasoning or logic. It is generally an interior process of an intimate personal nature, the real moving cause being the pure and simple drawings of grace. The external things which bring about different steps in the conversion are often quite trivial in themselves, and give rather a psychological impression and a moral push-onward than anything else. They are often far removed from anything like a critical examination of evidence, or a process of logical reasoning.

But these intimate and interior things are just the things which one shrinks from exposing to the public gaze. There is about them a sort of sacredness, which makes one feel it a desecration to submit them to open dissection. Besides, being subjective, they rather evade the literary grasp. They mean a great deal to the person intuitively experiencing them, but when put down coldly in print they lose their mystery and suggestiveness and force.

The last sentence gives the explanation of the lifelessness which Catholics "to the manner born" find in many accounts of conversions.

The presentation of an editorial chair to President Harding by more than six hundred men of the Fourth Estate, recalls the rules which he drew up for the direction of those who served under him when he was an editor and publisher in Ohio. Admirable rules they were, and well worth recalling. It would surely gratify President Harding to know how widely his noble code has been copied. We noticed it last week in a paper from the East Indies:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both.

Be truthful. Get the facts.

Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong.

Be decent, be fair, be generous.

Boost—don't "knock."

There's good in everybody. Bring out the good and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.

In reporting a political gathering, give the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there is any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns.

Treat all religious matters reverently.

If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative.

Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking; and, above all, be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.

I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

The President's new chair was made of wood from the famous old schooner "Revenge" captured from the British on Lake Champlain during the Revolutionary War. In accepting the gift, he

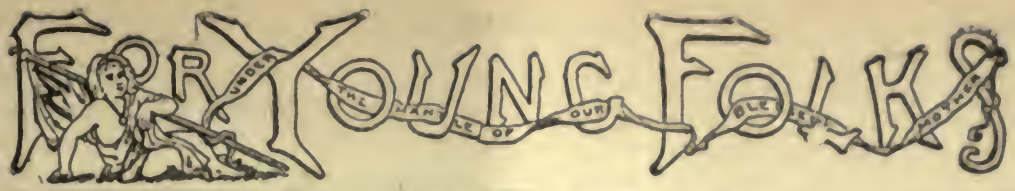
said: "How very fitting it is that the timbers of the old 'Revenge' should have been made into a token of friendship and good will! In thirty-seven years of newspaper connection I have never once allowed my paper to make manifest a suggestion of revenge; and if there is one thing that has contributed more than another to my moderate success as a publisher, it is that the paper was on a higher plane than 'getting even.'

"Old-time conflicts, old-time affiliations, much that impelled Governments and more that impelled wars, was founded on revenge; while to-day all of us are thinking out the things we can do to bring peoples together, to create a better feeling in the world."

Criticism of officials of any class who are known to be trying to do their duty as they see it, ought always to be temperate; and in the case of ecclesiastical rulers it ought also to be respectful, especially when the critics are lay members of the Church. In no circumstances is it permissible to ignore the law of charity, or excusable to disregard the demands of urbanity. We hold no brief for Cardinal Bourne, but as a Catholic editor we feel bound to say—our opinion on the subject has been requested by the New York *Nation*—that the Catholic layman who, in a letter to that eminently respectable and influential journal, accused his Eminence of "high-handed and un-Christian" action in the case of Roger Casement, and of ignoring Irish laymen on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress in London, was at least lacking in restraint and wanting in urbanity. The circumstances in the first case were difficult, delicate, and peculiar; and we are convinced that the Cardinal acted with prudence and considerateness. To accuse him of having been high-handed and un-Christian is a charge no less unfounded than grave. As to the Eucharistic Congress, it was for the hierarchy of Ireland, not Cardinal Bourne, to invite the attendance of the Irish laity. They were represented on the occasion by Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Healy.

We agree with Mr. Shane Leslie, who in a letter to the *Nation* declares that Cardinal Bourne "has come out for Ireland as far as an English prelate could do." His critics should bear in mind that he has obligations to his country which he can not ignore, and is charged with interests which he can not jeopardize. "The case between him and the Irish people," says Mr. Leslie, "can not yet be judged. If critics wish to pass judgment, they will be wise to wait till his powers and opportunities of serving Ireland are exhausted, and until all the facts are disclosed. *Magna est veritas et veritas praevalebit.* The truth will make Ireland free of her oppressors, and the truth will free the Cardinal from his critics."

The London *Tablet* quotes some interesting remarks on the downfall of Modernism, made at a recent meeting of the English Church Union by the Rev. Dr. C. Harris, rector of Colwall. He pointed out that, whilst Modernism had only one prominent supporter in England, it was more radical and more influential in France and Italy; yet its suppression was brought about "quite as much by argument as by the exercise of discipline. Orthodox Christians were stirred up to study the Faith more deeply, and to write learnedly in the defence of it, with the result that the Modernists, who seemed to have everything their own way, were outclassed by their opponents; and the specious theories of Loisy and Leroy were shown by such able champions of orthodoxy as Mangenot, Lepin, and Frémont, to be not only bad theology, but also bad history, bad criticism, and bad philosophy."



His Crown.

BY CHARLES V. BROWNE.

WHEN Mary was a little child,
So I have heard it said,
Her mother made a crown for her
Of roses white and red.

Each white rose was a sign that she
Should never know sin's stain;
Each blood-red rose reminded her
Of suffering and pain.

And as the rose leaves dropped away,
Sweet Mary's heart was torn;
For where each lovely bloom had been
There grew a cruel thorn.

And well she knew this thorny wreath—
Not roses white or red—
Would be the crown her Son should wear
Onè day upon His head.

The Little Minstrel.

BY M. HECTOR MALOT.

V.—Some Happy Days.

REMI'S little cabin on the boat was both pretty and convenient. He had never before seen anything like it, and was delighted with it. The bed, built into the wall, was high enough to contain a set of drawers underneath. These drawers were arranged in compartments suitable for linen and outer clothing; there were smaller ones for any or every article the owner might possess. On one side was a shelf, which, when not in use as a table, could be fastened up to the wall by a hook. Against it, and in lieu of chairs, two small, narrow benches were also attached to the wall.

But it was not only the unique arrangement of the tiny room that charmed its new occupant: when he undressed and got into bed, the soft linen sheets were a novelty and a delight to the boy. At Mother Barbarin's the sheets had been coarse and hard; with Vitalis he seldom had known such a luxury as now appealed to his tired limbs.

How good it was to lie there! What a feeling of rest, contentment, and safety one had in that beautiful, sheltering boat! The shades of night were no longer peopled with imaginary forms; its silence was pierced no longer by strange, menacing sounds; the quiet stars peeping down at him through the little round window seemed to be transmitting messages of encouragement and peace from Heaven.

So well did he sleep that night that he never once woke to worry about the animals, that had been carefully secured under a sort of hatchway enclosed by wooden slats, with plenty of fresh air, to which they were accustomed. But they were his first waking thought. As soon as he was dressed he ran to say "good-morning!" to them. They were overjoyed to see him—with the exception of Joli-Cœur, who sulked in a corner, displeased, no doubt, that he had been deprived, the night before, of the warmth of his master's coat and the shelter of his arm.

Remi picked up the monkey, signed to the dogs to follow him, and, crossing the plank to the bank where the boat had been moored for the night, went for a run with them along the towing path. The boatmen were preparing to set off once more; and the boy, with his animals, soon returned to the deck, where Remi found a little table set out with homemade bread, eggs, and coffee; and some food was placed on the floor for the monkey and dogs.

Mrs. Milligan and Arthur had not yet risen,—it was still quite early. After Remi had breakfasted, and the dogs had licked the tin plates till they shone, while Joli-Cœur still munched the buttered tartine that Remi had given him, the boy fastened him by a cord to the table leg, and, leaning over the side, silently watched the maneuvers of the boatmen. Thus absorbed, he suddenly heard a voice not far away.

It was Arthur, being carried to his accustomed place.

"Did you sleep well, Remi?" he was saying.

"Oh, yes, I did!" replied the boy.

"And the dogs?"

"They slept very well also. I hope they did not disturb any one during the night?"

"Not at all!" rejoined mother and son in the same breath.

Breakfast was brought to them at once. When they had finished, Remi asked:

"Would you like us to play and dance a little now?"

"Not this morning, or at least not so early in the morning," replied the lady. "We have lessons to learn first."

Mrs. Milligan opened a book which she took from the table, as she said:

"Now repeat your fable, Arthur."

The child began—hesitated; began again, uttered a few words, and finally broke down, saying:

"O mamma, I can not! I do not know it."

"I see that you do not," replied his mother, in a tone that seemed quite severe to Remi, who had never heard a harsh word from the lips of his foster mother.

"I tried to learn it."

"But you do not know it."

"I could not learn it, mamma."

"Why? It is very short."

"Because—because—I am a poor, sick little boy."

Remi looked at the mother. His heart was full of pity for the half-weeping child, and he hoped she would say something kind. But, although her tone was gentle, she did not smile as she answered:

"Arthur, my child, you must not make your illness an excuse for growing up in ignorance. You are too easily discouraged. Your head does not ache, you suffer no pain; to learn should be a diversion for both body and mind."

"I can not,—I can not!" murmured the child, and he burst into tears.

If he had meant to use them as a plea for indulgence, he failed of his purpose; for his mother remained quietly watching him, though her eyes were very sad.

After a while—he had covered his face with his thin, wasted hands—he peeped through his fingers at his mother. It seemed to Remi that he even smiled a little.

But Mrs. Milligan asked in a very serious tone:

"Arthur, why do you always distress me like this?"

Arthur looked at her with a doubtful expression, in which now there was certainly a smile. To Remi's surprise, she arose and went into the cabin. At this Arthur burst into tears once more; he saw that he had displeased his mother, and was sorry for having done so. In a moment she returned, and, taking the book from the table, inquired in a calm, gentle tone:

"Arthur, shall we say it together?"

"Yes, mamma, I should like that," replied the boy in a subdued voice.

His mother then recited a line, which he repeated after her; then another, and so on to the end. This she did three times, after which she placed the book in his hands, saying:

"Now, you can learn it perfectly by reading it over several times. I have a letter to write. When I have finished I will come and hear you."

In her anxiety about her son's want of application she had forgotten Remi,

who, seated on a coil of rope near by, had heard every word that had been uttered.

Arthur took the book languidly, fixed his eyes upon the words of the fable, and the picture which illustrated it, and began to repeat the lines in a low, monotonous voice. But presently he dropped the book, began gazing abstractedly from side to side at the banks between which they were gliding, and finally, seeing Remi, beckoned to him to approach.

But Remi, pointing first to the door of the cabin, and then to the book, put his finger to his lips. Then Arthur once more fixed his eyes on his task. But in a very short time he dropped the book again and began to look dreamily into the water.

Presently Remi got up from his seat and, standing beside him, said:

"Arthur, I want to ask you: that fable is not so very hard to learn, is it?"

"Yes, it is," replied Arthur, in a fretful tone.

"I think it is easy. I never heard it before, and I can repeat it from hearing your mother read it."

Arthur smiled doubtfully.

"Do you want me to say it for you?" asked Remi.

"Yes, please,—if you can."

"Open the book, then, and hear me recite it."

Arthur opened the book, glanced at the lines, and Remi repeated them,—not word for word, but nearly so.

"How did you do it?" asked the sick boy, looking at him admiringly.

"I listened, that is all."

"So do I listen, but I can not remember it."

"Arthur," said Remi, after a slight pause, "you will not be displeased if I tell you something?"

"No, I shall not be."

"I have a very good master. He has taught me to think,—'to reflect,' he calls it: to fix my mind on what I am doing, so as to understand, to remember. Shall I tell you how I learned the fable?"

"Yes, Remi, tell me."

"Well, it is about the wolf and the sheep. First, I think of the sheep in their fold. I imagine them lying around, all sleeping quietly, because they knew they were safe. I make a picture of this in my mind, and so can not forget it. Can you make a picture in your mind?"

"Oh, yes! But I can see it better when I close my eyes. There are a lot of sheep, black and white, and some nice little lambs. I can even see the zigzag fence around the enclosure."

"You will not forget that, you picture it so plainly."

"Oh, no!"

"Usually, who took care of sheep?"

"Dogs."

"When the sheep are secure in the paddock, what have the dogs to do?"

"Nothing."

"Then they can sleep also. The fable says, 'The dogs, too, were sleeping.'"

"Yes, I can see them lying there."

"Well, now, who beside the dogs watches the sheep?"

"A shepherd."

"If the sheep were safe asleep and the dogs also, what has the shepherd to do?"

"Nothing."

"How is he spending the evening?"

"Playing his flute."

"All alone?"

"No: there are other shepherds guarding their flocks, and they stay together."

"Are they sitting or standing?"

"Sitting."

"Where?"

"Under an elm tree."

"Well, you see the sheep, the fold, the dogs lying down, and the shepherds. They are seated under the large tree. You can hear the flute. Now, don't you think you can recite the first part of the story?"

"It seems to me that I can."

"Say it, then."

Arthur began: "The sheep were safe in the fold; the dogs were asleep: and the shepherd, with some of his companions, sat under an elm tree, playing his flute."

"That was fine, Arthur!" said Remi.

"Yes, it really was," replied Arthur. "I will repeat it,—I know it now."

"Are you too tired to learn the rest?"

"Oh, no! I am enjoying it."

"Go on making the picture in your own mind, while I read to you," said Remi.

A quarter of an hour passed, and Arthur recited the fable from beginning to end.

"Mamma, mamma!" he cried, clapping his hands. "Come, come! I know the fable. I will recite it for you. Remi taught me how to learn it."

The door of the cabin, which had been slightly ajar, now opened wide, and Mrs. Milligan appeared. Her face, which had been sad when she left, was wreathed in smiles.

"My boy,—my dear boy!" she exclaimed, stooping to kiss his cheeks, flushed with the joy of achievement. "I have heard it all. You have made me so happy, and Remi is a wonderful teacher."

"Listen, mamma," said Arthur, seizing her hands in his. "Remi's master taught him to think. He must be a very clever man. Words are nothing: it is the image of things, the picture of them, that makes you remember. Remi taught me to see the sheep, the dogs, the shepherds, the great tree. Why, I can almost hear the flute, and I even know the air he was playing. Shall I sing it for you?"

"Yes, my child, sing it!"

In a plaintive little voice, Arthur began to sing, "Shepherd, who with thy sylvan song,"—an old air which his mother sometimes played and sang.

Mrs. Milligan could not restrain her tears. Once more she kissed her son's pale cheek, and took Remi by the hand.

"You are a good little boy, Remi," she said, "as well as an unusually intelligent and thoughtful one. You have made Arthur's work a pleasure instead of a distasteful task. It was God who sent you to us, that we might take care of you while you are separated from your master,—that you might prove a consolation to my poor little son. At first I was anxious only that you might divert his thoughts, but now you will be his companion as long as you are here. You will take your meals with us, and share in our readings and amusements."

"Thank you, Madam!" replied the grateful Remi. "I shall enjoy it very much, and I am sure I shall learn a great many things that I do not know."

"It seems to me you know a great deal for a boy of your age," said Mrs. Milligan. "You have been well taught."

"Mother Barbarin taught me all she could," replied Remi; "and when I was with her I thought she knew everything. But after I went with Vitalis, I found that he knew a great deal more. I feel," he went on with a little hesitation, "that there are very few things he does not know. Some day, perhaps, he will teach them to me. I think, Madam, that he was at one time a very great man. Once he told me that he had known and often talked with a king."

As he finished, Remi's eyes grew larger; his reverence for the attainments of Vitalis was evidently unbounded. Mrs. Milligan could not repress a smile at his earnest simplicity.

That night, and many others, as Remi lay in his bed gazing at the stars which smiled upon him from on high, he contrasted the long, uneventful years in the humble cottage of Mother Barbarin, and the weary marches with Vitalis from village to village and town to town, with the well-ordered and peaceful existence he was now leading,—an existence delightful while it

would last, but which in a short time must be interrupted by the return of his master. For the child never forgot the date on which Vitalis was to be released, nor that the old man expected him to be at the inn when the doors of the jail should be opened for him, and the gloomy days of his imprisonment be remembered only as an unhappy dream.

(To be continued.)

The Romance of Chairs.

BY G. M. HORT.

CHAIRS must have always been, even in original forms, privileged pieces of furniture. In the primitive cave or hut, ordinary folk sat or squatted on the ground; but the more important members of the tribe, who wanted to be seen and heard and to supervise things in general, soon saw the advisability of providing themselves with raised seats; and used stumps of trees, pieces of rock, or heaped-up skins of animals to lift them above the level of their fellows.

Our word "chairman," for one who presides over an assembly, is a reminiscence of the days when ordinary people were chairless; though of course it gives only a very faint idea of the power and authority that belonged to "the chairmen" of old days,—to the heads and rulers of the people.

Famous in the Mediæval wonder-stories was the Chair of Merlin, often called by its Norman-French name of Siége Perilous, or Seat of Danger. This magic chair, which was the work of Merlin's own hands, stood in King Arthur's hall, among the seats of the Knights of the Round Table; and whoever was bold enough to sit down in it was supposed to fall under the influence of the powerful magic with which Merlin had endowed it, and to enter into a mysterious communion with the unseen world. According to one story, it was when Sir Galahad was sitting in the Siége Perilous that he first saw the vision of the Holy Grail.

The importance of the bishop's chair, or throne, is well known. It is one of the chief symbols of a bishop's office; and has given its name to the church where it is placed, which is called "cathedral," from the Greek *kathedra* (a chair). In olden days, indeed, only ecclesiastics were provided with seats in church at all. An early Christian congregation even stood to hear the sermon which the bishop or priest preached seated in a chair; and there is a story of one of these oldtime bishops apologizing to his congregation for the length of his sermon, because it had kept them standing so long.

Before the sixteenth century benches and footstools were generally used; and even in wealthy houses there would be only a few heavy and dignified-looking chairs, reserved for the master and mistress and for distinguished guests. Easy-chairs with padded seats and springs were first made in the time of Louis XIII. of France. Until then hard chairs were turned into easy ones by putting cushions upon them. Chippendale, the great cabinet-maker of the eighteenth century, modelled his work very much on Chinese furniture, and so we got the light and elegant style of chair that bears his name.

After the sixteenth century, chairs of one kind or another were an indispensable part of even the humblest household furniture; and much of their old importance and ceremonial character was lost. But there are still some chairs of state and sanctity which keep all their old significance, and which help us to remember that a chair and a throne are substantially the same thing,—a symbol of responsibility and authority and honor.

In Westminster Abbey stands the Coronation Chair, on which the kings of Britain still sit at their coronation.

It is made of time-blackened oak, from which every trace of the original gilded plaster has disappeared; and framed in the woodwork under the seat is the ancient "Coronation Stone" which Edward I. brought away from Scotland, and on which the old Celtic kings had been crowned. So greatly did the Scots revere this mystic talisman that they believed that no one who had not sat or stood upon it during his coronation ceremony was a true or lawful king. And they told extraordinary tales of its history. For instance, one legend described it as the very same stool which Jacob used for a pillow when he dreamed his dream of the heavenly ladder. We do not know how far Edward I. believed in the supernatural powers of this ancient relic; but we do know that he prized it enough to have a chair made to enclose it, to be crowned on it himself, and to leave it to his successors for the same purpose. The Coronation Chair is the oldest chair in England,—the only one of its period which survives.

For the oldest and most sacred chair in all Christendom we must go to St. Peter's, Rome. There, as most of us know, is preserved the Chair of St. Peter, which, according to tradition, dates from the first Christian century, and was the gift of the Senator Pudens (a Christian convert) to the Apostle Peter himself. This ancient chair is of wood, inlaid with gold and ivory; but, the better to preserve it, a casing of bronze has been made to enclose it. Only the Popes have the right to sit in this chair. It is one of the great symbols of Papal authority; and the term *ex cathedra*, signifying "with authority," which we so often hear applied to the Pope's decrees, literally means "from the chair." Often, too, the Holy See itself is referred to as "The Chair of Peter," the symbol of office and the office itself having been so far identified in men's minds.

A Cautious Young Mouse.

A YOUNG mouse lived in a cupboard where sweetmeats were kept; she dined every day upon cake, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never had any little mouse lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper; she had even stolen down on the carpet sometimes, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her. She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then she ran trembling to the hole behind the wainscot.

One day she came running to her mother in great joy. "Mother," said she, "the people of this family have built me a nice house to live in; it is in the cupboard. I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough. The bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with bright wire; and I dare say they have made it to screen me from that cat. There is an entrance just big enough for me, but puss can not follow. And they have been so good as to put in some cheese, which smells so deliciously that I should have run in directly and taken possession of my new house, but I thought I would tell you first, that we might go in together, and lodge there very comfortably to-night. I think it will hold us both."

"My dear one," said the old mouse, "it is most fortunate that you did not go in; for that house is called a trap, and you would never have come out again alive. It would be impossible to rescue you. I praise your thoughtfulness, and I hope you will never forget my warning."

PIOUS legends tell us that angels daily administered to our Blessed Lady and fed her with celestial food. This is why in early specimens of art an angel is represented as bringing her a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of "Discourses and Addresses" by Cardinal Gasquet is announced for early publication by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, the new London publisher.

—"A History of Pisa: Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," by the late William Heywood, is in preparation by the Cambridge University Press. Mr. Heywood was the author of other books on Mediæval Italy, well known to students.

—Among the books to be published by the Century Co. during the coming autumn is a two-volume Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian statesman who was for so long a period the leader of the Liberals of the Dominion. The work is from the pen of Oscar Douglas Skelton, professor of political science in Queen's University, Canada; and will doubtless prove of general interest.

—A collection of illuminated MSS. and early printed books lately sold at auction in London included a thirteenth-century Antiphoner of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaupré, near Grammont, France, in three massive volumes. It brought £1510. Of the ten early printed books in the collection, the first in point of date was the Latin Bible printed at Strassburg by J. Mentelin, in 1461.

—The truth about D'Annunzio's escape at Fiume, and the part played in it by the Italian Government, will be presented—for the first time, it is claimed—in a forthcoming book by J. N. Macdonald, O. S. B. The London *Times* states that he was at Fiume throughout the period of its occupation by D'Annunzio, and in a position to know what was happening at a time when all reports for publication were strictly censored.

—To interest children in religious teaching is by no means so easy or obvious a matter as many of us have erroneously supposed. This is made clear to teachers by a manual written for them by Miss Judith F. Smith, and entitled "Faith and Duty." The author outlines a series of lessons on the Creed and the Commandments, and supplies a wealth of sterling illustrative material. Her method is educationally sound and very attractive. Unfortunately, the book was written for England and has not been adapted to American use. There is no index; the catechism references refer to a book neither named nor described; and the binding is of that repellent variety which ought to be prohibited. "Faith and Duty" is sponsored by Benziger Brothers; price, $2.50. A book of similar character is "The Story Ever New," a volume of New Testament stories charmingly set forth for children by the Rev. James Higgins. Catholic schools can find nothing better for the grades, and the book has the added advantages of attractive make-up and splendid illustrations. However, it would seem wise to change the familiar pedagogical headings ("Questions on the Text and Correlated Studies") for something more appealing to children. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—As thoroughly satisfactory a Catholic text-book as has come to our table for a long time is "The Visible Church," by the Rev. John F. Sullivan. A twelvemo of 275 pages, it contains seventy lessons, dealing with the Church's government, ceremonies, sacramentals, festivals, and devotions. Each lesson is followed by a number of pertinent questions as to its subject-matter; there are a hundred and twenty illustrations; the typography is calculated to aid teacher and pupil by the variation of large and small type, italics, small capitals, etc.; the pronunciation of all foreign words is given in footnotes; and there is an exhaustive index. A rearrangement of the same author's well-known "Externals of the Catholic Church," the present volume is one to place in the class-room of advanced schools, academies, colleges, and universities, and to have within reach in home and office. The average Catholic knows considerably less about the externals of his religion than is at all creditable to him; and, if he has not in his mind the knowledge that he so frequently wishes he had, he should at least have at his disposition a book in which the desired information may be readily found. "The Visible Church" is such a book; and, an additional reason for its being found in every Catholic home, its price is very moderate—only $1. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, publishers.

—"Social Evolution," by Benjamin Kidd (Putnam's Sons), has the merit of proving that religion is the prime factor in human progress. In this respect the book is an advance over those treatises which seemed to find in materialism and pure rationalism an adequate account of the march of civilization. The author's thesis, however, that "all religion is essentially ultra-rational," is open to two

criticisms: first, it makes no room for "natural" religion based on the possibility of proving God's existence by reason alone; and, second, it includes in the concept of religion any sort of doctrine, no matter how weird or wild, which is sustained by belief in a power beyond the physical agencies of the visible and tangible universe. Although it is true that "the history of Western Civilization is, in fact, simply the natural history of the Christian religion" (p. 364), it is hardly true that the Church was so vital a force merely because it demanded assent to what we call the "mysteries" (p. 121).

A religion divinely established is a system that embraces *all* truth necessary for the guidance of human conduct, and such a religion can very well stand as the supernatural influence which the author insists has governed the upward trend of society; but a religion founded by man, even if it called for an "ultra-rational" sanction, could have had little to do with social progress, except in so far as particular items of its tenets happened to be scraps of truth borrowed from Divine Revelation. Indeed, it is a commonplace of history that civilization under certain forms of paganism went backward instead of forward. Mr. Kidd's explanation of *why* Christianity is the most potent factor in modern social progress is, therefore, altogether unsatisfactory.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William White, of the diocese of La Crosse; Very Rev. Alphonse Ketels, diocese of Natchez; Rev. Herman Kemper, archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. Peter McNamee, archdiocese of New York.

Mother M. Francis, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Josephine, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Mechtildis, O. S. B.

Mr. Benjamin Strickland, Dr. E. H. Troy, Mrs. Mary Thunstrum, Mrs. Mary O'Toole, Mr. James Murray, Mrs. Hortense Van Mourick, Mr. W. J. Brown, Mr. Henry Cartlett, Mrs. Joseph Hurley, Mr. Philip Hyland, Mr. Henry Cossman, Mr. Michael Young, Mr. George Reese, Mrs. Mary Sheehan, Mr. John Whittle, Mr. Colman Welsh, Mr. E. J. Reis, Mrs. Elizabeth McCabe, Mr. John Meyer, Miss Julia Byrne, Mr. Charles Messmann, Mr. John Cleary, Mrs. Sarah McLoughlin, Mr. C. J. Meyer, Mr. W. H. Linton, Mr. Charles Ritter, and Mr. Stanislaus Kubiak.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: K. C. R., $1; M. T. Harrison, $10; friend (Vt.), $5. For the sufferers in Central Europe: friend (Vt.), $5. For the Foreign Missions: B. J. M., $10.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I. 48.

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In Praise of Pity.

BY W. H. HAMILTON.

NOT blue eyes lit with laughter,
But eyes of grey that smile
More mildly than a dayspring
When all the blooms of May spring,
My heart hath hungered after
This weary, weary while,—
Not mines of mirth, but sadder eyes that smile.

Not fairest are the faces
That shapeliest I find,
But where the glance is tender
My homage would I render;
Where sympathy and grace is,
And soft the look and kind,—
Ah, there alone the beautiful I find!

Nor dainty hands the whitest
Should thrill us at their touch
If (even out of blindness)
They wrought no deed of kindness.
How great had been their slightest!
Their least had been how much!
Not these but lovelier hands we long to touch.

Nor voices clearly pealing
Ring sweeter on the air
That chime of soft lips laden
With love for grief to fade in,
More tuneful song concealing
And sweet beyond compare,—
Yea, dearer sound falls never on the air.

Her eyes may beam through sadness,
Her cheeks have known a tear;
Yet, wistful if her song be,
Her comfort still will strong be
To dreary hearts, and gladness
Will move them as they hear
The Tenderness whose eyes have known a tear.

The Conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne.

BY JOHANNES JORGENSEN.

EVERY morning I attend Mass in the Church S. Andrea delle Fratte, a place known to all visitors in Rome. It is situated where the Via Capo le Case begins its ascent toward the Via Sistina, and the electric cars rush directly past. The exterior of the church is gray and hideous, finished in distasteful rococo; there are numerous altars, around which a great many votive hearts glitter in the semi-darkness.

I usually seek a particular altar where Masses are offered throughout the forenoon. Every half hour the priest is succeeded by one of his brethren. Before this altar there is always a crowd of devout worshippers. Above it you see an image of the Blessed Virgin, with arms outstretched and a light burning in each of her hands. I had never paid any special attention to this image. But one day in February my glance happened to be arrested by one of the pillars that flank the niche. There was a marble tablet bearing this inscription:

LE 20 JANVIER, 1842.
ALPHONSE RATISBONNE DE STRASBOURG
VINT ICI. JUIF OBSTINE.
CETTE VIERGE LUI APPARUT
TELLE QUE TU LA VOIS.
TOMBE JUIF
IL SE RELEVA CHRETIEN.
ETRANGER.
REMPORTE CHEZ TOI LE PRECIEUX SOUVENIR
DE LA MISERICORDE DE DIEU
ET DE LA PUISSANCE DE LA VIERGE.

The inscription moved me greatly. Years ago I had read of Ratisbonne's conversion, but had almost forgotten about it. And now I find myself on the very spot where this miracle occurred. A veritable miracle it was, wrought in the nineteenth century.*

Tobias Ratisbonne was the son of a wealthy banker in Strasburg. Left an orphan in early youth, his education was entrusted to one of his uncles, who loved him well and expected him to become in time his successor in business. The uncle was specially interested in young Ratisbonne owing to the fact that a brother of the latter, Theodore by name, had been influenced by the teachings of Professor Bautain, of the Strasburg University, had been converted to Christianity, and even ordained to the Catholic ministry. This "apostasy" was the cause of much shame and regret to the family. Tobias grew so enraged with his brother that he would fain avoid passing him in the streets, and the mere sight of the priestly garb rendered him furious. When, after a while, Theodore left Strasburg and took up his abode in Paris, a great relief was experienced by all the family.

Tobias Ratisbonne, like his brother, became a university student and took a course in law at the Strasburg school, after which he established himself as an advocate. He soon fell in love with his niece, a girl of sixteen, who was to inherit a considerable fortune. Owing to her youth, an immediate marriage was out of the question; so the young lawyer decided to make a tour through Italy, Sicily, Malta, and the Orient.

Toward the close of the year 1841 he left Strasburg; and, as he afterward confessed, a change in his religious views was about to take place. The home of his uncle had not been a centre of devotion in any sense. His university comrades could not be said to have a religious turn of mind. Indeed, Ratisbonne, like his uncle and his associates, was a skeptic rather than a believer in any positive creed.

The appearance of his bride, however, her youth and loveliness, roused within him "a certain idea of man's dignity." He began to believe in the immortality of the soul and even prayed, especially to express his gratitude to God. In men of noble traits this sense of obligation is often one of the first motives of a religious development; and we are told by Anne Charlotte Edgren, the Duchess of Cajanello, that during the time immediately preceding her death she felt an overpowering desire of believing in God, so that she might know some one to whom she could address her thanks. "It is very singular to consider that feeling within us, or perhaps the instinct we recognize, and which prompts us to address the expressions of our sorrows and our joys to some one that seems responsible for all that happens in the course of our lives. It is quite certain, at least, that now, in the midst of my happiness, the feeling of gratitude is powerful within me."

This religion of gratitude strong within him, Ratisbonne, in his twenty-seventh year, set out on his journey to Italy. On the 8th of December, 1841, he reached Civita Vecchia, then part of the Pope's possessions; and Tobias availed himself of the opportunity to ridicule the celebration of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, which was marked by the firing of cannon. Next day he arrived in Naples.

He remained there till after Christmas, and saw all the places of interest in the city, carefully recording the impressions he received. Page after page in his diary is filled with attacks upon

* On the 20th of January, 1842, Alphonse Ratisbonne, of Strasburg, an obstinate Jew, came to this place. The Virgin appeared to him, such as you see her here. He fell to the ground a Jew; he arose a Christian.—Stranger, take with you this precious souvenir of God's mercy and of the Virgin's power.

the Catholic religion, on priests, monks, and convents. When, on the occasion of a visit to Vesuvius, he drank a glass of "Lacrymæ Christi," the draught was spiced with blasphemous witticisms; and he sarcastically declared that the toast was drunk to the health of his brother, the "Abbé Ratisbonne." His hatred and his savage denunciation of his brother and his brother's religion seemed to increase day by day.

Under these circumstances he was not disposed to extend his visit to Rome; although Baron Rothschild, one of his intimate friends, earnestly advised him to do so. Ratisbonne decided to proceed to Malta, accompanied by a Frenchman named M. Vigne. In the meantime New Year's Day came, and Ratisbonne passed it in melancholy loneliness, bowed down by homesickness. He longed to return to his uncle's home, where the day was always an occasion of great rejoicing.

While in this mood the young man happened to walk into one of the churches in Naples. As he strolled along he saw a number of persons enter the building, and he followed them through idle curiosity. Once inside the door, he stopped and leaned against a pillar. "In my own way," he writes in his diary, "I said a prayer, but I paid no attention to anything going on about me. I said prayers for my bride, my uncle, my deceased father, my good mother whom I lost while young, and for all my dear ones. I also asked God's help for the success of the plans I had made for the improvement of the social conditions of the Jews. My cares disappeared like a cloud driven before the wind, and an indescribable calm stole into my soul."

Tobias Ratisbonne now began to make preparations for his voyage to Malta. But, then, it came to pass—he never was able to tell in what manner—that one day, as he was walking in the direction of the Palermo boats' office, he suddenly found himself in front of the terminus of the Rome-Naples stage-coaches. He entered the office and asked for a ticket. To M. Vigne he declared that, after all, he did not care to leave the country without having received an impression of Rome. Still, *on the 20th of January*, they would both depart for Sicily. But the 20th of January was the very day when Ratisbonne's conversion took place in S. Andrea delle Fratte.

On January 6, 1842, the young Jew arrived in Rome, where, accompanied by a guide, he proceeded to make the regular round of museums, ruins, churches, catacombs, and so forth. On the third day he quite unexpectedly met one of his friends of earlier days, Gustave de Bussierre, himself a native of Strasburg, who was sojourning in Rome with his parents and brothers. His father, the elder Baron de Bussierre, was, like Gustave, a Protestant; but the Vicomte Theodore, Gustave's brother, and his family were fervent Catholics. Theodore maintained friendly relations with Ratisbonne the priest.

For several days Ratisbonne continued his cursory examination of the museums and the classic relics of the city, while his visits to the home of Gustave de Bussierre became quite frequent. Of all the churches of Rome the Ara Cœli made the deepest impression upon the young Jew. It stands on the site of the former Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. On that very spot Augustus had sought the advice of the Syrian sibyl and raised an altar for the glory of God—Ara Cœli.

On the 15th, as he walked back from the Capitol to his hotel, Ratisbonne happened to catch a glimpse of the degradation of his people. The further he penetrated into the Ghetto, the more intense grew his hatred for the Christians. When told that on the following day two Jews from Ancona

were to be baptized in the Ara Cœli, he exclaimed: "I shall never witness such meanness! If I did, I could not preserve my presence of mind. Probably I might even arise and curse both the converts and the priests."

In his disgust, he decided to shake the dust of Rome off his feet as soon as possible. On the very day of his visit to the Ghetto he bought a ticket for a seat in the Naples stage-coach, which was scheduled for departure two days later. He made up his mind to bid good-bye to no one except Gustave de Bussierre and his venerable father. Happily, he did not have Theodore's address, so he had a good excuse for not taking leave of him. But on his way to the hotel after having secured his passage he met one of the servants of Bussierre the elder. Ratisbonne stopped him in the Corso; and, after exchanging a few remarks, the servant gave him the address of the Vicomte Theodore—No. 38 Piazza Nicosia. Not wishing to appear uncivil, Ratisbonne went at once to Theodore's dwelling, anxious to have the unpleasant ordeal over as soon as possible.

The whole family was gathered in the drawing-room as he entered. Still excited from the impressions received at the Ghetto, the young Jew soon turned the conversation into a religious channel and indulged in some indignant sallies against Christianity.

"Such treatment as the Jews receive! Is that Christian?" he asked. "Should an entire people continue to suffer because their fathers had killed one single man some time in the far past?"

Then Theodore de Bussierre was struck by a strange idea.

"You declare yourself an enemy of the Supernatural," he said,—"an *esprit fort*, a man of liberal views. Now, are you prepared to demonstrate this,—have you courage enough to submit to a very simple trial of *your* freedom from religious prejudice?"

"A trial?"

"Certainly. Have you courage enough to wear a small article that I shall presently hand you? It is a medal bearing the picture of the Virgin Mary—an amulet, you see, perfectly trifling in itself. Will you consent to wear it?"

Tobias, puzzled by this proposition, shrugged his shoulders and smiled. His brother's friend appeared to him rather childish, and the trial seemed rather distasteful. However, he might take the medal, and, after his return home, present it to his affianced bride as a Catholic *corpus delicti*. So he consented, whereupon Theodore de Bussierre hung the medal about his neck. The operation was difficult, as the string was rather short. Ratisbonne considered the affair laughable, but finally the Miraculous Medal rested in its destined place.

"Now I am a Roman Catholic, I suppose!" he said sneeringly.

But Bussierre replied quietly:

"The trial includes one more thing. Beside this you must say a prayer every morning and evening,—a little prayer called the Memorare."

"Oh, come!" exclaimed Ratisbonne, impatiently, "we had better stop, before the play is turned to earnest."

But Theodore de Bussierre remained firm in his demand.

"Unless you consent to recite this prayer," he resumed, "you make me believe that you think there is really something in it. By refusing, you harden yourself against what you feel might somehow be right and true."

Ratisbonne, not desiring to justify this allegation, finally agreed to all the conditions; so Bussierre handed him a written copy of the familiar prayer.

Thus ended the visit. Tobias returned to his hotel, wondering at the queer turn that matters had taken; and in the evening he went to the theatre.

On his return, a letter from Bussierre

was handed to him; it contained a request for another interview before his departure. Ratisbonne decided to comply, but merely for the purpose of returning the copy of the prayer that he had borrowed.

On the following day—the 16th—Ratisbonne received his passport and made ready for his departure. But as he walked along the streets of Rome the words of the prayer began to shape themselves in his mind. He had copied them and remembered them well; and now they resounded within him, in the manner of a melody one has heard and can not get rid of.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon he called on M. de Bussierre. The two men discussed the projected voyage; and as the Vicomte had already made a trip to Sicily he was able to give the young man some useful hints.

"But why do you depart from Rome," he said, "at a time when a great many visitors come here to take part in the Feast of St. Peter's Chair? You may never return; and in that case you will regret having lost this opportunity."

Ratisbonne declared that he could remain no longer: he had bought a ticket for a seat in the stage-coach, and all his mail would be forwarded to Palermo. Yet he was curious to see the Pope, whose presence in Saint Peter's during the festival was, according to Bussierre, an assured fact. And so he decided to remain.

On the 16th, 17th and 18th the two young men spent much time together. Bussierre assumed the rôle of a guide and sought in different ways to bring his friend nearer to Christianity. Ratisbonne declared, however, on a later occasion that if anything were likely to make a man withdraw from all religious impressions, it was the incessant effort of others to convert him.

On the 19th Ratisbonne called on Bussierre, and found him much depressed in mind. He withdrew without asking the reason of the changed mood in his companion. The reason, however, was the death of one of Theodore's intimate friends. Count La Ferronays, a late member of the French Cabinet, had died suddenly on the evening of the 17th. For a number of years La Ferronays and his family had made their home in the Eternal City, and Theodore de Bussierre had paid frequent visits to their residence. With the Count he conversed freely on nearly every subject. They had discussed Ratisbonne and his affairs with considerable interest; and the old diplomat, although wondering at the queer proposition of Bussierre, promised to pray for the conversion of the young Jew. "I shall certainly pray for him," he said; "and I prophesy that he will be converted before long." This was on the 16th—the day after the compact had been made between Bussierre and Ratisbonne.

Next morning Count La Ferronays attended Mass in the Church Santa Maria Maggiore. Mrs. Craven, his daughter, states in her book, "A Sister's Story," that he remained unusually long in the church. In fact, he prayed long and earnestly for the conversion of Ratisbonne.

Ratisbonne himself knew nothing of these happenings. His desire of seeing the Pope had remained unfulfilled, as the Pontiff was unable to be present at the festivals. So the young man considered the advisability of carrying out his plan of visiting Sicily and Malta. But in the night between the 19th and the 20th of January a vision appeared before him in his dreams. He saw a great cross, one without the body of Christ attached. It remained immovable before him, and he tried in vain to rid himself of the sight. The next morning, however, he gave no thought to the nocturnal vision.

His friend, Gustave de Bussierre, in the meantime had spent several days

on a hunting expedition. Now he had returned. Early on the morning of the 20th Ratisbonne went to pay him a visit; and the two friends made merry over the Roman ceremony of the blessing of the horses which was to take place on one of the following days. Toward eleven o'clock they parted. Ratisbonne went over to the Piazza di Spagna, entered a coffee-house and sat down to read the newspapers. Several German acquaintances soon joined him there, and the conversation turned on Paris, politics, art, and so forth.

"If in that moment any one had told me," Ratisbonne himself confessed in after years, "or if any one had said to me thus, 'Ratisbonne, within fifteen minutes from now you shall worship Jesus Christ as your God and Saviour; you shall kneel down in a poor little church, and you shall pass the Carnival days in a quiet convent, and there you shall prepare for baptism; you shall fall down before a priest, striking your breast and declaring yourself ready to renounce the world, its glories and its joys,—to renounce your fortune, your worldly plans—nay, even your affianced bride, if it be necessary!'—in that case I should have thought there was but one man more insane than such a prophet—namely, the one that believed in the possibility of such insanity."

And yet such a prophet, if one there had been, would have predicted nothing but the plain truth.

As Ratisbonne walked away from the coffee-house, Theodore de Bussierre happened to drive across the square. He bade his coachman stop, and invited Ratisbonne to take a seat in the carriage.

"Let us take a drive," he said; "only I must ask your leave to stop for a moment in front of S. Andrea delle Fratte. I am obliged to attend to an errand in the convent, but it will not require much time."

(Conclusion next week.)

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

VI.—Separation.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.
—*Byron.*

READERS who have been following the doings of Walter, and are interested in them rather than in Belgium's struggle for faith and freedom, had better skip this chapter; for it will be purely historical, and of Walter there will be no mention until near its close. Towards the end of August, then, Brussels had deputed five of its foremost citizens to wait on the Dutch King at the Hague, to assure him that rioting had been repressed, to pray him to redress their wrongs, and to call together the States-General in parliament.

When news had reached the Hague of troubles in Belgium, King William I. had called together his council, which decided to convoke the States-General, to march more Dutch troops into Antwerp, and to send the Prince of Orange and his brother Frederick with troops to pacify Brussels. These fixed their headquarters at Vilvorde. The Prince of Orange issued proclamations, thanking the Civic Guards for restoring order, and announcing that his troops would relieve them from duty, and that he would enter the capital at the head of his troops "as soon as the illegal colors of Brabant had been hauled down and the Dutch arms, torn down by a misguided mob, had been replaced." This proclamation alarmed the inhabitants, who barricaded themselves in their houses, fearing lest the Dutch troops should enter and sack the city. Deputies were immediately sent to the Prince to dissuade him from entering at the head of his army. One—the Prince de Ligne—said:

"Prince, I, too, am a prince, and I declare that your army shall not enter Brussels until it has marched over my body."

The Prince of Orange at last consented to enter Brussels, accompanied only by his staff. Early next day he did so, passing through the streets lined by Civic Guards under arms. He shook hands with, and spoke kindly to, their chiefs. He harangued the people from the balcony of the townhall, ending by calling on them to cry, "Long live the King!" Many were silent; some cried, "Down with Van Maanen!"—the hated Minister; others shouted, "Long live the Prince of Orange!" Nevertheless, remounting his horse, the Prince galloped away with almost panic-like speed to his palace near the Park. It and the King's palace were both guarded by Dutch troops.

All was quiet in Brussels when, on September 2, a deputation, summoned by the Prince, waited on him to express the disappointment felt by all at the attitude of the authorities at the Hague. Some of the deputies suggested that the separation of Belgium from Holland was the best solution to the crisis.

"If granted," asked the Prince, "would you remain loyal to the dynasty?" The deputies swore that they would. "If the French entered Belgium, would you not join them?" asked the Prince. They all answered: "No such thought could ever enter the head of a Belgian." The Prince promised to ask for separation, the dynasty to be the only link between the two countries. On the following day he left Brussels, taking with him all the Dutch troops of the garrison.

The city remained calm during the next few days. Bands of well-armed volunteers, often bringing small field-pieces with them, began to arrive in Brussels, chiefly from the Walloon provinces. A committee of six was elected to support the dynasty, to obtain separation, and to take all necessary measures to maintain order and to protect trade and industry.

Meanwhile the ill-feeling between the two nationalities had become intense. The Belgian members who attended the meetings of the States-General narrowly escaped being mobbed in the streets of the Hague; they were exposed to daily insults in the press, found it almost impossible to obtain lodgings, and had to seek police protection; while their presence at the Hague made their patriotism suspected by many of their countrymen.

The King received them courteously; but they found, after an hour's conversation with him, that his Majesty could not or would not listen to their grievances. In his speech at the opening of the session, he protested that he would not yield to party spirit. "I will never consent," were his words, "to measures which sacrifice the welfare and interests of the country to passions and violence."

When the royal speech was known in Brusse'ls, agitation increased. A revolutionary club was started; volunteers came crowding into the capital from all the Belgian provinces. When it was rumored that Prince Frederick was marching on the city, the tumult increased. The mob tried to disarm the Civic Guards, who were thought not to be revolutionary enough; it twice gained possession of the townhall. On September 21, there was a skirmish at the outposts between some Liège volunteers and Dutch cavalry. The latter retired, and the volunteers were received in triumph by the people of the city. It remained in the hands of the mob and volunteers, the Civic Guards having taken their departure.

On the next day (September 22) the official *Gazette* appeared for the last time, and contained a proclamation announcing that Prince Frederick and his army would enter Brussels to

restore order. He would come as a friend to all orderly citizens, would punish only those guilty of criminal acts and would expel strangers who had come to foment troubles. Few knew of this proclamation beyond some officers of volunteers gathered in the townhall, who deemed that only a full amnesty could quell the troubles. Ducpétieux, a young lawyer, patriotic journalist, and excellent Catholic, offered, near midnight, to go to the headquarters of the Prince to represent to him that without an amnesty his troops could not enter the city without terrible bloodshed. The Prince refused to parley with this "rebel," had him arrested and sent in chains to the citadel of Antwerp, where he was kept for weeks in solitary confinement, expecting hourly to be taken out and shot. When at last he was set free, it is said that his hair was found to have been whitened by his anxiety. But his imprisonment interested him in the lot of prisoners, and he lived to become the great prison-reformer of Belgium.

At eight in the morning of the 23d of September, three gates of the city were forced by the Dutch troops. Two of their columns succeeded in reaching the Park and entrenching themselves there. The attack by the Porte des Flandres was met by a determined resistance. When the Dutch column of seven hundred men had reached the Marché aux Cochons, it was attacked by two companies of volunteers; while the inhabitants of the neighboring houses pitched stones, tiles, furniture, and lime on the soldiers of the Prince until they were forced to withdraw from the city. Fighting went on until seven in the evening. The Dutch forces numbered ten thousand three hundred men, with twenty-six guns. Seven thousand were engaged in the city; the rest remained outside in reserve.

The volunteer officers, finding their efforts paralyzed by lack of any central authority, installed ten leading citizens in the townhall, as a committee to replace that which had disappeared with the Civic Guards; and they selected the Baron d'Hooghvoorst to preside over it. Fresh negotiations with the Prince failed. The tocsin rang from the towers of all the churches of Brussels to call the citizens to arms, and the inhabitants of neighboring towns and villages came hurrying, armed, into the city. From houses and barricades around the Park, continual volleys of musketry were poured on the Dutch troops within it. Now and again the Dutch sallied forth to attack some barricade, and deadly hand-to-hand conflicts took place. The Dutch fired with artillery on the houses; many, like the Hôtel de Bellevue, were riddled with cannon balls; several were set on fire.

Fighting went on all day on the 24th; but then, as if by tacit consent, on that and the succeeding days, it ceased at nightfall. The Dutch bivouacked in and around the Park; the Belgians withdrew to their *estaminets* and homes, to return on the morrow to fighting, as they would have done in peaceful times to their bread-winning. The barricades were practically left to themselves. "Oh, the Dutch will look after them!" jokingly remarked the Belgians.

On the 25th of September, the fire of the insurgents harassed the troops crowded into the small Park, and many of them sought shelter in the royal palace and in that of the States-General. On the following day, the Dutch tried to attack in column of companies, supported by the fire of four guns, the Belgian barricades. But the French General Mellinet had masked in the doorways of some houses that commanded the line of advance three pieces of artillery. Rapidly and well-served, the guns drove the Dutch to seek cover in the hollows of the Park and in the palace. The Belgian skirmishers greatly distinguished them-

selves then under the leadership of a French officer. Among them an Englishman showed remarkable courage and coolness. History has not recorded his name.

The "Three Glorious Days," as the Belgians call them, then ended; for next morning, when the Belgians turned out to resume the fight, their foes had vanished. The Dutch had silently decamped in the night, and Prince Frederick and his army were in full retreat on Antwerp. The first battle of the campaign had been fought, which was to secure faith and freedom to Belgium.

On the same day, De Potter, whom the Dutch had exiled for eight years for articles he had published against their Government, returned to Brussels in triumph, and joined the Provisional Government that three days earlier had been installed in the townhall. Baron d'Hooghvoorst was its president. It was composed of six members and two secretaries,—men of very different shades of opinion in politics and even in religion, but all inspired with a like patriotism, and ready to sink their differences in order to rid the country of the Dutch.

This Government entrusted the supreme command of its armed forces to a Spanish colonel, of Belgian descent, Don Juan Van Halen. His army increased rapidly, as one town after another threw off the Dutch yoke and compelled the Dutch garrisons to leave the country, generally after having disarmed them. This task was all the easier, as a large proportion of soldiers were Belgians and were glad of any excuse to quit the colors they hated. It must, however, be added that where their comrades fought, they remained true to the military oath they had taken on enlistment. Among the soldiers who fell in the Park at Brussels were several Belgians, shot by their own countrymen.

The colors of Brabant, now become the national flag of Belgium, floated over every town of the country except Antwerp. The Dutch flag still waved over the citadel of Ghent; for the people of that industrial town had found profit in the union of Belgium and Holland, which allowed their products access to the Dutch colonies. They were, and for some time afterwards remained, lukewarm patriots. They had allowed the Dutch garrison to retire, with arms and baggage, into their citadel.

The rather miscellaneous forces of Belgium—composed of old soldiers, volunteers of all ages and conditions, and Civic Guards of many different towns, whom for brevity we may henceforth call the "Patriots"—began to press closely on the heels of the retiring Dutch. Such was the variety of their garb that the "Patriots" can scarcely be said to have had any uniform. The majority wore the blue calico blouse then and long afterwards so popular in Belgium. It was often worn as a sort of dust-coat over the ordinary clothes of well-conditioned folk when travelling, and was used by all farmers and workingmen. It was found handy, and was the most universal garment of the "Patriots," completed generally by a *bonnet de police* such as Belgian gunners and cavalry still wear. There were, moreover, corps of riflemen in green,—which corps are still represented in the Belgian army by the foot-regiments of carabineers and chasseurs. The headdress of the latter is a survival of the "stovepipe" hat in which many of the "Patriots" went out to fight.

There were among the "Patriots" not a few foreigners, of whom the French were certainly the most numerous; for from political motives many Frenchmen had taken refuge in Belgium. There was even an entire French legion, recruited by De Potter, when in exile at Paris, from among the men who had

served in the July Revolution which had enabled Louis Philippe to seize the French throne. The Belgian Revolution attracted not a few adventurers; and there was actually an English legion,—which, however, the historian De Gerlache says, was English in nothing except its name. Poles and Italians were not, of course, wanting. Of the strangers, the greater number were actuated by the desire of adventure or the hope of gaining profit.

For the most part, however, the "Patriots" were animated by the highest motives. But none among them had a nobler, a purer motive for drawing his sword than Comte Frédéric de Mérode. "Honor rather than honors" is the device of his ancient race, and he acted up to it. He was already thirty-eight years of age; he was married to a wife whom he dearly loved, and had a happy home in France, to which country the Mérodes belonged almost as much as they did to Belgium. But when the Belgian Revolution broke out, he left all, hastened to the land of his birth, bringing with him a band of volunteers, mostly Belgians. He joined General Niellon's corps of eight hundred volunteers, refusing to accept an officer's commission, preferring to serve with Chastelar's chasseurs as a simple private.

The spirit that animated Mérode was that which inspired the little troop of mounted chasseurs formed by the Count de Vrye. He was chosen their captain, with a lieutenant to assist him. The latter had seen service in one of Napoleon's cavalry regiments, and had been in several actions during the two years that preceded Waterloo, but had not been in that battle. There were an adjutant, two sergeants, two corporals, two trumpeters—all old soldiers,—and a farrier, with forty troopers, among whom rode Walter Gane.

Exceedingly smart the little corps looked in its gay uniform; and the troopers being either old soldiers or young, intelligent, educated youths, and trained riders, very little time had sufficed for them to master the elements at least of a cavalryman's duties. They had met twice daily for exercise in the country around the Count's chateau, when their captain received orders to bring them to Bruges, where their services were required. But when the troops, amid the plaudits of the people, rode through the streets of the city, our friend Walter was missing from his place in the ranks!

(To be continued.)

Some Contemporaries of Newman.

ONE of the pleasures occasionally afforded to a book reviewer by the volumes that find their way to his table is a character-sketch or intimate portrait of some worthy of an older day, some figure of distinction with whom one is grateful to renew one's acquaintance. Several such figures make their appearance in the pages of "Good Shepherd Chronicles," or, more specifically, "The First Convent of the Good Shepherd in England, and its Superior, Mother Mary of St. Joseph Regaudiat."* It partakes of the nature of a pleasant discovery, for instance, to light upon such a paragraph as this:

"About the same time [1848] another distinguished visitor came to the house, the celebrated convert on whom all eyes were then turned, the Rev. J. H. Newman. He said Mass and preached to the little community, one of whom wrote at the time as follows: 'For learning, he holds the highest rank; and if his sermon could be taken as an indication of his virtue, we should wrong him if we did not concede him a place of equal eminence on that point. His deep veneration and love of the Most

* Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd.

Holy Sacrament of the Altar were beautifully and forcibly developed, and were a real incitement to fervor.' "

Of one of the outstanding Catholic laymen of the early Victorian period, there is a somewhat lengthier mention. Says the chronicle: "But the year was passing on, and as yet not a stone was laid of the projected new church. The architect, Mr. Scoles, on whom the Mother had counted for doing it, was too occupied to give attention to the matter. It was then decided to apply to the celebrated Mr. A. W. Pugin, who consented to undertake the work; and, the Prioress having told him she would like the foundation stone to be laid on July 22, feast of St. Mary Magdalen, he fixed June 20 on which he would come and settle the site.

"Mother Mary of St. Joseph had been very busy for some time making and discussing plans; but those who knew the architect now chosen kept saying: 'Mr. Pugin will have this; Mr. Pugin won't have that,' etc.,—in other words, 'Mr. Pugin will have his own way,' which was only to be expected if the church was to be a good one. Still, from the first the Mother Prioress and he seemed to understand each other perfectly. She was much taken with the frank way in which he said, on entering the convent: 'How do you do? Horrid place, this! The worst thing of the kind I ever saw. Looks like a workhouse.' He took the utmost pains, however, to improve it, and generously did much work gratis, besides giving donations.

"When shown the proposed site for the church, he was equally straightforward. He noticed at once that the sacred edifice would be half concealed by the other buildings; and, seeing hens and chickens about, to say nothing of coals, etc., he exclaimed: '*Basse-cour!*—It is fit for nothing else.' He was equally summary in dismissing the proposal to put the church where the stable and cowshed stood. Then he came to a plot of land which was producing a good crop of potatoes. This was fixed upon as being just what he wanted, to the dismay of the faithful and devoted Daniel. But Mr. Pugin would take no other ground but that, and said, with ruthless disregard of the good man's feelings: 'Dig them up! What is a potatoe field when a church is to be built?' So Daniel had to make the sacrifice, and three laborers were put to the task at once. All set to work with energy, being unable to withstand the commanding tones in which the good architect had said: 'The ground must be cleared to-night.'

"Mother Mary of St. Joseph herself made all the agreements and arrangements with Mr. Pugin, discussed his plans, did not conceal her own opinions, and even induced him to change some things he had already settled. In short, though constantly engaged in a kind of petty warfare, they got on perfectly together. Not only did he undertake the church, but the washhouse was enlarged, two rooms provided for drying and mangling, with a dormitory above, and two cells for the Sisters."

To a distinguished clerical contemporary of Pugin's we find the following reference: "Amongst the visitors was the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne, who expressed the wish to have a foundation of the Order in his diocese, though not for another year. His visit to the children was long remembered by them on account of what he said of their dear patroness, St. Mary Magdalen. He told them that there was a legend that when she went to purchase perfumes to anoint Our Lord's body, the vendors told her they had none at the moment but what were used for kings and priests. 'These,' she answered, 'are what I want; for He whom I love is both king and priest, as well as prophet.' His Lordship was struck by the children's remarkable devotion to

St. Mary Magdalen, and the confidence with which they prayed to her and to the Blessed Virgin. Certainly the favors they received were very striking."

The prelate whose figure appears most frequently in these "Chronicles," however, was he about whom raged anti-Catholic fury when, in 1850, the Catholic hierarchy was restored in England, Nicholas Patrick Stephen Wiseman. His immediate interest in the Sisters of the Good Shepherd was excited some three years before he became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. We read: "About the middle of September, 1847, the appointment of the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman to administer the London Vicariate, left vacant by the death of Bishop Griffiths, filled all hearts with hope. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd had never forgotten his paternal kindness when he called to see them a year or two previously. Nor was it long before his Lordship paid a second visit to the convent. It was quite evident he meant to take the same interest in the establishment as his predecessor. When he visited the children, he spoke of the great interest he felt in their comfort and welfare, and promised to send soon a chaplain who would make up for the loss they had sustained by the removal, to a mission, of their revered confessor, the Rev. Father Butt."

Evidence that the new Bishop's interest was thoroughly practical was speedily forthcoming. "Early in January, 1848, Bishop Wiseman preached a sermon in the Bavarian Chapel, Warwick Street, for the benefit of the Good Shepherd Institute; and never before had any step been so effectual in making the charity widely known. The collection at the doors was considerable; and donations were sent later by persons who had been touched by the sermon, the effects of which were felt for long. Few seemed to have grasped hitherto the real object and beauty of the work; but now many were impressed by it, and thought it their duty to support the only house of the kind in England."

The impetus given to public interest by the sermon was accelerated, a week or two later, when an appeal for funds to provide further accommodation for the penitents was prefaced by Bishop Wiseman's hearty approbation. As his words are not less true at present than they were seven decades ago, and as in all probability more than one Good Shepherd institute of which our readers have knowledge may need as much help as did the first convent in England, we offer no apology for reproducing the approbation:

"With sincere pleasure we commend to the generosity of the faithful this most noble work of charity. It plunges boldly at once into the very depth of human misery, and draws thence into light and happiness those whose rescue by mere human agency might well be deemed hopeless. It aims not so much at lightening worldly distress, at the succor of bodily infirmities, as at the salvation of the immortal soul, for which Christ died, when to all appearance lost beyond redemption. Or, rather, it combines in itself every other conceivable action of the highest charity. It saves the victim at once of want, of scorn, of degradation, of wretchedness, of remorse, of sin, of vice; too often also the victim of others' wickedness and society's injustice. How pure the devotion and how generous the sacrifice of these holy religious, who descend from their own respected position in society to become the comforters, the guides, the spiritual mothers...of these poor, forlorn outcasts! To few, indeed, is granted the courage, the tenderness, or rather the grace, for so sublime an office, copied from the most touching scenes of our Blessed Saviour's ministry when against scornful Pharisees He took the part of

the penitent at His feet, and sent her home full of love, to be the associate of His most pure Mother at the foot of the Cross, and one of the first whom He comforted after His resurrection.

"But we may all gain a share in this glorious work of charity by contributing to its performance. It is earnestly desired to extend it, so as to admit many others to its blessings. The sum required for this purpose is comparatively small; it is not beyond the reach of many an individual's power singly to accomplish it. But the good religious, who have themselves given up all, do not exact from others heroic sacrifices. Let moderate gifts come from all who can afford them, and whose hearts can sympathize with this highest branch of charity; and very soon we shall see not only the proposed enlargement accomplished, but even more undertaken for the salvation of these poor souls. Earnestly, therefore, and most warmly do we recommend to all the faithful the object of this appeal, assuring them that it has our fullest approbation, and begging Almighty God to repay by His choicest gifts and spiritual blessings everyone who shall answer it."

It is gratifying to read that the appeal met with a response far beyond the expectations of the Sisters,—so favorable a response, indeed, that the thought (at first deemed visionary) of building a church began to appear practical. The Bishop had become Cardinal Wiseman when, in 1852, he delivered the sermon at the funeral of Mother Mary of St. Joseph Regaudiat, the story of whose life and death is told in this first number of "Good Shepherd Chronicles." We look forward with pleasurable anticipations to the issue of other numbers.

No true virtue was ever buffeted, condemned, and crucified by the injustice of opinion, without the certainty of a coming resurrection.—*Anon.*

Summer Thoughts.

BY ROSAMOND LIVINGSTONE MCNAUGHT.

I LOVE the sound of Summer—
The insects' warm, slow s-z-z-z,
The dulcet call of the robin,
The restful stir of trees.

I love the breath of Summer—
Like balm the pinks' fresh smell;
The pungent herbs and grasses
Of coming showers tell.

I love the Summer's color—
The murmured hush of green;
The youth of garden fancies,
With golden thoughts between.

A Victory of Prayer.*

A HOT summer's day was drawing to a close, and the setting sun cast a crimson glow on the walls of a somewhat gloomy-looking castle, which, vacated by the proprietors, had been hastily converted into a military hospital. A few days before, a terrible battle had been fought in the immediate neighborhood, and a great many wounded soldiers from the ranks, both of conquerors and conquered, had been carried to the castle. Groans of agony resounded within its precincts as one after another of the stricken men, awaited their turn to have their wounds dressed. Swiftly and noiselessly the attendants moved to and fro, executing the briefly worded orders of medical men, given in low but peremptory tones. At length the last man had received attention, and the wearied doctors and their assistants withdrew, leaving their patients under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who would remain with them all night.

In a small chamber upstairs lay an officer of high rank in the Prussian army, both of whose legs had been

* An incident of the Franco-Prussian war. Translated from the Polish by V. L.

shattered by the bursting of a shell. The injured limbs had been skilfully amputated, but the prostration consequent on the great loss of blood was such as to leave little hope of his recovery; in fact, the surgeon told the nurse that the sufferer could hardly live through the night.

Kneeling by the open window, her pale features lighted up by the bright afterglow of the sun which had already sunk in the west, the Sister devoutly recited the Rosary, praying earnestly for the soul that was soon to pass into eternity.

The sick man made a slight movement, and the Sister went softly to his side and asked him if he felt any easier. She spoke in the Polish language; for the wounded officer was a Polish count and the religious was his fellow-countrywoman. She was one of a small party of Sisters that had been sent from a convent in Posen to the seat of war to tend the sick and wounded, whether friends or foes.

"I have difficulty in breathing, Sister," he replied; "otherwise I am not in pain."

"Shall I send for a priest, Count?" she next inquired. "You may, perhaps, wish to make your confession. To have one's conscience at peace is often a step toward the recovery of physical health and strength, you know."

The officer smiled faintly and said:

"Speak frankly, Sister: confess that you do not think I shall recover and you are desirous that I should not depart out of this world unprepared. Am I not right?"

The nurse answered evasively:

"Our life is in the hands of God, and none of us know how soon the end may come. Therefore it is well to be prepared to appear before our Judge with a calm conscience."

"Then you think a man dies more peacefully after confession?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of it. A clean conscience and prayer give peace to the heart and inspire one with the hope of a better life hereafter."

"But, Sister, I have got out of the habit of praying, and I never go to confession, never enter a church. I have forgotten how to pray."

"If you will allow me, I will help you, Count. We will pray together."

"Then you believe in the power of prayer?"

"Most assuredly I do. With my whole soul I believe that God hears and answers the supplications that arise from our inmost heart. To prove to you how firmly I believe it, let me tell you that for thirty years I have daily said a decade of the Rosary for the conversion of a certain person, and I shall continue to do so until my dying day; although it is highly improbable that I shall ever know whether my petition has been granted. But, trusting in the all-sufficient merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I feel confident that I have not prayed in vain."

"Who is the fortunate individual for whom you intercede so perseveringly? May I know his name?"

"I have never seen the unhappy man who has forsaken his God. I do not even know his name,—at least I know only that his Christian name is Louis, and that he belongs to a family of rank, who are known to be devout Catholics."

"Louis! Louis!" the Count murmured. "Tell me, Sister, what has induced you to pray for this erring Louis if he is quite a stranger to you?"

"It is a long story, Count. I am afraid it would weary you."

"Nothing of the sort. Tell me your story; it will serve to while away the time that must elapse before I either regain a little strength or pass from hence."

"Do you think it will interest you?"

"It *will* interest me more than you imagine. I am anxious to hear it."

"My father," the Sister began, "lost

all his property through unfortunate circumstances. Soon after he died, leaving my mother almost penniless, with four children dependent on her. One day a lady came to see us, and took us all to live with her. I remember that she was very pretty, but had an extremely sad expression of countenance. My mother made herself useful in the house, and our hostess gave us children a good education. I felt called to the religious life; my mother consented to my entering a convent; our benefactress gave me a small dowry and sent me, with her blessing, to Paris, where I passed my novitiate.

"On the day of my clothing my mother said: 'You know, my child, that, after God, we owe everything to our generous benefactress. She was my dearest friend when we were young girls, and she has been a good friend to you. I know you love her. Have you never wondered why one so fair, so wealthy, so benevolent, should always appear sorrowful?'—'I have often remarked how sad she was,' I answered; 'and could not understand why she was not happy.'—'A secret grief casts its shadow over her life,' said my mother. 'She had one sister, to whom she was fondly attached; and this sister on her deathbed gave her only son into her charge, begging her to watch over him. That nephew ruined his health, gambled away his fortune, and by his irregular life broke his aunt's heart; for she doted on him, despite all misdeeds. If you would prove your gratitude to our friend, say a prayer daily for her nephew Louis, that he may see the error of his ways and return to God. God alone can work that miracle of grace.'

"I solemnly promised to pray every day for his conversion; and I have kept my word, although my mother and our benefactress have been dead for twenty years. Just now, while you were asleep, the thought of that unhappy man suddenly recurred to my mind and I felt terribly anxious about him. I knelt down directly, and earnestly entreated God to save him. I felt certain that some calamity threatened to overtake him—something worse even than death. Perhaps at this very moment he is in extreme danger."

The Sister uttered these last words almost in a whisper, as if speaking to herself rather than to the sick man. When she turned and looked at him, she was startled and alarmed. His eyes were half closed, two large tears were rolling down his pallid cheeks, and his hands trembled violently.

"My sad story has agitated you, Count!" she exclaimed. "I ought not to have told it to you. Forgive me! I will go and call the doctor."

"No, do not go, dear Sister,—pray do not go! Only tell me one thing more. You must know the name of the lady who was aunt to the Louis of whom you speak. Tell me what it was."

"The name of that kind lady was Helene von Raborowska. Her maiden name was Von Granowska. Her family estate was near Granowa, and to that her nephew was the heir."

Then the Count groaned aloud and hid his face.

"Sister," he said, with a trembling voice, "it was for *me* that you have prayed so long. I am that Louis,—that miserable wretch who broke his foster-mother's heart by his wickedness and folly."

The Sister clasped her hands and, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed:

"O Count, you must see very plainly that it is God's Providence which has made me cross your path, and has touched your heart by means of my simple story! Do not, I beseech you, thrust from you the hand of a merciful God stretched out to receive you. Turn to Him with all your heart, so that after death you may rejoin that noble lady whom you loved in spite of all your errors,—I see it by your tears.

Shall I go at once to fetch the priest?"

The Count said nothing, but nodded his head as a sign of consent.

For two long hours the priest sat by the Count's side, then he administered the sacraments to him. He received them with profound contrition and fervent devotion. When he was once more alone with Sister Angelica, he raised her hand to his lips and said with heartfelt joy:

"Sister, you understand the happiness that fills my soul now that I have made my peace with God. For a long time past my life has been embittered by stings of conscience and self-reproach. Words fail me to describe, to express the happiness I feel; and for this I have you to thank. It is to your persevering prayers, after God and our Blessed Mother, that I owe my conversion, that I am enabled to hope and trust that my soul will be saved by the mercy of God."

The next morning, when the sun poured its golden beams upon the old castle, Count Louis was no longer among the living. With his latest breath he extolled the loving-kindness of God, and expressed his gratitude to Sister Angelica for her prayers. They had prevailed with the Most High and won pardon and peace for a sinner at the close of an ill-spent life, through the intercession of Our Lady, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

This incident shows the power exercised by faith and charitable intercession on behalf of others. As the Scripture says, "the Lord will hear the prayers of the just," and will grant to the loving intercession of another what He has denied to one's own prayers.

WE labor in the boisterous sea: Thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.

—*St. Augustine.*

The Dilemma of the Anglican Clergymen.

BY A RECENT CONVERT CLERGYMAN.

THE clergy of the Church of England are finding it increasingly difficult to square their beliefs with loyalty to the Book of Common Prayer. The day has passed when Anglican clergymen were able to say, 'The Bible teaches this, therefore you must believe it or you will forfeit your chances of eternal salvation.' To-day the Anglican Church stands at the parting of the ways. Modernism holds the field. The Modernist demands reconstruction and readjustment. He rejects miracles, and desires to get away from "those controversial documents," the Catholic Creeds. The Dean of St. Paul's and his friends find themselves at variance with certain of the Thirty-nine Articles, just as the High Churchman finds himself at variance with others. Dr. Inge, who is known as the "gloomy Dean," wants to abolish the "Three Creeds." Article viii. says that the "Three Creeds ought thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture."

What has to be realized is that Anglican bishops with Modernistic and Ritualistic tendencies have been appointed by a Baptist Prime Minister and others who have no particular love for the Establishment; also that the bishops, in their turn, have appointed Modernists and Ritualists to livings, with the result that, while the legal position of the Church of England remains unchanged, its practical conditions are completely altered.

While the Modernist is calling in question these "certain warrants of Holy Scripture," the Ritualist is "making hay" with the Book of Common Prayer,—saying the Rosary publicly in his church, having the "Service of Benediction" with full

Catholic ceremonial, interpolating the Roman Canon of the Mass into his Protestant Communion service, and generally imitating Rome in every possible way.

The recent proctorial elections in the Established Church have ended in a real victory for the Ritualists. The Evangelical clergy are nowhere, and are openly admitting defeat. The question arises, 'Do the Anglican laity care sufficiently to make their voices heard in the counsels of the Establishment?' At present there is no sign that they do, and already there is talk of an Evangelical secession. The difficulties of the situation are increased for them by the fact that the "Free Churches" are honeycombed with Modernism; while the Evangelical, with all his faults and narrowness and bigotry, is definitely anti-Modernist.

The Ritualists, on the other hand, are less vigorous in their denunciation of Modernism than they were, say, twenty years ago. Broad Churchmen, anxious to propagate their modernistic views, think it policy to refrain from curbing the extravagances of the Ritualists; while the Ritualists, anxious to spread their views and doctrines, are quite willing to turn a blind eye on the Modernist, especially if he happens to be a bishop who tolerates their extreme practices. The "man in the street," while doubting the honesty of both parties, suffers from the prevailing sin of indifference; and this indifference tells in favor of both the Modernist and the Ritualist.

Meanwhile many are beginning to realize that to the Catholic Church belongs the title of the parent of the Bible, that the devotion of Catholics to Holy Scripture is no new thing, and that there is no safety or security outside the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church,—to which Church may all who desire to follow Christ humbly bow the knee!

The Night-Watch.

IN many of our old Colonial towns, the night-watch went his rounds and called out the hour, perhaps adding a remark about the weather, as "Twelve o'clock, and a starlit night!" or assuring the citizens that they might sleep in peace with, "Two o'clock, and all's well!" In winter he began his rounds at eight o'clock, in summer at nine. He wore a long cloak and carried a long staff, and a horn lantern that gave but a feeble light. He was usually a kindly man, and it must have been pleasant to wake in the night and to know by his cheery tones that a friend and protector was on guard.

In the old Moravian towns of Bethlehem and Nazareth, in Pennsylvania, the watchman used to recite some verses written for him by Count Zinzendorf. They were filled, as may be seen, with a spirit of childlike piety:

VIII O'CLOCK.

The clock is eight! To Bethlehem all is told,
How Noah and his seven were saved of old.

IX O'CLOCK.

Hear, Brethren,—hear! The hour of nine is come;
Keep pure each heart and chasten every home.

X O'CLOCK.

Hear, Brethren,—hear! Now ten the hour-hand shows;
They only rest who long for night's repose.

XI O'CLOCK.

The clock's eleven! And ye have heard it all,
How in that hour the mighty God did call.

XII O'CLOCK.

It's midnight now! And at that hour ye know
With lamps to meet the bridegroom we must go.

I O'CLOCK.

Shines in your hearts the morning star's first ray?
The hour is one! Through darkness steals the day;

II O'CLOCK.

The clock is two! Who comes to meet the day,
And to the Lord of Days his homage pay?

III O'CLOCK.

The clock is three! The Three in One above
Let body, soul and spirit truly love.

IV O'CLOCK.

The clock is four! Where'er on earth are three,
The Lord has promised He the fourth will be.

V O'CLOCK.

The clock is five! While five away were sent,
Five other virgins to the marriage went.

VI O'CLOCK.

The clock is six! And from the watch I'm free,
And every one may his own watchman be.

Our Lady's Light.

IN the Ages of Faith it was a general custom, especially perhaps in England, Our Lady's Dowry, to sing antiphons daily in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They were heard in homes and schools, in churches and at wayside shrines, all over the country. Bequests were constantly made that lights might be kept burning whilst these popular hymns were sung. Records of money and land given to support "Our Lady's Light," as it was called, occur at an early date. Sometimes this light was called "Ladylith,"—as in the will of one Eleanor Wandesford, widow, who leaves "to the support of the Ladylith, in the church of Kirklington, three shillings and fourpence." (Oct. 2, 1472.)

Lands bequeathed for this purpose were called "lamp-lands" and "light-lands," whilst money expended in wax lights was called "wax-shot." Timber was also left, as well as sheep, cows, and even bees, as we see from the testamentary depositions of Golfrye Gilbert, of Ixworth, Suffolk, 1524. "I give to the lighte of Our Ladye," he says, "one skeppe of bees to be delivered to the fermor, and he to deliver it to the next fermor, with all the increase at his departing." A reliable authority (Edmund Waterton, F. S. A.), who mentions the foregoing curious bequest, remarks that "'fermor' was the renter of the hives,—from *ferme*, a rent; hence the word 'farmer,' a hirer of land."

A Striking Instance.

Justice Morschauser, sitting at White Plains, N. Y., has decreed that four-year-old Ruth Sullivan, for the time being, shall be instructed as a Protestant six days of the week and attend Mass on Sundays. This extraordinary decision was rendered as the result of *habeas corpus* proceedings brought by Edward Sullivan, the father of the child, to obtain the custody of Ruth. Mrs. Sullivan, the mother of four sons as well as of the little girl, asserted that when she was married to Sullivan she entered into an agreement with him, under the terms of which any possible sons of the union were to be brought up as Catholics and any daughters as Protestants. She told Justice Morschauser that Sullivan had failed to live up to his agreement with regard to his little daughter. The Court promised to give a decision on Sullivan's application in September. In the meanwhile it authorized Mrs. Sullivan to teach Protestant doctrine to the child during the week, but gave permission to the father to take her to the Catholic church on Sunday.

The foregoing paragraph from a daily paper furnishes as strong a sermon on the evil of mixed marriages as any that could be delivered by the most earnest preacher. From the Catholic viewpoint, what a sad state of affairs is here disclosed! According to this judicial decision, the unhappy child is one-seventh Catholic and six-sevenths Protestant. Of course, the Church does not allow any Catholic contemplating marriage with a non-Catholic to make any such agreement about the faith of the children of the marriage as is mentioned in this case. Not only the boys or the girls but all the children must be brought up Catholics. The faith of a daughter is just as dear, her birthright just as sacred, as that of a son. No Catholic man or woman can conscientiously hand over any of the children of a mixed marriage to a Protestant sect.

As to the promises of the Protestant party, sometimes they are kept, often they are not. And in the case of the death of the Catholic father or the Catholic mother, as the case may be,

there is always the very grave danger that the obligation of bringing up the children Catholics will rest very lightly on the surviving Protestant party. Thousands have been lost to the Church in this way. It is a singular fact that perhaps the majority of the converts won at missions to non-Catholics are of Catholic ancestry on one side. The father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, was a member of the Church. Such converts, however, are as a drop in a bucket.

The only safe course for Catholic men and women is not to contract marriage with a non-Catholic. No mattter how good, no mattter how loving, no matter how noble the Protestant party to such a marriage may be, there is a menacing element of discord in the difference of religion. In the first days, when everything seems rosy, it may appear impossible to think of the least cloud on the horizon; but, human nature being as it is, there are sure to come periods of stress and misunderstanding. No matter how philosophical people may be, the ills of life are hard to bear; and even under the most favorable circumstances, the adjustment of one temperament to another is not the easiest thing in the world.

In domestic crises such as these, the family that is entirely Catholic has at least one common bond—the Faith. All its members have one standard—the teaching of their holy religion. They can make appeal to one common authority—God's law as interpreted by the Church. No matter how much or how often they may disagree on other matters, the father and mother are usually united in determining to bring up the children respecting the Church's teaching, accepting her standard of right, and bowing to her authority. If either father or mother prove unworthy or intractable, the influences of the same sacraments are recognized by both, and the Church is always ready to act as counsellor and harmonizer. As a rule, the differences of Catholic parents are easily settled; their disunion is generally for only a short time.

But in marriage with a non-Catholic there are no such common helps and sanctions. In the mind of the average non-Catholic, no matter "how prodigal the soul lends the tongue vows," there is always a lurking suspicion of the Church, a feeling of resentment against its "intermeddling," an impatience with its rigorous standards of doctrine and morality. Unless both parties are persons of extraordinary character, the elements of discord inherent in the union are sure to make trouble for both. And unless the Catholic party has a gift of tact mingled with unflinching firmness (which, alas! is not common), there is bound to come a time when, for the sake of peace, the Faith is minimized and the children are very likely lost to the Church of their forefathers.

This is not to say that there have not been many happy marriages of Catholics and Protestants,—marriages in which every promise made by the non-Catholic party has been scrupulously observed; where children have been brought up under the fostering care of the Church; and where even the non-Catholic party has at last, through the prayers and good example of the family, become a Catholic. But these are exceptions that only prove the rule. It is not for nothing that the Church, without questioning the good intentions and the good will of this or that Protestant individual, lifts its voice of warning against the mixed marriage. If her word were more hearkened to and heeded, there would be fewer of such scandalous cases in the Courts as that reported in the newspaper paragraph quoted above. A child one-seventh Catholic is not the Church's idea of our Divine Lord's words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

"Practical."

THERE are few shibboleths that stand for more colossal humbug in the vocabulary of an easy-going, lukewarm Catholic than that overworked word "practical." Speak to him of his solemn obligations as a Christian, of the necessity of daily prayer, the benefit of frequent Communion, the folly of absenting oneself from easily attended daily Mass, the duty of supporting the Catholic press, the importance of hearing the Sunday sermon, the advisability of sending his sons and daughters to Catholic schools, and how glibly he disposes of each such topic with the puerile rejoinder (to which he apparently attaches all the weight of an unanswerable argument). "All very well in theory, my dear sir!" And yet, unless in the ordering of his life he translates into actual practice much of what he professes to regard as theory, he will find it quite impossible to do the duty which God has set him, or work out his eternal salvation. In good sooth, to disregard patent duties under the pretext that they oblige only in theory is to be clearly *un*practical.

There is as much philosophy as wit in Chesterton's definition of the "practical man": "By a patient and respectful study of contemporary criticism, I have endeavored to compose a sort of definition or analysis of what is meant by a practical man. The practical meaning of a practical man seems to be a man whose aeroplane is caught in a tree, and who thinks it realistic to live in the tree; but idealistic and theoretical to mend the aeroplane. It is quite true that mechanical readjustment involves a theory, and even an abstract theory; while sticking wherever you are stuck is only a practice, though sometimes (I submit) a foolish practice. It is true that it needs a man to mend an aeroplane; whereas it may need only a monkey to live in a tree."

Notes and Remarks.

The extraordinary interest in disarmament manifested by the Press—and to some extent by the Government—is, to say the least, peculiar. We are dwelling in the castle of universal peace, which still preserves some of the qualities of a Spanish castle. Only a week or two ago the great dailies bore thunderous headlines: Japan was seething; Paris and London were regarding each other with frozen stares; and the Near East, as well as Mexico, threatened to disrupt at any moment the palsied stability of the world. And now "soft breezes whisper through the leaves of the forest," says a contemporary. "The melody proceeds *pianissimo*. The lion shall walk with the lamb; swords shall be turned into ploughshares; the giant guns shall be transmuted into electric fans,—admirable for this torrid summer; our battleships shall be converted into automobiles through the agency of Mr. Henry Ford and offered for sale at the ten-cent stores; and the fighting planes will be requisitioned by the newly wedded for honeymoon purposes."

Everyone is interested in the future well-being of the world; everyone welcomes a genuine attempt to scuttle armaments. But not everyone is inclined to believe that this conference of the victorious Powers has met because of any deep-seated resemblance between Mr. Harding and the illustrious dove. The Republican party's program has proved adequately that the word "normalcy" means defence of the exchequer and service to American capital: it certainly does not mean anything implied by the amiable orations of William Jennings Bryan. May one not suppose, therefore, that the disarmament congress is a move to popularize the League of Nations by really making it popular? And may

one not wonder if the house which "normalcy" will build on sand can prove less unstable than the one "democracy" erected on the same kind of foundation? Why should we believe that the world may be redeemed without a realistic understanding of the spiritual forces that govern it?

Some "straight talk," as it is called, was recently administered to society ladies of Toledo, Ohio, interested in social reform work, by Judge O'Donnell, of that city. He is quoted as saying, among other things no less downright, speaking from twelve years' experience of the Juvenile Court: "If you go in for social work in needy homes, treat the people as your equals, or for God's sake stay out of their homes! There is no place in social work for the self-satisfied woman who says to some overworked mother, 'Your floors must be scrubbed. Why don't you wash your windows?' the minute she enters that house. The woman she's uplifting will probably tell her to go to the devil; and I don't blame her. When you hear gossip spread about some woman or girl who has gone wrong, instead of building a fence with a 'stay away' sign on it, be a Big Sister to that person and help her go straight. We need women in Juvenile Court work," concluded Judge O'Donnell, "who will co-operate with us, and do so quietly."

One can not help feeling impatient to see the text of the speeches dealing with the social message of Christianity, made at a demonstration held at Hyde Park, London, a week or two ago, after reading the forcefully phrased resolution that was proposed: "In face of the complete collapse of our economic, industrial and social order, and the bankruptcy of statesmanship, this meeting urges all men and women of good will to recognize that the solution of the present deadlock can be found only in the practical application of the principles of Christianity to all the departments of human life. It declares that a persistent refusal to apply these principles of truth, justice, and brotherly love is a denial of Jesus Christ, who, on Calvary, died in their defence. It further records its conviction that the existing system, being largely based on unrestricted competition for private and sectional advantage, must be ended, since it fosters avarice and injustice, lays a yoke of thraldom and poverty upon masses of men and women, and makes war inevitable. Therefore it calls upon all Christian people to use the collapse of the old society as a God-given opportunity for building up a new order that shall be founded on brotherly co-operation for the common good."

Reviewing at length two important new books (expensive ones) on the Paris Conference ("The Truth about the Treaty," by André Tardieu; Foreword by Edward M. House; Introduction by Georges Clemenceau. "What Really Happened at Paris: The Story of the Peace Conference, 1918–1919, by American Delegates," edited by Edward Mandell House, U. S. Commissioner Plenipotentiary, and Charles Seymour, Professor of History in Yale University), the London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks that "the reader who wishes to know 'what happened in Paris' must study the whole of the chapters dealing with this subject in the book by M. Tardieu." An anecdote in the appendix shows how serious was the difficulty over the Saar Valley question. Indeed at one time it threatened to break up the conference. At the height of the crisis, President Wilson made this appeal to his colleagues:

> Gentlemen, I am in trouble, and I have sent for you to help me out. The matter is this: The French want the whole left bank of the Rhine. I told M. Clemenceau that I could not consent to such a solution of the problem.

He became very much excited, and then demanded ownership of the Saar Basin. I told him I could not agree to that either, because it would mean giving 300,000 Germans to France....I do not know whether he will return to the meeting this afternoon. In fact, I do not know whether the Peace Conference will continue. M. Clemenceau called me a pro-German and abruptly left the room. I want you to assist me in working out a solution true to the principles we are standing for, and to do justice to France; and I can only hope that France will ultimately accept a reasonable solution. I want to be fair to M. Clemenceau and to France, but I can not consent to the outright transference to France of 300,000 Germans.

We have now full knowledge about the demands made by France, and information as to the spirit in which they were urged by M. Clemenceau, whose trusted adviser and confidant M. Tardieu was. The "Tiger" has not been tamed, judging from the Introduction which he has contributed to his friend's work. The English reviewer thus refers to it: "When we read passages such as those in which he speaks of the 'disloyalty of the Boche,' in which expressions such as 'brutal impudence,' 'audacity,' 'perfidy' occur so frequently, we can not but note that in the past this is not the way in which men who had attained to the position of President of the Associated Powers of the world spoke of a beaten enemy. Times change and manners. Things are now done differently. And it is not in this way that the security of France in the future will be safeguarded. Vituperation and contumely will not help in the restoration of the world."

The new Archbishop of Liverpool, the Most Rev. Dr. Keating, at the very inception of his incumbency, leaves non-Catholics in no doubt as to his views concerning the rights as well as the duties of Catholic citizens. At the luncheon following his installation, he acknowledged the courtesy of the distinguished magistrates of Liverpool and neighboring towns who had honored him with their presence, remarking that it showed exceedingly good feeling on their part—and a great deal of wisdom, since the Catholic Church in those parts is very strong, and the power of its citizenship is not to be despised by any one. Continuing, he observed: "I venture to say to these gentlemen that they have seen to-day the absolute unanimity of Catholic spirit, when they have seen me, an unknown stranger, received with such a marvellous outburst of popular feeling that well visualizes how great an asset is the Catholic population of these towns. It will be my endeavor, so far as lies within me, to guide that popular feeling and voting altogether in the direction of good citizenship. We don't ask for privileges, but we never go back upon our rights. We don't intend to push for our rights in the spirit of extremists; and we shall try to be eminently reasonable, and always be ready to meet around any round table that is really round, and that has not been made a squared circle before we sit down. We wish, in fact, to be a strong moral and religious power for good in the population amongst which it is our privilege to live."

A felicitous expression of the views entertained by all Catholic prelates whose activities so often find their field in mixed communities.

The lamentable increase, in this country, of murders and other varieties of homicide naturally directs the attention of legislators to the connection between such crimes and the instruments by which they are effected. In some of our States a restriction is placed on the sale of revolvers and similar deadly weapons; but even in these States the sale appears to be large, especially to that class against whom the restrictive laws are directed —the criminals. In others of our

commonwealths, guns and pistols are sold as freely as gloves or cigars. As the Boston *Herald* puts it: "Anybody can buy a gun in New England. New York has the Sullivan law, yet that well-intended legislation is evaded and defied. A magistrate in eight months had signed 200 permits in blank at $2 each, and the police afterwards found the permits in the hands of dangerous and habitual criminals."

The matter is assuredly deserving of attention; and the law-makers of the country should bring to bear upon it their best thought in the suggestion of the most judicious and effective legislation. The Sullivan law of New York is severely criticised by some reputable residents of that city, because of the difficulty of honest men procuring means of defence against criminals, while the criminals themselves find little difficulty in securing murderous weapons. The journal quoted above makes this further interesting statement: "One of the leading New England manufacturers of small arms affirms that his concern, and all others of standing and experience, believe in and have advocated some such restraint upon the sale of guns as would make it easy for a responsible citizen and a man of family to obtain a weapon for legitimate protective purposes, and hard for a thug to get a weapon for purposes of depredation."

In compliment to the author of "Don Quixotte," Lord Byron wrote, "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away"; and it looks as if the unspeakable Senator Watson, of Georgia, is destined not to smile Southern chivalry away, but to prove that it is merely a venerable myth. In fervid after-dinner speeches, in Congressional addresses, in novels multitudinous, in rhetorical editorial articles, and in lyrics numberless, Southern speakers and writers for a century past have been protesting to a somewhat incredulous world that only in their favored region has the flower of chivalrous word and action preserved its original bloom. And now Southern Georgia, seeking for a fit representative of its culture and its dignity, sends to the United States Senate an unconscionable maligner of Catholic Sisters, women whom the most abandoned wretches of both sexes in the slums of our greatest cities treat with honor and respect. Reputable Southerners can hardly meet with silent contempt this inquiry of the National Catholic Welfare Council: "If the Southerners excuse lynchings on the ground of chivalry toward white womanhood, how does that claim square with their approval of, or at least indifference to, the foul slanders of Senator Watson, of Georgia, against the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd?"

Notwithstanding the censorship of moving-picture films—a censorship practically universal in our country today,—there is continuous criticism of these pictures, or of some of them, from various quarters. Whether the censors are so thoroughly sophisticated that they can not put themselves in the place of the innocent and ingenuous, and so put the stamp of their approval on films that are in reality immorally suggestive, or whether they take their duty too lightly and shirk its full performance, certain it is that in the average American city there are daily displayed pictures which are frankly indecent, and which any well-instructed Catholic would consider an occasion of sin. Letters in the daily press all over the country testify to the realization on the part of the public of the injury that is being done to our young people by these lurid and often really lascivious pictures; and there seems to be a consensus of opinion that much of the juvenile crime that is becoming alarmingly prevalent is directly due

to the suggestiveness of the "Movies."

Nor is it only the "unco guid," the straitlaced prudes, who are condemning these abuses of the moving pictures, as is clear from such criticism as the following, quoted from a typical letter to a secular daily: "Why can't the picture-house managers refuse every picture that has a tendency to vulgarity? I have almost stopped going to picture shows, because one is compelled to see things that are indecent; and I am neither a church-goer nor a reform shouter. I simply want to see something fine, something to lift me up to better thoughts."

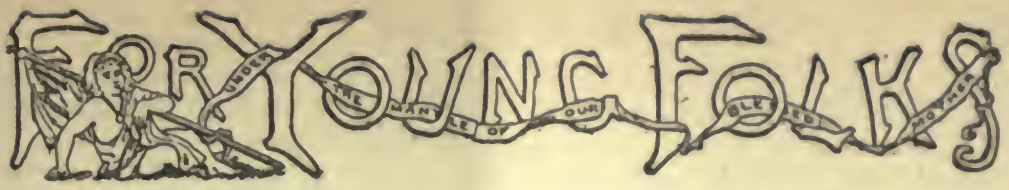
That there are good moving pictures need scarcely be stated. The trouble is that there are so many bad ones; and a practical duty which this fact imposes on Catholic parents everywhere is to supplement the official censorship of a given "show" by a preliminary personal view of it before allowing their young sons and daughters to be affected by its appeal.

One of the commonest of fallacies is the assumption that the temporal antecedent of an event or occurrence is the cause of the event—the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* ("after that, therefore because of that") of the logicians. It may be that the desire of the secular press to avoid any such fallacy is the explanation of its failure to call attention to the fact that the appeal of President Harding for international disarmament follows the lines of Pope Benedict's great Encyclical on Reconciliation, and that it is almost identical with the course advocated not long ago in a published statement of the American Catholic hierarchy. Said the bishops: "While, therefore, we must leave the immediate question of disarmament to our national legislators, we should take active means to bring about, for the purposes of general disarmament, a meeting of the representatives of all the leading nations of the world. America should sound such a call, and we should do all in our power to make known that such is the will of the American people."

Whether or not President Harding's appeal was actuated by the judicious and very timely advice of our bishops, his action is deservedly commended in all parts of the country.

It is gratifying to learn from a new book on Russia by Capt. Francis McCullagh ("A Prisoner of the Reds") that the Church, which has naturally been the most formidable enemy of Bolshevism among the religious bodies of the country, is "powerful and well organized in Russia." The Schismatic Church, on the contrary, is in a sad state; its leaders are prevented from concerted action; the clergy are utterly dependent on their congregations, who in many places are withholding their offerings; and the net result, thinks Capt. McCullagh, will "probably be the downfall of the Russian Church and the formation of a great number of small sects, some of them doubtless of a very strange character." As with heresy, so with schism: disintegration is inevitable sooner or later.

A correspondent of the Associated Press, writing from London on the subject of the Irish peace terms, quotes a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* as pointing out that President De Valera's demand for independence for Ireland is far from being extravagant, as it is based on sound historical ground—namely, that under the Act of Independence passed by the British Parliament in 1783, and still on the statute books, Ireland is a kingdom under the British King, but united for the time being under the treaty embodied in the Act of Union in 1800.



My Bouquet.

BY M. H. K.

O GARDEN flowers are beautiful,
And garden flowers are sweet!
But all too soon they droop and die,
Even before thy feet.

So, Mother dear, I bring to thee
Some other flowers to-day,
That, with God's grace, shall bloom for thee
Forever and for aye.

The red, red rose of my heart's love;
The lily thoughts I woo;
The goldenrod of golden deeds
And golden acts I do;

The flaming poppy of my Faith;
And from the sunny spot
Which glimmers brightly in my soul,
Hope's loved forget-me-not!

O garden flowers are beautiful!
But, Mother dear, for aye
Shall bloom for thee, dewed with God's grace,
The flowers in *my* bouquet.

The Little Minstrel.

BY M. HECTOR MALOT.

VI.—The Return of Vitalis. Partings.

AS the time approached for the release of Vitalis, Remi, who had kept the record accurately, began to feel anxious both on account of the coming separation from his new benefactors and through fear that in their travels they might go too far to return at the appointed time. Mrs. Milligan had assured him that she would remember it, but his solicitude would not permit him to keep silent any longer.

So one day, after they had finished lessons, he said: "Madam, it will soon be time for me to leave you. You know, I am sure, how I dislike to go; but I must be there waiting for my master when they open the door of his prison."

"I have thought of all that, my dear Remi," she replied; "and have already given orders that we turn back to-day, so that you may be there at least twenty-four hours before the date set for his release."

"Oh," cried Arthur when she had finished, "I can not part from Remi! He must not go! See how well I am since he has been here!"

It was true: he had improved wonderfully in two months, and Mrs. Milligan, as well as Arthur, contemplated Remi's departure with regret, which was somewhat softened by a plan she had in mind, but which she had not mentioned to her son through fear of his great disappointment if it could not be executed.

"My child," she said, "I should be very glad to keep Remi, but for that two things are necessary: his own consent and that of his master."

"Remi would like it, I am sure," said Arthur; "and you could give the man some money. Then he would let him stay with us."

"Before deciding what you would prefer to do, Remi, think seriously upon it," said Mrs. Milligan.

"I do not have to think, Madam: I know," replied the boy promptly. "I would love to make my home with you and Arthur, but Signor Vitalis has a claim upon me that I can not forget. He is old, and I think will not be feeling well when he comes out of prison. He has taught me many things I did not know before. I help him to make his living. He will have no money when he is released. I could not leave him."

"But, Remi," pleaded Arthur, "if mamma would give him a good deal of money, then what?"

Mrs. Milligan shook her head.

"I am afraid money would not tempt him, if he is fond of Remi. Beside, Remi will always be helping him to make it. But we shall see. I intend to speak to him when he appears. And I had forgotten something: Remi's parents would also have to be consulted. This might be very difficult."

What had been, since he had learned it, the greatest sorrow of Remi's life must now be revealed.

"They are not my real father and mother, Madam," he replied. "They took me when I was a baby and cared for me. At least Mother Barbarin did. She loved me. It was Jerome, her husband, who hired me to Signor Vitalis for thirty francs a year. She could not help it."

"Were they very poor?" asked Mrs. Milligan, compassionately.

"Yes, Madam, they were," Remi answered. "But that is not why I was sent away. Mother Barbarin would have kept me; I did not know I was not her own boy. But Jerome, who had been away for many years, got hurt in Paris, and could not work, so he came back to our village. He scolded her for having kept me, and hired me to Signor Vitalis when she had gone to see the Curé's sick housekeeper. I am sure she cried when she came and found me gone."

"And, Remi, you loved this Mother Barbarin?"

"Oh, yes, Madam!"

"And if Signor Vitalis would be willing to give you up, provided I paid him a certain sum, and also something to your foster parents, would you rather return there than stay with us?"

Remi did not hesitate as he replied:

"No, Madam; and I will tell you why. When that money was gone, Jerome would send me away again, or sell me. It would be of no use. If I stay with Signor Vitalis or with you, some day I can go back to see Mother Barbarin, and be able to give her some money, to make her comfortable. Do you see?"

"Very clearly, Remi," Mrs. Milligan answered. "Therefore, if your master were willing and I should make it possible, you would not think of returning to your village?"

"No, Madam,—no. And Mother Barbarin would not wish it, either. She is so good and loves me so well that she would want only that which would be best for me. She could not bear to have Jerome ill-treat me, as he would be sure to do. But if Jerome should die—"

He paused, and Mrs. Milligan said quickly:

"That is in the hands of God, my child. He will take care of it."

"Yes, Madam. It is not right to wish for the death of any one, and I have not wished it; but—"

"I think I will write a letter to your master, to the prison," said the lady. "He will have time to consider my proposition before seeing you again. Don't you think that would be a good plan?"

"Perhaps it would," said Remi. "You know best."

The letter was written and sent, and three days later an answer came. Mrs. Milligan had invited Vitalis to call upon her at Cette, a place not far from Toulouse. Vitalis replied that he would arrive by the train which reached there at two o'clock on the day of his release.

Remi asked permission to meet his master at the station. It was granted, and he set out in good time, accompanied by Joli-Cœur and the dogs. Mrs. Milligan and the boys had gone ashore the previous evening, and taken rooms at a hotel. The animals had been left behind in care of Tessie, who was greatly attached to them. However, Remi had taken the precaution to fasten

them in their sleeping quarters, and to attach Joli-Cœur's chain to a column. He knew that Tessie would feed them well.

It was with a mind greatly disturbed that Remi went for them next day in order to take them with him to the railway station. He knew that Vitalis would be very anxious to see them. They looked fine and well-fed. Remi was proud of them, but the thought uppermost in his mind was that of the decision which rested with his master. As the important moment drew near, he realized fully what his own wishes were. His mind could not dwell on the thought of separation from his new friends. And yet he had a strong presentiment that he would be obliged to part with them,—that Vitalis would not agree to relinquish him to their care. Thus alternate hope and fear filled his heart.

He reached the station some time before the train was due,—the dogs in leash beside him; Joli-Cœur, sleek and fat, peeping from the folds of the smart new coat Mrs. Milligan had purchased at one of their stopping places. He had long since folded away the trousers, jacket and hat of the strolling player. It seemed that the dogs knew what was about to happen. As soon as the train came in sight, they began to strain at the leash; and when it stopped, with one bound they broke the rope, and sprang towards Vitalis, who was the first person to step on the platform.

In a second he had Dulcie in his arms, while Capi and Zerbino climbed to his knees. Joli-Cœur, from his point of observation, thrust his head in and out of Remi's bosom, his eyes twinkling, and a hoarse sound coming from his throat. It seemed more surprise than joy. In a moment the old man had his arms around Remi, while greeting him affectionately.

Remi had never had any demonstrations of affection from his master; therefore these warm caresses were unexpected, but they touched him deeply. They looked at each other with tearful eyes. Remi saw that Vitalis was changed. His hair was quite white, his cheeks thin and pale, his lips blue, while his shoulders seemed bent, his limbs trembling.

"You do not find me improved, Remi," he said, interpreting the expression of the boy's face. "A prison is an unwholesome dwelling place, especially to one who loves the fresh air as I do; and idleness is a dreadful malady. But everything will be all right in a little while now. I am not at all cast down." Then, suddenly perceiving the boy's smart little cap and his new, well-fitting clothes, he inquired: "What have you done with your jacket and trousers? Not thrown or given them away, I hope?"

"No," replied the boy. "They are on the boat. Mrs. Milligan bought me these."

"That is all right," said Vitalis. "The costume will be better for lying on the shelves a while. It will take out the crêases."

And then Remi knew that his fate was sealed: that Vitalis would not leave him with the friends whom he had learned to love so dearly.

They began to walk slowly from the station, and Vitalis asked:

"Who is this lady who has written to me? How long have you known her, and where did you first meet her?"

Remi then told him all that had occurred during their separation, as well as of the great kindness with which he had been treated.

"This lady expects me at the hotel?" inquired Vitalis.

"Yes, Signor," Remi answered. "I will take you to her rooms."

"That is not necessary," said Vitalis. "Give me the number. I will go up myself. I wish to have some private

conversation with her. You can wait below in the courtyard."

Remi was disappointed: he had hoped to be present at the interview, and believed Mrs. Milligan expected it also. However, he had not been in the habit of entering into any discussion with his master, or expressing his views on any subject, unless requested to do so. When they arrived at the hotel, he gave Vitalis the number of the apartment and remained with the dogs in the courtyard.

What was his surprise to see Vitalis returning almost immediately! The conversation must have been very short.

"Go," said Vitalis, almost before he reached the spot where Remi was standing,—"go, say good-bye to the lady. We start in ten minutes, or we shall make no headway this afternoon."

The boy was dumfounded.

"Well!" exclaimed Vitalis. "Didn't you understand me? We must hurry, hurry."

Remi turned mutely away, leaving the dogs and Joli-Cœur with Vitalis. He ascended the stairs and entered Mrs. Milligan's sitting room. She was kneeling beside Arthur, who was crying.

"Oh, don't go, Remi!" he exclaimed. "Don't leave us!"

"I must go," replied Remi in a voice choked with tears. "My master wants me to stay with him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Milligan. "He wants you, needs you. He will not release you. I have given him my address and asked him to keep in communication with me, so that if he should change his mind you might come to us at any time."

"You may not care to have me after I leave you," sobbed the boy.

"Yes, Remi, we shall always want you, provided you remain the same boy you now are,—honest, truthful, faithful, and kind."

"I will try to be that, Madam," answered the child.

Through blinding tears she kissed his forehead. Arthur threw his arms around his neck and began to cry aloud. Remi could bear no more. Gently detaching himself from the child's embrace, he cast a glance of affection and sorrow at his benefactress and hurried out of the room.

(To be continued.)

A Lion's Gratitude.

THE following account of how the Abbot Erasmus cured and tamed a lion, and of the animal's gratitude and affection for his holy master, was written by Giovanni Evarato, an Italian chronicler. The story is translated by Mrs. Alexander, and included in her book called "Il Libro D'Oro."

At a mile's distance from the Jordan is a monastery, called that of the Abbot Erasmus; and when we came to this old monastery, the monks who lived there told us of the holy Abbot, who, walking one day on the bank of the Jordan, met a lion that was roaring loudly, and holding up one foot, in which there was a splinter of reed, so that the foot was swollen and much inflamed. As soon as the lion saw the Abbot, he showed him the wounded foot with the piece of reed in it, as if he were begging him to cure it. And when the Abbot saw the lion in this distress, he sat down, and took the paw, and opened the festered wound, and drew out the reed, and washed the sore carefully; and, tying it up with a piece of linen, left him. But the lion, finding himself cured, did not wish to abandon the Abbot, but, like a dear disciple, wherever his master went he followed him; so that the Abbot marvelled at so much gratitude, and from that time fed the lion and took care of him.

These monks kept a donkey, to bring water from the Jordan for the use of the Brothers; and they adopted the

custom of committing him to the care of the lion; so that when he went to the bank of the river to feed, the lion should go with him and guard him. But one day when the donkey was feeding, the lion lingered a little behind him; and a dishonest camel-driver, going into Arabia, found the donkey, and, his guardian not being in sight, carried him away.

The lion, having lost the donkey, returned sadly to his master at the monastery, with his head drooping; and Erasmus, thinking the lion had eaten the donkey, said to him: "Where is the donkey?" But he, like a human being, remained silent, looking on the ground; and the Abbot said: "You have eaten him, and, with the blessing of God, the work that he did that shall you do." And so from that day, by the command of the Abbot, the lion brought every day a barrel of water that held four measures, for the use of the monastery; until one day a cavalier, coming to the Abbot for his blessing, saw the lion bringing the water; and, asking the reason, gave three pieces of gold to the Fathers of the monastery in order that they might buy another donkey for their service, and deliver the noble beast from this humiliating burthen.

A short time after the lion had been freed from this labor, the camel-driver who had stolen the donkey came with a load of wheat to sell in the holy city, having the donkey with him. And it chanced that he met the lion, and he fled at the sight of him. But the lion knew the donkey, and ran to him; and, taking his bridle in his mouth, according to his old custom, and to the great satisfaction of them both, roaring as if to say he had found the lost donkey, he brought him to the holy Abbot, who then understood that the lion had not eaten the donkey, but that he had been stolen from him. And in memorial of these things he gave the lion the name of Jordan.

This lion remained in the monastery with the monks more than fifty years, never leaving the Abbot Erasmus, who passed to the Lord and was buried by the brethren when, by the will of God, the lion was not in the monastery. But after a little time he returned and sought for his master; and the Abbot Sabatius of Cilicia, who had been a disciple of the Abbot Erasmus, saw the lion, and said to him: "Jordan, your master has passed to the Lord, and has left you an orphan; but take and eat." The lion, however, would not eat, but all the time wandered round the monastery, looking here and there, seeking his father, signifying by his great roaring that he could not support his absence.

But the Abbot Sabatius and the other Fathers, patting his head, said to him: "The Abbot has passed away, and has left us." But these words could not assuage his sorrow; and the more they sought to console him, so much the more he grieved, showing in his face and his eyes the sadness he felt at not seeing his master. And the Abbot Sabatius said to him: "Come with me, and I will show you where our father is laid." And he took him and conducted him to the spot where they had buried Erasmus, which was about the distance of five hundred paces from the church; and, standing by the grave, he said to the lion: "Behold, here our holy and beloved father is buried." When the lion had heard this, he threw himself down violently, beating his head upon the ground, roaring; and immediately died upon the grave.

But all this was done, not indeed that it is to be believed that the lion had a soul, but because God sees fit to honor those who honor Him, not only in this life, but even after death; and also to show us in what a state of subjection the animals were to the first man, before he had been disobedient to the divine command, and had been driven from Paradise.

How She Saw the King.

KING ALFONSO, of Spain, is very fond of automobiling, and frequently acts as his own chauffeur. He was returning alone in his car to Madrid one day, when, at some distance from the city, he overtook an old woman who was trudging along in the middle of the road. The King stopped his automobile and called out:

"Look out, good mother, or you'll be run over! Where are you going?"

"To Madrid, to see my son, who is sick in the military hospital."

"Well, then, get in here with me. I, too, am going to Madrid."

The traveller gladly accepted the invitation, and the conversation soon became quite friendly. The old woman spoke very freely about her past misfortunes, her fears for the future, and her actual needs. Then, all at once, she exclaimed:

"I wish I could see the King! They say he is very good to the poor!"

"I will take you to see him when we get to Madrid," said Alfonso XIII., with a smile.

A few moments later the automobile entered the capital of Spain. Hats were raised as it passed along the streets, and there were frequent shouts of "Long live the King!"

The old lady looked about her on all sides.

"But where *is* the King?" she asked her companion.

" I can't show him to you here," he replied: "the crowd is too big."

On reaching the hospital, his Majesty got down, helped the sick soldier's old mother out of the car, and said:

"Now, can I do anything else for you?"

"Nothing, sir, thank you! You are a charming young man, and the good God will bless you. But you promised to show me the King."

"Well," said Alfonso, pointing his finger at his breast, "here he is."

"*You* the King!" cried the old woman. "Oh, what kindness!"

"Yes, the King, who is going to free your son from military service. As soon as he is cured, you'll have him back with you. And here," handing her a purse, "is something to live on until his return."

Then Alfonso jumped into his automobile and sped away, leaving the good woman overwhelmed with joy and gratitude.

General Sheridan's Drummer Boy.

IT was during the War of the Rebellion. Poor little "General Scott," as they called an Ohio drummer boy, was very homesick. He had made his drumsticks beat the charge in many battles; but nostalgia—the name scientific men have given homesickness—had beaten him, after all. The bandmaster laid the case in writing before his superior officers, and it finally reached Gen. Sheridan, who was placed in something of a dilemma. Applications like this had been refused steadily, for it was a critical period. There seemed no excuse for making an exception in this instance. But the hero of Winchester was equal to the occasion; and, taking a pen, he wrote: "No furlough can be granted, but 'General Scott' is hereby ordered to repair to his mother, and to report for duty in thirty days." So the happy little drummer boy dried his eyes and went to see his mother, obeying the commanding general at the same time.

THE Philippine Islands, of which we have heard so much in recent years, were so named in honor of Philip II. of Spain, son of Charles V., and were first called St. Lazarus Islands. They were also known to sailors as the Manila Islands.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An authorized translation of the Pope's recent Encyclical on St. Jerome and Holy Scripture has just been issued by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne.

—John Ayscough's long promised and eagerly awaited book, "First Impressions in America," has just appeared in London; Mr. John Long, publisher. We learn that the work will be on sale in due time in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—New publications of the Cambridge University Press include "Beowulf: An Introduction to the Study of the Poem, with a Discussion of the Stories of Offa and Finn," by R. W. Chambers, who edited the new edition of A. J. Wyatt's "Beowulf, with the Finnsburg Fragment," which appeared last year, and wrote the study in Old English heroic legend entitled "Widsith."

—"After All, What Is The State?" by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, S. T. L., a new pamphlet of the International C. T. S., is a vigorously-worded, closely-argued discussion of the State's limitations as regards the rights of the individual, the parent, the family. It is a most timely statement of some fundamental truths which a good many Americans of to-day appear to be ignoring.

—The first of a series of brochures to be known as "The Messenger Books," from the Examiner Press, Bombay, has for title "About the Bible." Its author is Archbishop Goodier, S. J., who is also to write the succeeding three or four numbers, all dealing with Holy Writ. The present one, a twelvemo of sixteen pages, contains an Introduction, and papers on "What is the Bible?" "The Making of the Bible," and "The Contents of the Bible." Twelve numbers in all are planned, and they seem destined to make an exceptionally useful and interesting course of instruction on the Sacred Scriptures.

—In "Général et Trappiste," Dom A. M. P. Ingold has presented an unusually interesting biography of the famous Baron de Geramb, who later became the Trappist monk, Mary Joseph. (Pierre Téqui.) Educated for a brilliant career, Geramb rose to the rank of general in the armies that opposed Napoleon, was appointed chamberlain to the Austrian Court, and later Spanish envoy to Great Britain. This tumultuous and brilliant career came to an end with his imprisonment by Napoleon. Then the vision of religious life was vouchsafed to him, and at the age of forty-four he joined the austere Order of La Trappe. Even here, however, his gifts were so evident, and his devotion to the cause of Christ so tender, that he was given more and more responsibility until he finally became procurator-general of the Order. P. Mary Joseph's labors included the writing of many books and the painting of several impressive tableaux. The present biographer has done his work very well; it is a vivid, learned book which many will like to reread.

—"The Light of the Ages," by James John Monahan, M. D., an octavo pamphlet of thirty pages, reprinted from the *De Paul Minerval*, is a thesis on the unscientific character of the theories of Evolutionary Theism. The author, premising that the true definition of science is "knowledge based upon demonstrated facts," successfully disposes of the contentions that Evolutionary Theism—"the idea of God gradually evolving in the human mind"—is a scientific theory, and that the thesis of Divine Revelation is unscientific. The pamphlet shows not a little erudition in the matter of the history of religions.

—Helen Parry Eden is not only one of the most interesting contemporary Catholic poets, but she has also written splendid verse for children. We need only recall "To Thomas Black: Cat in the Sloane Museum." The lover of children and poetry will, therefore, open her new volume, "A String of Sapphires," expectantly, and will be amply and charmingly rewarded. How well, one says after reading these mysteries of the life and death of our Blessed Lord, do childhood and poetry and religion go together! The rhymes are simple and lovable, yet how much solid information they enshrine will become evident only after one has read carefully the notes which Mrs. Eden adds for the benefit of older folks. It is a pious book, but its piety is reasonable, motherly, and very wise. We shall quote only one stanza from the poem devoted to our Blessed Lady at the Foot of the Cross:

> Woe for our Blessed Lady.
> She who could never err;
> She saw man's sin and all it cost,
> She saw that souls would yet be lost;
> She saw, because He loved her most,
> He suffered most for her.

We have needed just such a book as this for a long while; and our thanks include the

publishers, who have done their part to make it a beautiful volume. It is an expensive one, too. P. J. Kenedy and Sons; price, $3.60.

—The London *Times Literary Supplement* announces that, after remaining in manuscript for more than four hundred and seventy years, the work entitled "The Donet," by Reginald Pecock, Bishop first of St. Asaph and then of Chichester in the middle of the fifteenth century, has been printed for the first time, and is about to be published by Mr. Humphrey Milford for the Early English Text Society, under the editorship of Elsie Vaughan Hitchcock, University College, London. "'The Donet' was issued in manuscript from probably between 1443 and 1449. As with the five other extant works of Pecock (of which 'The Repressor' was edited by Babington in the Rolls Series in 1860; the 'Book of Faith,' edited by J. L. Morison in 1909; and the 'Reule,' edited by James Gairdner, 1911), only one copy is known to exist. Owing to the fact that it is 'a schort compendiose report' of the 'Reule,' or 'Book of Cristen Religioun,' Pecock's biographer, John Lewis, imagined it to be the 'Reule' itself. The Bodleian manuscript has now been collated with Pecock's 'Poore Mennes Myrrour,' the only copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. The editor includes notes and a glossary, as well as a critical Introduction."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher. 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert, (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) $2.

"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Clement Krauth, of the archdiocese of Birmingham; and Rev. Edmund McIntyre, C. P.

Sister M. Mildred, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Perpetua, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. J. B. Aubuchon, Mr. Benjamin Willow, Mr. August Barnd, Mrs. M. Russell, Mr. Martin McLaughlin, Mrs. Mary Dixon Moriarty, Mrs. Cora Henneberry, Mr. Frank Stockman, Mr. R. J. Obert, Mrs. Margaret Donahue, Mrs. Honora Morrissey, Mr. George Macke, Mrs. Margaret Carroll, Miss Agnes Davis, Mr. Bernard Stock, Miss Elizabeth Cooper, Mrs. Margaret Healy, Mr. Francis Charbonneau, and Mr. Thomas Burnett.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: E. German, $5; A. F. C., $1. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. O. B., $5.

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CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

(School of Giotto.)

AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 13, 1921. NO. 7

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1921: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

TOO pure the dewdrop is in God's chaste sight
E'en on the petal of the rose to lie:
God sends His angel sunbeam, clothed in white,
To lift it to the sky.

And so "that whiter flesh of hers than snow"
That clothed the body of His Son Divine
God lifted from our sordid earth below,
A star in heaven to shine.

The Soul of the Church.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

SCIENTIFIC men tell us that the cells and tissues of this human body of ours pass through a constant process of change, decay, and renewal, so that in a few years not a particle of the matter of which the body is composed is the same that was originally found in it. Every seven years or thereabouts the whole frame of man is entirely transmuted into new material, which takes the place of the old. Yet we have no hesitation in saying that we have the same body all through life, from the cradle to the grave. I am quite sure that the body I have now is the same body that I had at birth,—identical, that is in its essence, with the body I was born in, whatever changes of growth or decay, of disease or of accident, may have taken place.

There is a foundation, and a true foundation, for this consciousness of self-identity in regard to body as well as mind, and for its unhesitating assertion. There is something that gives this identity,—something that makes the body the same body all through, in spite of the constant ebb and flow of the matter of which it is composed. What is this source of sameness amid change? Why can we say truly that our bodies are always the same? It is because the body is only part of the *ego*. There is another and a more important part of the being which we call "I,"—so much more important that if limb after limb be cut off, that other part of the *ego* remains unaffected, undiminished. That other element of our being is the life-principle, the *soul*.

It is the soul that binds together in one living whole, in one living unity, the millions of cells of which the body is made up. It is the soul that is the life of each individual cell, and it is the soul that is the life of the whole. It is the soul, the life-principle, that directs the growth and movement and activities of the innumerable cells, so as to build up all into the wonderful organism that the body is; that directs, too, the movements and activities of the bodily organism as a whole.

Hence, then, is the *unity* of the body, and hence its *identity* through the years of life. It is *one* body, and the *same* body all the days that the man lives upon this earth; nay, this unity and identity will revive beyond the grave

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when the great day of resurrection shall come. No one, I think, will deny that this unity and identity are facts; no one logically can deny that the principle of unity and identity is a fact. Without it what would happen? We should have no more consistency than vapor or smoke.

When a cell, or a collection of cells, such as a limb, is segregated, it dies. Separated from the body, it is no longer governed by, or informed with, the life-principle or soul; it is no longer bound into the living unity of the body. If the matter of which such separated cell, or collection of cells, is made up enters afterwards into fresh combinations and even becomes living matter again, still its identity with the original body to which it belongs is not lost.

When God became Man, He took to Himself a human body, a material body like ours, and a human soul, too. But He also created and took and joined to Himself in close union another body, of which He, God made Man, is the head, and millions of human beings are the members,—members of Him, members of this Mystical Body of His, members one of another. That other Body of Christ, the Mystical Body of God Incarnate, is called and is the Holy Catholic Church. And this Mystical Body has its soul or life-principle, in which those who are joined to the Body share, and by which they are made spiritually alive; by which, too, their spiritual activities are governed and directed; by which they are all built up into the unity of a living organism; by which, moreover, that living organism, the Church, Christ's Body, is *one* and *only one*, and is *identical with itself*, and distinguished from all others through all the ages.

The soul, the life-principle, of Christ's Body the Church is none other than the spirit of Christ, the head; none other than the Holy Spirit Himself, who dwells in the Church and in every faithful member. He it is who gives to the Church life and unity, permanence of identity through the ages; He it is who makes her a living organism, a unit, and unique.

This teaching is strikingly set forth by St. Augustine in his treatise on St. John's Gospel, two extracts from which are read as homilies in the Divine Office during the octave of Corpus Christi. Christ teaches us, says the saint, and admonishes us "in mystical words, that we must be in His Body, under Himself, the head, as members of Him, eating His flesh, and not deserting His unity. The spirit, or soul, it is that makes the members to live; but the spirit does not give life to members unless they are found in that body which is animated by the spirit. Does that spirit, O man, which is in thee, by which thou art constituted a man,—does it vivify a member that is cut off from thy body? By the spirit I mean thy soul. Thy soul animates not any member that is not of thy body. If thou cut off any member, it is no longer vivified by thy soul, because it is no longer joined to the unity of thy body....Nothing ought a Christian to fear so much as to be separated from the Body of Christ; for if he be separated from the Body of Christ, he is not a member of Christ; and if he be not a member of Christ, he lives not by the spirit of Christ. But whoso has not the spirit of Christ, says the Apostle, he belongs not to Christ."

Again he says: "Thou hast, O man, an invisible spirit and a visible body! Tell me which is it that lives by the other? Does thy spirit, thy soul, live by thy body, or does thy body live by thy spirit?...What answer does everyone give who is a living man? My body, he says, lives by my soul. Do you, then, wish to live by the spirit of Christ? *Be a member of the Body of Christ.*"

Once more, showing how it is Christ's Holy Spirit that makes the Mystical

Body to be Christ's Body, giving to that Body its identity and singleness as the one only Mystical Body of Christ, the saint writes: "Does *my* body live by *thy* spirit? No: my body lives by my spirit, and thine lives by thy spirit. The living (Mystical) Body of Christ can be that one only which lives by the spirit of Christ; whence the Apostle says: 'We being many are one Body.'"

It is very simple, if men would only see it. If you would have the spirit of Christ, you must belong to the Body of Christ. The Church, the Body of Christ, being animated and *made* a body by the one spirit of Christ, is distinguished above all by unity and self-identity,—by unity now and at any given point in her history; by self-identity,—identity in being, in faith, in character, all through the ages. Going by these tests, it should not be a very hard task for any honest inquirer to find out, among the many religious bodies that claim the name and authority of Christ, which one alone gives evidence of being animated by the one spirit, the holy spirit of Christ, the soul of Christ's Body, the Church. Each and every one of the religions outside the Church has been cut off from the Body of Christ. Like matter that has entered into new combinations, these may have some sort of life, but it is not the life of the Body of Christ; for these new bodies are not animated by the spirit of Christ.

All this is the doctrine of Holy Scripture, of the Fathers, of all antiquity, and of the Church to-day. Its force is by no means lessened by the fact that those who are in good faith, who have never wilfully cut themselves off from Christ's Body, but who find themselves out of *visible* communion therewith by no fault of their own, may have the spirit of Christ, by the mercy of God. They are not saved, those of them who are saved, apart from God's Church; for they belong to that Church in desire, though not in visible fact; and it is only by virtue of this invisible connection with the Body of Christ that they can have the spirit of Christ. But how much they miss! Of what graces are they not deprived! How uncertain is their salvation compared with what it would be if they were in visible communion with the Church of Christ!

These considerations, and above all the express will of God that all should belong visibly and openly to His Church, must ever make that Church a great missionary Church, preaching Christ's full Gospel not only to the heathen who know not Christ, but to those also who are in the darkness of heresy and schism.

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

VII.—In Durance Vile.

> And are these
> The laurels promised in his early dreams?
> These fetter'd hands, this doom of open shame?
> — *L. E. Landon.*

UNFORTUNATELY for himself, Walter had undertaken to look after not only the designing but the making of the uniforms for the Count's troops. Several tailors who could be trusted were given orders to make them, and in due course they were delivered at the castle of the Count. Shortly before the "Three Glorious Days," Walter went to Bruges with the money to pay the tailors; and, having settled their bills, went to visit the Hartleys. He was having tea with the ladies, and entertaining them with details of what was doing at the Count's chateau, and his own hopes of distinguishing himself should there be fighting, when the ladies were startled by a loud ring at the door-bell. The ring being answered, there was heard a man's loud voice speaking in Flemish, the tramp of men's feet and the clatter-

ing of arms in the hall. The ladies looked alarmed; and Walter rose, ready to protect them, thinking that in those riotous times some roughs might be breaking into the house.

Then the folding door of the drawing room (which was on the ground-floor) was thrown open by the maid-servant, who entered, pale and trembling.

"Madame! the gendarmes are come!"

"What means this unwarrantable intrusion into an English lady's house?" demanded Mrs. Hartley, rising and facing three gendarmes, who now stalked into the apartment.

They were fine, stalwart fellows, wearing blue uniforms with orange facings and white epaulets, cross-belted, and with bearskin caps on their heads. Two, who stood at attention near the door, carried carbines with bayonets fixed; the other showed, by the stripes on the sleeves of his uniform, that he was a sergeant and in command. He was armed only with a sabre at his side. He politely saluted the brave little lady, saying:

"Don't be alarmed, Madame. We don't want to disturb you. Our business is with this gentleman,—Mr. Walter Gane, I believe?" He spoke in a French that betrayed his Dutch nationality.

"I am that person," Walter replied, stepping forward. "What do you want with me?"

"My orders are to arrest you, sir; and, in the name of the King, I do so."

He approached and laid his hand on Walter's shoulder. But, with a cry, Miss Hartley rushed between the gendarme and his prisoner.

"You shall not take Walter—I mean Mr. Gane—to prison!" she exclaimed, placing herself between Walter and his captor.

Walter stood for a moment, quite taken aback by the girl's brave act; then he said:

"Dear Miss Hartley—may I call you my Alice?—it is useless to oppose these men, who are only doing their duty. Calm yourself. I will go with them. There is some mistake that will soon be cleared up. Mrs. Hartley, take care of your dear daughter, whose hand I shall soon demand of you." At that critical moment their mutual love had been revealed to each other.

Walter led Alice to her mother; and then, turning to the gendarmes, he put on his hat and gloves and told them to lead the way. In the hall, he was placed between the two gendarmes, while the sergeant, drawing from a pouch a pair of heavy handcuffs, bade him hold forth his hands. Walter's heart was so full of joy just then that he almost felt grateful to the gendarmes for coming to arrest him: had not his arrest revealed to him Alice's feelings towards him? He readily obeyed the sergeant's order, and the rings of the handcuffs were locked round his wrists. From his boyhood, whenever he had seen a prisoner in handcuffs, he had wondered how it must feel to be manacled. He experienced now the indignity, and blushed with shame on finding his hands chained, though he was not conscious of having done anything that was shameful.

Outside the house, he found three more fully armed gendarmes, who fell in behind him as he was marched, a prisoner, through the streets. The presence of the gendarmes had called people to their doors and windows, and quite a crowd of idlers, grown-up folk as well as children, followed the prisoner and his escort. All speculated as to what the fine young gentleman had done to be put in prison.

Walter was at once taken before the public prosecutor in his room in the law-courts and closely interrogated. He gave his name, told who he was, and that he had lodged at the Fleur de Blé. On receipts for uniforms being found on his person, he admitted that he had

ordered them, but declined to answer other questions, fearing that he might incriminate the Count, to whom he avoided referring. Finding little was to be got out of Walter, the prosecutor ordered him to be taken to prison and kept in solitary confinement. He was allowed, however, to keep his watch, trinkets and the money that he had about him.

He was put in a small, dark cell, furnished with a wooden bedstead (on which was a straw mattress, bolster, and coarse sheets), and also a stool and table. The one small window was heavily barred with iron, and was so boarded up outside as to allow of the prisoner seeing only a bit of sky. Walter's handcuffs were taken off on his reaching the prison,—an old, gloomy and close edifice, to which a modern jail would seem quite palatial and almost cheerful. He was allowed to have food fetched from outside by the jailer, who was as kindly a man as the nature of his post permitted him to be.

For three days Walter was kept confined, and allowed to see nobody except the jailer, and the public prosecutor who came twice daily to try to get information about the conspiracy in which he alleged that Walter was implicated. On the fourth day, he was permitted to go into the courtyard or in the common-room of the prison, and to mingle with the other inmates. The old prison not being considered very secure, and there having been quite lately a mutiny among the prisoners, when fifteen had escaped, all except the debtors wore fetters. Before being allowed the run of the prison, however, fetters connected with a light but strong chain were riveted round Walter's ankles.

Among the debtors was an Englishman, an ill-conditioned fellow enough, whose excesses had brought him to want and to an advanced stage of consumption. Indeed, the doctor had ordered his removal to a hospital, evidently seeing that his wretched life would soon end. Walter felt pity for the man, and had some conversation with him as he lay in his bed just before the time when prisoners were locked up for the night. He was curious to know why Walter had been put in prison. Walter mentioning that he had been arrested at the house of Mrs. Hartley, the sick man grew quite excited.

"Hartley?" he exclaimed, rising excitedly to a sitting position in his bed. "Is she in Bruges! And her daughter, her only child, Alice? Good heavens, she must be the same whose husband I knew! He and I were both indigo merchants in London and partners. One day it was discovered that the 'strong-box' of our firm had been opened and robbed. The police took the matter in hand. They found hidden in a secret drawer of Hartley's private desk a reproduction of my key of the strong-box. To open that box, it was needful to use two keys—mine and Hartley's. Hartley was arrested, tried and found guilty, and sentenced to hard labor for a long term. It was I who had put the forged key in Hartley's desk. It was I who had robbed our strong-box. The firm soon after failed and I was ruined. I fled from England to escape a debtor's prison. I took to drink. God knows that I have never known a moment's rest since that sentence was passed. Now I declare before heaven and earth that Hartley was innocent. To-morrow, before witnesses, I will make a declaration that will prove his innocence."

At that moment the jailer called Walter away to be locked up in his cell. For long he lay awake thinking of what the sick man had disclosed to him, and he tossed to and fro on his prison pallet, his chain clanking with every move he made. At last he fell asleep, longing for the morrow. It was daylight when he was awakened by the jailer, who bade him:

"Get up and dress quickly. The gendarmes want you."

Walter rose promptly, thinking that the gendarmes had come to take him from prison to be tried. At the entrance of the prison were a squad of gendarmes and about a dozen men, some of whom he knew were Belgian political prisoners; others were military offenders. His leg irons were knocked off, but he was again handcuffed. Then all the prisoners were ranged in couples and were bound together by a stout rope. Flanked by gendarmes, they left the jail, marched across the town, and out of it until they came to a canal, where a barge awaited them and they were put on board in the hold.

Walter learned that their destination was Sluys in Holland. He did not know that that morning the Dutch garrison had entirely abandoned Bruges, and that orders had been given that all military and political prisoners were to be removed by water into Holland. He was in despair, losing all hope of receiving the public confession of the dying Englishman, which he had hoped would fully exculpate his beloved Alice's father.

Scarcely had the Dutch garrison evacuated Bruges than the Count with his little troop of chasseurs entered the city and fixed his headquarters in the Fleur de Blé inn, his men and horses being billeted there, or in inns round about it. The Count had already heard of Walter's arrest, and learned that it had been brought about by a tippling tailor who had boasted, over his cups, of having made money in making uniforms for the Englishman! A spy of the police had heard the boasts of the tailor and reported the matter to the authorities. The Count, as quickly as possible, hastened to the prison. There he learned that Walter and other prisoners had been removed to other quarters.

Taking with him some dozen of his men, he rode off in pursuit of the barge, intending to cut it off before it reached Dutch territory. The little band of horsemen rode swiftly by the road to Oostkerk, and thence to a bridge that crossed the canal where they hoped to intercept the barge. There they learned from the man in charge of the bridge that no barge had that day passed the point. They then forced him to hide with them in a small *estaminet* that stood close to the bridge, tethering their horses out of sight.

They had not long to wait before the barge was seen approaching very slowly, drawn by a single horse. Those on board began to sound a horn, and to shout to the bridge-keeper to open the heavy wooden bridge to allow their vessel to pass. Receiving no answer, they made their barge fast to a small landing stage in front of the *estaminet*, and two gendarmes leaping ashore and rushed to the inn in search of the bridge-keeper. Entering the inn, they were at once surrounded by a dozen armed men, and were too surprised to make any resistance. Then the Count and most of his men, pistols in hand, quickly boarded the barge, bidding the gendarmes to surrender. Like their comrades, they were too completely surprised to make any resistance and laid down their arms.

Then the Count visited the prisoners. But Walter was not among them. Questioning the gendarmes, he learned that Walter had been landed at Damme by orders of the public prosecutor, and had been handed over to two mounted gendarmes there. Where he had been taken, they knew not. Thereupon the Count obliged them to free their Belgian prisoners, and then allowed them to continue their voyage with their military prisoners,—first, however, taking care to deprive them of their firearms.

A country cart was requisitioned to convey the liberated prisoners back to Bruges, and it and the troop made their

way thither by the road beside the canal. They stopped at the lifeless little town of Damme, where the Count made inquiries after Walter. The inhabitants described how he had been placed on a horse and had ridden off, still a prisoner, between the two mounted gendarmes. They had taken a cross-road which led to the village of Moerkerke, and then by a highroad on to the small Dutch town of Aardenburg. But the mounted gendarmes had had such a good start that the Count knew pursuit was useless; for he was aware that at Aardenburg a strong force of Dutch troops were posted. Once Walter was within the enemy's lines, a rescue was impossible. So the Count and his troops rode sadly back to Bruges.

(To be continued.)

Her Crowning.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHEN Jesus crowned His Mother Queen
Of all His Father's kingdom fair,
Such joy in heaven never had been.
When Jesus crowned His Mother Queen,
Grey hues enveiled this orb terrene.
Remembered were her love and care
When Jesus crowned His Mother Queen
Of all His Father's kingdom fair.

The angels sang their sweetest strain
When Jesus crowned His Mother Queen
And gave her power in heaven to reign.
The angels sang their sweetest strain,
To banish memory of her pain
When her Son died two thieves between,—
The angels sang their sweetest strain
When Jesus crowned His Mother Queen.

And she who never pleads in vain
To God, her Saviour and her Son,
Once saw that Son for sinners slain.
And she who never pleads in vain
Can never plea or prayer disdain
Till memories of earth are flown;
For Mary never pleads in vain
To God, her Saviour and her Son.

The Conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne.

BY JOHANNES JORGENSEN.

(Conclusion.)

ARRIVED at the convent, Bussierre proposed that Ratisbonne should remain in the carriage; but the latter preferred to wait in the church. So the two young men walked into the edifice. At one of the altars preparations had been made for a funeral, and Ratisbonne inquired who was to be buried.

"Count La Ferronays, one of my best friends," replied Bussierre. "His sudden death is the cause of the melancholy you have observed in me of late."

So saying, he left the church, bidding Ratisbonne wait for his return.

"The Sant' Andrea is a small, simple and lonely church"—thus runs the narrative he has left to us of the most decisive moment in his life. "So far as I am aware, I was quite alone there. No object of art attracted my attention: my glance was drawn toward nothing in particular. All I remember is that a black dog came running up to me—but presently the dog disappeared—the church disappeared—I no longer observed anything; or, rather, I saw only that image. How can I speak of it! Alas! human speech is inadequate. Any attempt to describe its sublimity would seem a desecration of that inexpressible truth which was revealed before me. I fell to the ground, bathed in tears, not the master of my own actions. When Monsieur de Bussierre returned, he helped me to regain consciousness. I was unable, however, to make any intelligent reply to his questions: all I at length did was to grasp the medal that hung on my breast and to press it to my lips. It was she I had seen—she herself. I did not know where I was,—I felt so complete a change that surely there must have been a miracle worked within me. A great joy flooded my soul, but I was unable

to speak, nor did I desire to reveal the ecstasy I felt; there was something solemn and sacred hidden therein, which caused me to inquire for a priest. I was brought into the presence of one of the clergy; and, with great trembling, I opened my heart to him, as well as I might, considering the circumstances.

"My first words were an expression of deepest gratitude toward Monsieur La Ferronays....I was sure now that he had prayed for me, although I know not what inspired me with the thought. All that I know with absolute certainty is that in a moment a veil was lifted from my poor eyes, as it were,—not only one veil, but quite a number of them; one after another disappeared like the ice before the rays of the spring sunshine. I arose and walked out of a grave, out of the dark—and I was alive, really alive. But I wept as I glanced down into the depths of utter misery whence I had been raised through a wonderful act of grace. I shuddered at the sight of my own unworthiness, and was deeply moved by wonder and gratitude. I was stunned, prostrated. With unspeakable joy did I think of my brother. As to my family, my bride, my sisters—my mind reverted to them with supreme anguish.... Of *you* did I think, for I love all mankind; and I prayed for you. Alas! will you not raise your eyes to the Lord of the world, whose blood has washed away our inherited sins? Oh, that you might know how hideous that contagion is! It changes man, who was created to God's image, beyond recognition.

"I have been asked in what manner I came to see and comprehend these truths,—for this much is certain: until then I had never opened any religious book, had never read a page of the Bible; and the dogma of inherited sin, which has been either ignored or forgotten by modern Hebrews, had not for a moment occupied my mind. I am totally unable to say how I arrived at an understanding of these truths. On entering the church I comprehended none of these things, but when I walked away I saw them clearly. I can explain this change only by comparing myself to one awaking from a deep slumber,—or rather to one who was born blind and who suddenly sees.

"Best of all things, however, I had been altered throughout,—was like an empty vessel. The whole world seemed insignificant to me; my opposition to Christianity had dwindled away; the prejudices I had entertained since childhood had vanished, leaving no trace behind them. The love of God had replaced all other love so completely that I even looked upon my betrothed with feelings quite different from those I entertained before. I loved her as one would love some object that God holds in His hands—a rare and costly gift, which tends to increase one's love of the giver."

Such is Ratisbonne's own account of the great transformation in his spiritual life. It is limited in the main to the internal revolution, to the *coup d'état* through which God came into power in the mind of the young Israelite. His words reveal to the reader what a foundation of incomprehensible supernatural forces has been constructed beneath this orb of material things; what a bridge has been built over the gulf that separates supernaturalism from this the natural and intelligible world. The very structure and fabric of the bridge are impenetrable and inconceivable to us. But the narrative enables us to understand that the love of God is a source of happiness without equal, and that it is an unspeakable blessing to leave one's dark, lonely, dreary dwelling and to become enveloped in that pure, shining, glorious light; to fall upon the breast of your Heavenly Father and weep with joy, knowing that darkness and death have ceased to reign, and are succeeded by

eternal light and everlasting life in Christ.

Theodore de Bussierre, in his book "One More Brother," has recounted what took place on the 20th of January in S. Andrea delle Fratte. He had gone into the convent attached to the church. His errand was to secure some seats for the relatives of La Ferronays at the funeral service. He was absent probably a few minutes, and returned to the church by way of the vestry.

"On my return," he says, "I did not see Ratisbonne, but finally found him kneeling by the Chapel of Saint Michael. I went up to him and touched him several times before he became aware of my presence. At last he turned, and, with tears in his eyes and with an expression that I can not describe, said: 'Oh, how that man has prayed for me!' I was almost petrified; I felt what I think one must experience when confronted with a miracle. Assisting Ratisbonne to his feet, I led, or rather dragged, him out of the church, then questioned him as to what had happened and where he desired to go. 'Take me wherever you wish!' he cried. 'After that which I have seen I can only obey.'

"I attempted to obtain from him a fuller explanation, but he was unable to make himself understood; his emotion was too great and too deep. He held the Miraculous Medal and covered it with kisses and tears. I brought him home, followed him to his room and questioned him again; but he was able only to give vent to some incoherent exclamations. He sighed deep and often: 'Oh, how happy I am, and how good is God! What fulness of grace and felicity! How pitiable those are that do not know Him!' At last he asked whether I considered him insane. 'But I am in possession of my full reason,' he said: 'I am not demented.'

"Little by little, however, this great emotion abated, and then Ratisbonne asked me to take him to a confessor. He wanted to know when he could receive baptism, for without it he could not live. I at once conducted him to the Gesù, and introduced him to Father Villefort, who asked him to relate what he had experienced. Ratisbonne produced his medal, held it out to us and cried: 'I have seen her,—I have seen her!' He once more became overpowered with emotion. Soon he was quiet again, and proceeded to explain: 'I had been in the church but a few moments when a peculiar restlessness filled my mind. I looked up: the building had disappeared from view entirely, and instead one single chapel had gathered within it all the light. In the middle of this light *the Virgin Mary appeared before me, above the altar,*—great, glorious, full of majesty and kindness, exactly as she is represented here in the medal. An irrepressible power forced me toward her, but the Holy Virgin made a sign over me with her hand and motioned me to kneel down. She seemed to tell me that now all was well. She did not speak to me, but I understood all.'

"Ratisbonne was obliged to interrupt his narrative several times to draw a deep breath and master his emotion. We regarded him with sacred fear, greatly wondering at God's wisdom and the immeasurable wealth of His grace.

"On leaving Father Villefort, we went at once to Santa Maria Maggiore, the principal church dedicated to our Blessed Lady; and then to St. Peter's. We wanted to thank God. 'Oh,' said Ratisbonne, pressing my hand warmly, 'now I comprehend the love you feel in your churches, and the zeal you display in ornamenting and decorating them! How good it is to stay here! I wish I were never to leave this place again. This is not earth: it is the court of heaven.'

"When he came up to the altar, the dwelling-place of the Most Holy, he was

so overpowered by the *real presence of Christ* in the Sacrament that it was almost feared he must be brought away unconscious. I had to lead him out: to such an extent was he affected by appearing in the very presence of God, tainted as he was by the misery of inherited sin. He hastened into the chapel of the Holy Virgin. 'Here I have no fear!' he said.

"Time and again I questioned him regarding the details of this wonderful vision. It was impossible for him to explain how he had gone from the left side of the church over to the chapel, the entrance to which was obstructed by platforms erected for the occasion of the funeral. All he realized was that suddenly he found himself kneeling in front of this chapel. At first he had not been able to distinguish plainly the transcendent glory of the Queen of Heaven: his eyes could not endure the splendor of her presence. Three times he had tried to look at Mary,—three times did he try, but in vain, to lift his glance higher than her sacred hands. 'O God,' he cried, 'less than half an hour ago I blasphemed Christianity and regarded Christian faith with a mortal hatred!...But all who know me realize that there were urgent reasons why I should remain a Jew. My family is of Hebrew origin, my bride is a Jewess, and my uncle is a Jew. In becoming a Catholic I sacrifice all.' "

The conversion of Ratisbonne caused an extraordinary stir in Rome, and he was the subject of almost world-wide discussion. But in the meantime he remained quietly among the Jesuits, studying the catechism. On the day set for his baptism, January 31, the church of the Gesù could scarcely accommodate the vast number of believers as well as unbelievers that came to witness the ceremony. The Abbé Dupanloup, who was afterward raised to the episcopacy, presided over a most touching service—. "a hymn to the grace of God and to the love of the Holy Virgin," as it was referred to by one of those present. In baptism Ratisbonne received the names of Maria Alphonse.

Thus, then, did he become a Christian. His intended marriage was abandoned, and he decided to retire from the world and become a member of the Jesuit Order. He was ordained in 1847. But after some time he dissolved his connection with the Society of Jesus and joined the Congregation of Our Lady of Zion, which was founded by his brother Theodore. The aim of this society was to assist in the conversion of the Hebrews, and Alphonse Ratisbonne was entrusted with the task of spreading the activity of the Congregation from France to England.

For the sum of $12,000, which he collected in France and Belgium, he bought, in Jerusalem, a piece of ground closely adjoining the so-called Ecce Homo Arch—that arch above which our Saviour stood when Pilate presented Him to the furious multitude below, exclaiming, "Behold the Man!" There Fr. Ratisbonne erected the beautiful Convent of Our Lady of Zion, which, on January 20, 1862—the twentieth anniversary of his conversion,—was transferred to the nuns of this society. In the same place where, according to tradition, the people cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!—Not this Man, but Barrabas!—His blood be upon us and upon our children!"—Jewish orphans now find a shelter beneath the wings of Christian love. That innocent Blood which was shed by their fathers is actually on these children; but it works their salvation, not their doom. Daily in this sacred place, in the Church Ecce Homo, when the priest, during Mass, holds up before the congregation the adorable flesh and blood of Christ, the prayer of the dying Saviour is repeated three times for the Jews: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

Father Maria Alphonse often visited Europe during the years of his mission work in Jerusalem. On one of these visits, while in Paris, he met Mrs. Augustus Craven, *née* La Ferronays—the daughter of his unknown benefactor,—who mentions him in the following terms, under date of September 21, 1856:

"He comes directly from Jerusalem. The account of his experiences there surpasses anything ever described even by the most pious travellers. He is not eloquent: he expresses his thoughts slowly and even with some difficulty, and appears rather indifferent as to his words. But, in spite of this, he is very successful in communicating the deep conviction that marks his whole being. His tone, his glance, and even his lack of eloquence bear witness to the fact that 'within him there is something which defies all appearance,' and that his hopes are founded not only upon faith but upon a safe and powerful experience, which is forever present to his mind."

Upon this experience, this faith and this hope, did Ratisbonne live and grow old. He died in May, 1884—having been born in May 1814. Every year the anniversary of his conversion (January 20) is celebrated in the Church S. Andrea delle Fratte in Rome. We may think as we please, of course, of the vision he had in this church, but the singular fact remains: this episode, this revelation, was the occasion of a sudden and extraordinary conversion, a sincere renunciation of the world, a burning desire to win souls to the love and service of Jesus Christ, as exemplified in the life of this man.

The following is the simple and beautiful prayer which Theodore de Bussierre induced the young Jew to repeat, and which certainly could never for a single day have been forgotten by Maria Alphonse Ratisbonne—the well-known Memorare:

"Remember, O most clement Virgin, that it was never known that any one who had sought a refuge with thee, any one that prayed for thy intercession, was ever abandoned. Animated by this confidence, I now hasten to thee, Mother and Virgin above all virgins! To thee I come and before thee I stand, a penitent sinner. Mother of the Word, do not reject my prayer, but listen to me, accord to me thy grace!"

Mam'zelle Fifine.

BY JEAN NESMY.*

I.

"MAM'ZELLE FIFINE," she was called in the quarter: "Mam'zelle," not because she was rich or well-dressed or leisured, but because there was in her face a certain refinement and repose that distinguished her from her more ordinary neighbors; because, too, she was kind and sympathetic to the poor and led a good and meritorious life; and "Fifine," which was a diminutive of her baptismal name, "Josephine," and owed its origin to the unskilled, yet graceful, tongues of children, though it had long since been adopted by their elders also. So that in reality this "Mam'zelle Fifine" was the unconscious homage rendered by a working-class population to her honesty of soul. The people have such simple, touching methods of honoring those they love.

When she used to take the air upon her doorstep (a very rare occurrence), or nod over her sewing near the window, like a cat in the hot sunshine (a little failing to which she was addicted), no gossip of the neighborhood would think of passing without inquiring after Mam'zelle's health, or asking if business was flourishing, or if anything of much importance had

* With the author's permission, by E. M. Walker.

happened in the quarter since their last meeting.

For everybody knew her in the faubourg,—a dusty, poverty-stricken faubourg, where, when Saturday came round and with it payday, coarse odors of wine and tobacco belched forth upon the pavement from the many bars. Her premises, consisting of a dark and wretched little shop on the ground-floor, with a room and kitchen behind opening upon a yard, were situated just under St. Mizier's humming, pealing steeple, and opposite the porch of the parish church. There, for some thirty years, she had run a little business with a small—deplorably small—connection.

Her shop did not possess even a signboard; that luxury she left to licensed dealers more flourishing and more highly taxed. But on a deal board in her window she had arranged a jar of peppermint drops, a few wrinkled russet apples, a strip of crochet trimming, a packet of window transfer patterns warranted to give the effect of stained glass, and a few billiard balls,—just enough, in fact, to cause a passer-by to turn his head (provided he were not too absent-minded) and make him say, if he were charitable: "There's a modest little shop! Grocery on the right, haberdashery on the left; it takes more than one shelf to supply a counter. No need to go farther."

And so, as a signboard does not invariably attract custom, Mam'zelle Fifine lived honestly on her humble business, gave away more alms than many rich people, and from time to time was even able to put a few gold pieces into the special purse in which she kept her savings.

An old uncle—her last surviving relative, so far as was known,—who lived in a small, ivy covered house on the Paris Road, had been begging her for a long time to come to him. He was a widower and had no children; she was single; they would, he considered, find in each other's society a remedy for their common loneliness, and the same ray of happiness would brighten both their melancholy hearts. This proposition had never had any attraction for Fifine, and she had opposed it with all the firmness due to an unshakable decision, though at the same time with the considerate courtesy prompted by her good heart.

She was so attached to the corner of the world where she had spent the greater part of her life; so fond of her clean and tidy shop; so devoted, above all, to her little friends! There was Savine Duchat, a mere slip of a girl, fair as a linden flower; then Gaby, whose eyes had a sly look, if ever eyes had, and who hit upon such original and ingenuous words in which to relate the comic happenings of the quarter. There was the tall Tiennet, too; and Apollinaire who spent whole hours in looking through the window at the billiard balls; and then Louitot, and all the others who used to come and do the errands when their mothers were too busy. They were so droll, these short-legged customers, as they stretched up on tiptoe to reach the handle of the door; and scarcely had they entered when they would say, the while they swung backwards and forwards like the bell itself:

"Good-day, Mam'zelle Fifine! Mother has sent me for a pennorth of cloves and a ha'porth of cinnamon bark."

Fifine would give them a big kiss or else a friendly little tap on each cheek, saying:

"Good-day, my little girlie!" Or, "So here you are, my chicken!" Or again: "Very well, my pet! You shall have it."

And, over and above the goods demanded, she would produce a pretty picture or a sweet, so that the child would go away delighted.

Often, however, two minutes afterwards, she would be back again, timid, and with drooping head:

"Pardon, Mam'zelle, but I made a mistake! Mother is cross. It was a ha'porth of cloves she wanted, and a pennorth of cinnamon."

With Savine, a tall and serious person of the age of ten, it was a longer matter. They would fall to chatting:

"What is mother doing?"

"She has gone to help Madame Jeanne wash."

"So you're not at school to-day? And yet it isn't Thursday. You'll forget everything."

"But, Mam'zelle, it's not my fault, is it? I had to mind the house. Besides, my brother is ill."

"Poor little fellow! What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing much. Does one ever know exactly, Mam'zelle, with children? We don't think it's anything serious."

And Fifine would be more pleased at having exchanged a few remarks with Savine than if she had gained a farthing or two by selling spice.

The one thing entailed the other, fortunately; and by the close of the day all this accumulation of little pleasures had ended by filling her with happiness,—that happiness which comes so readily to maiden ladies because it is composed of nothing: a moment of emotion or delight, a child's smile of gratitude, a tear of sympathy or pity,—everything, in short, that bears witness in however slight a degree to the fact that their heart is not yet dead, but can still wake, still smile and weep at life.

Poor Fifine! If you had only known how pleased she was one evening when Gaby, with arms clasped tight about her neck had hugged her for a long time out of gratitude for the simple promise: "If you are very good, there will be two views of Epinal waiting for you on the shelf to-morrow." Really, it nearly made Mam'zelle cry. When evening came, her heart was still all touched and gladdened by the occurrence.

It was her life, this sort of thing,—all her life. She felt that when she no longer had the company of other people's children, together with the little occupations that kept her running to and fro like a mouse from the counter to the shelves and from the shelves to the counter, she would lack something as necessary to her existence as air. This, indeed, was the reason why she put up so stout a resistance to Uncle Justin's projects.

One day, however, having learned that he was seriously ill and perhaps about to die, from pure goodness of heart she yielded, and wrote to him: "They tell me you are troubled with those palpitations again. Only have patience for two days, Uncle. I am selling off my stock and coming to live with you. It is a great sacrifice, but I am quite willing to make it for you."

No need to tell how quickly her sale was completed. She transferred to the nearest grocer a few pounds of biscuits and macaroni, injured by the damp in spite of having been kept in tins; she gave some of her superfine black braid to old Mother Merlotte, and some peppermint drops to each child in the vicinity. Everything else she took away with her.

One van—and that not a big one—sufficed. Her departure was hardly noticed; yet she was popular; but poverty often makes people indifferent to the misfortunes of others. Fifine understood this, and with touching resignation excused the ingratitude of her neighbors: "Poor women! They've quite enough to do to be sorry for themselves."

Only Savine arrived with a valedictory bouquet, just as she was putting up the shutter for the last time.

"Good-bye, Mam'zelle! I shan't forget you!"

For a minute or two they walked side by side and in silence behind the van, for all the world as though they formed part of a funeral procession.

A little farther on, near the point where the street gives a turn, the old woman heard one of the gossips of the quarter say:

"Why, there's Mam'zelle Fifine moving! The faubourg won't gain anything by it. She wasn't a bad person."

And this was the only panegyric pronounced over one who for more than thirty years had given better measure than anybody else, had invariably handed over to the poor more than they had asked of her, had always been available to mind the children of the sick, and had rescued more than one family from a difficult situation on the day when their rent fell due.

But Mam'zelle Fifine had the soul of an evangelist: she did good because it *was* good, and she knew that not on this side of the tomb can men and women reap the harvest of the good grain they have sown. Mam'zelle Fifine, with all those years of charity behind her, was so accustomed to the ingratitude of man that she never thought of telling herself that there ought to have been more people to compliment her and see her off.

It was barely two miles from the shop to where her uncle lived, and yet the distance seemed long to her. Poor Mam'zelle! It was her road to Calvary. Her whole life had of necessity been one of sacrifice, but few sacrifices had cost her as much as this one. Uncle Justin was at times far from easy to get on with. His wife, a saint if ever there was one, had died more or less of grief caused by his ill temper. He suffered from a disease of the heart; he was old; he was deaf. It was really a nurse's job that was awaiting the retired haberdasher.

That in itself was of small consequence. Mam'zelle Fifine had nursed many others in her life. It was more particularly her tribe of little friends that she regretted deeply,—Savine, Gaby, Louitot, and the others. How should she manage to live without them? She could never do it. And yet she did manage it, for the simple reason that she had always placed duty before her affections. On her bad days, she wrapped her soul up, as it were, in the warm memories of the past.

Faint indeed would those rays of sunlight have appeared to any one else. The warmest of them—the most fugitive too, strange as it may seem—had, twenty years previously, lit up an idyll. Yes, she had been going to marry, had Mam'zelle Fifine,—going to marry a lad who had entered the army as substitute, and who, his term of service completed, was to have been paid a thousand silver crowns by the family of the youth whose place he had taken. He was steady, he was pious, he was industrious; the match had promised to be both happy and suitable; and the thousand crowns would have amply provided for the expenses of the wedding and of furnishing. But, alas! the war of 1870 broke out; he never came back, and she had never promised herself to another.

"The loss of love," she sometimes thought, "is quite enough to darken a whole life, since a baptism of love suffices to illumine it."

II.

Uncle Justin, notwithstanding the state of his heart and his great age, lived eight years longer. As Fifine had nobody else in the world, she soon grew accustomed to his whims, and ended by loving her snappish benefactor. When he died, she was overwhelmed with grief; but almost immediately she began to say to herself that now she should go back to her old house in the faubourg, reoccupy her damp shop, and resume her little business. The thought of this made her half forget her sorrow.

Three days after the funeral, then, she returned just as she had come, except that her back was still further bent from age, and that she possessed two or three additional pieces of furni-

ture and a modest sum of money left her by the old uncle.

By the time she passed the *octroi* her wrinkles had already settled into more cheerful lines. An official of fifteen years' standing recognized her, and held out his hand with a hearty laugh of pleasure.

"Why, it's you, Mam'zelle Fifine! You've seen the last of Père Justin, then! Anyway, it's good to meet you again."

And Fifine said to herself that this was the first of the old friendships to knit up once more, and that she would surely have a warm welcome in the quarter. It is, indeed, just what I have often noticed: No matter how great their experience of life or how severe the trials of their past, good-hearted people like Mam'zelle Fifine never lose their illusions.

But, in spite of her hopes to the contrary, her return made just as little stir as her departure. Not only that, two worthless rascals she happened to meet even went so far as to make game of her.

"Wherever is that old woman going with her creaking chairs?" inquired one. "It's not quarter day."

And that was all,—or, rather, that was not all. Her former shop was occupied by a man who sold taps and corks, and she had a long search to find another shop. In the end, she had to pay very dear for a wretched place little better than a booth, but which was not too far away from her old circle of customers. With her uncle's money she was now able to afford a handsome sign for her shop. It consisted of a metal sheet on which was painted in red letters, "The Mother-of-Pearl Button."

During the first few days she was on her feet from morning till night, lovingly arranging her boxes in the order consecrated by the past: choice sweets on the right-hand shelves; liquorice and French berries on the corresponding shelves to the left; barley sugar in the middle, and burned almonds right at the back. She was so delighted to resume all the dear old ways once more!

But a week went by and she had sold nothing, not even a packet of needles. On the eighth day, however, Mère Girodot, an old acquaintance, came to buy some thread for mending. It was so long since they had met that Mam'zelle Fifine felt there must be a great deal they ought to say to each other. She began winding the skein into a ball; and as the thread went winding on, so too did the conversation.

"What has become of Savine, Mère Girodot? She was such a nice child."

"Married, Mam'zelle. She married a good-for-nothing hosier in the lower part of the quarter, who gives her a terrible life."

"And Gaby?"

"Dead of a chill she took one day when she was overheated."

"Poor child! And Louitot?"

"Louitot, Mam'zelle? Master Louitot went off last year with a bundle over his shoulder and has never been heard of since. Ah, you will find many changes in the faubourg!"

"I am sure of it, Mère Girodot. Tenants are always coming and going in the houses of the poor, and it will be eight years at Martinmas since I went away. It can't be helped. Different faces, different customs,—isn't that really the whole of life?"

"It's to be hoped we shall be a bit better off in the next world; isn't it, Mam'zelle?"

"And that it won't be too long before we both get there, Mère Girodot."

As they were about to separate on this melancholy reflection, Fifine said:

"A gum pastille to help you along the road home?"

"I won't refuse. Upon my word, I don't believe I've tasted one since you left."

Mam'zelle Fifine held out the jar. Mère Girodot put her wrinkled hand into it and drew out two lozenges that had stuck together. As, very slowly, she pretended to be trying to separate them so as to put one back, Mam'zelle said:

"Keep them both, my dear. The other will do for the return journey the next time you come to see me." Then, taking the opportunity to administer a gentle rebuke, she added: "Must you go so soon? You're in a great hurry this morning."

"Why, yes. There's eleven o'clock striking and my soup isn't on."

And off trotted the old woman, her hands clasped on her breast under her little shawl.

"Things have indeed changed!" murmured the little haberdasher. "I scarcely recognize my pretty faubourg of the past."

Sadly she gazed out of the window at the rain,—that fine, penetrating rain which makes the day so tedious, and which falls tirelessly hour after hour, while the horizon seems to shift its place and draw close up to the transparent watery screen of narrow and monotonous streaks. Gradually she let herself go and began to dream, and her dream was melancholy and resigned like her spirit, and grey as the weather. Suddenly, coming back to the present, she could not repress an exclamation:

"Why, they've pulled down the wooden-fronted house where Cresson the cobbler used to do business!"

They have indeed, my poor Fifine! But how was it you did not notice it before? To-day there is a new shop in its place, with pigeon-holes from floor to ceiling, and a counter running round under the shelves. It boasts a sign-board painted with big letters, "Economical Store,—Hive No. 35"; and its goods overflow into the street and are spread out on trestles on the pavement, just like the big shops.

The "Economical Store" sold candles like Mam'zelle Fifine; but they were the true "Star" brand, and the wicks burned well, and were not damp. It had savory Italian paste, at two or three farthings a pound cheaper than anywhere else; its acid drops and peppermints and gum pastilles never lost their fresh flavor, because the jars in which they were kept were so quickly emptied. You got three big hanks of thread for a penny; and, more important than all, the salad oil was so unctuous that the assistant at the grocery counter hardly ever failed to remark: "What a lovely color! Just like liquid velvet."

And so the "Hive" was never empty. From morning till night it was filled with the murmur of housewives.

Mam'zelle Fifine, with her nose pressed against the window-pane, saw all this now. And the rain continued to fall,—fine, close, interminable. And Mam'zelle Fifine ceased dreaming. Why had she come back? What a difference between the poetry of her memories and the sadness of this return! To-day, behind her counter, her head in her hands, she wept over the vanished past,—wept over this stage of her old age, which was darker than all the rest of her life.

Ding-dong! The door opened suddenly, and the bell laughed out its warning. A customer, doubtless. Quickly she wiped her eyes with her handkerchief to remove the traces of tears. But no, there was nobody,—only a puff of cold wind.

The old woman dashed out. A confectioner's boy was passing, whistling as he went, his hamper balanced on his head. A bill-sticker was climbing the short ladder which he had propped against the wall of the almshouse. The cry of a chimney-sweep (poor swallow of winter!) came, indistinct and plaintive, from the end of the street. There was nothing that looked suspicious except two or three black pinafores,

whose owners were rushing away as fast as they could. Once at a safe distance, they faced round, laughing all the more immoderately because the *bonne vieille* seemed annoyed.

"Bad boys!" she ejaculated.

But hardly had she uttered the words than she reproached herself with having almost given way to anger over children's tricks.

"I am so withered," she reflected, "that I can not understand them any longer. Their spirits are too high, that is all." Then she added, regretfully: "All the same, I loved the other ones better,—those I used to know in the past; and I am sure that if *they* were here, I should understand them still."

The signboard of "The Mother-of-Pearl Button" hardly lived two months. No customers came. Mère Girodot herself turned deserter, in spite of the gum pastilles; and the shopkeeper, for her part, did not blame her.

"I certainly did her many a good turn in the past," she thought, "and let her have some advantageous bargains,—not to mention the times I minded her children, both of them grown up now. But, after all she is a widow, and her daughters do not help her much. I have saved two thousand crowns, and she has nothing; and, then, too, I have only myself to think of. A halfpenny, small though it is, means much more to her than to me; so naturally she goes to the 'Hive,' where things are cheaper."

She could not reconcile herself so easily, poor woman, to being made the butt of the neighborhood every time the children came out of school. They played her such ill-natured tricks, those heartless, badly brought up youngsters,—from a runaway ring at the bell to an objectionable word scrawled in white chalk across her closed shutters. Decidedly her love of children was deserting her; and as it was to children that she had owed her former happiness, it became impossible to go on struggling any longer. Life had ceased to smile at her, even timorously.

One morning she found that her signboard had been torn down. At last her measure was full, and it did not take her long to come to a decision.

Presumably, she had not many more years before her on this earth. The legacy of Uncle Justin would enable her to spend them peacefully, and to live honorably on her income. And so, tired of solitude and sad of heart, Mam'zelle Fifine went as lady boarder to the Augustinian Convent.

Sister Thérèse, the superior of the convent, has told me since how, on sunny afternoons, dozing in the shade of the elms, the exile used to dream of a little girl fairer than a linden flower, of a damp and sombre shop, and of the happy days of long ago spent in a distant faubourg.

Some Black Madonnas.

THE miraculous image of our Blessed Lady of Altötting, far-famed, like the one at Einsiedeln, on account of its great antiquity and the innumerable favors bestowed at the shrine, also resembles it in being of a black, or rather very dark, color. When, about a century and a half ago, in compliance with the desire of the King of Bavaria, an artist undertook to repaint it, a dark crust fell off parts of the countenance, disclosing the original coloring—a soft flesh-tint.

Madonnas of this same black color are not infrequent on the continent of Europe,—*e. g.*, Our Lady Consolatrix Afflictorum at Luxemburg, another near Spitz in Austria, and one at Regensburg. The last-named is enshrined on a side altar in the minster; it is about eighteen inches in height, and is said to have been brought thither by Judith, the consort of Duke Henry I. of Bavaria, on her return from the Holy Land. At St. Vorles, near Dijon, there

is also a black image of the Mother of God, seated on a throne, holding the Divine Child before her with both hands, after the Byzantine fashion. St. Bernard, when a youth, was a frequent and devout worshipper at this shrine.

Not a few of these images owe their black color to chance rather than to design. Many paints turn black in the course of time, especially if vermilion or red lead is employed in the preparation of the flesh-tints; or, as is occasionally the case, if silver was used as a ground color. This is probably the reason why the countenance of many Madonnas has gradually become discolored, and at last quite black. Other images have for scores—nay, hundreds—of years been surrounded by countless tapers, the smoke of which has had the effect of blackening them.

The miraculous image of Our Lady of Peace, in the convent of Picpus in Paris, is, it is true, black, although of comparatively recent origin; but this is explained by the fact that it was carved out of ebony, in imitation of other images which had become black with age. Again, the miraculous image of Czestochowa, and one in a street in Cologne, were from the first painted black. In both of these the Blessed Virgin holds the Divine Child not, as usual, on her right, but on her left arm, probably in reference to the verse of Psalm xliv, which speaks of the Queen as standing on the right hand of the King; and, in accordance with the description of the vestments of the Queen in the same verse, the images are profusely gilded and adorned in various ways. They were painted black because of the words attributed to the Spouse in the Canticles, a type of the Blessed Virgin: "I am black [that is, tanned by the sun's hot beams] but beautiful."

With regard to those images which are not painted, but simply carved in wood, and dressed, after the fashion of the Middle Ages, in costly robes and mantles of rich material, it is well known that many kinds of wood turn very dark in the lapse of even a comparatively few years.

As with other matters appertaining to Catholic cultus, some savants have endeavored to find types of these black Madonnas in heathendom. They quote the statement of Pausanias, that the celebrated sculptor Onatas reproduced in bronze an ancient carving of "black Demeter," which was partly burned; also that a black image of Diana was venerated at Ephesus. Others would trace in the darkly-tinted Madonnas imitations of Isis or Venus. But, apart from all else, these allegations are disproved by the fact that the most ancient Marian images date from a period when the figures of those false deities were long since forgotten or destroyed.

The mania of some unbelievers for discovering types of Christian images in the presentments of pagan gods has induced them to derive the representations of Mary, sitting with her Divine Son in her arms, from sculptures of Isis holding her son Horus to her breast. One must have a poor idea of early Christian artists to suppose that they could not observe and idealize a living mother and child, but must needs search the monuments of Egypt for an Isis as the model for the Virgin Mother of Christian veneration. Is it possible that Christians of yore, both clergy and laity, would not have raised their voices in condemnation of so impious a metamorphosis, abhorrent as it is to the sentiments of all who believe Jesus to be God, and who venerate Mary as the Mother of God?

AT the top or at the bottom of all illusions I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is what we really are that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune.—*Emerson.*

On Raillery.

WHATEVER claims be made for the twentieth century as contrasted with the eighteenth or even the nineteenth, it will hardly be contended that the world nowadays hears as much as it did formerly of conversation, in the best sense of that term,—the wise, cultivated, genial conversation which Emerson styled "the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us,—a cup for gods, which has no repentance." Not that we exercise our organs of speech less frequently than did our ancestors, or interchange our thoughts by means of spoken words less habitually than they; but the strenuous, hurried, nerve-racking life so characteristic of our times is inimical to the leisurely, calm, undisturbed colloquy or converse so common in an earlier day. In his dedication of "Utopia," Blessed Thomas More wrote: "When I am come home, I must commune with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants." In our day there is perhaps considerably less communing than chatting and talking: we speak as much or more, but we say less.

Whatever be the nature of our spoken intercourse with others, however—be it talk or chat or true communing,—we are all inclined to agree with Sheridan that "Conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed will ever appear tedious and insipid." If raillery, then, be so important an ingredient in the talk that we utter, it is worth while examining in just what it consists. The lexicographers tell us that raillery is good-humored pleasantry or ridicule, satirical merriment, jesting language, banter. The first definition is doubtless true enough, and the quality thus designated is one to be commended; "good-humored" is a saving epithet which robs ridicule of its sting; but it is unfortunately true that the raillery most frequently heard scarcely merits that epithet, deserving rather to be called ill-natured sarcasm or satire, provocative banter, jeering persiflage, or even a flouting gibe, a taunting scoff. Were this not so, there would be no point to the saying of Ben Jonson, "Let raillery be without heat or malice"; and there would be obvious redundancy in L'Estrange's qualifying adjective in the sentence, "Good-natured raillery is the sauce of civil entertainment; and without some such tincture of urbanity, good humor falters."

It may be taken for granted, therefore, that raillery, while often enough entirely innocent and laudable, is not unfrequently the very reverse,—is all too often not only an offence against good breeding but a positive sin against charity. Of the innocent variety Fielding has well said: "The raillery which is consistent with good breeding is a gentle animadversion on some foible, which, while it raises the laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame or contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth which it occasions." Concerning the variety that is opposed to both gentlemanliness and Christian charity, Burgh discourses thus judiciously: "As nothing is more provoking to some tempers than raillery, a prudent person will not always be satirically witty where he can, but where he may without offence. For he will consider that the finest stroke of raillery is but a witticism, and that there is hardly any person so mean that his good will is not preferable to the pleasure of a horse-laugh."

It is all well enough for the witty wielder of raillery's weapons to insist that "every sensible person should be able to take a joke": the justice of the statement turns on just what constitutes a joke; and experience proves that

there is not uncommonly a very wide difference between the respective opinions of the joke's player and him on whom it is played.

No moralist, it need hardly be said, would banish wit from conversation, or protest against good-humored irony, satire, chaffing, or persiflage; but it should never be lost sight of that moderation in all things is a virtue, and that the only legitimate purpose of wit is to serve as the salt of conversation, not the food. To set loose the shafts of irony and satire on any and every occasion, or to direct them uniformly against a particular member of a company, is to court the danger of sinning grievously against the precept of fraternal charity.

Another point to be remembered is that just as one may become guilty of detraction by simply listening with pleasure when our neighbor is spoken against, so one becomes a party to the sin of abuse when one applauds or encourages the ill-natured raillery of another. As Sheridan puts it, "To smile at the jest which places a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief." It may easily happen, indeed, that the listener is in reality more guilty than the speaker,—when, for instance, a superior abets and countenances the ill-timed and excessive raillery of an inferior, who, lacking such encouragement, would refrain therefrom.

Most persons presumably are of the same mind as D. G. Mitchell, who says: "I like that wit whose fittest symbol is the playful pinch which a father gives to the cheek of his roguish boy, or the pretended bite which a mother prints upon the tempting, snowy shoulder of her babe." And possibly the great majority of us would do well to follow the advice of Stillingfleet: "Above all things, raillery decline; it is in ablest hands a dangerous tool, but never fails to wound the meddling fool."

Why God Permits Evil.

LIKE Gedeon of old, people are still asking the question. "Why, since God is good, does He permit evil?" The best answer we can think of is afforded by the happy illustration of Jeremias Drexelius. Here it is in full:

"Pope Julius II. gave orders that Michelangelo, the most celebrated of painters, should paint the Last Judgment. The painter began the work; but, on account of his hostile feeling towards the Princes of the Church, he placed even bishops and purple-robed Fathers in the flames of hell. The Pope very often visited the painter, and saw through the daring of the man, which was concealed under the rules of art; and, although he strongly disapproved of it, yet for certain reasons he pretended not to see it, thinking to himself: 'Let him only finish his work, and he will soon find out in prison the errors of his pencil, when he dines on nothing but bread and water.'

"The Pope certainly wished that the Tribunal of the Supreme Judge should be painted for the benefit of those who looked upon it, and not for the injury or contempt of any one; but this injury he knowingly and willingly allowed in order to attain a certain object. And in the same way God wills that we should paint for eternity, and produce immortal works; but we, with hand and affection which wander from His design, place sometimes one person and sometimes another in hell,—that is to say, we are harmful in a variety of ways to those whom we esteem our enemies; and many other faults, too, we are guilty of while performing our task. Nevertheless, a picture is elaborated of things which are most entirely different in their nature; for there is a marvellous connection, dependence, and arrangement in details, so that particular objects which, taken by themselves,

seem to be unsightly, or, at all events, less beautiful than others, when brought into connection with certain other objects are far more beautiful than they were before.

"Moreover, God, who is so boundless in patience, waits till this picture is finished; and for reasons of perfect justice He shuts His eyes to our manifold errors, just as if He did not see them. But at the Last Day it will at length be made manifest what each one has painted worthy of eternity, and what faults he has committed in his painting. As, therefore, the Pope, or any king, desires that a certain fixed subject should be painted and yet does not interfere with the judgment of the painter, but allows even faults to pass unnoticed, for reasons known to himself, so God wills that all things which are done should be done, but permits sin; and yet permits it knowingly and willingly, since He might prevent it. And in this way King David employed Joab as a general. He by no means approved of his crimes, but for a long time he dissembled knowledge of them.

"Nor can any one object here why is man compelled to prevent sin when he can, and God is not compelled, though He always can? For over and above that, God is the Lord and Ruler of all things, intent on the common good, but for us servants and slaves, this consideration must also be added, that God produces from sin, the foulest of all things, some good which man can not. St. Augustine (Ench., 10, 11), admiring this work of the Supreme Artificer, exclaims: 'From all collectively arises the wondrous beauty of the whole, in which even that which is called evil, being well arranged and put in its proper place, commends things which are good in a more remarkable way, making them the more pleasing and deserving of praise from being contrasted with what is evil.' "

Notes and Remarks.

As the time for the reopening of schools and colleges approaches, it becomes the duty of Catholic parents—of many of them, at least—to ponder well the obligation incumbent upon them, as dutiful members of the Church, to see that their children receive a thoroughly Catholic education. They should take to heart the watchword adopted by the hierarchy of our country, "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school," and should understand that their personal preference for any other kind of school does not at all excuse their disobedience to the command of the Church. For, it is perhaps well to assert, sending their children to other than Catholic schools is an act of flagrant disobedience to lawfully constituted spiritual authority. Canon 1374, of the New Code of Canon Law, is uncompromisingly direct on this point. It reads: "Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools,—that is, such as are also open to non-Catholics. It is for the bishop of the place alone to decide, according to the instructions of the Apostolic See, in what circumstances and with what precautions attendance at such schools may be tolerated, without danger of perversion to the pupils." Running counter to this disciplinary regulation would be not only presumption, but sin.

Nobody will dispute the contention of our Commissioner of Education that teachers ought to be paid higher salaries than, as a rule, they are now receiving,—paid "as much as street-sweepers and care-takers." And no reasonable person will oppose the suggestion that the teachers in our parochial schools be remunerated more adequately, especially such as are called upon to render other service besides teaching, as is frequently the case. Another thing, the expense of

equipping teachers for high school work, now generally demanded, is not inconsiderable. Of the real sacrifices entailed we do not speak. Our teachers are the most overworked and underpaid toilers that we know of. We refer to Sisters who conduct parochial schools. Men, clerical and lay, always manage to secure plenty of rest and an abundance of relaxation.

We had occasion recently to refer to the gratifying activities of the American clergy, religious and secular, with regard to the Foreign Missions. Similar good news comes to us from that missionary land *par excellence,* Ireland. The Maynooth Mission, which sent out to China, last year, its initial band of sixteen priests, will send eleven more to their assistance in a few weeks. The specific work entrusted to the Maynooth Mission by the Holy See is the conversion of five millions of pagans; and that those in charge of this evangelical enterprise have taken the task to heart is evidenced by the fact that they have already established in Ireland two colleges for the education of students who have expressed the desire to embrace the vocation of life on the foreign mission field. The Irish have been, ever since the days of St. Patrick, singularly effective missionaries; and we venture the prediction that in the course of a decade or two the most flourishing Catholic districts in China will be those under the spiritual care of the Maynooth Mission.

All the more noteworthy on account of being written by a Serbian is the following tribute to humanity released from Satan's hideous war trammels, published recently in *Epocha*, a leading Belgrade journal:

Revisiting Bavaria, where I had not been since 1912, I went from Munich to Augsburg and renewed acquaintance with Dr. Herman Purpus, director of the Trade Corporation. An eager advocate of good relations between Serbia and Bavaria before the war, he was now more than ever convinced of this possibility and its advantages for both. He had much to tell me of our prisoners in German camps, and the harmony that prevailed, as well as the esteem and affection won by our men from those who employed them in tilling or other work. He asked me to go with him to Ulm, where he would show me something of interest in this connection.

He led me to the magnificent graveyard there, which is on the road to Stuttgart. In a fine alley, sheltered by lofty trees and bordered with flowers, rose a stately monument, the work of a German artist erected by the Serb prisoners over the remains of their comrades who died here in exile. On the top of a huge rectangle reclines the figure, hewn in stone, of a Serb soldier in uniform, with the famous "Saikac" cap, hands crossed, looking straight to heaven. On the side of the monument the Serbian eagle was carved (this was done by the sculptor at a time when Serbia was held to be obliterated from among the independent nations of Europe); and a touching inscription to the memory of the dead is in Cyrillic, Latin, and Gothic letters. The monument is carefully tended by the municipality of Ulm, to witness the reality of Serbo-German understanding and mutual appreciation.

As time goes on we shall probably learn a number of things, including the valuable truth that it is futile to expect that the ills of every country in the world can be cured by the adoption of a democratic form of government. Of what trifling importance this vaunted panacea really is has been shown quite incidentally by that most shrewd of English political observers, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, writing in the August *Atlantic Monthly.* In reference to Parliament, he has this to say:

Just at the moment when the Representative House is at last based on the broadest possible franchise, when the suffrage is universal and women have the vote, we are confronted with the spectacle of a House of Commons so negligible as to be almost beneath contempt, and so mute and servile that, by comparison, the hereditary Chamber stands out in contrast as the guardian of public liberties and free institutions. For long years Liberals have been fighting for a thoroughly

representative system and for imposing restraint upon the reactionary tendencies of the Upper House. And, having accomplished their aim, they find that they have to turn, for the experience of whatever remnant of enlightened and liberal-minded opinion there remains, from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. There at least an occasional weighty voice is heard in protest against the follies of the Government. There at least is some reminiscence of the spirit of independent criticism, which has certainly vanished from a House of Commons that exists simply to register the decrees of a ministry....

In the past the private member of distinction had an opportunity of making his influence felt, which is no longer possible. If he had anything to say, he was able to say it, and he was assured that through the press he would reach the mind of the country. All this is changed. The private member has few chances of being heard and no chance of being reported. Though he speak with the tongue of angels, the press, occupied with matters like the forthcoming prize-fight or the latest society divorce suit, will be deaf to his pleadings. If he is to make any impression, he must be a noisy nuisance, who can not be suppressed. The effect of this is to make Parliament increasingly unattractive to the men who would give it distinction, but who are not prepared to devote their time and their energies to an utterly unprofitable and not very elevating service.

Fairholt's distinction between the man who is competent to pass a critical judgment and him who is only an affected, superficial dabbler in literature or art—"The connoisseur is one who knows; the dilettante is one who only thinks he knows"—is applicable in other fields than those of letters, music, painting, and sculpture. Peripatetic Protestant missionaries to the Southern Americas, for instance, are dilettantish in the most disparaging sense of that word; while Prof. Charles Sarolea, who writes in the *Contemporary Review*, is a connoisseur as to matters ethnological, political, economical, and religious in the South American republic known as the United States of Brazil. Such citizens of this country as have received their information about Brazil from the "missionaries" mentioned above think of it as a backward, decadent, immoral commonwealth, like most other Latin-American republics; the cause of their inferior civilization being, of course, the dominance therein of the Catholic Church.

Now comes Prof. Sarolea, who knows whereof he writes; and his picture of Brazil is the very reverse of the lying caricatures drawn by the ignorant or malicious bigots. Even so un-Catholic a juror as the *Toronto Globe*, reviewing his testimony, is forced to admit that "Prof. Sarolea refutes the false notions that the Brazilians are backward or lazy. The whole history of modern Brazil has been a heroic and triumphant struggle with hostile elemental forces. Neither are the people immoral, nor is the country politically unstable."

One of our boasts—there are a few of them—is that we are the richest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth. But the statistics of American illiteracy are a little embarrassing. It seems that in reality we are the only one among the great nations in which there is a high degree of illiteracy. One man out of every twenty in the vast army we raised to make the world safe for Democracy—or Democracy safe for the world—could neither read nor write, whereas there was only one illiterate in every three thousand of the German army. Of course, it would have been unpatriotic to say anything like this while the war was on, but it may be said now without fear of vituperation. For very shame's sake, we have somewhat "watered the figures." One expert declares that our illiterate soldiers were far more numerous than one in twenty.

To the *Morning Star*, of New Orleans, we are indebted for the resurrection from the grave of long-buried parodies a clever couplet by a church-

man whose memory is hardly associated with such literary recreations—Cardinal Manning. The couplet in question, however, is not merely a specimen of intellectual play: it is an effective answer to what has often been quoted as a strong argument against dogmatic creeds. Pope's lines are familiar to most readers of even the present generation:

> For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

To the uneducated or half-educated man this couplet has often appealed as containing "after all, more truth than poetry." Just how utterly untrue, not to say thoroughly absurd, the argument of the couplet really is, Manning showed in this reply:

> For charts and compasses let graceless zealots fight;
> He can't go wrong who steers the ship aright.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Pope plagiarized his lines from Cowley, who, on the death of Crashaw, wrote:

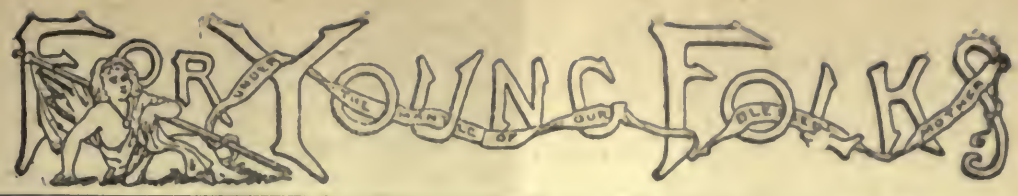
> His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.

In an excellent paper, contributed to the London *Catholic Gazette*, by D. E. Brennell, M. A., there is much of interest concerning mystical and ascetical writers whose names are household words in Catholic circles of culture. The contemplative life is little understood by the American public, including even the Catholic public; but the most practical of minds can scarcely fail to profit by a little reflection on such a paragraph as this:

> Sometimes, reading their works, their poems, their hymns, their prose lovely as poetry, wherein they bare their lovers' souls, it almost seems as though they are too far from human kind to be very helpful; yet they can come to earth, they can understand human joys and sorrows, they can be even playful. St. John of the Cross is thought of always as the inexorable saint,—the "Lily forged in steel," to quote a French criticism; yet in his letters he can be gently playful, and so sublimely kind and wise. St. Bernard can feel human grief and can tell of his sorrow. St. Teresa stands out for her womanly wisdom and woman's wit. St. Thomas is full of pithy sayings, always to the point. Though through their teaching there runs ever the Unity which is the hall-mark of Catholic ascetic as of Catholic dogmatic theology, their personal characteristics remain. They remind us ever that it is the *will* that matters. "What we can do is a small thing," says Bishop Hedley; "but we can will and aspire to great things; and what a man with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without doubt he most truly is." Perhaps the most fitting summing up is the saying of St. Catherine of Siena: "God does not ask a perfect work, but infinite desire."

Regret over the death of Enrico Caruso will be mitigated for all but his relatives and personal friends by the fact that, thanks to the inventive genius of Thomas Edison, the famous tenor's wondrous voice is preserved in records that will delight music-lovers for generations to come. The fame of Caruso is thus rendered more lasting than that of the great singers who preceded him—Mario and others, not a few, whose tones were not less magical than those of Caruso, and whose memory is dear to the generation that is passing. Who that ever heard Mario's voice could ever forget it? Who among all that knew him, or knew of him, could cease to admire his amiability and otherworldliness?

Mr. William Hard, in his "big story from Ireland," as his publisher calls it, makes mention of a little boy in Limerick who, "with every possible note of sincerity and truthfulness in his manner and in his language," had a story to tell about his experiences while under arrest by the Crown Forces, which astonished his Protestant listener, the climax of it especially. He had been stripped, and beaten with "ash plants" (rods of ash-wood) until he fainted. But that was not the worst the little fellow had to suffer, in his opinion. He ended his story with what seemed by far his greatest injury: "An' they broke my Beads!"



Prayer-Crowns.

BY RICHARD HEARTWRIGHT.

ON her Assumption feast, I've heard
That Mary sends her angels down
To gather up the children's prayers
And form them in a pretty crown.

Some prayers are quite like lilies white,
And some like freshest roses red;
The lovely crowns that Mary weaves
Are fashioned for each little head.

And when a child is called from earth
And seeks dear Mary and her Son,
Our Blessed Mother welcomes him,
Provided that his crown is spun.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

VII.—On the Road Once More.

VITALIS was waiting at the foot of the staircase, while Remi was bidding farewell to Arthur and his mother.

"Come!" he said rather roughly. "We are losing time."

"I must first get my costume from the boat," replied Remi; "or don't you want me to wear it any more?"

"Certainly you are to wear it. How far is the boat?"

"I will show you," said the boy; and they began to walk quickly towards the canal.

The old man looked down at Remi, who was furtively wiping his eyes on a pretty, pink-bordered handkerchief.

"No more such luxuries for him!" thought Vitalis, and his heart softened.

"Remi," he asked in a kind tone, "would you have liked to remain with these people?"

"I think so," replied the boy.

"I am glad you are truthful about it. You may think me selfish and unkind, but I am neither. I do not deny that you are very useful to me, but that was not the principal thought in my mind when I refused Madam's request. I was considering your future. These people who have been good to you might continue to be good and they might not. That lady is rich. Rich people soon tire of their toys, casting them aside when they interest them no longer. Death or misfortune might come to that lady, leaving you stranded again, and unfitted for the life of poverty you have always led, and would again have to lead in that case. I am fond of you, my child. The life you share with me will inure you to trials and misfortunes; it will make you rugged, who are inclined to be the opposite. One day you will thank me for this. I can and will instruct you, warn you, teach you the philosophy of life. Hitherto I have neglected giving you any religious instruction, but hereafter I shall not forget it. I have promised Mrs. Milligan to do so. I will see that you say your prayers morning and evening. We will go to Mass on Sundays, as you formerly did. I will get a Catechism, and, when the proper time comes, you will prepare for First Communion. I mean to do what is right by you, Remi, in every respect. Should Providence remove me from this earth and it be ordained that you return to these people, I wish that it shall be in the same disposition you now show. But—my experience has proved it—the chances are that, should that day ever come, they will have forgotten you."

"I do not think so, Signor," said Remi slowly, but with a smile, as he looked up

into the face of the old man. "But I am glad to be with you again."

They had now arrived at the boat. Remi went across the plank, put his little bundle together, said good-bye to Tessie and the two old boatmen, and rejoined Vitalis on the canal bank.

"*En route!*" said the old man, holding the impatient dogs firmly with one hand, while he leaned heavily on a staff, which Remi had not seen until that day. On his back he carried the bag which had been left as a hostage at the inn.

"I am glad the innkeeper gave you the bag," said Remi.

"Yes; he was not bad. I had thirty francs when I left the prison, and we settled the score. Now for the good highroad once more!"

And thus it was that, harp upon his shoulder, clad in the costume he had discarded (for he had changed in the cabin), Remi, resigned, even cheerful, trudging along beside his master, went forth anew to journey in the world.

"He is a brave little soul!" thought Vitalis as he met the bright glance of Remi's eyes, from which the tears had all been wiped away.

Mrs. Milligan greatly deplored the departure of Remi, which, at the end, had happened so suddenly and unexpectedly. Vitalis had allowed no time for discussion. A keen observer of human nature, while she regretted the decision, she felt that he made it so quickly because he might be afraid of yielding to her wishes, should they argue the matter. And in this she was right: Vitalis was genuinely attached to his little protégé.

Remi's influence had been so good for Arthur—who, through his example and wise counsel, had begun to be interested in many things which before had not appealed to him—that his mother dreaded the effect of Remi's loss upon the health of her son. Neither could she banish from her mind the last, lingering look which the boy had given her as he hastened from the room.

"Tessie," she said that night to her old servant, "I did not think myself capable of being so affected at the departure of one of whom, till a few weeks ago, I had never heard. I am surprised at myself. Arthur and Remi are both young, and children soon forget. I fancy that, of the three, I shall be the one who will longest remember."

And Tessie replied:

"I don't doubt it, ma'am,—I don't doubt it. But God is good. Maybe He'll be sendin' the boy back to us again one of these days."

In spite of his cheerful outward demeanor, Remi found it very disheartening to travel once more beside his master, over long stretches of country roads, through villages and towns sometimes dirty and forbidding, through wind and rain and scorching sun, through dust and mud.

He had, however, one great consolation—the unfailing kindness of Vitalis, who perhaps had some doubts as to the justice and wisdom of his decision, and endeavored to atone for it by constant devotion to Remi's welfare. As for Remi, before having known the Milligans, he had thought of Vitalis as he would of any other man he had met; but his acquaintance with them had shown him that his master, however reduced in fortune at present, was nearer akin to those refined people in manners, conduct and principle, than to those with whom he frequently came in contact. And yet he could not reconcile this fact with the avocation of Vitalis. In short, as Mrs. Milligan was always a lady, surrounded by the wealth and luxury which Remi, in the simplicity of his soul, as yet thought were the distinctive marks of education and refinement, so was Vitalis always a gentleman, no matter in what environment the Fates had conspired to place him.

One day, after they had been on the road some time, Vitalis asked suddenly:

"You liked those people very much, did you not?"

"Yes, very much," said Remi.

"They were different from your poor old master, then?"

"No," replied the boy. "It seemed to me they were very much like you, Signor."

"In what way?"

"In every way: in what they thought and said, and how they said it. They never scolded or quarrelled; they ate nicely at table,—they were very much like you, Signor."

Vitalis smiled. "Thank you for that compliment, Remi; although you had no idea of flattering me, I am sure. You have bolstered my self-respect. It pleases me to know that all these years on the road have left me something of my former nature,—that I have not exactly fallen to the level of a tramp. I fancy they are very good people, Remi. Still—it could not be done. Maybe we shall meet them again some day as we journey along."

It seemed to Remi there was something in his master's tone which implied a possible change of mind with regard to the proposition he had refused. Hope sprang up anew in his childish heart; he thought that, perhaps, if they should again encounter the "Cygne," with its precious freight, Vitalis might feel impelled to change his views as to Remi's future. On that account he was always pleased when they came in sight of a canal. The "Cygne" could travel under her own steam, and for this reason Remi also haunted the quays of the river-towns they visited. At Arles, Tarascon, Avignon, Montélimar, Valence, Tournon, Vienne, his first visit was to the waterside; but he never found the boat of which he was in search, nor were the sailors at their posts able to tell him anything about it. The "Cygne" had not passed that way.

At length they reached Chalon, and Remi renounced his dream of meeting his friends; for the weather was growing rainy and cold, and he knew that they would not remain in the neighborhood of storm and snow during the wintry season. Vitalis had never mentioned them again; and the child, always optimistic, resolved cheerfully to await the coming of spring, when, in their journeyings, they might again meet the objects of his hope and desire.

After quitting Dijon and climbing the hills of the Côte-d'Or, they found themselves in a damp and disagreeable climate, through which they hastened to reach their objective point, Paris; for it was only in Paris that they could hope to sustain life during the winter. They had not fared very well *en route*. Vitalis had been obliged to stop at a hotel in Dijon for a week, on account of a severe cold. This had lightened the purse to such an extent that he could not afford to pay the railway fare between Dijon and Paris, and they were compelled to travel on foot. Remi had ventured to suggest that, if the journey would not deplete their purse altogether, it would be better to go by rail, as at Paris they would be sure to make some more money.

"You have been ill, Signor," he urged; "the roads are bad now, and it rains a good deal. I have heard that the people of Paris are very gay and fond of music. I am sure that in two or three performances we could more than make the amount of our fare."

But to this Vitalis replied bitterly:

"The people of Paris are an uncertain quantity, Remi. To-day they applaud, to-morrow they scoff. One day they fill the hat with coin, the next they do not offer a sou. No, we must not enter Paris like two tramps; we must put enough money into our purse to support us for a fortnight at least, until we have found the quarter where we shall be most welcome."

"But why, then, go there at all?" asked Remi.

To this question Vitalis made no reply, and Remi felt that he had said enough on the subject of Paris.

It began to look like snow; and one evening Vitalis said, as they finished their supper at an inn near the water:

"Go to bed at once, Remi, and get all the sleep you can. We have had a hard day, and to-morrow will be harder; for I am anxious to reach Troyes before it snows."

"Is Troyes a city?" asked the boy.

"Yes, it is a large city, where we may be able to give some performances, should bad weather oblige us to remain there for a time."

They set out very early next morning. The stars were still in the sky, the wind was blowing furiously; the dogs, though they had had a good breakfast, were shivering; and Joli-Cœur did not attempt to peep from the warm shelter of his master's bosom.

"In your place, I should not start," observed the innkeeper. "We are going to have snow."

"I must go," replied Vitalis. "I must be at Troyes before the snow is deep. I have to go."

"I am afraid you can not make it," said the man. "Thirty kilometers are not done in an hour, and before you reach Troyes the snow will be deep. See, it is almost beginning to fall. You are an old man, and the boy does not look very strong. Do not go."

"And if I should not, who knows how long the snow may lie on the ground?" answered Vitalis. "I may be obliged to stay all winter and starve to death. There is nothing here for us, and we are not beggars."

"Very well, then," said the innkeeper. "Good luck to you!" and he slipped a franc into Remi's hand.

They started in the darkness, in the face of a fierce, cold wind. Vitalis had bought for himself and Remi two sheepskin overcoats. Old and moth-eaten as they were, they covered their shivering bodies and limbs and kept out some of the piercing cold. The dogs, glad to be in action, bounded merrily in advance, and the party marched silently along the frosty road.

Remi wished fervently that day would break, it seemed so hopeless, travelling as they were, without being able to distinguish objects more than ten feet in front of them. From time to time he would glance towards the east, longing for the first streak of dawn. At last it came, but the sun did not come with it nor after it. Although it was no longer night, it would have been exaggeration to call it day.

They toiled on through the rapidly increasing snow, and the dreadful silence. The leafless trees already began to assume unwonted shapes beneath the white mantle that was covering them. Not the fall of a twig, not the twitter of a bird, not the footstep of any traveller, not the crack of a whip, the neigh of a horse, or the sound of a human voice, broke the stillness. There were no houses, but many trees.

The day wore on. All at once a peculiar, harsh, screaming noise above them caused them to lift their heads, bowed against the wind, to the murky heavens. Flocks of wild ducks and geese were migrating South for the winter. From their prolonged, unmelodious cries one might think they had delayed too long, and, finding the inclement season suddenly upon them, were reproaching one another for the delay.

Vitalis stood still. The trees had been growing thicker for the past hour. In front of them they looked dark and forbidding.

"I have mistaken the road," said the old man. "We are at the entrance of a forest."

(To be continued.)

The Field of Thistles.

TWO women chatting from their doorways in the prosperous village of Saint-Eustache, in the south of France, observed Notary Jason walking rapidly up the street.

"He is going," said one, "to the house of old Marteau, who died last week; going to open the will."

"Yes," replied the other. "The heirs are waiting for him there."

"And they are going to turn away poor old Toinette."

"And her son Oliver, too. A fine boy, and a great worker, seeing that he's only sixteen."

As a matter of fact, Isidore, Gustave, and Alcide, middle-aged cousins and heirs of the deceased Marteau, were waiting the notary's arrival with considerable impatience; and M. Jason had never seen more attentive faces than those of these three farmers during the reading of the will.

To the stupefaction of all, the names of Toinette and Oliver figured in the stamped and sealed testament. Little by little the faces of the heirs grew long, and no sooner had M. Jason retired than Isidore and Gustave broke out indignantly.

"Here's a nice pickle," said the first, "that the old man has put us in! He leaves his house to his servant. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Dame Toinette, to rob us of our property?"

"Not so fast, M. Isidore!" quietly replied the widow. "For twelve years now I have served my dead master on very slim wages; and my son, who can plough and dig like a man, has received nothing more than his daily bread."

"All right, as regards this old barracks," rejoined Isidore; "but our cousin says we must give a field to Oliver. I'll never make up my mind to that. What do *you* say, Alcide?"

"I say 'tis abominable; but we'll have to do it, all the same. 'Tis part of the will. Only there's nothing to prevent our deciding *which* field we'll give him, so we may make over to him the Field of Thistles."

"Ha! ha! You're a clever one, Alcide!" laughed the other two. "But perhaps the boy won't take it."

"Of course he won't!" protested Toinette.

Alcide put on an air of authority.

"'Tis not you who inherit the field, my good woman. Let your son speak for himself. Come here, my boy. 'Tis a fine thing we're doing in giving you that piece of land, isn't it?"

"A very fine thing, M. Alcide," replied Oliver, "and I accept it with many thanks."

"You're a lad of sense. We'll go at once and get the deed signed."

And, before Toinette could interpose any objection, the crafty farmers were gone. Turning to her son, the widow exclaimed:

"The Field of Thistles! Impossible! What were you thinking of, my son?"

"I was thinking," answered Oliver, "of that very field. I expected it; and so did our old master when he told me: 'They'll give you the thistle field. Accept it, my lad,—accept it! 'Twill play them a bad trick in the long run.'"

"But the field is accursed. It produces nothing but weeds."

"Only since M. Marteau's grandfather, a cruel man, turned out of it a poor old woman who was gleaning after the reapers. Anyway, prayers are stronger than curses. You can pray to Our Lady, and I can both pray and work; and you'll see, mother, that it will yield a fine crop. It is really a good bit of land."

"My poor boy, you won't be able to find a laborer who will clear it."

"I'm going to clear it myself," said Oliver, holding up his stout arms.

"But," persisted Toinette, "when anything is sown in that field, great black birds as big as eagles [illegible] at

night and devour everything. I've been told so a hundred times."

"That's all superstition, mother; and a good Catholic like you shouldn't pay any attention to it. Nobody has ever seen those birds, so far as I can find out. Anyway, we'll see."

Up to planting time, people did see the brave boy tearing up the thistles by the roots, working so constantly day after day that he had half the field ready to receive the seed-corn when the season was far enough advanced.

"And now," said Oliver to his mother when the sowing was done, "I'm ready for those birds. I'm going to walk around the field after dark to-night and say my Beads. I guess Our Lady can keep away those feathered thieves—if there are any."

"Look out for yourself, my lad! The big black birds will peck your eyes out!" cried several peasants, to whom Marteau himself had often told his stories, when they saw Oliver watching in the ill-omened field.

But of course no birds disturbed either Oliver or his seeds; the corn sprouted finely, grew well, and developed into an excellent crop.

"By next year," said the young farmer to his mother, "I'll have cleared the rest of the field."

One morning, as he was engaged at his task of pulling up the thistles, the old notary, who was passing by, stopped and spoke to him:

"Well, my brave lad, so you have made something out of this field, after all? Do you know that the heirs regret now that they gave it to you?"

"So much the worse for them, sir. M. Marteau foretold that himself."

As he spoke his wooden shoe struck against a square stone which the thistle stalks concealed from view.

"Hello!" said Oliver. "Here's just the stone I need to fill a hole in our wall."

Stooping down to lift it, he found that it covered a deep cavity.

"M. Jason! Do look here!" he exclaimed. "Who could have put that big stone jug down there?" And, reaching down as far as he could, Oliver pulled up a jug that looked as if it had received pretty rough usage. "I suppose it's full of old cider."

M. Jason thought otherwise. Pulling out the cork, he canted the jug, and several gold pieces fell out.

"I thought so," he remarked. "'Tis old Marteau's treasure. The cunning fellow knew it was safe here, thanks to the fright he had inspired in connection with the accursed field."

"Won't the heirs be delighted!" said Oliver. "Take it with you, M. Jason, and give it to them."

"Hold on a minute, my lad! Don't you notice the sealed envelope tied to the cork? Run to the tavern, and bring your old master's cousins here at once. The three of them were there a few minutes ago, as I came by."

A quarter of an hour later, Isidore, Alcide, and Gustave were gazing delightedly on the stone jug and the sparkling samples of its contents. The notary broke the seal of the envelope. As he expected, it was a later will dealing specifically with his treasure of gold. And—alas for the avaricious heirs!—he left the treasure to whoever should find it. The old man had added that he knew he was thus securing the gold to Oliver, who so well deserved it.

The story went the rounds of the whole district, of course; and the three cousins received a great many more gibes than the jug held gold pieces.

As for Oliver, he continued to work at his land till it was all cleared; his yearly harvest was abundant; and he always left so much grain for the poor gleaners that the field was no longer spoken of as accursed.

A SINGLE bad habit will mar a good life, as one blot of ink will spoil a pure white page.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We welcome a revised and enlarged edition of "Familiar Astronomy," by the Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M., Sc. D., etc. It contains sixteen illustrations, and is provided with a full, though not always correct, index. General readers as well as students will be interested in this excellent book on account of the historical information presented. B. Herder Book Co.; price, $1.50.

—Another important addition has been made to the Early English Text Society's publications in the volume containing the notes and glossary to the Middle-English dialogue, "Vices and Virtues," edited by Dr. F. Holthausen, professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Kiel, the text and translation of which appeared as long ago as the year 1888.

—Students of the Pitman system of shorthand who aim at the highest proficiency will find in "Pitman's Shorthand Drill Book," by Charles L. Frank, B. Sc., LL. B., and Joseph Jacobs, B. Sc., both of whom are experienced teachers, all the help that could possibly be desired. It is a model text-book, in the production of which the authors would seem to have spared no pains, and the publishers no expense. Price, $3.

—The new volume of "The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas," Part II. (Second Part; 22 CXLI.—CLXX), translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province, is the treatise on Temperance. Of the supreme excellence of anything by St. Thomas it is needless to speak; of the merits of this translation of his "Summa Theologica" we have often spoken. No Catholic library should be without it. The present volume, as well as the preceding ones, may be had in this country of Benziger Brothers. They are uniform in size and binding. Price, $3.50.

—Francis Thompson believed that poetry ought to be popular, although he was rigidly unwilling to make anything less than poetry for the sake of popularity. There are many people who sense the delicate rhythm of his verse and are stirred by the language without being able quite to understand the mystic message. For them the Rev. Francis P. Le Buffe, S. J., of Fordham University, has written a careful interpretation of "The Hound of Heaven." The introductory essay is a little too heavy, it seems to us, for the fine weave of Francis Thompson's song; but in the numerous notes there is ever so much matter for reflection,—matter that sheds light on the poet's quest, and will bring the poem close to many a reader. The Macmillan Co.; price, $1.25.

—Vol VII. of Dr. Augustine's "Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law" deals with Book IV., which is divided into three parts: Trials, or Ecclesiastical Procedure; Beatification and Canonization; Procedure in Particular Cases. The commentary is admirably clear and complete, as in the previous volumes. Two appendices afford striking proof of how thoroughly Dr. Augustine has done his work, and of his exquisite pains to render it serviceable to those who consult it. The present volume contains 487 pages, and is uniform with the preceding ones. B. Herder Book Co.; price, $2.50.

—"Humorous Ghost Stories" and "Famous Modern Ghost Stories," compilations by Dorothy Scarborough, Ph. D., who writes an informative Introduction to each volume, will be read with more or less pleasure and interest, according as one is or is not familiar with the subject-matter of the books, and is attracted or repelled by accounts, true or fictitious, of the supernatural. The selections are fairly adequate; although one or two of the ghost stories in Msgr. Benson's "Mirror of Shalott" will superinduce in the average reader far more horrific sensations, if he desires them, than will any of the tales in these companion volumes. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—John Joseph McVey, of Philadelphia, has brought out another volume of "Exposition of Christian Doctrine," by a Seminary Professor. It is Part III.—Worship—of the course of religious instruction designed for the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools; and, like its predecessors, is an authorized translation from the original French. Besides a preliminary section on Grace, there are sections on Prayer, the Sacraments, and the Liturgy. This last division is exceptionally full, no fewer than nine chapters of the book's twenty-five being devoted to Liturgy in general, churches, liturgical objects, liturgical vestments, ceremonies, Offices of the Church, Christian feasts, feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and devotions and confraternities. As in the previous volumes of this series, we find here accuracy of doctrine, methodical exposi-

tion, and fairly exhaustive treatment. A full table of contents and an index of twenty-one double-column pages leave nothing to be desired in the way of aids to ready reference. A word of praise is due to the publisher for the typographical excellence of the work. An octavo of 835 pages, it is not unduly bulky, and the binding permits of the book's remaining open at any page. Price, $2.75.

—The unqualified praise which we have so often given to the publications of the London Catholic Truth Society is merited once more by the latest consignment of its twopenny pamphlets to reach our table. Four of these are anonymous: "'The Ship that was Simons,'" "Why Protestants Should Approve of Confession," "The Pope's Latest Message of Peace," and "The Lamberth Conference." In addition to the foregoing, we have "Catholic Defensive and Progressive Organization," by Edward Eyre, K. C. S. G.; "Universal Brotherhood," by Agnes Henderson; "The Epic of the 'Dark Continent,'" by M. A. Vialls; "'How Shall They Preach unless They Are Sent?'" by the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J.; "Our Separated Brethren—A Plea for Sympathy," by Leslie J. Walker, S. J.; and "Woman in the Catholic Church," by the Rev. H. F. Hall. While all these pamphlets are both interesting and of apologetic value, the last four have impressed us as being exceptionally good. It would be difficult to find better value for twopence than is furnished by the London C. T. S., and not less difficult to discover any human agency that is doing more effective work for the Church than that same organization.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's) 3 vols. $9.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) $1.50.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16*s*.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—Heb., xiii, 3.

Rev. D. A. Morrissey, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Michael Callahan, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Samuel Gelting, O. F. M.; and Rev. Philip Rossbach, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Rita, Sister M. Raymund, Sister M. Patricia, Sister M. Leonard, and Sister M. Emily, Sisters of St. Francis.

Dr. William I. Morrison, Mr. John H. Albers, Mrs. Ellen Connelly, Mr. Leo Hoctor, Mr. H. C. Tully, Mr. and Mrs. John Gorges, Miss Leona Kiep, Mrs. William T. Smith, Mr. Denis Meers, Mrs. Anne Meers, Mr. Walter Buckley, and Mr. William Brazil.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: friend (per M. J. D.), $5; Mrs. M. D., $1; friend (Silver City), $1. For the sufferers in Central Europe: Mrs. M. D., $1. For the Irish Relief Fund: A. R., $2.25.

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Our Lady's Secret.

BY MARJORIE HOLMES.

MADONNA'S radiant feet have drawn
The sleeping flowers from the sod;
Now, robed in blue, with timid grace
She walks upon the hills with God.

The breath of Mary on each bud
Has wakened beauty. No one sees
Her hide the colors of the flowers
When Winter comes. She tells the trees

Her secret; and the wind has heard,
And sings of it—but no one knows
Where Mary stores the treasure of
The bluebell and the crimson rose.

Across the sky, from star to star,
Her snow-white feet go glimmering
Like holy lamps; and in the peace
Of night we hear Our Lady sing.

An Ambassador to Rome in the Eighteenth Century.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

ON the occasion of the renewal of diplomatic relations between France and the Holy See, it is interesting to look back upon the history of these relations in the past. Although the French kings had long been in close touch with the Vatican, it was not till the reign of Francis I., in the sixteenth century, that they had a resident ambassador in Rome. Till then, matters that had to be treated were discussed by special envoys, who went home when their mission was fulfilled. The fact that Francis I. realized the importance of having a permanent representative of France in Rome is a proof of his political sagacity; more than once it served him in good stead.

Among the ambassadors who, since those distant days, filled the post to which, after a break of sixteen years, M. Jonnart has just been appointed, there is one whose attractive personality, even more than his distinguished services, claims our interest. There is, too, a curious contrast between his surroundings, two centuries ago, and those of his twentieth-century successor. This ambassador was Louis Mancini, Duke de Nivernais, a great-nephew of the famous Minister, Cardinal Mazarin. His grandfather, Philip Mancini, was brother to the five Mancini sisters, whom their uncle married to French and Italian noblemen. He himself was created Duke de Nevers by Louis XIV., and inherited a considerable portion of the great Cardinal's wealth.

The Duke de Nivernais, the hero of this sketch, had a strong strain of Italian blood. Besides the Mancini descent of his father, he was related, through his mother, a Spinola, to the Genoese aristocracy,—a circumstance that made his appointment as ambassador to the Vatican very popular in Italy. His many-sided gifts, however, served him even better than his Italian blood. He was an able soldier, a

brilliant writer, becoming a member of the French Academy; an excellent amateur actor, a cultivated and generous patron of art.

When only fourteen, Louis married Hélène de Pontchartrain, who was a year older; and the union of these two children proved a happy one. Indeed, if Nivernais is, in some respects, a typical eighteenth-century *grand seigneur,* lavishly generous to others and magnificently refined in his personal appointments, his deferent attitude towards his father and his strong family affections contradict many preconceived ideas as to the home life of that brilliant period of French history.

When, in 1748, the Duke started for Rome as ambassador of Louis XV., there was much excitement in his large circle of relatives and friends. He was to replace the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, whose services were required at home, and whose warm approval of his successor led him to give him all possible hints as to what to bring with him. The "toilettes" of the young Duchess seem to have filled a big space in the ambassador's luggage.

On December 1, 1748, the large party started. Of their three children, the Nivernais took their older daughter, Mademoiselle de Nevers, and their little boy. The second girl, Mademoiselle Mancini—or "Mancinette," as she was called by her doting grandfather,—was left with her grandparents in France. At Genoa, the Duke and Duchess were made much of by their Italian relatives, the Spinolas; and at length, after various adventures, they arrived in Rome on January 12, 1749, six weeks after leaving Paris.

The Sovereign Pontiff who reigned at the Vatican when Nivernais arrived in Rome was, like the present Pope, a Benedict; indeed, it is probably in honor of Benedict XIV., who succeeded Clement XII. in 1740, that the Holy Father took his name. A wise and learned Pontiff, an enlightened patron of art, Benedict XIV. holds a distinguished place in the list of Roman Pontiffs. As Cardinal Lambertini, he was noted for his austere and laborious life; and, as Pope, he proved himself conciliating when essentials were not concerned, but a firm defender of principles and dogma. In his dealing with Nivernais he showed himself most friendly; and when, two days after his arrival, the Duke appeared at the Vatican, the Pope cordially welcomed him as being by blood "a Roman."

The new ambassador's gracious manner, high-bred courtesy, and artistic culture made an excellent impression on the Roman nobles. Nor were they indifferent to the splendid hospitality of the young Duchess. After rearranging the Palazzo Cesarini according to her taste, she gave her first dinner party, which seems to have been an unqualified success.

In his letters to his father, the ambassador affectionately satisfies the old man's passion for details, and enters into minute descriptions of his receptions, occupations, etc. He speaks, too, of his quiet wanderings through the City. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Nivernais loved nature as much as he loved art. It is amusing to notice how the Roman blood of the old Duke de Nevers warms at his son's descriptions. He is keenly interested in everything, and the letters are interspersed with Italian expressions. They abound also in enthusiastic accounts of "our little jewel, Mancinette," who wins all hearts.

The correspondence of the Duke and Duchess with their relatives in France gives a pleasant picture, somewhat unexpected at a time when home ties are supposed to have been out of fashion. We see a large circle of relatives, tenderly united, fond and proud of one another. If the letters of the younger members have a pretty

touch of filial deference, the epistles of the elder relatives are full of a keen interest in the social amenities that were part of their children's diplomatic career. A respectful attitude on the one hand, and a youthful spirit on the other, bridged over the difference of years.

When during the summer months the ambassador and his family removed to Castel Gandolfo and Frascati, there was a happy interchange of civilities between Nivernais and his neighbor, Benedict XIV., whose summer quarters were at Castel Gandolfo. The Pope expressed a wish to see "Mademoiselle de Nevers," then nine years old. Writing to one of his French correspondents, the Cardinal de Tencin, he informs him that this "charming little girl, who speaks Italian as if born at Florence," excites the admiration of Rome. "May she live to grow up," adds the kindly Pontiff; "although it is commonly reported that children so wonderfully gifted die young."

The "charming little girl" soon experienced the Pope's indulgent kindness. She was the proud possessor of a watch that she set her heart on wearing for her audience with the Pope. To this her father objected, declaring that she must not wear her watch till she was twelve years old. Whereupon, nothing daunted, she referred this grave matter to the Pope, who, of course, decided it in her favor. When the Duchess apologized for her daughter's boldness, Benedict smilingly replied: "I look upon it as a happy omen that, though so young, she begins to ask the Pope's advice."

When the Duchess and her daughter sickened with fever, the Holy Father repeatedly sent his own physician to visit them. It would seem that his extreme friendliness toward the French ambassador and his family created some jealousy among those Italians who feared that the influence of France should predominate at the Vatican. Nivernais soared above these intrigues.

He was just then kept busy by the difficulties that had arisen between the Paris Parliament and the French clergy on the vexed question of Jansenism. Our hero was a poet and a writer; but, although he had no claims to be a theologian, his good sense, tact, and prudence made the Pope rely on his advice. When free from his official duties, he delighted in the historic and artistic aspects of Rome; and he collected paintings, statues, medals and manuscripts to his heart's content.

The failing health of Madame de Pontchartrain, his mother-in-law, determined Nivernais to send his wife to France on a visit, although the devoted couple were seldom parted. "You deserve to be tenderly loved," wrote his grateful mother-in-law when the ambassador informed her of the sacrifice to which he was consenting for her sake.

Before leaving home, the Duchess presided at a banquet at the French Embassy, that was given every year, on January 11, to commemorate the conversion of Henry IV. The account of the feast makes us realize that certain customs have been modified for the better in course of time. About one hundred guests of distinction were invited. Each one brought a servant, who, instead of attending on his employer, was busily engaged in pillaging the kitchen, and in giving away the food thus pilfered to the domestics' wives and children, who were waiting outside. In the general confusion that followed, much valuable plate generally disappeared. His predecessors having tolerated this uncivilized custom, Nivernais had to do likewise.

Madame de Nivernais started for France soon afterwards. She left her little son in Rome, under the care of her sister, Madame de Watteville, who shared her home. The Duchess took

"Mademoiselle de Nevers" with her. Madame de Pontchartrain and little "Mancinette" met the travellers at Montargis. They were accompanied by many friends. And it is amusing to note their dismay when they realized that a report they had heard was only too correct: the Duchess de Nivernais, in accordance with Roman custom, had discarded the use of rouge, then in fashion at the Court of Versailles! She was resolved not to take it up, and she put aside the rouge that Madame de Pontchartrain had brought her daughter! This bold defiance of the reigning fashion was thought important enough to be reported to the Duke, who sent his wife a special messenger, advising her to yield to French custom.

At Paris, Mademoiselle de Nevers was made much of by her grandfather, who delighted in her "Roman accent," although he remained true to his allegiance to his little favorite, Mancinette.

Some months after his wife's return, Nivernais, to whom Louis XV. had given leave of absence for one year, joined his family in France; and soon afterwards he voluntarily resigned his post as ambassador in Rome. The fragile health of his little son, the Count de Nevers, was causing him keen anxiety at that time; and he was equally fearful of taking the child to Italy and of being parted from him if he left him behind.

His fears for this only male heir of his name and house were unfortunately justified. The boy, who seems to have been singularly attractive, was present in May, 1753, at the wedding of his elder sister, who was only thirteen, to the Count de Gisors, son of the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, one of the noted military leaders of the day. The wedding was celebrated in the private chapel of the bride's grandparents, whose stately hotel stood in the Rue du Bac, close to the river. It took place on May 23, the day when, twenty-three years before, in the same chapel, the Duke and Duchess de Nivernais were married; and, like that other child wedding, it proved, until prematurely severed by death, singularly happy.

The little Count de Nevers was among the guests at the wedding. The Maréchal de Belle-Isle had given him a sword, the hilt of which was set in diamonds. His delight in the gift was unbounded, and his father and grandfather watched his pleasure with fond pride. "You are as proud of him as I am," said the old Duke to his son; "but you conceal your pride better than I do."

A few months later this child, on whom centered so many hopes, died in Paris. His parents, who never left his bedside, were broken-hearted, and for many months to come his father seems to have lost all interest in life. By degrees, their daughters' affection, the atmosphere of love and friendship in which they moved, many public interests that claimed their attention, obliged them to take up the thread of their brilliant life.

Considering it as a whole, the lot of the Duke de Nivernais was singularly fortunate. He had a happy home, an enormous fortune, a large circle of devoted relatives and friends, and he possessed the confidence of the King, who sent him on important missions to Berlin and to London. The closing years of his life were, it is true, passed in peril and poverty; but, between his return from Rome and the great upheaval of 1789, he was a fortunate man, whose trials, except those that were caused by the Revolution, were the losses that invariably attend an unusually long life.

It was his destiny to survive his nearest relatives. His son-in-law, the Count de Gisors, a brilliant soldier, died of wounds received at the battle of Crefeld. His young wife, left a child-

less widow before she was twenty, returned to live with her parents; but the greater part of her time was given up to the poor. When the husband whom she passionately loved was taken from her, mundane interests had lost their charm.

Her sister "Mancinette" married a great nobleman, the Duke de Brissac; and after some years of happiness, broken in health and spirits, she went to live in Italy, a confirmed invalid. Her husband was killed by a mob at the outset of the Revolution; and it is from their only child, the Duchess de Mortemart, that are descended the blood representatives, at the present time, of the Duke de Nivernais.

Madame de Gisors died in 1780; and her mother, two years later. Nivernais then married Madame de Rochefort, an old friend of his wife's and a charming woman, who lived for only a few months after her marriage.

When the Revolution of 1789 broke out, the Duke was living alone in his great hotel in the Rue de Tournon,—a splendid home, so filled with pictures, statues, and other works of art, that all the distinguished foreigners who came to Paris asked leave to visit it. His daughter, the Duchess de Brissac, was at a watering place near Venice; and his granddaughter had, like many French nobles, emigrated to the Low Countries, to escape from the dangers that threatened her in France.

Nivernais faced the public upheaval, that was to change his existence, with the same patience that he had shown under his private trials. He was naturally sweet-tempered and easy-going; and his character, although it may have lacked depth, was most chivalrous and honorable. In vain did his daughter and granddaughter beg him to join them beyond the French frontiers: he believed that, as long as the King remained in Paris, he must not leave France. And, although Louis XVI. was virtually a prisoner, the old man paid his daily visit to the Tuileries till August, 1792, when the royal family was removed to the Temple, where their friends were refused admittance.

Meanwhile financial difficulties bore heavily on one whose large fortune was rapidly melting away under the Revolutionary régime. Although the Duke no longer received the large sums that hitherto were forwarded to him from the Duchy of Nevers, he had to pay endless taxes and fines; his enormous estates, that he had managed with a generous regard for the needs of his tenants, were now pillaged and ruined by the peasants, who, until the Revolution, had blessed the name of their kindly *seigneur*.

Some old friends continued to visit him. By degrees they either emigrated or were imprisoned, or, worse still, they were guillotined. His personal popularity protected him for some months. He was arrested, imprisoned, then sent back to his own house and kept there till February, 1794, under the surveillance of four keepers, whom he had to feed and to pay five francs a day for their service. Then, when the Reign of Terror was at its worst, the guillotine in daily use, and the prisons crammed with the victims of to-morrow, he was again transferred to the Couvent des Carmes, that was used as a prison.

The "Carmes" is comparatively untouched to this day. The Institut Catholique now occupies the old building and its modern adjuncts; but the church, certain passages, and the garden are sacred ground. Here, on September 2, 1792, three bishops and over one hundred priests were murdered in cold blood, because they refused to take a schismatic oath; and every year the anniversary of their martyrdom is duly celebrated.

Nivernais was seventy-eight years of age when he was imprisoned. In vain

did Liebbe, his faithful valet, beg to remain with him: his request was rejected. But every day the good man came for news of his master, who, by bribing the jailer, succeeded in sending at intervals a few lines to reassure his old servant. Some of these notes, written on coarse paper, have been preserved. The prisoner owns that his bed, which he makes himself, is not so comfortable as when it was arranged by his "good François." But he resolutely makes the best of things, and assures his servant that in time he will "get accustomed" to serve himself.

Having been able to procure pens and paper, the Duke set to work to translate in French verse an Italian parody of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." Neither the Italian poem nor the French translation possesses any literary value; but it is interesting to note the mental attitude of the old man, who, deprived of every comfort, and daily threatened with a hideous death, could absorb himself in verse-making.

The gloom as well as the foul air of the prison, the crowding together of its inmates (among whom was the future Empress Josephine), must have sorely tried the Duke's health; but his sweet temper was unruffled, and his kindness to his fellow-sufferers made him universally popular. Among them was one of the many men who owed him money,—a fact that Nivernais recognized only by sharing with Keralio, as he was called, the extra food that he was able to procure through his servant.

At last, on the 9 Thermidor, 1794, came the fall of Robespierre,—a blessed date in that tragic month of July, when innocent blood was poured out like water throughout the big towns of France. A few days later Nivernais was set free, and his old friend and debtor Keralio with him. Liebbe came to fetch him; he carried his master's scanty belongings; Keralio took charge of the books, the Duke of his manuscript, and the three made their way on foot to the Rue de Tournon.

As they drew near the Hôtel de Nivernais, many shopkeepers came out to greet the Duke. They were sincerely glad to see him safe, but the shadow of the Terror was still upon them, and they dared not use the old title that the Revolution had abolished. Their embarrassment struck Nivernais. "Call me Citizen Mancini," he suggested, with a smile.

On entering his big house, he noticed that it had been pillaged during his absence. Happily, at the outset of the Revolution, he had put many family relics in safe-keeping; but the authorities had unblushingly appropriated the tapestries, curtains, larger pieces of furniture, etc., that filled the hotel. With infinite trouble, Liebbe had arranged a small apartment on the ground-floor for his master's use. It consisted of a bedroom, dining room, and library, which were furnished with what had escaped the spoilers. At first Nivernais looked in dismay at his emptied house. The loss of many books seemed to affect him deeply, but his happy resignation soon asserted itself. "Never mind," he said to Keralio: "this is an improvement on the prison."

By degrees, a few old friends found their way to the Rue de Tournon, although there existed a law that forbade *aristocrates* to live in Paris. Life was difficult in the year 1794. Food, coal, and wood were sold at enormous prices. The Duke's visitors were, like himself, ruined by the Revolution. His account books still exist. They are full of proofs of his generous spirit, and contain mention of gifts to bearers of historic names who had been reduced to destitution. A nameless recipient of his bounty figures as *"une pauvre dame."* He himself was forced to sell some of his family relics: a portrait of his great-uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, and other art treasures.

Although he had never left Paris, he was iniquitously put down as an *émigré*, and in consequence his property had been confiscated. Many months passed before this injustice was righted; and in the meantime, owing to the poverty that hampered his generosity, the old man suffered more for his friends than for himself. Liebbe, with much hesitation, was obliged to buy his master some new clothes; but the account books tell us that the garments that could still serve were cleaned and mended.

Nivernais, in memory of an old tradition of his splendid and happy days, begged his friends to dine with him on Thursday, the day when the Duchess once dispensed hospitalities for which the Hôtel Nivernais had been famous. But the "menu" of 1794 in no way resembled that of certain dinners, when a particularly delicate dish was served to the host's friends only after having appeared seven times in succession on his own table, so fearful was he of its being short of perfection.

In the autumn of 1795 he wrote to his agent at Nevers to ask whether a weekly supply of game from the enormous forests belonging to him might be sent to the Rue de Tournon. It is pleasant to find that what the writer quaintly calls *une petite pacotille* was forwarded to him with tolerable exactitude. Although the peasants were unscrupulous in their treatment of his lands and woods, they probably remembered that, as their liege lord, he had ruled them with unvarying justice and kindness.

That Nivernais was essentially lovable was demonstrated by a curious occurrence in 1796. The Directoire, neither a humane nor an honest government, encouraged public celebrations, utterly pagan in character, that were a sentimental and rather absurd reaction against the horrors of the Reign of Terror. The "Feast of Old Age" took place on August 20, 1796; and the Duke de Nivernais—who two years before was a prisoner, daily expecting to be executed—was chosen by the citizens of his quarter to be the hero of the day. At dawn, his doorway was hung with green branches; children, dressed in white, covered him with flowers; young women presented him with baskets of fruit; and a garland of oak leaves was placed on his brow, while cries of "*Vive Mancini Nivernais!*" rent the air.

In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera, where the old men honored in the morning had to appear. The Duke's simplicity, dignity, and especially his exquisite bows, in the best manner of the old régime, were favorably noticed in the newspapers. We wonder if this man, who had been familiar with the splendors of Rome and Versailles, did not, when alone, smile indulgently at these grotesque celebrations.

In the course of the following year, Nivernais, encouraged by his friends, brought out a complete edition of his works, in eight volumes. His prose essays, letters, and dialogues are bright, witty, and reveal a keen knowledge of the world. His poetry is insipid; yet we hear that he valued his verses far more than his prose writings.

About this time his health began to fail; and his daughter, who was living at Vicenza, applied for the necessary passports to enter France. But, with his usual thought for others, the Duke begged her to wait till the winter was over before travelling northwards. In February, 1798, his weakness increased so visibly that the friends who continued to visit him thought it their duty to inform the Duchess de Brissac of his condition. She started for Paris immediately, was delayed on the way by the state of the roads, and when she arrived at the Rue de Tournon her father had been dead two days.

His end was sudden. He had not left his bed for some days, but was in full

possession of his faculties. On February 27 he dictated a note to his secretary, closed his eyes and went to sleep. When he woke he made a gesture as if to press the hands of his devoted doctor, of Madame de Beauvau, Madame de Mirepoix, and other friends, who were standing round his bed; but his head fell back, and, without a struggle, he breathed his last.

Nivernais left what property he still possessed to his only child; but, out of the poor remains of his former splendor, he bequeathed pensions to his faithful servants; and to his friends he gave souvenirs, in the shape of pictures, snuff-boxes, and bits of china, with a graceful word of affection for each one.

If we can not claim for Mazarin's great-nephew a prominent place among the celebrated men of his day, we must acknowledge that this sweet-tempered, unselfish, kindly nobleman deserves to be named among the most sympathetic characters of the old régime. He was an affectionate husband and father, a true friend, a loyal servant of his country, and a kind and just master. Moreover, unlike many of his contemporaries, he remained untouched by the unbelieving and sceptical spirit of the day. Whenever he mentions religious topics, it is with due reverence. His first wife and his older daughter (Benedict XIV.'s little friend) were more fervent and militant in their religious attitude, and in the divisions created among the clergy and laymen by the Jansenist controversy. They upheld with much warmth the orthodox party, represented by the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Christophe de Beaumont.

Madame de Gisors' early widowhood, while it led her to break with the gay world, did not prevent her from filling an important place in her father's house; and her lifelong sorrow seems to have been combined with much social charm and fervent piety.

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

VIII.—The Fugitive.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage. —*Lovelace.*

THE ride to Aardenburg was one of twelve miles, the road traversing a country of meadows or of fields cultivated chiefly for beet roots. These polders were crossed by many dikes erected centuries earlier, when nearly all this country was reclaimed from the sea, below the level of which it mostly lay. The day was fine and sunny, but the prisoner found the ride a trial. His hands were kept chained together; and, for further security, a rope was passed around his waist, the ends being made fast to the saddles of his guard. If he had made any mad attempt to set his horse at a gallop to escape, the rope would have instantly jerked him from his seat in the saddle. Besides, he was between two gendarmes.

Walter was pleased to find that, though neither of the gendarmes spoke French, one spoke English with such ease that he might have passed for an Englishman. It is only the Dutch among Continental nations that learn to speak English as if it were their mother tongue. This gendarme said that he had learned English while a prisoner of war at Portsmouth. His language, of course, savored somewhat of the barrack yard and of the forecastle. He told Walter that he had received orders to intercept him at Damme and convey him to a small port on the Scheldt, whence he would be transferred by water to the citadel of Antwerp. He further informed him that the public prosecutor looked upon him as a prisoner dangerous to the State,—an agent sent from England with plenty of money to foment discord in the land.

As they approached Aardenburg,

they observed a point where the road traversed a high dike; behind this, in meadows to the right and left of the road, some two battalions of Dutch infantry, with two squadrons of Hussars, were halted to take their midday meal. Their arms were stacked, and their horses picketed. Vedettes and sentinels were posted along the dike. It was only after having been challenged by a sentry and questioned by an officer in command of the guard, that the two gendarmes were allowed to pass with their prisoner. He, of course, was an object of curiosity on the part of the military men. The long street of Aardenburg was filled with soldiers of all arms; and in front of its noble church, (once a famous shrine of the Blessed Virgin, to which King Edward III., of England, came to give thanks after the great naval fight at Sluys) a battery of horse artillery was halted.

Close to the church was the post of gendarmes, into which, having dismounted, our trio entered. Here a good meal of soup, boiled beef, and potatoes, washed down by some rather small beer, was served them; after which they rested a while, and smoked some capital Dutch cigars, for which Walter paid. Eating, drinking, and smoking Walter found rather awkward work for manacled hands; but the gendarmes had received strict orders to keep him handcuffed until the end of the journey.

Refreshed, they remounted and continued their journey for another twelve miles to Ijzendijk, the land becoming more marshy and interspersed with narrow, sluggish streams as they approached the river; on the whole, a desolate land, suggestive of malarial fevers. The village, like most Dutch villages, was neat and clean. It consisted of some twenty small houses surrounded by the vestiges of what had once been ramparts, bastions, and moats. The latter still held water, though nearly choked with reeds. A small canal, in which lay a river barge and two or three fishing boats, connected the sleepy little place with an inlet of the Scheldt. Most of the inhabitants were engaged in the small fishery trade of the place, or owned cattle that pastured in the neighboring polders, while the poorest lived by collecting and selling mussels. There was a small old church, neatly whitewashed within, the pastor of which was a Calvinist minister. All the men and women dressed in black,—the women wearing quaint lace caps and ancient gold ornaments (heirlooms in their families); the men adorning their short round jackets with gilt or silver buttons, and wearing silver buckles on their shoes. When Walter arrived, it was probably the first time they had seen in the place any one fashionably dressed.

The gendarmes conducted their prisoner at once to the house of the police official, which stood on the small quay of the canal. Adjoining it was a stone building that had been, in the days when the now dismantled fortress had a garrison, the guard-room of the river gateway, which had long since been pulled down. Here the trio dismounted; and, the head of the police unlocking the door of the guard-room, Walter was ordered to enter what now served as the lock-up of the village. Quite a little crowd of villagers had collected to see the prisoner put away. His handcuffs were removed, and Walter found himself in a fair-sized, whitewashed room with a rough stone floor, down one side of which were some wide boards, such as are used for soldiers on guard to sleep on. Two small unglazed windows, with iron bars across them, admitted more air than light. The door was locked behind him. His eyes did not at once penetrate the gloom of the place, as he entered it from the bright evening sunshine outside. It was only after some moments

that he became aware that he was not the sole occupant of the prison.

A short, broad-shouldered man was sitting on the edge of a wooden bedstead, smoking a long, well-blackened clay pipe,—evidently, from the smell of the smoke it emitted, filled with some strong, coarse tobacco. The man had a rough but honest face, reddened by exposure to all sorts of weather. He wore a red woollen nightcap with a tassel hanging from it, a shirt striped with blue, with a red neckerchief under its broad collar, and a short round jacket with a double row of brass buttons. The jacket was made of coarse blue serge like his baggy breeches, which were tucked into a pair of sea-boots. Evidently, thought Walter, a seafaring man or a "bargee."

He rose as the door closed, and, bowing to the newcomer, said:

"Welkom, Mijnheer!"

"I do not understand Dutch," replied Walter. "I'm English."

"I, too, speak a bit English. Picked it up like driftwood on the river."

"You're a seaman?"

"More or less. I live in my boat on the river yonder, picking up odds and ends of jobs. The river, she's flowing with gold for any one who knows and loves her as I do. Here a little piloting, there a little to be smuggled—"

"I take it that's what brought you here?" asked Walter.

"No, sir, but landing a passenger from the Antwerp to Rotterdam boat,—a sort of job that pays. But, no offence to your religion, sir, it was the cur of a dominie of this place. I agreed to land him here for a gulden. When we got to shore, he wanted to make it half. We had words. The policeman here intervened. He decided the dominie should pay the gulden; but as I'd used bad language in the streets, I must go to prison, to do penance on bread and water for four and twenty hours, or else pay a fine of two guldens of Dutch money. I preferred to do penance. I knew well that the fine would not profit the State: that the police official and dominie would use it to drink my health,—the thieves!"

We have suppressed all the strange oaths—impartially international in character—that the boatman, Jose Deryck, mingled with his broken English. Walter was highly amused at the man's speech. Then, at the latter's request, he told him briefly his own tale. At the end of it, Jose refilled, relit and puffed silently at his pipe. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"It's as clear as a pikestaff! You are not going to stop here until they come and take you away—who knows?—to be shot, perhaps. You must cut and run!"

"Easier said than done," remarked Walter.

"Not at all! At eight o'clock my time's up. That's supper-time in this place. They will bring yours and let me out, to save giving me another crust of bread. Now be ready to-night as the clock of the church strikes midnight. Leave the rest to me. I'm not Dutch but a Fleming. I'm a patriot, so are you. I'll get you out of this place and back to your friends in Flanders. I swear it!"

"I can reward you if you do, my man," Walter answered.

"We will arrange that when you're safe among your friends, sir. But if you'll give me a couple of guldens now, it will make matters easier."

Walter might have thought that the man was only trying to get money out of him; but the fellow's face was so honest that he did not hesitate a moment about giving him the guldens,—saying, however, that to help a prisoner to escape was a grave breach of the law, and asking if he had no fear of the consequences for himself. He would not discuss the matter further, Deryck replied. So he smoked his pipe, and Walter smoked cigars (of which he had

a supply) until the latter's supper of bread, cheese, and beer was brought him by a gendarme, and the head of the police came to set Deryck free. Then Walter was left alone.

At the same time a thick, damp, white fog enshrouded all the village, and came curling in like smoke through the barred windows of the prison. The air soon became quite chilly. Walter ate his supper without appetite,—rather because he thought "if the boatman carries out his plan, I should keep up my strength by taking food."

He felt cold, depressed, anxious, sleepy, and smoked cigar after cigar to keep himself awake, and also, as he thought, to protect himself against the fever that he knew haunted these marshy parts. This helped also to keep off those gnats that, as science now tells us, are the propagators of that fever. He listened for every sound of what went on outside. Few seemed to be the passers-by, and by ten o'clock all was as still as death in the village. Shortly after that the silence was broken by the voices of some three or four men,—voices of drunkards, it seemed to the prisoner. Then a man seemed to stumble, half-drunk, past his prison, hiccoughing some verses of the Dutch national song. Then all again was silent. Walter dozed,—but presently he started up, dreaming that a mouse was gnawing at the door.

The door opened as the clock struck midnight, and Deryck fetched Walter from his prison. He led him out by the arm and through the white cloud that was now denser than ever, though above it a clear moon cast its cold rays on a sleeping world. Walter clung close to his guide, not knowing where he was to go. But he realized that he was no longer a prisoner: he was a fugitive. And on the morrow the Dutch gendarmes discovered the truth of the lines we have set at the head of this chapter.

(To be continued.)

An Island Home.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

I.

"NO, there is nothing left but three thousand pounds invested at six per cent, and a cottage away in the Hebrides, which my client bought many years ago as a holiday centre for sea fishing, to which he was greatly attracted in his days of health. It must be fifteen years since he went to Rona. However, I believe the place is in good order; it has been let occasionally, and you will no doubt wish to sell it for what it will fetch."

The speaker was Mr. Eneas Gordon, an aged lawyer; the place, a very plainly furnished dining room in an Edinburgh west-end flat. He was addressing a girl of perhaps one and twenty, whose black frock could not hide her physical health and beauty. Tall, and lithe in every movement, with rosy, sunburned cheeks and steadfast brown eyes, Marjorie Callendar challenged even a casual observer's admiration.

She was the eldest of six. Next to her in age was Ronald, now a clerk trusted beyond his nineteen years in a large Glasgow office; Marion, a schoolgirl of fifteen; Christina and Dugald, twins of twelve; and Maisie, commonly known as "the baby" or "the kid," which the dignity of ten years old sometimes hotly resented.

Ten years ago—that is, when Maisie appeared—the children became motherless. Six months earlier their father, always delicate, had succumbed to pneumonia contracted in a bitter drive one winter night to a country patient some miles from the Midlothian village, where he was known as "the good Doctor." His brother, believed to be a successful business man in Edinburgh, had made a home for the children, to whom both he and his wife had acted the part of parents to the utmost. Mrs.

Robert Callendar had died three years ago; the loss of two dearly loved sons in Flanders seemed to have robbed her of all strength to live. Now her husband had died suddenly of heart failure, and the funeral was just over. Father Machray had come back with the children from the cemetery, and had listened with them to Mr. Gordon's reading of the will.

One hundred and eighty pounds a year. That would go no way in Edinburgh or any other great town. Ronald happily was independent, but it was only his straight, careful life that made him able to make both ends meet. Marion had had six years at her Glasgow convent school; she could come home, where her sunny temper and domestic talents would make her of incalculable value. Christina, Dugald, and the Baby? What could be done for them?

"Was not this flat my uncle's property, Mr. Gordon?" asked Marjorie.

"It was; but, my dear young lady, there is a mortgage on it almost up to its market value. And the furniture will barely meet the outstanding bills. My late client is not to blame; first his goodness in helping a derelict brother time after time, and then the sudden depreciation of his principal investment through the war, brought one of the best of men within sight of ruin. Otherwise you would have been well off to-day."

"Thank you, Mr. Gordon! May I say that I trust you will not let yourself be robbed in any way."

"Dear Miss Marjorie, that is all right. Your uncle dealt so liberally with me in a matter I conducted for him a year or two ago that there is no question of any lawyer's account. Well, I must be jogging. Good-bye and keep a good heart, my dears! God bless you all! Let me know if you want the cottage on Rona sold at once."

And, grasping their hands all round, the kindly old lawyer was glad enough to reach the front door before he had, as he would have put it, "made a sair fule of himself."

II.

"Father Machray, I have been thinking over things, and I went to Mass and Holy Communion for guidance this morning. And I feel sure our duty, in the meantime, is to settle at Rona. There is the cottage; all furnished, even if a bit roughly; hardly any rates or taxes; no expense to speak of in clothes or shoes; a splendid climate, except for the rain at times. Don't you think I am right, Father?"

"On the whole, yes, child. But it will be a hard fight at first. You have lived in comfort and like the gentle people your parents were before you. At Rona you will find that your one hundred and eighty pounds a year will enable you to live with more comfort than the crofters or the fisher people, but not much more."

"We are all very strong, Father; and by degrees the younger ones will have left school, and things will be easier. For a year, could not the twins and Maisie go to the parish school on Rona? The people are all Catholics, and things are different in the Highlands."

"I think you are quite right, Marjorie. And when will you start?"

"The furniture is to be sold next week, Father. The house, as you know, is already sold, with occupation next quarter-day. I think we should go on Monday. The boat from Glasgow sails that evening."

So on the following Sunday the six brothers and sisters (Ronald had come over for the week-end) knelt together at Mass and Holy Communion, for the last time perhaps in the parish church which had been their spiritual home for so many years. The big brother went back to Glasgow early next morning, but joined the rest again that evening

to accompany them to Greenock, where they were to take the boat, thus saving the long journey down the Clyde. Father Machray was there, too; and before parting he put a ten pound note into Marjorie's hand, saying:

"Now, child, you are not to go steerage, but first class all the way on the boat. Nothing to thank me for; this was given me yesterday by a good man, who begged me to use it for his intention in the best way I could. And I know of none better. There's the steamer! Good-bye, dear children, all of you! God bless you, and God's Mother have you always under her protection! Who knows but I may snatch a few days' holiday at Rona later on?"

Marjorie, brave girl as she was, could not altogether keep back her tears as she murmured her gratitude to the priest, and then flung her arms round Ronald. But Messrs. MacBrayne's boats wait for no one, and she had to hurry on board with the rest. The gangways were dragged on shore, the painters thrown off, and, to the music of an unearthly hoot, the big steamer's screw began to revolve as she started on her long voyage to the North.

III.

Seven o'clock on a hot bright May morning. The good ship "Chieftain" had lain off Rona for a few moments to allow Marjorie and her flock, with their luggage, to get into a large rowboat manned by two stalwart, bearded Highlanders, who exchanged cheery Gaelic greetings with various members of the crew. A wide, sandy bay lay some quarter of a mile off, rocks here and there running pier-like into the sea. Low cliffs rose behind the bay, and on them stood a few cottages, behind which rose the tower of the church, that served not only the clachan that surrounded it, but the whole island. The western horizon was bounded by a line of high hills, almost worthy to be styled mountains, which in another three months would be glowing with purple.

"And we are ferry glad to see you, Miss Callendar," said Sandy Macleod, boatman and fisherman. "It iss many years since your uncle wass here for the fushin'. He wass a good man and well liked in Rona."

"We are all glad to come. You know, Mr. Macleod, we are not visitors, but this is to be our home."

"And it iss a good day for Rona that you have come, Miss Callendar. Father Lamont, he wass saying what a blessing it will be to have another big family on the island."

They had reached the shore, and landed at one of the lines of rock that made a convenient shelter for the boat. Five minutes' walk brought them to Alt-na-Craig, as the cottage was called. It was a substantial, if roughly built, stone house a few hundred yards from the village; two stories in height, with a sitting room, bedroom, and large kitchen on the ground-floor, and three fairly sized rooms above. In front was a plot of grass; and behind, what might be developed into a good vegetable garden.

"Oh, here iss my daughter Sheila, Miss Callendar! She would be putting fresh peat on the fire, and she will be blythe to help you in any way. She is a hard-working lass whateffer."

A smiling girl of eighteen or nineteen stood at the little gate. She had the fair hair and kindly blue eyes of the North; like a fisherman's daughter, she was dressed in a short serge skirt and a jersey, the sleeves of which were cut short above her elbows. Both head and feet were bare. Marjorie took her hand and thanked her warmly for all she had done to prepare for them. Sheila took them into the kitchen and pointed out a fragrant peat-fire on the hearth, a jug of milk, a pound of farm butter, and a

veritable mountain of soda scones on the table.

"You will have to teach me how to manage a peat fire, Sheila. In fact, I shall come to you to know a lot of things."

"I will be ferry proud, Miss, if I can help you. Now you will all be most tired and hungry. I will come back again to see if there is anything I can do."

The good Sandy and his daughter thereupon left Alt-na-Craig and its new inmates, both evidently anxious for their comfort and well-being in every way.

IV.

That evening, the younger members of the family all being buried in slumber after a hard day's work, Marjorie sat on a rough garden seat at the front door, deep in thought and calculations. Nine had struck by the clock in the kitchen, but—summer time of course obtaining—the sun was still well above the horizon. It was so quiet that the girl could hear the faint plashing of the waves far away, though it was dead low tide.

One hundred and eighty pounds a year; five people to keep and clothe; no house rent happily, and very light taxation. There was the problem. For the upkeep of the house, Marjorie reckoned an average of eight pounds a month as a minimum; probably it would be more. Then there was firing and light; oil was an expensive item now. They must live mostly in the kitchen—that was clear—when the cold weather came. Clothes? That would not be so serious here as in Edinburgh, by a long way. Not one of them, Marjorie herself included, was really equipped for the summer; a few cheap light garments were a necessity. Then they must be warm in the winter storms, which would be wild enough on Rona. Also, to allow for illness of other contingencies, they must not go to the very edge of their income.

Marjorie had covered half a sheet of paper with calculations, and now sat facing the fact that she *must* reduce her estimates. Not in food; if that was pinched, all evil would follow, and heavy expense as well. But she would ask Sheila Macleod to put them in the way of gathering peat for themselves; that would save a few pounds a year. Then as to clothes: she would get nothing for herself of any kind, and jerseys for the children could be afforded. Marion had some school things that could be used economically. Unless it was very hot, none of them would need any head covering. Gloves? Marjorie looked at her brown hands and laughed; yet these would become necessary if it grew very cold later on.

Shoes? The thought came with a shock; for she had altogether forgotten this almost worst item in family expenditure. She knew with what fatal rapidity boys and girls wear out the best shoe-leather. Only yesterday Chrissie had shown her a yawning gap in the sole of her Sunday boots. Suddenly wisdom dawned on her. Every boy and girl on the island, almost every woman and a good many of the fishermen, went barefoot; they must do on Rona as Rona did. To-morrow she would put away all shoes and stockings, her own included. That would mean the saving of at least fifteen or twenty pounds a year. And, with a lighter heart, Marjorie Callendar locked her house door, said her night prayers, and went to her first night's rest in the far North.

She woke up, after a dreamless sleep of eight hours, to find the sun streaming into the room she shared with Marion. The younger sister was still fast asleep; and, before waking any of them, Marjorie renewed the kitchen fire by the addition of fresh peat, and prepared the breakfast,—porridge, scones, fresh butter, and a pot of honey that Ronald had put into Marjorie's suit-case

at Greenock. Then on noiseless feet she went the round of the rooms and gathered up every boot and shoe, with all the stockings she could find, and bestowed them in a large closet on the top of the stairs. Finally she called the family, and told them breakfast would be ready in half an hour.

A knock at the door announced Sheila with the milk, and Marjorie greeted her with a merry laugh.

"Look at my feet, Sheila! You see I have followed your good example."

"And I am ferry glad, Miss Marjorie. It is much more pleasant and much more healthy."

"Tell me this: can we go to Mass without our shoes and stockings on weekdays?"

"But surely, Miss Marjorie. No one puts them on except on a Sunday or holyday."

"That's all right, then. I'm coming into the village after breakfast. So long, Sheila."

The twins and Maisie, who were all to begin school on the following Monday, were quite excited by Marjorie's regulations as to their footgear. Marion said:

"I've just longed for this for years. What is the good of covering your feet any more than your hands? And, Marjorie dear, I know we must save every penny."

Marion's good, sunny face, crowned by its shock of dark hair that fell (this morning at least) in a "mane" over her square shoulders, was radiant. She was not exactly a pretty girl; her mouth was somewhat large, and she laughed so much that she was continually showing her perfect set of teeth. There was much character in her face; and, though intellectual triumphs had not come her way at school, she was one of the best at games, and loved all active work, especially domestic duties, to a remarkable degree. Hardly ever had she been known out of temper; and it was no wonder that Marjorie found her the greatest comfort, and that the younger children turned to her for help in countless ways.

That afternoon Marion was working in the garden, trying to bring the beginning of order out of the wilderness, when a young priest came along the cliff, looked in at the garden gate, and, lifting his hat, said:

"I think it must be one of the Miss Callendars? I am Father Lamont, and have just got back from a two days' visit to another island in the parish."

Marion smiled, with no false shame for her shabby frock, her earth-stained hands, and shoeless feet, and said:

"This is very good of you, Father. If you don't mind coming in the back way, I will take you to my elder sister. I know Marjorie wants to see you."

Marjorie was diligently sewing at various garments belonging to the twins and Maisie, in her favorite seat at the front door. She rose and put out her hand, and cordially invited the priest to sit down.

"You see you have five new parishioners, Father; not very useful ones, I'm afraid. I need hardly tell you we have no servant, or that we are not abounding in this world's goods. Our appearance will show you that! I am delighted you have come. There are several things about which I need your advice."

In a long conversation, Marjorie put the good parish priest (who had heard of Mr. Callendar from his predecessor) in possession of the main facts of their story, and how it came that they were settled on Rona.

"My uncle was good enough to leave the cottage to me, with what was left of his personal property to be applied to the upkeep of the household according to my discretion. I'm afraid he thought too much of me."

Then they passed to the subject of the school; and the Father promised that he

would tell Miss Huntly, the young schoolmistress, that she would have three new scholars on "Monday first."

"In fact," he said, "I will ask Kate Huntly to pay you a visit this evening. She is a good, clever girl, and I know you will like her. She is of a class that unluckily gives us few elementary school-teachers. As an old Tory aunt of mine (who disapproved of a good many of my opinions) used to say: 'She is of our own order.'"

After they had talked for the best part of an hour, the twins and Maisie appeared from the bay, Marjorie having declared that they deserved a half-holiday. The pastor, who loved children, was their friend in five minutes; and only Marjorie's firm order that they were to make themselves respectable for tea drove them into the house.

Almost immediately Marion, in a clean pinafore and with newly-washed hands and feet, came to say that tea was ready in the sitting room.

"But I did not look for such kind hospitality, Miss Callendar. You are busy enough without entertaining visitors."

"It's just a blessing on the house to have you, Father. And you will come and give the cottage the regular blessing soon, won't you?"

Seldom has there been a merrier tea party than Alt-na-Craig saw that afternoon. Father Lamont, when he left, knew that here was an atmosphere which would help, and never hurt, the parish he loved so well. *"Beati pauperes!"* he murmured to himself as he walked back to his humble presbytery.

(Conclusion next week.)

RABBI ELIEZER said, "Turn to God *one* day before your death." His disciples said, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He answered them, "Therefore turn to God *to-day*."

A Midnight Hymn.

("Nocte surgentes.")

BY POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.*

RISING by night, our solemn watch attending,
While every heart continual psalms upraises,
We to the Lord, all powers melodious blending,
Sing tuneful praises.

So to our gracious King such hymns addressing,
We with His saints may gain the heavenly portal,
Enter His palace court, and win the blessing
Of life immortal.

This to our prayer, O Blessed God, be granted,
Father and Son and Holy Ghost eternal,
Whose glory round the echoing world is chanted,
Rising supernal.

A Violin Recital.†

IT all happened on a warm summer day in the year 1822. In one of the gardens in Wiesbaden, where many fashionable people are in the habit of congregating in order to drink and bathe in the health-giving waters of the springs, things went on pleasantly. In front of the bath-houses, at a number of little tables, sat different groups of women in dainty, fashionable gowns, and well-groomed men in befitting evening dress. They sipped coffee from rare china cups, and were engaged in lively conversation. Their loud, gay laughter stole to the very entrance gate of the garden, where a poor musician, in his old military uniform, mechanically ran his bow across the strings of his faithful violin. Beside this picture of suffering stood a small blonde-haired boy about eight years old, who held out an old felt hat to the passing crowds for their petty donations.

* Original form. Translated by the Rev. T. G. Crippen.
† From the German for THE AVE MARIA, by William J. Fischer.

To-day, however, no one seemed to hear the sad voice of the poor invalid's violin. The heavens themselves lent a smile to the open, beautiful face of Nature; and everybody, selfishly I dare say, thought only of the pleasures that the day might yet have in store. Not a single penny fell into the boy's hat.

"Grandpa," at last broke forth the boy, in tears, "no one has given me anything; and, oh, I am *so* hungry—"

The old man interrupted nervously:

"Have patience, child! God will soon send some kind-hearted soul as His angel of mercy, George!"

Thereupon a few hot tears fell out of the old man's sightless eyes upon the green grass, where an angel, I am sure, found them.

The bright little fellow did not like to see the old man in tears, and said tenderly:

"Grandpa, you must not cry. I will not murmur any more. I would rather suffer hunger. See! here comes a fine-looking man. Play hard now, grandpa! He looks as if he is going to give us something."

And the old man played as loudly as the delicate strings would permit.

The stranger, who had been noticed in the garden by many during the past few days, was dressed in a heavy black suit. A pair of clear, good-natured eyes beamed brightly out of his round, comfortable-looking face. Upon his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat. He was not unusually tall, but had a striking appearance that could not help impressing one. He seemed dead to everything around him. His mind was busy at work, and his eyes appeared to be gazing into the distance—somewhere—as he walked about.

As he passed the fiddler, the boy held up his hat to him, but without avail. Then the lad ran after him a few steps, but returned again in tears and complained:

"He did not hear you, grandpa. He walks around like a wild man. Ah, he is coming this way again!"

In the meantime the stranger had returned. He pulled out his pocketbook somewhat nervously, and, muttering a few words in an undertone, his eyes and fingers wandered through it. Presently the little hand holding the beggar's hat was thrust up beseechingly to him. For the first time the stranger heard strains of music very close to his ears. But the sound of the violin did not seem to appeal to him; for a look of displeasure crept into his face, and he motioned the fiddler to stop playing.

The boy, however, interposed:

"Grandfather is blind, sir; he does not see you signing to him to stop."

"Blind? Good God! And who are you?"

"I am George Werner, grandchild of this old man."

The stranger sighed, and dropped some money into the boy's hat. Then he walked over to the blind musician and asked:

"What is your name, my poor man?"

The invalid had in the meantime stopped playing, and with his acute sense of hearing had taken in every word of the conversation between the boy and the stranger. He answered:

"I am Conrad Zimmerman."

"You are an invalid, are you not?"

"I served in the Russian army with the Rhine troops and was wounded."

The stranger seated himself upon one of the rocks that stood near the little footpath, and said:

"Tell me your story."

Then the old man began:

"When in 1812 Napoleon led his army across the Rhine toward Russia, the Rhine troops were also called upon to assist him. I came from Baden. We had to get together a respectable contingent; so that, though I had long passed the years of youth, I was forced, being still strong and active, to remain in the army. With the promise of

victory, we entered Russia, and reached Moscow amid great rejoicing. But what a day! Before very long a mighty conflagration swept over the city, and then misery and suffering began. When the night closed in around us, there came frost and snow, and in the morning heaps of soldiers lay around the bivouac fires,—frozen to death. And, to make those hours of trial still darker and more hopeless, the bloodthirsty Cossacks pounced upon us. Through a streak of good luck, I was taken prisoner. After four years, I returned to Germany. In the meantime my poor wife had died of privation and despair. My only daughter had married the sculptor Werner. I went to live with my children. Werner was a talented fellow. But at the birth of little George here, who is my trusty companion, my daughter passed beyond life's shadows. Werner loved her dearly; the parting was too much for his sensitive heart, and he followed her soon after, to be reunited in heaven. I was a lithographer, and made good money at that time. Then a great misfortune came upon me. It was all brought on, my physicians said, by overwork, and those previous hardships and exposures in Russia. In a short time I grew blind; and this, sir, in short, is how I became a beggar on life's highway."

"And where did you learn to play the violin?"

"At home. My father was a musician and he taught me."

The stranger sighed deeply.

Just then a crowd of guests passed by, laughing and chatting briskly,—men and women whose outward bearing showed that they were people of culture and wealth. Instantly an idea shot through the stranger's mind.

"Let me have your violin!" he exclaimed, excitedly.

And, taking it on his arm, he tuned the strings, clear as a bell.

"Now watch me, child," he said, "and pass your hat quickly through the crowds."

Then the bow flew over the strings, so that the poor old violin sounded like a human voice, pleading pitifully and sweetly. Even the blind musician was beside himself with admiration. Wondering, he inquired:

"What! is that my violin?"

But the stranger did not hear him. His soul was wrapped up in the music that he drew out of the humble instrument. It was a beautiful march theme, interlaced here and there with many artistic and intricate variations. As the selection was nearing its end, the pleasant variations threaded out into single beautiful melodies.

A crowd of distinguished-looking men and fashionable women had, in the meantime, gathered in response to the soft pleadings of the violin. Everyone present seemed to know that the stranger was playing for the poor old man and the little boy, and numerous silver—yes, even gold—pieces dropped into the hat.

Suddenly the violinist struck up the then new popular song, "What is the German Fatherland?" and gradually the sighing, tender notes died away. As they ceased, a tall, earnest-looking man, with a strong physique, was seen making his way through the crowd of interested spectators. He was dressed in the striking military uniform of a Prussian general. His attendant was in civilian clothes, and bore a large star on his breast.

"What has happened here?" the general asked authoritatively.

As he spoke, all the men present bared their heads.

"Frederick William II. of Prussia!" was the whisper that stole from lip to lip.

"Your Majesty," answered the director of the sanitarium, "a stranger, a violinist of the first rank, is playing there for a poor old invalid."

"Invalid? Send him to the hotel director at once."

Thereupon Frederick William II. turned and left with his attendant, remarking:

"Since Louise died I do not care to listen to any music."

The kind-hearted violinist had, meanwhile, handed the instrument back to the old man, and was disappearing in the crowd when the director of the sanitarium walked up to him and said:

"Sir! his Imperial Majesty, the Elector of Hessen, begs you to give him your name."

"I am Ludwig Spohr."

Already it was being whispered through the throng:

"Spohr!—it is the great Spohr!"

The famous violinist had come to assist at a concert in Wiesbaden.

That evening as Spohr sat at his supper table, a messenger came in upon him suddenly and handed him a letter in his Majesty's own handwriting. It read:

MY DEAR HERR SPOHR:—We have been witness to-day of your noble deed and have admired your remarkable musical talent. The invalid and the boy whom you assisted so kindly will hereafter be well taken care of; and you we name Hofkapellmeister. Your salary will be worthy of your art.

Affectionately,

WILLIAM II.

Thereupon the new Kapellmeister, in the fulness of newborn joy, folded his hands and exclaimed thoughtfully:

"And yet there are people who do not believe in Divine Providence!"

REMEMBER the wide difference between trying to set an example, and living so as to be an example. Depend upon it, as the most certain truth in spiritual ethics, that you can raise other men up only by being, not by seeming to be, what you should be.

—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

What the Flowers Say.

ONE language, with which the most proficient linguist or comparative philologist is not always acquainted—of which indeed even Cardinal Mezzofanti, who knew fifty-eight different languages, was probably ignorant—is that of flowers, or, as an up-to-date encyclopædia calls it, florigraphy. While the supposition is that this language was used, at least to some extent, by the earliest nations, there is no reliable record of its having been employed by any people before the Greeks. They developed the flower language to such an extent that they used flowers as types of most things of interest in public and private life. The Romans, imitators of the Greeks in so many other respects, copied them in this one also. As was natural in the days of genuine chivalry, the study of the flower-language was common in the Middle Ages.

In different countries, varied significance is given to some blossoms; but many of them mean the same thing the world over. In all lands, for instance, the patriot's crown is oak; the poet's, bay; and beauty's, the myrtle. The olive, since Noah's days, has been the uniform emblem of peace; and the amaranth, because of its duration, is a universal symbol of immortality.

The following list contains the sentiments, or meanings, which the secular poets ascribe to a number of favorite flowers: — Anemone: frailty, anticipation. Apple-blossoms: preference. Buttercups: riches. Calla: magnificent beauty. Candytuft: indifference. Cowslip: youthful beauty. Daffodil: unrequited love. Forget-me-not: true love. Foxglove: insincerity. Geranium: deceit. Goldenrod: encouragement. Heliotrope: devotion. Honeysuckle: fidelity. Hyacinth: sorrow. Lilac: fastidiousness. Lily: majesty, purity.

Pansy: sweet thoughts. Poppy: oblivion. Snowdrop: friend in need. White violet: modesty.

This supplementary list furnishes the religious meaning attached to different flowers by Catholic writers:— Lily: purity. Rose: love of God. Myosotis: thanksgiving to God. Pansy: thought of heaven. Marguerite: simplicity. Violet: humility. Bind-weed: attachment to God. Iris: faith. Mignonette: practice of the concealed virtues. Jasmine: sweetness. Pink: prayer. Heath-flower: recollection. Laurel: love of duty. Passion-flower: sacrifice. Mimosa: generosity. Lily of the valley: punctuality. Lilac: fidelity in little things. Lavender: modesty. Hawthorn: mortification. Geranium: zeal for souls. Periwinkle: purity of intention. Buttercup: obedience. Bluebell: desire of heaven. Red Poppy: fervor. Virgin's Ear: devotion to Mary. Primrose: love of labor. Vervain: prudence. Honeysuckle: confidence in God. Syringa: goodness. Camelia: perseverance. Anemone: union with Jesus.

An Old Saxon Church.

St. Aldhelm thus describes the interior of a Saxon church in the seventh century: "During the reign of Ina (685–726), Bugge, the servant of Christ, built a new church of great size, with fourteen altars; besides which she consecrated an apse for the Virgin's altar....The building was well lighted by glazed windows, and well supplied with costly ornaments. The altar hangings were wrought of gold thread; the chalice also was of gold set with precious stones, with a broad paten of silver to hold the divine medicine. The cross also was of gold set with gems. The thurible hanging from the roof sent forth its fumes, and breathed sweet odors when the priests offered the Holy Masses."

Authoritative Declarations.

WITH the noisily impudent atheists of our day, one word from a scientist of recognized authority is likely to have more weight than the most exhaustive arguments of "mere theologians," as the greatest lights of theological science are sometimes arrogantly and ignorantly referred to. Here are a few of the sayings of eminent scientists:

"I have no hesitation," declared Lord Lister, "in saying that in my opinion there is no antagonism between the Religion of Jesus Christ and any fact scientifically established." (See "Views of Modern Science," by G. T. Manley, M. A.) Lord Lister is justly called one of the leading scientists of our time. The same declaration is made by Sir George Stokes, who, according to Lord Kelvin, "ranged over the whole domain of natural philosophy in his work and thought"; "I know of no sound conclusions of science that are opposed to the Christian Religion."

Prof. Huxley said ("Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," II., c. 5, p. 203): "The doctrine of Evolution is neither anti-theistic nor theistic. It simply has no more to do with theism than the first book of Euclid has. There is a great deal of talk and not a little lamentation about the so-called religious difficulties which physical science has created. In theological science, as a matter of fact, it has created none. Not a solitary problem presents itself to the philosophical theist at the present day which has not existed from the time that philosophers began to think out the logical grounds of theism."

Prof. Jevons is equally plain and emphatic: "I can not for a moment admit that the Theory of Evolution will destroy Theology. Atheism and Materialism are no necessary results of the scientific method." ("Principles of Science," pp. 762–766.)

Lord Rayleigh, president of the British Association, 1884, joins in the chorus: "Many excellent people are afraid of Science as tending toward Materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising: unfortunately, there are writers, speaking in the name of Science, who have set themselves to foster it. It is true that amongst scientific men, as in other classes, crude views are to be met with as to the deeper things of Nature; but that the lifelong beliefs of Newton, of Faraday and of Maxwell are inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind is surely a proposition which I need not pause to refute."

Prof. Tait (*Nature*, July 17, 1879) does not seem too severe in saying: "When the purposely vague statements of the materialists and agnostics are stripped of the tinsel of high-flown and unintelligible language, the eyes of the thoughtless who have accepted them on authority are at last opened, and they are ready to exclaim with Titania: 'Methinks I was enamored of an ass!' "

And Lord Salisbury, in his presidential address to the British Association, in 1894, was but voicing the views of those competent to form an opinion on the subject when he said: "Few men are now influenced by the strange idea that questions of religious belief depend on the issues of physical research."

This series of categorical admissions on the part of men competent to speak authoritatively for Science ought to modify the viewpoint of two classes of people. The first is made up of those speciously glib agnostics and materialists who assume a tone of condescension in discussing dogmas of faith, and assert that "no intelligent man believes"—what millions of intelligent men nevertheless *do* believe most firmly. The other class is composed of weak Christians, who are dominated by a dread lest, after all, Science *should* prove that Religion has no foundation.

Notes and Remarks.

Citizens of all political creeds would doubtless hail with satisfaction the stand taken by Senator Borah on two important matters in a recent speech—if they were to read all of it. There should be some way of placing such speeches as this before the public. The "Congressional Record" is read by comparatively few persons; and the leading newspapers of the country seldom reproduce its contents, or even call attention to them. The Senator pleaded for reductions in both the army and the navy at this time, declaring that the "good faith" of the United States in calling the conference for limitation of armaments would thus be demonstrated, as well as the sincerity of the proposal to lower taxes, or at least to prevent their increase. "I know of no way of reducing taxes except by reducing expenditures; and we have no material sources of reduction except in the army and navy. The discharge of a few Government clerks or even hundreds of them, while commendable, does nothing to reduce the budget. Unless Congress and the executive departments are willing to cut where cuts are possible, we may as well tell the country there is no hope of tax reduction and that there is grave likelihood of tax increases."

Stressing his proposal to reduce the army to 100,000, Senator Borah advocated the immediate withdrawal of our troops from Germany, asserting emphatically that there was no possible advantage to the United States or Europe in keeping them there.

In its notice of an editorial article in the July number of the *Month*, pointing out the need of an infallible interpreter for Holy Scripture, the London *Tablet* remarks: "Private interpretation has resulted in the formation of hundreds of Protestant sects, all disputing as to

the Christian revelation. According to the *Times* of January 13, 1885, 'England alone is reported to contain some seven hundred sects, each of whom proves a whole system of theology and morals from the Bible.' Even with an infallible interpreter, the Bible remains a difficult book; and the Church, being chary of using her power of determining their significance, leaves many Scripture passages to the discussion of her theologians. The Modernist historian impugns the truth of the Biblical narrative because of the loose way in which the sacred writers appear to treat facts, instead of bearing in mind the highly anthropomorphic character of some of the books, and the tendency to allegorize shown by their authors. The unbeliever finds the morality of the New Testament too high: he presumes to judge certain actions of the Almighty recorded in the Old Testament in his ignorance of relative facts; and he confuses counsels with commands in the New Testament."

It is gratifying to learn from French exchanges that the educational work of religious Orders in foreign lands is not minimized by authoritative critics in the home country. To the Congregation of the Marists the French Academy presented, a few months ago, its highest award for the excellent educational work accomplished by its members in Japan. Of the different institutions under the charge of this community, the College of the "Star of the Morning" has more than one thousand students; the College of the "Star of the Sea," six hundred; and the College of Saint Joseph, three hundred. The teaching of these religious is so much appreciated by the Japanese Government that it has conferred upon them several Chairs in its University. Two members of the Congregation teach the French language and also literature at the Imperial University at Tokio. All the young men entering the diplomatic career study under their direction. The efficiency of this direction is vouched for by the fact that a large number of the graduates hold high positions in Japan, some of them having been at the Peace Conference.

In one of the concluding issues of the *Austral Light*—unfortunately forced to suspend publication owing to lack of support—there appeared, under the title "A Great Irish Bishop," a very interesting sketch of Dr. Doyle, of Kildare and Leighlin, the celebrated "J. K. L." whose writings in the first half of the last century rejoiced the hearts of Irishmen the world over. The outstanding event in the career of Dr. Doyle was, perhaps, his examination in the Houses of Parliament,—an examination which embraced everything, from the condition of the most destitute inhabitant of his diocese to the subtlest points in the tenets of the Church. Some years previously O'Connell had declared that of all the intellects he had ever encountered, the Bishop of Kildare's was the most mighty and stupendous; and before the close of the examination there were British legislators willing to admit that O'Connell had not exaggerated. Recalling the scene, a writer says:

"Laboring under the disadvantage of decaying health, with his energies well-nigh wasted, it seemed that the Bishop would emerge from the conflict with his own name tainted and with a blemish on his religion. But confidence in the fact that honesty and steady purpose would eventually be recognized was to him a sustaining force in the moment of trial. Endowed with that measure of aplomb so essential to ruling minds, he stood undaunted and undismayed before the venomous fencing of treacherous opponents. He spoke with an eloquence which bordered on the sublime; every

word that dropped from his fervid lips went deep into the heart of an audience confounded by the dignity and grandeur of his exalted mien. Shall Catholic Ireland ever forget Bishop Doyle's splendid achievement?"

One incident of the time will assuredly not be forgotten: the answer of the Duke of Wellington to the query, "Are you still examining Doyle?"—"No," replied the Duke, "but Doyle is still examining *us*."

Domestic relations are so difficult to understand, and yet so important that they must be understood. Have we founded our proper conception of home-life upon a misunderstanding? Prof. Perry, of Harvard University, believes that we have, and flays what he terms "Domestic Superstitions" in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He does so in this wise:

There is, for example, a widespread belief that the mother or wife or resident aunt or other domestic adult female is the lover and champion of the home. Man is supposed to be a natural vagrant, only with great difficulty prevented from spending his idle time wandering from club to club, or from hole to hole on the golf-links. Woman, on the other hand, is supposed to be by nature the nostic or homing animal....

The facts, however, do not agree with this edifying view of the matter. The greatest day in the history of a privileged woman is the day of her Coming Out. From that day forth she wages a more or less ineffectual struggle to stay out. On the other hand, the greatest hour in a man's day is the hour when he sets his face toward home. Every day, through hours of work, he is sustained by the same bright vision, which he derives from romantic fiction, or from his own creative imagination. He sees himself joyfully greeted by a household, no member of which has anything else to do, or any other wish, save to make him comfortable. They have all indulged themselves to their hearts' content earlier in the day, and now it is his turn to be indulged. It is understood that he, and *he alone*, is tired. Any attentions or amiability on his part are gratefully appreciated, but they are not demanded or even expected of him. After dinner, there is a certain comfortable chair waiting for him in an accustomed spot near a reading-lamp. The contour of the upholstery is his perfect complement. He fits himself to the chair, reaches for the evening paper, and then experiences the purest rapture of domestic bliss....

Each, like the adult male, forms his own conception of the end of a perfect day by the simple method of opposition. The children, having spent most of the day in a restrained posture on a school-bench, incline to riot. The woman, having spent the day indoors, desires to go out; and, having seen no one during the day except the postman, the milkman, and the iceman, desires to associate more extensively with her kind. She, too, has been sustained during the day by a vision,—children tucked in bed, her husband fired with social zeal, best clothes, a taxicab, a meal *prepared by somebody else*, and then a dance or the theatre, friends, and late to bed! Hence, while for the man the symbol of home is the armchair, for the woman it is the dressing-table.

All of which reminds us of Pascal's dictum, that human unhappiness results from inability to sit tranquilly in a room for twenty-four hours a day. The *spiritus movendi* is over us moderns. Not one person in ten thousand can remain at home for a few hours at a time, much less sit still in his—or her—room. When aeroplanes come into general use, those who are not speeding over the land will be speeding through the air, eager to get to some place, or to get back to the starting place,—and then to start for some other place. Always on the go, and going "like sixty," as the children say.

Pope Benedict XV. never allows the occasion of the solemn reading of a Decree of Heroism to pass without inculcating a lesson to be drawn. Replying to an address by the Procurator-General of the Priests of the Sacred Heart of Betharram, thanking him for the publication (last month) of the Decree of the heroism of the virtue of the Venerable Servant of God, André Hubert Fournet, parish priest of S. Pierre de Maillet, founder of the Insti-

tute of the Daughters of the Cross, "his Holiness remarked that the Decree showed in high light the importance of the ministry of the parish priest. The parish is like a family; the priest must be an affectionate father, always at hand to care for his spiritual children, their religious and moral interests; instructing and comforting them, sharing in their joys and sorrows. He must live the life of the parish, as the father lives the life of his children, and in special measure setting them a good example. His Holiness dwelt on the life of renunciation and mortification of the Ven. André Fournet, and showed how much the parish priest could do for his children beyond the purely spiritual help,—assisting them with generous effort in ordinary material things of life, helping to dissipate trouble in families, and caring specially for the education of the young, the hope of the future. In all this the 'good Father' presented in his life a wonderful example."

To the Question Box of the *Guardian* (Little Rock, Ark.) somebody recently propounded the query, "Are Protestants Christians?" The question and the answer given to it seem to have created something of a stir among non-Catholics in Arkansas; and the editor of the paper, while rather regretting that the matter came up for discussion, has given the Catholic doctrine on the matter, with the comment: "We are broad enough to allow Protestants to be real Christians as long as they, individually, believe their respective denominations to represent the genuine Christianity established by Christ. With God (we hold) the acceptance of a person depends on a sincere conscience, even though that conscience may be erroneous."

In a supplementary paragraph, the *Guardian* makes the point that, since Protestants are so sensitive when anything disparaging is said of their religion, they should consistently condemn similar disparagement of the Church, instead of applauding and repeating the obsolete calumnies uttered against her by uneducated bigots. A respectable number of Protestants refrain, it is true, from abuse of the Church, but comparatively few among them ever protest against such abuse on the part of their coreligionists.

Mr. Bernard Holland, a learned and zealous Catholic layman, formerly an Anglican parson, we believe, has something to say, well worthy of consideration, in a letter to the London *Tablet*, replying to the Rev. Dr. Barry and others who urge the formal adoption by Catholics of the Authorized Version of the Bible. Their main ground is that this version is a bond uniting great masses of English-speaking people in many lands; that they are enthusiastically and unalterably wedded to it; and that if we do not adopt it, we shall fall out of touch with them, and see frustrated our hope of bringing them into the Church. Mr. Holland writes:

This is an attractive view at first sight, but certain questions suggest themselves. That Authorized Version—is it now the bond among English-speaking people that it once was, or is said to have been? How many out of every thousand now ever read it privately? Does not the public reading of what in the Anglican Church are called "lessons" begin to fall into discredit and practical disuse as a main feature? Is the Old Testament, or even the New, quoted in sermons as it used to be? Has not too great familiarity with the Bible, taken together with its divorce from mystical interpretation in the Arian atmosphere of Protestant nations, led to a kind of contempt, followed by disuse—or, worse even, comic use—of the Old Testament, more especially in America? It is useless to deny that there is an increasingly wide disbelief in the inspiration and truth to fact of the Old Testament. The symbolic meanings so dear to the ancient Fathers no longer interest at all the British public, and never, I think, will again. The

Authorized Version is no longer a great bond of union among the English. All the less so because its language is archaic, so that in English minds a feeling of unreality, quaintness and nursery-tale-dom has attached itself to much of the Bible. Canon Barry takes no account of this vast mental revolution.

It is said that Germans appreciate Shakespeare's plays better than we do, and certainly produce them much more often, because, for one reason, these plays are translated into *modern* German, and so are to them more living and real than they are to us. So a woman in Elizabethan dress would *seem* to us less real than one in modern attire, although she would not, in fact and substance, be less real. Would not the Bible translated into the best modern English be to us—*nos qui vivimus*—tenfold more real-seeming, vivid, and intelligible than it is in Elizabethan? A living language is always changing its shades of meaning. The Elizabethans were like boys who carve words on a growing tree. As the life of the tree goes on, the words gradually become blurred and indistinct.

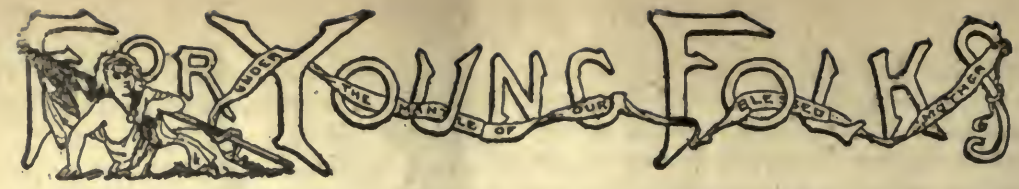
Surely we had better hold on our distinct course. It is for us to lead, not to follow. Not for us are versions authorized or revised by others. If we adopt any new translation, let it be really new, one made by the best masters of modern English, under supervision by Catholic authority. Such a translation would, I believe, be adopted by many who, as their acts show, are inclined to follow us in all things.

Those who differ with Mr. Holland will find his questions hard to answer and his assertions difficult to controvert. His suggestion of a new translation of the Bible "by masters of modern English, under supervision by Catholic authority," impresses us as being the right solution of a question over which for many years there has been a war of words among English-speaking Catholics.

From the official organ of the diocese of Detroit, the *Michigan Catholic*, we learn that students seeking admission into the Trappist Order will be entered in the classes of the new Sacred Heart Seminary. "The Rev. John Thomas, who has been a Trappist missionary in South Africa for twenty years, is in charge of the little group of Trappists who will establish a hostel here. The students will be accommodated in the hostel. The students' needs, as concern living accommodations, will be cared for in the hostel, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Detroit has graciously consented to permit the Trappist students to participate in the regular Seminary classes."

"Hostel," it may be well to inform some of our readers, is a word with the same original meaning as "hospital" and "hotel." As used in the foregoing quotation, it corresponds to the hostel of an English university,—that is, a house for students, which does not share like a college in the government of the university. American Catholics everywhere seem to be awaking to a sense of their responsibility as regards foreign missions; and we trust that the Trappist hostel at Detroit will speedily be filled with earnest youths anxious to obey the mission call of our Divine Lord: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

There are tramps and tramps. It was a grey, rainy day in July. A poor man, with a wooden leg, was standing outside the open door, humbly waiting for some one to answer his knock. "I'd ask a trifle for a meal," he said; "and maybe there's an old pair of trousers, with one good leg, around the house somewhere. It's hard to find work now; I can't do much, anyway. I had to throw up my last job, the swelling and pain in my knee got so bad.... Thank you very much! May you never want for anything as long as you live, or for the peace of God when you come to die!" These words were spoken with simple sincerity. That poor man's story would have been worth hearing, and probably more than one good lesson could be found in it. Yes, there are tramps and tramps.



Voyaging.

BY SISTER JOSEPHINE, ORDER OF ST. URSULA.

THERE never was another tree
Like ours in all the world,
When over the lawn
With the breath of dawn
The lilting Spring came carolling on,
With her parasol green unfurled.

Then the pink and white of the apple bloom
Was hoisted aloft for a sail;
And the branches swung
As our good ship, flung
By a stiff breeze, high on the top wave hung,
And we steadied ourselves by the rail.

Oh, the broad green sea was at our feet,
And the broad blue sky overhead!
But far away,
Near the sunset, lay
An enchanted isle in a magic bay,
So on our vessel sped

Till the pilot sighted "land, ahoy!"
And our ship was brought to rest.
Then the tired crew
And the captain, too,
Disembarked in a port we children knew
At the tree we loved the best.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

VIII.—THE HUT IN THE FOREST.

FOR the first time Remi detected a note of despair in his master's voice,—a despair which speedily found an echo in his own heart. They had mistaken the road: they were in a forest, perhaps miles away from any human habitation. The snow was falling like a cloud about them. They were hungry, without food; thirsty, without water; freezing, without shelter; weary, without prospect of rest. And now the darkness of night was beginning to close around them.

Surely the end had come, and they must die here in the forest and never be heard of more. Vitalis put down his load and leaned against a tree. The dogs stood quietly near him; and Remi, almost in tears, awaited his master's decision as to what they should do. Would it be to press on farther or to lie down where they were and die? But the old man was not yet conquered. Lifting his bag to his shoulder once more, he said, speaking deliberately:

"Remi, we will not give up yet. As this is a forest, there must be charcoal-burners' huts here and there among the trees. If we find one, we can take shelter there for to-night, at least. To-morrow the snow may be over, and the sun may shine again. Let us keep on a little longer. I shall look to the right, you take the left, and amid the shadows we may see a shelter. Look well, Remi. Your eyes are better than mine. I shall depend on you."

"Yes," replied Remi, "I will look all the time. I think that is a very good plan. You to the right, Master; I to the left."

They took up their march once more, Vitalis close to the trees at one side, Remi on the other; Joli-Cœur warm and safe in his master's bosom; Zerbino and Dulcie trotting bravely in the middle of the road; Capi at Remi's side. It was Capi that came to the rescue at last. A faint sound within the wood, probably made by a rabbit, sent him bounding into the bushes, from which he soon emerged, barking furiously, as he looked up into Remi's face.

"Follow him," said Vitalis. "He has seen something. I will wait here."

The boy was quickly at the heels of

the dog. In a moment he returned, his face beaming.

"Master," he said, "there is a hut in a small open space beyond these trees."

"Come!" said Vitalis. "We are saved for to-night."

From the eagerness and joy with which the whole party hastened after him and surveyed the unexpected shelter, one might have thought it a palace with lights shining in all the windows and friendly smoke issuing from the chimneys. But in reality there were neither lights nor fire, neither doors, windows, nor chimney. Constructed of branches closely bound together, roofed as solidly as possible with the same material, it stood open to the elements. There was a large space for a door, a smaller one for a window. A rude wooden bench and table constituted all the furniture. And yet to the weary, heart-sick travellers it was a haven of refuge.

Vitalis sank upon the bench, leaning his tired head against the wall, while Remi placed his bundle and that of his master upon the table. As soon as the boy's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, something in one corner attracted his attention. He approached nearer, and cried joyfully:

"Here is a fireplace made of stones with a hole above for the smoke to go out! O Master, we can have a fire to-night."

"Yes," answered Vitalis, without moving,—"if in this storm we can find enough dry twigs to start one and keep it burning."

"There may be some wood left by the charcoal-burners who worked here in the summer," said Remi. "I will go and see."

"Do not venture far," warned Vitalis. "You might easily get lost out there in the blinding snow."

"I will be careful," answered Remi, as he plunged into the night, followed by Zerbino and Dulcie.

It was not long before he returned with an armful of wood, surmounted by a few dry twigs.

"Just behind the hut there is a large pile of wood," he said, throwing upon the hearth what he had gathered. "After we have lighted the fire, I will go out and get more, so that we may have enough to last the night. By morning, I am afraid it will be covered with snow. Just now I will bring in another load."

Once more he hastened from the hut, the dogs, except Capi, accompanying him. When he returned Vitalis produced a match from the store he always carried in his pocket; and, kneeling on the earthen floor, Remi carefully arranged the dry twigs so that the air would circulate through them. He lit them, placed pieces of wood on top, and soon a bright fire was blazing.

"Isn't this delightful!" he cried, clapping his cold hands together for warmth. "Come to the fire, Master! Sit here on this large stone."

Vitalis rose, came slowly forward, and was soon enjoying the blaze. The dogs lay at his feet. Remi stretched himself on the ground.

"Now, if we only had something to eat!" he said wistfully. "We would be perfectly happy, wouldn't we, Master,—at least for a while?"

"Fetch my bag, Capi," said the old man.

The dog ran to the low table, dragged the bag to Vitalis, and crouched expectant on his haunches.

"He smells the food," observed Vitalis, opening the bag. "You ought to know by this time, Remi, that I always provide for emergencies. Fearing that we might be delayed, I purchased a good stock of provisions,—sufficient for two meals at least."

"I thought there was nothing," replied Remi, "because we hadn't anything to eat all day."

"When I found it was snowing so

heavily," answered Vitalis, "I decided it was better not to open the bag, not knowing how me might be caught by nightfall. And, you see, I was wise. We may have to stay here all day to-morrow."

During these remarks he had taken bread, cheese, and sausage from the bag. These he divided into several portions, one of which he placed beside him, returning the rest to the bag. Each of the dogs had a large piece of bread and a slice of sausage. To himself and Remi he gave two pieces of bread and two slices of sausage, with a bit of cheese. There were also three or four apples. He returned to the bag all but one, which he broke in two with his strong hands, giving Remi half.

Although the wind and snow came in through the apertures of the hut, even penetrating between the twigs of which it was made, the little company, gathered around the bright and blazing fire, were, for the time at least, supremely content.

"Life goes by contrasts, Remi," said Vitalis. "You and I have both known what it is to feel very uncomfortable and dissatisfied in some dirty inn,—where, however, we had plenty of food, a warm shelter, and a bed to lie on, with covers to keep out the cold. If we had at that time contemplated such a situation as this, we should have shivered with distaste and apprehension. Yet here we are, in a poor, abandoned hut, open to wind and storm; thankful to sit before this cheerful fire, to have been able to assuage our hunger with half the food we would usually have consumed; leaving, perhaps, some on our plates, which we would gladly have with us here against to-morrow. Yes, Remi, life is made up of contrasts and comparisons. Let us thank the good God who led us here, and who will, I am confident, lead us safely to the end of our journey."

Covering his face with one hand, he remained silent for a moment. Then he continued:

"You and I, Remi, will eat an apple by way of quenching our thirst. But the dogs must have something to drink. I see an old pan yonder by the bench. Take it out, fill it with snow, and lay it close to the fire. It will soon melt, and the dogs can drink."

Remi took the pan, filled it and placed it by the fire. When it had melted, Vitalis called the dogs in turn to take a drink, not allowing any of them to take too much. In the meantime Remi went to and fro, carrying wood till he had accumulated a large quantity.

Vitalis suddenly observed that he was staggering under his load.

"Remi," he said, drawing him down beside him on the bench, "you have done enough, and more than enough. If I could I would have helped you, but I am nearly 'played out,' as the village boys would say. There is quite enough wood now to keep the fire going all night. From time to time we can replenish it; for I do not imagine we shall sleep very soundly on this hard floor."

As he ceased speaking, a peculiar noise was heard in the distance,—now approaching, now receding, finally dying away. Vitalis sprang to his feet.

"Wolves!" he exclaimed. "And a pack of them!"

Remi cried out: "O Master, will they kill us and devour us?"

"No," answered the old man,—"not as long as we keep the fire going. They are not brave enough, unless dying of hunger, to face man in his lighted dwelling. But we must take turns in watching. We can not both lie down at the same time. We might sleep too soundly and allow the fire to go out."

"You sleep first, Master," said Remi; "and after a while I will call you. You seem to be almost worn out."

"No," said Vitalis: "you will sleep first. It will be easier for me to keep awake. Put on more wood, and lie here

on the bench. I will sit on this large log. When I feel sleep overcoming me, I shall call you."

Remi stretched himself on the bench and was asleep almost as soon as he lay down. Vitalis sat by the fire, resting his head on one hand. Now and again recurred that fierce, savage cry,—rising, falling, ceasing altogether, only to be renewed as the night went on.

Vitalis began to feel sleepy; but as he gazed at the prostrate figure of the boy near him, oblivious to all that had passed and was passing, he had not the heart to disturb him; feeling confident that he could keep awake and replenish the fire, with perhaps an occasional doze. From time to time he would get up and walk about, in order not to fall asleep. The supply of wood began to dwindle. The night seemed very long. He went to the door: the snow had ceased falling; a few stars shone in the sky. Fastening his sheepskin coat more closely about him, he went out, followed by Zerbino and Dulcie. He did not observe them, they pattered so quietly at his heels. Vitalis was very strong. The rest and the fire had renewed him body and soul. In a few moments he returned, carrying as much wood in his arms as Remi could have carried in three or four trips. The dogs were not with him; he did not notice it, as he had not seen them leave the hut. He replenished the fire, sat down once more on the log, leaned his head upon his knees, and went to sleep.

Dawn was breaking when Vitalis awoke, stiff, chill, and sore. The fire had gone out, the hut was very cold, and Remi still slept. The old man stretched himself, rubbed his eyes and glanced around the cabin. Capi came to meet him from under the bench, where, when the fire grew low, he had passed the greater part of the night; but Dulcie and Zerbino were nowhere to be seen. And from the piece of sacking found in the corner of the hut, in which Vitalis had wrapped Joli-Cœur and placed him near the hearth, the monkey had vanished.

"Remi, Remi!" he cried in a tone of alarm. "Wake up,—wake up! It is morning, and the dogs and Joli-Cœur have disappeared."

Remi was wide awake in a moment. Together they hastened to the door, calling loudly to the dogs, but received no answer. The weather had moderated; a faint gleam in the east promised a fair day. But the animals were nowhere to be found. Remi gathered some more wood, returned to the hut and placed it on the fire, which soon blazed cheerfully. Vitalis sat sorrowfully on the bench, with faithful Capi at his feet, whining and glancing at the door.

Remi opened the bag. "Master," he said, "you have not slept, and you are tired, weak, and hungry. Afterwards we will search for the dogs again. We must find them. Surely they would not go far away."

"I did sleep," said Vitalis, mechanically taking bread and cheese from Remi's hand. "I slept, and the dogs got away."

"But why did you not call me?" asked Remi.

"You were sleeping so soundly I could not do it," replied Vitalis. "I went out to get more wood, and Dulcie and Zerbino must have followed me. But I can not understand about Joli-Cœur, who would never have ventured into the cold and darkness. Can it be that some animal found its way in while we slept and carried him off?"

"I do not think so," answered Remi. "Capi would have heard it. I feel, Master, that we shall soon find Joli-Cœur again. He is such a rogue that he may be hiding somewhere."

"There is no place where he could conceal himself."

But at that moment a pair of sparkling eyes, peeping from the twigged

roof, caught sight of the bread and cheese in the old man's hand, and in less time than it takes to relate it Joli-Cœur was seated on his master's knee, munching a palatable crust.

"I fancy," said Vitalis, as he hugged the tiny creature to his breast, "that Joli-Cœur heard the wolves howling in the night, and, becoming frightened, climbed out of danger. And I fear, Remi, that those same wolves have crunched under their sharp teeth the bones of poor Dulcie and Zerbino."

The sun rose; the frost glittered in its brilliant rays; icicles hung from the trees. It promised fine weather for travelling; yet Vitalis could not bring himself to leave the dogs behind. Even if they were still alive, they could never follow him after he had resumed his journey. Twice he picked up his bag to start, and twice let it fall. Remi, who had been shouting for the dogs at intervals since they were missed, appeared from behind the hut and called Vitalis, who followed him to a large tree, where they saw the marks of feet, large and small—those of wolves and tiny dogs,—and scattered about were tufts of wool and hair. Then they knew for certain what had happened.

"Poor Zerbino, poor little Dulcie!" murmured Vitalis; and, turning away, they re-entered the hut, threw their bundles across their shoulders, and went forth into the forest, Capi following at their heels.

(To be continued.)

The Oldest Schools in England.

Investigations have been in progress in England in order to determine which of its schools has the greatest age. The King's School, Rochester, and the King's School, Canterbury, were both founded in the early years of the seventh century,—one by St. Justus, the first Bishop of Rochester; the other by St. Augustine.

A Ready Answer.

IN the olden times, when kings ruled supreme, a quaint little turn of words saved the life of a great and good man. There was born in the village of Wykeham, in Hampshire, England, a boy who was named William, and who, as he grew older, became clever enough to attract the attention of Sir Nicholas Uvedale, Lord of the Manor, who sent him to school at Winchester. Later on, as secretary to his patron, William of Wykeham travelled and saw the magnificent Gothic churches and castles which filled the country.

Coming under the notice of King Edward III., he became a favorite with that monarch, too, and was selected by him to build his magnificent castle at Windsor. This, however, was like to prove William's undoing; for he offended his Majesty, and only by his quick wit escaped dire punishment. When the great castle was completed, William had carved over the great gate, "This made Wykeham"; and the King was wroth, considering that it showed an arrogant assumption by the youthful architect of all the glory of the undertaking.

"I prithee say not so," said William, smoothly; "for this screed means but that the fame of one poor youth of Wykeham has been made by the King's using him, since I wrote not 'Wykeham made this,' but 'This made Wykeham.'"

The King was satisfied and rewarded his services, giving him a coat-of-arms for which he chose the motto, "Manners makyth man," meaning thereby that birth was less to be considered than the acquirements of a man's mind.

William afterward took Holy Orders and devoted himself to benevolence. He founded schools and built churches, and before his death became a bishop. He is buried in a beautiful white marble tomb, still preserved, in Winchester Cathedral.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The reappearance of *La Revue du Monde Catholique*, of which M. Arthur Savaète is director, will be welcomed by many who have found this periodical helpful in the past. In its new form it gives attention to the Canadian Catholics and, in a different way, to the Jews. The address is Librairie Générale Catholique, 15 Rue Malebranche, Paris.

—A recent publication of the English Catholic Truth Society that ought to interest many is "The Sisters of Charity Martyred at Arras," by Alice, Lady Lovat. The account of these strong-souled, amiable victims of the French Revolution is here told charmingly, painstakingly, and succinctly. It is surprising how much drama there is in the story of Sister Fontaine. One hopes for many similar pamphlets. Price, one shilling net.

—The latest recruit to the ranks of our Catholic press is an illustrated monthly magazine, the *Sign*, published by the Passionist Fathers at West Hoboken, N. J. Apart from the general purpose of every Catholic magazine or paper, the new periodical intends to emphasize "the Sign of the Son of Man, the norm of Catholic thought and conduct," and is to serve as the official organ of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion. We cordially wish the new magazine a useful career—and a long one.

—A novelty in books of devotion is "The Garden of the Soul" in Pitman's Shorthand. It is compiled from the approved Diamond Edition of this manual published by James Duffy & Co., Dublin. With the exception of the titles, the whole book is reproduced in engraved shorthand. We learn that Messrs. Pitman's Sons were glad to comply with the request of a Catholic journalist to issue this prayer-book, and they have made it a thing of beauty as well as of utility. We are hoping that there will be a general and continuous demand for it. Price, $1.

—M. Brieux has published a definitive edition of his dramatic works, with a preface in which he defends vigorously the problem play, and lets it be known that his life-work has largely been done. "When I was young," he says, "I wished to save the little Chinese whose sufferings were related by the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*. 'But,' the Marquis de Ségur has told me, 'that was merely a passing whim. You saw soon enough that there are plenty of savages in France, and you have confined yourself to missionary work among them.'" On the whole, the work of Brieux has been a mission, even though some of his dramas have seemed *un peu fort* for the American stage.

—"In the Land of the Kikuyus," by the Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C. S. Sp., is the story of three or four years in the life of a young missionary priest appointed to the East African field. The period covered by the narrative was that of the Great War, and Father Gogarty's experience included the work of a chaplain on a hospital ship, as well as the preaching, teaching, and travelling that constitute the norm of a missionary's life. The description of the physical features of the Kikuyu country is well done, as is the account of the manners and customs of the natives. Several illustrations give actuality to the text, and, on the whole, the book is well worth reading. Published by M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin; and for sale in this country by the B. Herder Book Co. Price, $1.10.

—"Pardon and Peace," by H. M. Capes, is the story of a convert family's financial and emotional difficulties. The daughter of a Protestant land-owner marries a Catholic and joins the Church; her father tears up his will, and then makes another, which is stolen and hidden by his formidable sister. The inheritance is lost, and then regained by a convenient love affair, as a sequel to which conversions occur in number. The wealth of heaven and earth is poured out lavishly. At first one is inclined to think that this is the kind of Catholic novel that ought not to be written, but then remembers that there are young folk who will fancy just such a story. It is direct, bold, and sufficiently non-psychological to win readers between fourteen and nineteen years of age. B. Herder Book Co.; price, $2.25,—a high one.

—The editor of the *Sower* has written a literary editorial that merits a great deal more of attention than it is likely to get. His subject is the Missal, among the most popular of the world's books probably, but still not nearly popular enough. How many stop to think that it is being read somewhere at every moment of the day? "The Missal," says our editor, "is religion pure and undefiled,—essential Catholicism. It is the greatest book in the world,—greater in a way than the Bible, which is its source; because it *is* the

Bible read with wondering new eyes by the Church,—read in the all-revealing light streaming from the Calvary-Eucharist altar. It is the book of words that has gathered itself round the action of the Mass: poetry, theology, history, all Catholic humanity's hopes and fears and highest longings and most secret thoughts, fused together into the one serene emotion which is the response of the human heart when it contemplates Almighty God's truth."

—Benjamin Franklin, it is said, once utilized the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius in drawing up for himself a method of acquiring the moral virtues. Something in the nature of a reversal of the process has been effected by an Ursuline nun (Sister M. Cecilia) of Paola, Kansas, who has applied to the attainment of perfection the principles expounded in a course in business efficiency. As a result, we have "Efficiency in the Spiritual Life," a 12mo of 200 pages. It is a worthwhile volume and will be found genuinely interesting, not only by religious, but by every Catholic earnestly endeavoring to acquit himself of the duties of his state in life. This book should be especially interesting to such business men as are attending the exercises of a laymen's retreat. F. Pustet & Co., publishers; price, $1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) $2.15.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, bishop of Brooklyn; Rev. Walter Ross, diocese of Columbus; and Rev. John Quinn, diocese of Peoria.

Sister M. Irmine, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Edwardus, Sisters B. V. M.; Sister M. Regina, Mother M. Evangelist and Mother M. Gabriel, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Philip Wilbert, Mr. D. J. Thomas, Miss O. E. Tompson, Mr. John Sweetman, Mr. Patrick Clifford, Mrs. Ellen Clifford, Mrs. Annie Crawford, Mr. P. P. Daly, Mr. M. M. Gabriel, Mr. John Walls, Mr. Patrick Dwyer, Miss Catherine Doner, Mr. Charles Stecher, Mrs. H. O'Keefe, Mrs. Mary Langon, Mr. A. A. Gausman, Mr. C. L. Jutz, Mr. John Cahill, Mrs. D. H. McBride, Mr. E. T. Luscomb, Mr. L. E. Mueller, Miss M. A. Sullivan, Mr. E. W. Jeroski, and Mr. W. L. Spires.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: R. M. N., $5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M. K., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, $10. For the sufferers in Central Europe: M. A. C., $2.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST LUKE, I., 48

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 27, 1921. NO. 9

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The Theme.

BY S. M. M.

ALWAYS the selfsame word, day upon day;
The little songs I sing, the prayers I pray,
My boldest thoughts of Thee run all one way:

"I love Thee,"—ever, ever "I love Thee,"
Until I fear that Thou must wearied be
To have no other speech than this from me.

What sayest Thou, sweet my Lover?—"Do not I
Tire of the tireless sun, the constant sky,
The faithful stars forever slipping by?

"Doth it not vex Me that upon the beach
The tides monotonous run? Will I not teach
The never-changing sea some newer speech?

"Am I not weary that all trees are stirred
By wilful, changing winds; that every bird
Hath but a single, albeit a liquid, word?

"Nay, should I tire of seasons and the sun,
Till time its last, unfaltering course hath run
Tell Me thou lovest Me, My precious one!

"When, on some ultimate day, in sudden bliss
I catch thee to My heart in death's fierce kiss,
I shall have naught to say to thee but this:

"'I love thee, love thee!' Wilt thou wearied be
To hear thy poor, one word eternally?"—
Nay, changeless One, it is enough for me!

Enough, too, this, that Thou shouldst bid me say,
"I love Thee," till the shadows flee away,
Till light dissolves the darkness, and the day

Breaks, and upon the waiting silence thrills
Thy word forever, and its glory stills
The yearnings of the everlasting hills.

Old English Songs of Our Lady's Compassion.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

OF the special devotions in honor of Our Lady most popular in Mediæval England, the devotion to her "Five Joys"* seems to have held the first place. This probably was due to the intense veneration in which Our Lady was held because of her glorious virgin-maternity, and her willing co-operation in bringing about the Incarnation. The motive of all English Mediæval devotion to the Mother of God lay in her acceptance, or choice, of the dignity offered her by the Angel Gabriel, whereby salvation came to mankind; hence the jubilation which always enters into the songs of the Annunciation:

I sing of a Maiden
That matchless is:
She chose for her Son
The King's King, i-wis.

Somewhat later arose the devotion to the "Seven Sorrows." Yet from the thirteenth century onward, the figure of the Mater Dolorosa loomed up largely in the popular religious imagination, and is the theme of some of the most exquisite of Mediæval English verse. Generally speaking, the poems of "Our Lady's Compassion" fall into two classes, as they refer to Our Lord

* Another form of the devotion was to the Seven Joys, but this was less common.

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infancy or to His crucifixion on Calvary. The first class are Christmas carols; the second, mainly but not always of a dramatic character.

Two motives enter into the sorrow of Our Lady in the carols of the Nativity: the present unworthiness of the circumstances in which the King of Heaven finds Himself in His earthly coming—the poverty of the crib, and the unheeding attitude of men; and, again, the shadow of Calvary which fills Our Lady's heart with foreboding as to the future. Thus, in what is perhaps the finest of the Christmas carols, the note of distress comes into the lyrical joy of the Virgin Mother as a cloud in an April sky:

Jesus, my Son, Heaven's King,
Why liest Thou thus in stall?
And why hast Thou no rich bedding
In some rich, kingly hall?
Methinketh by right
The Lord of might
Should lie in rich array;
But, nevertheless,
I will not cease
To sing: By, by,—lully, lully.*

But the cloud passes, and again the Mother's joyous worship makes springtime in her heart. It is otherwise where forebodings of the Passion come into the carol. Here the sword is already piercing the Mother's soul, notwithstanding the Angels' *Gloria:*

Ah, dear Son! hard is my happe
To see my Child that lay in my lap,
His hands, His feet that I did wrappe,
Be so nailed. They never did amisse.

Even so, there is the present joy of Bethlehem, as the refrain reminds us:

Now sing we with Angelis:
Gloria in excelsis!†

The Mother's heart may be sad with foreboding, whilst earth and heaven are rejoicing; but she, too, has her comfort in the present. The Mother's joy may be clouded: it is not yet overborne by sorrow.

In the songs of her sorrow which have Calvary for their background, there is no relief from the uttermost of woe. With the crucifixion of her Son, Mary, too, drinks the chalice of suffering to the dregs. She is the Woman of Sorrows, as Our Lord is the Man of Sorrows: it is in the breaking of the Mother's heart at the shame and injury done to her Son and in her loss at His passing, and of the Virgin's heart in the injury done to her God and Lord, that these poems find the extremity of Our Lady's sorrow.

The moment generally chosen by the poets in the history of the Passion is the time immediately following the taking down of Our Lord from the cross, when He lay in His Mother's lap,—the moment of the Pietà, or that following the burial. More often it is the Pietà scene upon which the singer concentrates attention, generally with a direct appeal to Christian men or women to mourn with Our Lady in her sorrow. She is the Mother of Sorrows, calling the world to behold, and mourn for, its crucified Lord.

Women all that ever were born,
That children have borne, abide and see
How my Son lies me beforne,
Upon my knee, taken from tree.
Your children ye dance upon your knee
With laughing, kissing, and merry cheer:
Behold my Child, behold now me;
For now lies dead my dear Son, dear!

.

Weep with me, both man and wife:
My Child is yours and loves you well;
If your child had lost his life,
You would weep, your sorrow tell;
But for my Son ye little weep.
If you love yours, mine has no peer;
'Tis He sends you both health and keep,
And for you died my dear Son, dear.*

More poetic, and filled with a richer dramatic emotion, is the poem, entitled "Mater Dolorosa." The first three lines describe the poet's own emotion as in a waking dream he beheld the Pietà:

* Vide "A Mediæval Anthology," by Mary G. Segar. p. 68.
† Ibid., p. 78.

* T. Wright: "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," ii, p. 213.

Suddenly afraid,
Half waking, half sleeping,
And greatly dismayed—
A woman sat weeping,
With favor in her face far passing my reason.
And of her sore weeping this was the enchason,*
Her Son in her lap lay slain, she said, by treason.
If weeping might ripe be, it seemed then in season.
"Jesus," so she sobbed,
So her Son was bobbed.†
And of His life robbed.
She added these words that I tell thee:
"Who can not weep, come learn of me."

.

On me she cast her eye and said: "See, man, thy Brother!"
She kissed Him and said: "Sweet, am I not Thy Mother?"
And swooning she fell, this pitiful Mother;
They both looked as deadly, the one and the other.
Yet she revived, and sobbed
How her Son was bobbed,
And of His life robbed.
"Who would not weep?" this is her lay;
And with these last words she vanished away.‡

The dramatic poems and mystery-plays naturally take a more extended scene. Yet in these, too, the moment when the body of Our Lord is laid in His Mother's lap is the moment when Our Lady is brought to the forefront as the *Maria Desolata,* with the appeal of utter sorrow to the hearts of the listeners. In the mystery-play the effect is sometimes lessened by the length of the speech put upon Our Lady's lips; as, for instance, in the play "Of the Weeping of the Three Maries."** Yet undoubtedly the moment was chosen with true dramatic instinct. Not until Our Lord is dead may Our Lady think of her own woe: whilst He is suffering, her thoughts are of Him.

Now as He lies lifeless in her arms, the desolation comes upon her; and, with the realization of her loss, she weeps over every incident in His life, which had endeared Him to her. She recalls the joy of His nativity, the incidents of His childhood; then how He, "beautiful to behold," became the mockery of cruel men; and once again she goes through the story of the Passion, her heart bleeding with the bitter memory.

As distinct from the mystery-play there is the dramatic poem. The simplest of these take the form of a dialogue, as in the Harleian MS. poem, "Stond wel, Moder, under Rode."* The main portion of the poem consists of a dialogue between Our Lord hanging on the cross and His Blessed Mother,—Our Lord comforting Our Lady in her sorrow by setting forth the motive of His Passion, and bidding her rejoice with Him, since by His death mankind will be set free from sin and woe. Here, as in the miracle-play, it is the Mother's love, as all mothers will understand it, pleading against the dread sacrifice of her Child. She sees Him suffering, and her heart bleeds for Him. When Our Lord bids her rejoice with Him and not sorrow, she replies:

Son, how should I blithë stand
And see Thy feet and see Thy hands
Nailed to this cruel tree?

Her sorrow is indeed part of the sacrifice of Calvary, as is all human woe; that is how the poet sees it. The Mother's heart must be broken if the world is to be healed of misery by Our Lord's sacrifice; and Our Lady is the representative of all mothers' sorrow borne by the cross of Christ,—so she learns from the lips of Our Lord:

Mother, broken with mother-care,
Now thou knowest how mothers fare,
Though thou art a clean Maidèn.

And Our Lady replies:

Son, help them in every need,—
Help them all who to me grede:†
Maid and wife and weak womèn.

* Cause. † Mocked. ‡ M. G. Segar, loc. cit., p. 61.
** "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," ii, pp. 138-142.

* The Harleian MSS. poems have been published by K. Hoeddeker, Altenenglische Dichtungen. (Berlin, 1878.)
† Turn.

Of a fuller dramatic quality is the poem attributed to Richard Maydestone—"The Lament of Our Lady," sometimes styled "St. Bernard's Lamentation." It was probably adapted from a Latin original, though with a freedom common at the time. It takes in the whole story of Calvary, from the crucifixion to the burial. The emotion is as vigorous and strong as it is true. Thus when Magdalen would lead Our Lady away from Calvary to save her the torture of the scene, Our Lady replies with gentle but firm reproach:

Sister, wherever that I go
The woe of Him is in my breast;
While my Sonë hangeth so,
His pains are in mine own heart fast.
Should I let Him hangen here,
Let my Son alone then be?
Maudeleyn, think, unkind I were
If He should hang and I should flee.

Undoubtedly the poem is one of the finest things written on the Sorrows of Our Lady, and one of the finest things in English Mediæval dramatic verse. One could wish sometimes that the mystery-play showed more of "the valiant woman" and the desolate mother in the representation of Our Lady. Maydestone's "Lament" is nearer in spirit to the sentiment of St. Ambrose: "Nigh to the cross stood the Mother; whilst men fled away, she stood fearless." *Stabat juxta crucem Mater; et fugientibus viris, stabat intrepida.*

THE first Christians had all things in common, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles; but when that equality of possessions ceased, as it did even in the Apostles' time, the agapæ, or love-feast, was substituted in the stead of it. Upon certain days, after partaking of the Supper of the Lord, the Christians met at a common feast in some large room, the rich bringing provisions, and the poor, who had nothing, being invited. This meal was a symbol of brotherhood and Christian fellowship.

—*St. Chrysostom.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

IX.—As a Fugitive.

Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. —*Milton.*

WALTER kept close to his guide, wondering how the man could find his way through that thick fog. Presently the latter stood still, bade Walter step carefully after him down a steep bank, leading him by the hand; then told him to step into the middle of a small boat that lay in the water at the foot of the bank. They hardly could see the boat until they were on board it. Then Deryck cast loose the painter and pushed the boat off.

"Can you row a pair of sculls?" he asked; and on Walter's saying "Yes," he put a pair into the rowlocks; and Walter, taking off his coat, settled himself to row while his companion took the tiller. "Pull as hard as you can. You won't have to row far," ordered the steersman.

Dimly through the mist, they could just see the faintest shadow of the high banks of the canal on either hand. Deryck kept the boat well in mid-channel.

"There is a customs-guard on sentry at the entrance to the canal," said the steersman in a low tone. "I've muffled the oars, so that he won't hear them working in the rowlocks; but, then, he may hear their splash and that of our bows, and even see the shadow of our boat. He'll challenge us; we won't stop, and must take our chance of being fired upon."

In a very few minutes a voice, that seemed alarmingly near, cried in Dutch: "Who goes there? Halt or I'll fire!"

No reply coming from the boat, the guard fired. A ball whistled over the

boat, between its two occupants. A loud report at the same time startled the still air. Walter could hear the thud of the guard's musket as he grounded it angrily and prepared to reload.

"Pull hard! We shall be beyond that fellow's reach in a minute. But, by heaven, he's a good shot."

And Deryck, bending forward, put his hands to the oar, and the boat dashed merrily right onward, out onto the broad river. In a very few minutes more, Deryck said, they might ship their oars: the flowing tide would carry them up stream in the direction he proposed to take. He then stepped his mast, for a slight breeze began to rise. "It will blow away the fog," he said, "from the water; though on land it would still lurk among the high dikes." He lighted a small lantern and produced a boat's compass; and, having hoisted his sail, set the boat's head up stream, and seated himself at the tiller.

"You'd best take a nap," he suggested to Walter.

But the latter replied that he felt too excited to sleep just then: he wanted to hear how he had been rescued. So Deryck told him to fetch two old boat cloaks out of the cuddy forward; and they wrapped themselves snugly in these, the helmsman relighting his pipe before beginning his story.

"There's little to tell. Under pretext that I wanted to celebrate my being set free, I pressed the head of the police and the two gendarmes to drink with me. You see, I feared lest they might be on the alert all night, having so distinguished a prisoner as you in that beastly lock-up. Well, I plied them with the best Schiedam. They had supped, but were not unwilling to drink; while I myself ate some supper, so I could keep sober while they were getting more and more fuddled. At last about half-past ten they went off to bed, and I to my boat, pretending to be pretty far gone. Indeed, they warned me, intoxicated though they were, that I'd miss my way and be drowned in the canal; that I'd best stay at the inn. We parted affectionately. They went to their beds and slept, I hope, soundly, as I'd done my best with your guldens to make them. The rest is soon told. I've a chest of tools on board, and from it I took a file, and a few minutes before midnight I was at work filing off the padlock with which the bolt on your prison door was fastened."

"Your filing was perhaps the mouse that I dreamed was gnawing at the door?"

"Maybe it was; for I did make some noise from want of oil. But all Ijzendijk slept too soundly for a mouse to wake it. You know the rest."

"How can I thank you enough? But are we wise to go up river? Could we not get out to sea, and so round to a spot near Bruges? Your boat could stand some sea?"

"Yes, but there's a Dutch frigate off Flushing, and her boats row guard night and day. We should have little chance to slip by them even in the fog. But from here to the Tête de Flandre, opposite Antwerp, I'm so well known that nobody is likely to stop me, at least until your escape gets known; and that won't be soon, I reckon. These gendarmes and officials will make reports, and lazy dogs in offices will take their time over them. Perhaps, in these troubled days, the matter will be forgotten. No: I propose we should sail quietly to the Tête de Flandre, where I've my home, and there I can hide you until we can take fresh bearings. Now, go and stretch yourself under the foredeck. I'm accustomed to watch during my lonely night cruises."

It was daybreak when Walter awoke and crept out of the cuddy, where he had slept snugly. Deryck ordered him to bring out a pan of charcoal, to light it, blow on it until it flamed, and then to heat some coffee that he had

prepared in an earthen pot. Two tin cups and some ship's biscuits were produced, and they breakfasted off this frugal fare as heartily as any prince whose dainties are served on golden dishes. The keen morning air as the boat, with favoring breeze and tide, cut her way merrily through the water was an appetizing sauce. Walter looked around him and saw a large expanse of water, bounded on either hand and right ahead by low banks, behind which he could see, here and there, the spire of some church or the roofs of houses. As he saw no opening ahead, he asked if Deryck was making for land.

"No," was the answer. "We are now in the pass of Bath, after which the river narrows and bends to the right. You'll soon see the entry into this part of the river. The tide will be running out soon, and we shan't make much progress. We've had a capital run so far. As we near Antwerp, we may be hailed by the Dutch from their forts or their gunboats, which, I fear, are pretty numerous about there just now."

After some discussion, it was agreed that Walter should pass himself off as a passenger who had left an English schooner off Flushing, which two days earlier Deryck had boarded. Walter was to say, if questioned, that he had a letter to deliver from his father's bank to its agent in Antwerp. This indeed was the truth; for his father had given him such a letter. Luckily, he had not been deprived of this and of his other papers when he was arrested.

In spite of the tide, a freshening breeze carried the little craft quickly up the river, and by midday they saw the tower of Our Lady's great cathedral of Antwerp rising nobly in front of them. While Deryck steered and both smoked, Walter elicited from the Flemish boatman his views on the political situation.

"I'm no scholar, but my eldest boy is," said the father, proudly. "He's sacristan, organist, and schoolmaster of our village. He gets a newspaper in French (which he can read beautifully) from Brussels, and he knows all about politics. He ought to be in the States-General; that's what I say to him when he tells me all about things in Brussels and at the Hague,—aye, even what's doing in Paris and away in your land, sir. He says that we Belgians ought to be separated from the Dutch just (so he says) as the Irish are going to be separated from you English by a great man—I forget his name."

"O'Connell you mean. They call him the Liberator over in Ireland. But a good deal of water will have streamed through this river, I guess, before England and Ireland are separated. But what are your grievances against the Dutch? What does your son say they are?"

"He says, and the people all about us say, that they are endless. The Dutch look upon us Belgians as a subject nation. Every post in the army or in the administration of any value is held by a Hollander in our Southern provinces. Laws, taxes are all made to benefit our Northern neighbors. Newspapers must not say what our people think; trial by jury has been abolished. The Dutch King is as absolute as ever was Napoleon. Our priests—aye, even a bishop: our own bishop, sir!—have been arrested, tried, imprisoned, and exiled, for telling the Government to be just. Fines and prison await printers who print a single line the Dutch don't like. Our countryfolk can't kill their cattle or grind their corn without paying a big tax. The King wants, my son says, to have in his own hands the bringing up of all youths, whether as laymen or as ecclesiastics. My son had to get leave of the King to continue teaching his school. Nobody who doesn't know Dutch can have public employment, so all our Walloons are excluded. All Church students must go through the Dutch philosophical college

at Louvain, where, says my boy, they are taught (or would be if they went) all wrong; but they won't go there, happily."

"That's a pretty long list of wrongs," replied Walter, who was surprised how easily his companion reeled them off, though with more forcible figures of speech than we have cared to record. He thought, too, that the son must be a good schoolmaster as well as patriot to have taught his father so well. Then, having some doubts as to whether the Belgians were sufficiently wronged to justify their rebellion, and whether they ought not to have been satisfied with more pacific methods of obtaining redress, he asked:

"Have your countrymen tried to get their wrongs set right otherwise than by force?"

"Haven't we just! Our deputies have made fine speeches in the States-General. Newspapers all over the country have protested. Petitions for redress were signed by thousands. I put my name to one,—though, sir, writing my name is a job I hate. But, see, sir, until we began to show our teeth, the Government did nothing to mend matters. It's begun too late now."

They were now almost off Antwerp. They could see the Dutch flag still flying above its walls and its citadel.

Deryck kept close to the left bank of the Scheldt until he came to a creek near the fort at the Tête de Flandre, opposite the citadel on the right bank. He then lowered his sail, asked Walter to take the oars, and, steering his boat up the creek, ran her aground on a muddy, shelving shore. Next they hauled the boat up high and dry; took out its mast, sail, oars, and rudder; and, having stowed other less valuable articles away in the cuddy, locked it up. They then shouldered the tackle between them, and Deryck led the way rather rapidly to his home.

It lay about a quarter of a mile from the river,—a long, low building, neatly whitewashed, with green shutters to the six front windows on the ground-floor, above which there was no story, only attics beneath the high red-tiled roof. There were cow and pig sheds at the rear of the house. It stood on the highway to Ghent, and near it, on either side of the road, were cottages belonging to laborers. It was itself too large to be considered a cottage; too small to be designated a farmhouse; and was something, common enough in Belgian hamlets, between the two; like most such buildings, it was an *estaminet*, that is a place where beer and spirits may be drunk. Above the door, a sign-board proclaimed this fact to all passers-by. On it was painted a ship under full sail, with flags streaming from all its mastheads. Walter found that once more he was at the sign of "The Ship." It seemed an age since he had left that other ship at Dover.

A stout, buxom dame, somewhat advanced in years, yet hale and hearty, stood with her strong, bared arms akimbo at the door of the house. Seeing two figures approaching along the road, she shaded her eyes from the glare of the sun, and a moment after ran into the house, telling Marie, her daughter-in-law, to appear and to bring in the children. "Grandpapa's there!" she cried joyfully.

Some half-dozen small children came trooping out of the door with a fresh, fair-haired young woman, evidently their mother. When they saw that grandfather had a stranger with him, they were all seized with a shy fit and clung round their mother; while her mother, in turn, set right her cap and smoothed her apron, as she saw that the stranger was no common man, although his clothes were somewhat soiled by his recent adventures, and though he carried the oars and rudder of grandfather's boat. The latter in-

troduced Walter into the large, flagged, neatly sanded parlor of "The Ship," while he exchanged greetings with his wife and daughter-in-law, and embraced the little ones who were the children of the schoolmaster, Deryck's only child.

Such was the place where Deryck had invited our fugitive to repose until they could find out how best he could rejoin the Count and his troop of horse. Taking his wife aside, knowing well that she was a valiant woman, and, what was almost better, a woman that could hold her tongue, he told her briefly Walter's history. He heard from her that there was little chance of search being made there for the fugitive. Already most of the Dutch officials had sought refuge in Antwerp, and only a handful of soldiers remained in the fort. All others that could be collected had also crossed the river to strengthen the Dutch forces opposed to the Belgian volunteers, who were gathering in number between Mechlin and Lierre, and pressing back the Dutch troops covering Antwerp. The fact that a Dutch force still remained in the citadel of Ghent made it unlikely that the Belgians would advance on Antwerp from that direction. Moreover, the citadel and war vessels render any attack on Antwerp from the river-side impossible.

So the country about the Tête de Flandre would probably be left in peace. There was only one danger threatening it, and that was alarming enough to the inhabitants. The Dutch might inundate the country. They had but to open the sluices and the waters of the Scheldt would flow over fertile meadows, on which great herds of cattle were peacefully grazing. But would they be so cruel and inhuman?

(To be continued.)

NOTHING that is excellent can be wrought suddenly.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

An Island Home.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

IV.

A MONTH had passed, and the Callendar family were looked on as part and parcel of the thriving little community. Highlanders, especially Catholic Highlanders, are gentlemen whatever their walk in life; and they have a keen insight that is seldom deceived by outward conditions. The Rona fishermen, their wives and children, recognized perfectly that the Callendars were "gentry born." Not so much for this as for the genuine simplicity and courtesy of every one of the family, they were already everywhere respected; and in some hearts—such as those of Kate Huntly, the pretty, young school-teacher, Sandy Macleod, his good wife, and Sheila—the respect was rapidly growing to real and warm affection. The more Father Lamont saw of them, the happier he felt. No one thought the less of Miss Callendar because she kept no servant; because she and Marion did all the rough work of house and garden; because they wore plain skirts and jerseys, and went barefoot like two fisher lassies. In fact, these unspoiled Children of the Mist esteemed them far more because, being poor, they were not ashamed of their poverty.

This morning, late in June, the girls were pausing in their work to watch a fairly large yacht that had come from the south and was lying off the island. Two men and the same number of girls, all in immaculate yachting costume, had just got into the dinghy, which a crew of four was rapidly bringing to the usual landing place. "I feel quite sorry the kiddies are in school," Marion said: "they would have found this no end of an excitement." For not once a month did any visitors land on Rona.

The yachting party came across the

bay and up the cliff path; they were evidently bound for the village. On their way they had to pass Alt-na-Craig; and one of the quartette suggested that, as this seemed a pretty big cottage, they might get there the information they needed. Accordingly, they knocked at the open front door, and Marion came from the kitchen.

"Can you tell us, my good girl," asked one of the men, with a plain but not unpleasant face, "or perhaps your mistress could tell us, if we can get any supplies in this somewhat remote hamlet? We have fallen short unexpectedly."

"Yes, up to a certain point," answered Marion. "There is a general store in the village, where you can get tins of bully-beef, fruit, and perhaps some vegetables. And if you ask for Mr. Alexander Macleod's house, very likely his wife or daughter may be able to put you into the way of getting some milk, eggs, and butter."

"That's not so bad," said one of the girls, with a sigh of relief. "I rather like the look of this island. Do you stay here all the year?"

"This is our home," said Marion.

"And aren't you bored stiff with it sometimes?"

"No, never. There is too much to do ever to be bored. There are five of us altogether."

The men and the other girl had walked on; but Marion's questioner seemed to love a talk for its own sake. She was a kindly-faced girl, but carried little evidence of breeding. In fact, the whole party were, pretty evidently, some of the *nouveaux riches* created by successful profiteering during the Great War.

"Do you work awfully hard?" was the next question. "And does your mistress help you?"

Marion could not refrain from laughing.

"It is our own house; my sister is the head of it; and we have no servant."

"And you two do all the scrubbing and everything? How it must spoil your hands! And do you always go without shoes and stockings?"

"Nearly always. It is much nicer and much cheaper. Now I must run back to my work."

"I think you're quite a nice girl," said the visitor, turning the rings on her ungloved right hand. "But how I should hate to have to work as you do! Yet I don't know—"

Just for the moment something seemed to strike the moneyed girl that there might be a life really happier than one in which every indulgence is secured as soon as it is desired. Ethel Mannister walked on quickly to rejoin her friends.

"Did you find that servant lass so attractive as to want to talk to her?" asked Captain Bulstrode, formerly assistant in a small grocer's in Fulham Road, now blossomed into a semi-millionaire through clever manipulation of his opportunities.

"She isn't a servant lass, Jim. No good pretending. That girl has got something we haven't. I wouldn't be her for anything. But Uncle Jonas would say at once she had 'gentle blood.'"

"Uncle Jonas is a queer old card, and invariably thinks in terms of fifty or sixty years ago. The pounds are what matter now, Ethel."

"I suppose so," said Ethel; and the subject dropped.

Their supplies obtained, the party began to walk back to the shore. As they passed the church, Father Lamont came out of the gate that led to both churchyard and presbytery garden. Strangers being so rare, he courteously raised his hat.

"Minister of the parish, I suppose, sir?" said Ethel's brother, Silas Mannister, of the Stock Exchange. "Or is it United Free, or Wee Free?"

The Father, in whose veins ran the blood of half the old chivalrous families of Scotland, had difficulty in containing his indignation at this familiar and off-hand address.

"None of the three, sir," he replied courteously and somewhat sternly. "I am of the ancient Faith of Scotland."

"Oh, a Holy Roman!" chuckled Silas. "Don't you feel a bit out of it, sir, with all your country solidly against you?"

"You are but a stranger, and I see you know nothing of my native land. But you have probably heard of Robert Bruce and William Wallace, and would acknowledge that they are representative Scotsmen. *And they were of my Faith!* And let me tell you that there are other places, both on the mainland and in the Isles, where, as on this, the blast of the Great Apostasy has never destroyed the fair plant of Scottish Catholicity. I am friends with all honest men, be they what they may; but I must not fail to stand for my religion and my country, both."

"You've got it straight, Mannister," said Captain Bulstrode. "I know little of your religion, Padre, but I know this: that you made good in France and Flanders. I saw it for myself. Your chaplains were everybody's men, always ready to do a good turn for Catholic, Protestant, or Jew."

"I'm sorry, Father," added Ethel Mannister. "We don't mean to be rude."

The priest bore no malice, and smilingly said a courteous good-bye to the quartette.

Meantime Marjorie was laughing at Marion's dramatic recital of her conversation with the yachting people. She little guessed that in the heart of one of them a seed had been dropped—partly by her young sister, partly by the parish priest—that might fructify in spite of the mountain of rubbish with which that heart was overlaid.

V.

"I don't believe any one but we island people ever come by the 'Chieftain,'" remarked Marjorie one day in September, as they heard the hoot of the big boat approaching Rona.

But for once she was wrong. At the appointed signal, Sandy Macleod put out to the steamer, and a young couple came down the companion-way, their only luggage one small kit bag.

"I wonder why they are coming? They can't possibly get away till the 'Chieftain' is going south again to-morrow; and where, I wonder, will they pass the night?"

Rona's solitary inn was hardly up to the expectations of the average tourist; and, besides, Marjorie knew that its only available bedrooms were occupied at that moment by two of the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners.

The passengers were duly disembarked, and Sandy walked with them up the cliff path. The two Callendar girls were standing outside the front of Alt-na-Craig, discussing the putting of a flower bed into their front grassplot. They smiled and nodded to Sandy, who stopped and told them:

"Miss Marjorie, here iss a lady and gentleman who have come in the 'Chieftain.' They were for staying, thinking we had plenty of houses on Rona. It is very difficult for them, whateffer."

The young man lifted his bonnet and said:

"My wife and I must just make the best of it. If we ask at every door we may find a bed." Marjorie glanced at her sister, and then answered:

"If you could put up with a rough cottage and rather rough fare, we should be quite pleased for you to have our spare bedroom. I fear you will find every other house too crowded."

"Thank you most gratefully! I only trust we shall not put you about sadly.

And the terms for one night, Miss—"

"My name is Marjorie Callendar. No, there will be no question of terms. We are only too glad to do a very slight service."

"How can we thank Miss Callendar, Kathleen?" asked her husband. "We came here partly because we know it is out of the beaten track (what is to be seen of Rona from the deck of the 'Chieftain' is all that the average traveller knows of it); and also because on the other side of the island there is a certain ruin which, I hear, dates from Columba's time. Can you tell me anything about it?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Marjorie. "If it would not be intruding, Marion—that's my sister here—and I will take you there. How would you like to have a very late breakfast now, and then to start for Port Oran? Marion, run to the school and tell Kate Huntly I have left a cold dinner all ready for the kiddies; and we shall easily be back for tea. It is about six miles each way."

The visitors were delighted by the proposal. They had heard enough from Sandy to know that they had "fallen on their feet" in receiving the hospitality of Alt-na-Craig.

"You do not know our name yet. Mine is Ninian Grant; this is my wife; and our home is down in Galloway."

Mr. and Mrs. Grant soon did ample justice to the typical Highland breakfast Marjorie provided.

"What delightful girls, Ninian! Not well off, one sees, but ladies from top to toe. I'm so glad they are going with us!"

"Sure it's not too much for you, dearest!"

"Not a bit of it, silly old boy! I could walk from Stranraer to Edinburgh, I feel so strong."

In the kitchen Marion asked her sister:

"Marge dear, we needn't put on shoes and stockings for the walk, need we?"

"Certainly not, dear! People must learn to take us as we are; and these are not the kind to think less of us because we are poor. And we needn't put on hats either: the sun isn't too strong. Now, lassie, hurry up with the sandwiches, and I will be bottling some milk."

"This is quite lovely," said Kathleen Grant, as all four started on the expedition. "I suppose you are great walkers?"

"Well, we can go a good way," replied Marjorie.

"And much better without shoes, I expect?"

"So much better that, except in the coldest weather, we wouldn't go back to wearing them for anything."

Most of the way was over moorland, a quite defined path running through the heather. After over an hour's walking, Marjorie said:

"Now, the driest way is round here to the right. It is very marshy straight ahead, and there are bits of water. It is all right, of course, for us; but it won't do for you and Mr. Grant, though it is a lot shorter."

But while Marjorie was speaking, Kathleen Grant had been unlacing her boots, and laughingly ordered her youthful husband to follow her example. In two minutes her white shapely feet were side by side with the brown feet of the Callendar girls. "I declare I won't put those crampy boots on again in a hurry," she laughed.

That September day was one to be remembered by them all. Mr. Grant knew a great deal of Scottish archæology, especially ecclesiastical; and he made their inspection of the ruined chapel and cell, by the western shore of the island, full of interest. Then Marion, who had carried a schoolbag on her strong young shoulders, despite Ninian Grant's repeated remonstrances, "unsaddled" herself, as she called it, and produced a plentiful supply of sand-

wiches (made from a joint given them by a generous farmer), homemade cakes, and two big bottles of milk, with a couple of mugs.

"You are really wonderful people," said Mrs. Grant. "And the sight of your treasures, Marion—may I drop the 'Miss'?—has made me just ravenous."

It would be hard to say who made the heartiest meal. Anyway, there was neither bite nor sup left when it was ended. And Marion insisted on putting Kathleen Grant's footgear into her bag until they reached the dry part of the moor. "Mind," said Mrs. Grant, "I won't promise to put them on even then!"

Both visitors were glad enough to sit down in two deck chairs when they reached Alt-na-Craig. The twelve miles' tramp had made no great impression on the trained muscles and the hardened soles of the Callendars. Then the three youngsters burst in from school, and the most festive of teas followed. In the evening, as the four elders gathered round the front door, and Ninian, at Marjorie's wish and Kathleen's orders, lit up his pipe, Mrs. Grant exclaimed:

"Did we ever have such a day? I didn't know there were such jolly people in the wide world as you, Marjorie, and this topping girl" (taking Marion's hand), "and those blessed kids—Dugald, Chrissie, Maisie. You see, I've got the names all right."

Unbidden, Marion's mind went back to the other strangers who, two months earlier, had held her in talk at the gate,—everything this world could give on the one side, but no real mirth and no refinement; in this young couple, absolute simplicity, genuine merriment, and the cultured courtesy that requires character more than birth or surroundings for its growth.

When Mr. and Mrs. Grant left the next morning, the whole family (it not being school hours) came down to the bay, and stood round Sandy's boat ankle-deep in the water, to bid the new friends good-bye.

"Next year," said Mr. Grant, "we are pretty sure to find our way back to Rona. And some day you must come to our little home near Candida Casa, where my great patron, as you know, built the first stone church in Scotland."

This is not a love story, only a record of how a brave Catholic girl kept the home together in comparative poverty by her courage and self-denial. It is as yet only the beginning of what lies before her. *Mais c'est le premier pas qui coûte,* as we learned at school. My little story is only a sketch of the very first chapter—the introduction rather—of what promises to be a fine record of steadfast and simple hearts in the face of difficulties that would have daunted a good many.

Two letters that Marjorie received one day that autumn are testimonies to the influence that one pure, young life can have. The first runs:

24 CHESHAM GATE, S. W. I.

DEAR MISS CALLENDAR:—You will excuse my writing to you, and you may have forgotten (though I do not think your sister has) that I was on Rona in June with some friends. I fear we must have given a bad impression to both your sister and your good rector.

I want to tell you that the hard life you live, and your happiness in it, made me begin to *think.* I see that the pounds are not everything,—indeed, they bring more trouble than joy with them. I have begun to go to church on Sundays, usually to Farm Street. Will you remember me now and then? And will your sister accept this little brooch from a girl who owes her the beginning of new hope and purpose in life?

I am yours sincerely,

ETHEL MANNISTER.

The other letter is as follows:

ST. NINIAN'S, WHITHORN,
Galloway.

DEAREST MARJORIE:—Friend of one day,—may I call you this? I must tell you again, now that we are at home after several months' absence, how much we think of our wonderful time on Rona, and how sincerely we thank you. We both say that your pluck and your kindness have done us more good than we can tell you. When we are inclined to get a bit soft and too easy-going we intend to say "Rona!" to each other, and so brace up again.

I went for a long walk over our moor the other day—Ninian was away on business,—and showed my devotion to you and Rona by going barefoot for quite two miles. See what a lot of good you have done me!

Here are some photos of our home and surroundings. You must see it all some day.

Love from both of us to every one of you, especially from me to your good self and dear Marion. I do love that girl!

Ever your affectionate friend,

KATHLEEN GRANT.

When Marjorie made her "visit" that evening it seemed to her as if all was thanksgiving for the evident benediction that rests on her island home. We can leave her there, *coram Sanctissimo*, in the Presence where she has learned to be strong and brave for all that life may yet bring her.

(The End.)

Her Garb.

BY BONAVENTURE SCHWINN, O. S. B.

THE black that wraps her like a shroud
Is for the willing death she died
To earthly pleasures when she vowed
To love alone the Crucified.

The white that haloes her fair face
And makes it like an angel's bright
Is for the glory of God's grace,
That fills her gentle soul with light.

The Unstained Passion.

BY LEWIS H. KILPATRICK.

"YOU go first."

"No, Webb: you go first."

The two young men, their chairs propped against the front of the village hotel, looked at each other with half-serious disapproval. Then both smiled.

"It really won't matter which goes first, Kent. She can't marry but one of us." Webb spoke with businesslike finality. His chin was solid; his fingers, blunt at their tips; he was dressed well, but with no attempt to impress.

Kent, however, was not of the commercial type. His features were more delicately wrought; his hands were smooth and slender, and there was a studied effectiveness about his personal appearance that reflected an artistic mind. He glanced up and down the almost deserted street, brooding upon its peaceful shadiness. It was shortly after the supper hour and few of the townspeople were about.

"A lot has happened, Webb, since we romped over these slabstone sidewalks and swung on the hitching-post chains about the courthouse square." He turned again to his companion, and their eyes met. "Does Virginia know that we're in town and are going to call this evening?" he asked. "I didn't even hint at our coming in my last letter."

The other nodded. "I sent her a note by a boy just before supper," he said, "stating simply that she might expect 'two old friends' at her home about seven o'clock. You know," he added, "early to call and early to leave is the social rule here."

"Yes, but we can't go together," said Kent, positively. "Who ever heard of two men proposing to a girl at the same time! Webb, you're entitled to go to her first."

Webb laid his hand on Kent's knee with a persuasive pressure.

"Old fellow, Virginia cares far more for you than she does for me," he declared. "I came along only as a matter of form, to satisfy your sense of fair play and eventually act as your best man. Of course I love the girl—I worship her,—but I'm sure of her answer even before I ask her to marry me."

"Nonsense!" Kent closed his slender fingers over the hand on his knee. "I'm not half good enough for her. She wants a real man, a practical man, a man of business like you. I'm just a silly dreamer."

Webb laughed softly.

"Her letters to us both have breathed about the same spirit, you know. It's true they've contained little sentiment—but neither have ours, for that matter. Apparently she hasn't resented our sharing them with each other. And that sharing has meant a lot to us," he continued, "by doubling our enjoyment of everything she writes. It was she who encouraged us to leave here and seek larger development and opportunities in the big town. She, through those same letters, kept our spirits up and fighting during the first hard years there. And now, unconsciously, she has called us back.

"Kent, do you fancy she has changed much?"

"Her sort never change except to grow more perfect," Kent answered fervently. "The years have matured her as they have us, no doubt; but they've added to, not subtracted from, the beauty of her body and soul. We may be sure of that."

"I wish now that we hadn't waited quite so long to return." Webb shook his head, then shrugged. "But my business, your profession—well, it was impossible to get away before this. Large opportunities demand large effort to grasp them. As it is, either of us can not give her those luxuries which are every woman's right."

"I'm glad, mighty glad, Webb, that we've played this game on the square!" Kent exclaimed. "Both of us love Virginia—we've always loved her,—and both of us know it. We've each been careful not to take unfair advantage of the other. We've worked and waited until the time that suited us both. And now that time has come, when she must decide between us." He leaned toward Webb with sudden anxiety. "It won't make any difference in our friendship which of us she accepts, will it, lad? Say it won't."

"It won't, old fellow,—of course it won't!" Webb declared earnestly. "The love of man for man is a thing apart from the love of man for woman. It is a passion removed from sex; it gives all and asks nothing; it understands. Raised to its highest power, Kent, it is the purest, most unselfish love that emanates from the human heart. It does not scorch with its heat, neither does it blight with disappointment. Men know one another. They know the best, the worst, because they themselves are men. It is the one mortal relation devoid of illusions."

Kent's sensitive lips twitched. "A great soul has spoken," he murmured.

He watched a flock of sparrows bathing in the dust of the gutter. Absently he tipped his hat to a passer-by,—a friend of his boyhood.

Webb looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes to seven!" he exclaimed. "Kent, you must be going."

Kent aroused himself and took out a coin.

"We'll spin for it," he said determinedly. "That's the best way. Heads you win."

The two chairs clicked to the pavement. Both men bent forward. The coin whirled, making a silver sphere of its disk. It slipped into a crack between the stone slabs and stood upright.

"A tie!" Webb chuckled. He pointed upward. "See those two sparrows, side by side, on the telephone wire? The one

to the right is yours; that one to the left, mine. If your sparrow flies first, you go first. If my sparrow flies before yours, I go. Agreed?"

"Agreed."

The men watched eagerly. A moment later the left-hand sparrow chirped and flew from the wire.

"You win!" exclaimed Kent.

"You scared him away!" accused Webb.

"I didn't. It was a fair decision."

They stood up.

"Kent, we'll do it this way," said Webb. "I'll go now, and in half an hour you follow. Virginia always uses the chair-swing, in the yard, summer evenings. When you come, if you see us there together, you'll know—you'll know she's accepted me. If I'm not there, I'll be down the road at the foot of the hill by the covered bridge. In the former event, you'll come forward and congratulate me—" he hesitated. "But if you don't find me there, Kent—Kent, old fellow, you won't keep me waiting long at the bridge before you run down and let me tell you how glad I am?"

Kent gripped his hand.

"When I see you again, you'll be in the swing, engaged to the finest girl in the world. I promise to stop for only a minute, to tell her how lucky she is. Then," he added, "maybe *I'll* stroll down to the bridge. But, no matter what happens, you're not to come back up here. Understand? It's a sporting proposition. Each of us is to learn the truth for himself. Good luck, Webb, and blessings on you both!"

"Thanks, old fellow." Webb gave his hand a final squeeze, turned and started down the street.

Kent looked after him, but a mist suddenly blurred his vision. He took a cigar from his pocket, lit it, and walked slowly in the opposite direction. He rounded the corner and crossed the dusty, narrow thoroughfare to the courthouse square. There, lounging about on whittled benches beneath the trees, were a score of shirt-sleeved villagers.

Kent joined them, returning their cordial greetings. They were the associates of his earlier years. They were glad to see him, and asked numerous questions. He talked much of Webb; briefly sketched their first struggles in the "big town" before they gained a footing; told how they had seen service in France during the war, enlisting in the same company, going through it all together, shoulder to shoulder. The villagers listened. They asked more personal questions. Yes, Webb had a remarkable brain for business, and already was a little giant in his financial circle. Besides, he was clean and straight and made his money honestly. Some day he would be a power in the Street.

Kent admitted that he, too, had been successful. It was not easy battling in any profession, but he had a good start. No, neither he nor Webb had had time to return "home" before now. The years passed swiftly; there was money to be made and social position to be attained; the present must be invested in the future. To-day they had come back just for "a look around." Perhaps they'd stay a week; maybe a while longer. It all depended—

The young man glanced at his watch. He told the crowd good-bye and re-crossed the street. The setting sun seemed to beckon him from the farther dip of the long avenue of maples. Birds were twittering their evening songs, and there was the dewy fragrance of flowers in the air. He walked briskly, his face flushed. Now and then he stopped to speak to an old acquaintance; but, in spite of himself, his manner was abrupt and disinterested.

He drew nearer Virginia's home. It was not far and he could have found it blindfolded. Another hundred yards,

and he saw the top of the chair-swing above the hedge. It was a new swing, he noticed, but in the same old place. The upright beams that suspended the chairs were moving, slowly. Some one was swinging. Two people! Through a tear in the hedge Kent glimpsed a man's hand and wrist. He paused, trembling, a sudden dizziness smiting his brain. He closed his eyes; the lids were hot, and there was a nauseating ache beneath his heart. Silently, for a moment, his lips moved. Then he opened his eyes, set his jaw, and went on with quickened step.

Virginia was the first to see him as he came through the gate and turned from the walk across the lawn. She sprang up and ran forward, extending both hands with a cry of welcome. Grown from a girl to young womanhood during the past several years, she fulfilled Kent's expectation of matured perfection. The setting sun wove threads of gold into her hair; the rich pink of her cheeks was dimpled and her whole being radiated supreme happiness.

"Kent, I thought you never were coming," she chided. "You've been in town for hours and only now getting here. Surely you don't have to stand on formality with me!"

He mumbled an incoherent apology.

"But it's just like you and Webb to surprise me this way," she went on gaily. "All these years I begged for at least a week-end of your valuable time, but your reply was ever *wait, wait, wait.* Then, without warning, you finally appear. And now you don't act a bit as if you were glad to see me. All women like to be fussed over, you know. Or have you become a cynic as well as a mute?" She glanced, smiling, over her shoulder. "Well, now *I* have a surprise for *you*," she said.

The man in the swing got out and stepped forward.

"Of course you remember Hugh Douglas, Kent?"

Kent moistened his lips.

"Of course—"

Their hands clasped, then loosened.

"Of course," repeated Hugh, pleasantly. "All of us grew up right around here together. You and Webb found the town too small and went away. I've stayed and plowed corn and raised tobacco. It's a good country for a farmer, Kent; but I don't blame you fellows with brains for going where you could make a real success."

"'A real success!" Kent's thoughts were plodding in a circle, and he was hardly conscious that he uttered the words.

Virginia moved nearer to him.

"Yes, we're all so proud of you," she said. "Hugh and I share your letters, like you and Webb share mine. And I hope those letters won't stop just because—just because—" she hesitated, blushing. "Well, dear boy, the best that we can wish for you is a happiness like this which has come to us."

Kent was pale.

"Where's Webb?" he demanded.

"Oh, he left half an hour ago! We begged him to stay, but he wouldn't. He started back up town, then said he'd promised to meet you at the covered bridge. He went down that way,"—she pointed toward the west.

Kent turned.

"You're not rushing off, too?"—Virginia's tone was reproachful.

"Come and sit down a while, and let us talk over old times," Hugh invited cordially.

"Sorry, folks. I can't. I must go to Webb."

Unmindful of his abruptness, Kent hurried out of the yard and down the street. A little way farther he broke into a run. In the distance he saw the covered bridge, and a man sitting on the rocks beside the road near its entrance. He increased his pace. A cloud of dust rose about him and followed him. He strangled, but kept on. The

man on the rocks got up to meet him; his face was strained and his eyes shone with a great pity.

"Kent—Kent, don't take it so hard!" he begged. "It hurts, old fellow,—hurts terribly, I know. It shatters the dream of years. Yes, I know—"

Kent panted, his brow wet with perspiration.

"It's you, Webb,—you!" he cried. "You are the one who lost. I'm thinking of you, lad. I don't matter. Webb, promise me you'll try to forget."

"Why make a promise I don't want to keep?" Webb gazed toward the multicolored horizon. "Come, let's walk. We both understand. That is enough."

Kent mused. "Hugh will make her a good husband. They'll be happy together."

"Yes; he always was a steady boy. He belongs to the soil, and his character is as sound as his muscles. I'm glad we learned how things are before we spoke."

Impulsively Kent threw an arm about his shoulders,—a strong arm, an eloquent arm,—the arm of a man whose heart is large.

"Webb, we must crystallize all our hopes in a wedding present for Virginia. We must be game losers."

Webb looked at him and smiled.

"That's right, old fellow! And we'll give her that present together,—yes, together!"

Arm in arm, shoulder to shoulder, they passed through the shadowy bridge and on down the twilight road beyond.

GUILT, though it may attain temporal success, can never confer real happiness. The evident consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; but the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Genius of Da Vinci.

BEFORE Columbus set out upon the voyage which gave a new world to mankind, Leonardo da Vinci, another faithful servant of Our Lady, had, at least in theory, anticipated many of the great discoveries of modern times. To the author of one of the most perfect paintings in the history of art, painting was but an occasional pastime. He has left only a few pictures, many of those commonly credited to him being spurious; but he was a thoroughly qualified engineer, a writer of eminence, a gifted sculptor and architect, and among the foremost philosophers of his day. He was also a skilled musician, singing to the accompaniment of a lute which he made with his own hands.

He built bridges and churches, and dug canals and tunnels; he was versed in the intricate laws of optics, acoustics and astronomy; he invented the camera and sawed marble and made ropes; he originated the science of hydraulics and restored the laws relating to hydrostatics; he possessed the theories of modern geologists, was accomplished in botany and physiology, and declared in and out of season, that it was practicable to use steam as a motive power. His knowledge of anatomy was extraordinary; and there remain to us, rescued from the wanton spoliation which befell much of his work, his famous instructions to his pupils and many of his manuscripts curiously written from right to left, and to be read only with the aid of a mirror.

Meanwhile the social side of this versatile man was not neglected, and he delighted in improvising poems at the courts of kings, and leading in their innocent festivities in his own gracious way. Wanting all other gifts, he could have earned his bread as a professional entertainer.

It was, however, the subject of the conquest of the air which most inter-

ested Leonardo da Vinci, and he was the actual inventor of the aeroplane. For many years he experimented with balloons made of waxed skins, which he filled with hot air and sent aloft; but finally, like our modern aeronauts, he abandoned the "lighter-than-air" theory and said: "Man must fly as the birds fly." Then he went straight to nature and studied the anatomy of winged creatures and the laws which govern their movements. His "Treatise on Flight" survives, as do the various designs of flying machines which he constructed. His principles were sound, but the mechanical resources of his day were limited. He had no motor with which to propel the flying machine of which he dreamed. He invented, but it was left for the belated wisdom of the twentieth century to make his invention of general use.

After all, it was the calm philosophy of this gentle genius which will survive when the work of his hands is dust; for it was he who said: "Against injustice, long-suffering is as a garment against the cold. For as, when the cold increases, thou shouldst double the number of thy wrappings, so with the growth of injustice shouldst thou enlarge thy forbearance, as by so doing it shall not harm thee."

Shop Signs in Olden Times.

In former times, every shop had a sign; and its choice was often an act of piety. A bookseller in London, in 1542, had a picture of the Blessed Virgin for his sign; and his shop was known as "Our Lady of Pity." The author of a book entitled the "History of Sign-boards" tells of many other pious signs in use at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Among the most common were "The Star," "The Rose," "The Heart," and "The Salutation,"—all referring to the Blessed Virgin.

The Spirit of Cheerfulness.

THE celebration, last year, of the tercentenary of the Pilgrim Fathers, the passage of the eighteenth amendment, and the agitation in favor of sundry sumptuary statutes reminiscent of the so-called Blue Laws of old-time Connecticut,—these and various other eccentricities of twentieth-century Americans would seem to point to a recrudescence of Puritanism, or at least of Puritanic judicial supervision of personal conduct, speech, and general demeanor. Such a recrudescence is a consummation devoutly to be abhorred.

No judicious student of history will deny that, making all due allowance for certain sturdy virtues which distinguished the Puritans of England, old and New, still

> Too dark a stole
> Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
> By Puritanic zeal;

and that their whole mental attitude towards life—life temporal and life eternal—was as dejected, dismal, somber, and gloomy as it should have been cheerful, blithesome, buoyant, and joyous. There is no greater fallacy about the proper relations between God and men than the Puritanic notion that religion is not only (as it doubtless is) a solemn thing, but also a melancholy, saddening, depressing thing. The very contrary of this is the real truth, as is evident from the inspired Scriptures, from the lives and writings of the most religious men and women that have ever lived—the canonized saints, and from the present-day example of the closest followers and imitators of those saints and their divine Exemplar.

The Old Testament has been distinguished from the New as containing the law of fear rather than that of love; yet even in the Old Testament cheerfulness is proclaimed the appropriate spirit for veritable servants of God. Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus teem with

such utterances as these: "A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by grief of mind the spirit is cast down.—A joyful mind maketh age flourishing: a sorrowful spirit drieth the bones.—Rich or poor, if his heart is good, his countenance shall be cheerful at all times."

Altogether apart from the idea of its being a religious duty, cheerfulness has always commended itself to the master-minds of humanity as a quality eminently conducive to one's temporal well-being. "Burdens become light when cheerfully borne," sings Ovid. "The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year," we are told by Johnson. "Oh, give us the man who sings at his work!" exclaims Carlyle; and he adds: "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, and its power of endurance. The cheerful man will do more in the same time, will do it better, will persevere in it longer, than the sad or sullen." Addison thus sums up the merits of the quality: "A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable."

This last-quoted author, the classic writer of the *Spectator*, makes a distinction between cheerfulness and mirth which it is well to bear in mind. "I have always," he says, "preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter is an act, the former a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient: cheerfulness, fixed and permanent. Mirth is a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity." Even those persons who are habitually anything but cheerful, are indeed rather given to melancholy, may on occasion indulge in mirth; whereas the habitually cheerful are seldom, if ever, the victims of depressed spirits,—moody, sullen, or "in the dumps."

No very wide reading of hagiology, or the Lives of the Saints, is needed to show that the writings and the personal examples of many of the most famous servants of God testify to the advocacy of this habit of mind which we are discussing,—to their preaching and practise of cheerfulness. St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis of Sales, St. Philip Neri and St. Joseph of Cupertino, St. Anselm of Canterbury and St. Felix of Cantalice, St. Bernardine of Siena and St. Anthony of Padua, as well as Saints Columba and Brendan, were not only fond on occasion of jocular allusions and humorous sallies, but were habitually genial and blithesome. They and countless other saints were friendly rather than inimical to facetiousness, easy drollery, gaiety, amenity of disposition, airiness of spirit, gentle joking, urbanity, sprightliness, quiet light-heartedness, harmless joviality, and other varieties or expressions of cheerfulness. Father Faber gives us the explanation, if explanation be needed: "Piety is not the sad and gloomy thing that morose fanaticism or morbid asceticism would make it. The spirit of true piety is cheerfulness." Among the thousands of saints whom the Church has raised to her altars, not one of whom we have any record was ever canonized for having worn a long face.

As for these who in our own day are following in the footsteps of the saints—that is, who are with purity of intention and all good will performing the duties of their state in life as perfectly as possible,—they, too, are notable for their habitual good humor, light-heartedness, and pleasant "sunshine of the mind." Here is the true secret of Christian cheerfulness: a uniformly quiet conscience, habitual union with God.

Notes and Remarks.

An oldtime author, Bayle, says that "there is not less wit nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book than in being the first author of that thought"; and Emerson goes nearly as far in stating that "next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it." Be this as it may, it will hardly be questioned that a reader of books may do excellent service to non-readers of those books by bringing to their notice—in conversation, in letters, or in short articles in papers or magazines—quotations that have impressed himself as notably worth while. As a case in point, a writer in the London *Universe*, discussing intercessory prayer, quotes the following from Faber's "All for Jesus": "The multiplication of saints, and their final perseverance, should be another object of our intercession. The glory of God, the good of souls, and the interests of Jesus are all implicated here. . . . One saint is worth a million of common Catholics." The comment of the writer is equally worth reproduction: "Our Lord said even a stronger thing to St. Teresa—namely, that one soul, not a saint but merely seeking perfection, was more precious to Him than thousands leading common lives."

A most encouraging thought to religious, whose professed work in life is the seeking of perfection.

The sixty-fifth national convention of the Catholic Central Society, recently held at Fort Wayne, Ind., was an unqualified success. The attendance of clergy and laity was exceptionally large; the measures advocated and the resolutions passed were such as to command the respect and commendation of every intelligent Catholic; the spirit evident among all the participants in the various activities was a truly fraternal one, and the religious events of the convention were marked by unusual solemnity and grandeur. Perhaps the most impressive and the most largely attended of these events was the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given from an altar erected at the portals of the Fort Wayne cathedral. The largest crowd ever assembled in the cathedral parish knelt in adoration; and, as very many of them joined in singing the usual Benediction hymns, and "Holy God" as well, the scene was indeed a memorable one.

Accounts of the Catholic Biblical Congress recently held in Cambridge, England, and the prominence given in press reports to the suggestion of Canon William Barry—that Catholics should make use of a corrected version of the Authorized Bible of the Church of England,—render timely a word or two concerning various editions of Holy Scripture. To begin with, the Vulgate is the Latin Bible, which was prepared by St. Jerome at the end of the fourth century, and which the Council of Trent decreed to be the standard Bible of the Church. The Douai version is the English Bible in common use among English-speaking Catholics. Its name records the fact that, in 1609–10, the English college at Douai, France, produced an English translation of the Old Testament as found in the Vulgate, the work being completed by the addition of an English translation of the New Testament, made at the English college in Rheims in 1582. This Douai version was revised by the English Bishop Challoner in 1752. The Authorized, or the King James', Bible was published in 1611, and was in common use among Protestants until the completion of the Revised Version in 1885.

The important point to be borne in mind by the ordinary Catholic, unlearned in Biblical lore, is that no vernacular version of Holy Scripture—the Douai, Bishop Challoner's revision, or

any other—is an "authority," or "authentic," in the sense laid down by the Council of Trent,—the sense in which the Vulgate is authoritative. Accordingly, should a Biblical Commission of Catholics produce another English translation of St. Jerome's Vulgate, and, in that translation, make extensive use of the wording or phraseology of the Authorized Version, it would not be a foregone conclusion that the work would fail to receive the approbation of the Holy See.

While optimism, as a mental attitude, is admittedly preferable to pessimism, it is not always easy to preserve that attitude in the face of existing conditions, or in view of tendencies that seem anything but hopeful. It is in the poet's fancy rather than in prosaic fact that any truth resides in the second clause of Browning's "God's in His heaven. All's right with the world." It would require an altogether superlative degree of optimism to assert of late years, or even at present, that the world has not been, and is not, in need of many and multifarious improvements before its condition becomes "all right." A writer in the London *Catholic Times*, discussing Catholic propaganda, declares that, while optimistic English Catholics have reason for complacency, not to say enthusiasm, as regards many proofs of Catholic loyalty and vigor, others not so optimistic are distressed by "the difficulty of squaring our numbers with what they ought to be, having regard to the natural increase of population and the number of converts received into the Church." There is perhaps quite as much timeliness for America as for England in this statement of prevalent conditions:

> The optimism which one would like to feel is dissipated for many people by the apathy of a number of Catholics, and the ignorance of, and the indifference to, the Catholic Faith manifested by the general public. By Catholic apathy one does not mean any positive disregard for fundamental duties imposed by authority. Mass is heard on Sundays and Easter duties are complied with by many who are not at all anxious to display their faith openly; who never read a Catholic paper, however eagerly they may support the ordinary Press, particularly on Sundays; who are ignorant of Catholic literature, cheerfully unaware of the splendor of the Catholic heritage, and very much disinclined to enter upon any discussion relative to their religion; and who do nothing whatever, by precept or example, to advance the cause of the Church.

While the great majority of stories of conversions to the Church resemble one another not only in their general outline but even in many of their details, some of these narratives have distinctive features which render them of exceptional interest. One such is related briefly in the *Southern Cross*, of Cape Town, South Africa. To quote: 'A reverend Mr. Moore, of North Freemantle, Western Australia, sent his son to a Catholic college; but, owing to objections and remonstrances on the part of his congregation, he removed him from it. Eventually the son went to the war, and before his return his mother died. While away the son was received into the Catholic Church. In duty bound, he wrote to his father, saying that he had news to give which he feared would pain him. He stated that he had tried various religious bodies, but had found only the Roman Catholic one to satisfy his aspirations after truth. What was his surprise when he learned from his father that he, too, had joined the Church, that he had studied for the priesthood, and entered the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer! He is now a priest.'

Open-minded people who, influenced especially by repeated assertions of the English Prime Minister, are inclined to believe that all the trouble in Ireland is due to the activities of a "gang of criminals," "murderers masking as

so'd'ers," would be disposed to change their opinion if they were to read a recent letter to the London *Daily News*, from the Rev. Claude Coltman, a leading Nonconformist clergyman. "Those who cherish this fancy," he says, "should pay a visit any Sunday afternoon to Tower Hill. There they would find convincing evidence that it is the very soul of a nation, passionate and unconquerable, exalted and heroic, against which tanks and bombs and guns are in vain directed. Sunday after Sunday for many months past, Tower Hill has been the rallying-centre for crowds of London Irish....Standing on the historic Hill, one hears the distant music of stirring Irish tunes as contingents arrive from Poplar, from as far east as Custom House, and across the river from Deptford. They march on to the Hill to voice their woes, their hopes, and their defiance. Seeing and hearing it all, one recognizes that here is something spiritual and invincible. The soul of a nation is being troubled, and every Irishman, though he may never even have seen Ireland, is troubled with it. Tower Hill, so silent and deserted, on Sundays is given over to them without opposition. The police are there, but they have an afternoon's holiday. There is order without orders amongst this great crowd; and when the demonstration is over, the Hill is cleared within ten minutes. In imagination one sees these demonstrations repeated in Canada, South Africa, Australia, and America,—wherever Ireland's exiles have scattered. One wonders whether reason, justice, and right will prevail before the gathering storm bursts on the Empire."

Discussing in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* the problem of "Sea-Power in the Pacific," Mr. David Hannay, after pointing out the importance of Guam and the Philippines as naval stations, and the advantage it would be to Japan in a possible conflict to have possession of them, demands that Englishmen should clear their minds of cant, and recognize that "the British Empire must put itself in a position on the sea which will enable it to speak with authority to the combatants" in the event of international conflict in the Pacific. This can be done only by "creating a much larger and stronger Navy than any other"; and this, in its turn, means creating a British Empire Navy.

Like many other people, Mr. Hannay is decidedly sceptical about the value of "conferences." He says: "When it comes to actual conference at a round table or at none, the results will certainly be what they ever have been in such cases. The British Empire will be quite ready to reduce if the United States will consent to reduce rather more. The United States will reduce only if they are still left on an equality. And there the discussion will end."

Writing on the same subject in the New York *Freeman*, Mr. Charles A. Beard explodes the theory held by Admiral Sims, Bishop Manning (Protestant Episcopal), and other Americans working for the Anglo-American Entente. Mr. Beard hits the nail squarely on the head in saying:

> The naval arm in an age of world-commerce is the supreme arm. Whoever wields it can dictate, even though it may be wisely and beneficently. America accepts British naval supremacy. America has wide-reaching commercial and territorial interests. If a clash arises with Great Britain, the power of ultimate decision rests with the possessor of the potent arm, the superior navy. Thus, in fact, sovereignty in the world arena has passed to Great Britain. This is the cold, hard truth. Any final accommodation with England that leaves her supreme on the sea accepts her sovereignty in a sphere of vital concern to America....If this is what we are to have, if this is what our fighting men on the sea are to be taught by American admirals, if this is

to be our accepted policy, it is time that we should face it frankly and enter upon the compact with a full understanding of its implication. Moreover, if we hope for the continued freedom and integrity of this nation, we must firmly and honestly believe that Great Britain will not do to us what she has done to Spain, Holland, France and Germany in their aspirations for world-trade and dominion. We must assume that under no circumstances would England attempt to draw around our country the circle of diplomacy and steel which she drew around the German Empire. We must read the history of the last thirty years of European diplomacy now streaming from the presses, and yet say that England would never treat her American rival as she has treated her former rivals.

The hothouse method of fostering trade with foreign lands, as contradistinguished from the olden style of building up such trade by the gradual efforts of individual business men, does not appear to advantage in our experience in Argentina. Says the *Southern Cross,* of Buenos Aires:

Of the many failures made during the war, and immediately after, to catch up the German trade which had been lost, there has possibly not been any single one more expensive or more complete than the attempt of the North Americans to capture the Argentine market. Almost every possible form of incompetence is at fault,—incompetence of the Government officials, who came here by the legion; incompetence of the American exporters, who sent low class goods and charged famine prices, and who overstocked the market in a vain attempt to place more goods than there was either need for or money to pay for; incompetence in the men running the business here, who were not sufficiently in touch with the Argentine Republic to be able to build up a trade. The failure has been costly, and the docks are piled up with unsalable goods; while, to make the matter worse, three steamers have now arrived from Germany with similar or better goods at about half the price.

The foregoing does not speak very well for the boasted efficiency of American business men; but the experience which they have acquired, costly as it has been, is worth while if they learn its very obvious lesson.

Notable New Books.

THE PSALMS: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text. By the Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Volume I. Psalms I—LXXI. B. Herder Book. Co.

It was quite natural that the recent revision of the Breviary, entailing the reading of the whole Psalter in the course of a week, should awaken new interest in the Psalms, and new efforts on the part of publishers to satisfy that interest by issuing additional works dealing with that portion of the Bible. The present volume, an octavo of 360 pages, is perhaps the most generally successful of these works, as well as the widest in its appeal. The author, who is professor of Sacred Scripture and Oriental Languages at Maynooth, informs us that his main purpose has been to put within reach of divinity students, priests, and the educated laity, such knowledge as is required for the intelligent use of the Vulgate Psalter; and few readers in any one of these classes will deny that his aim has been exceedingly well accomplished.

The Introduction, comprising one-sixth of the whole book, is as complete as can be desired, save by specialists whose erudition calls for more learned and technical criticism than would be congruous in a volume written for the purpose stated above. Especially interesting sections of the Introduction are those dealing with the poetical form of the Psalms, their purpose, and their superscriptions. Father Boylan's classification of the Psalms is also full and informative.

The body of the work contains the Latin (Vulgate) text of the first seventy-one Psalms, with an English version, verse for verse, on the same page. The verses are arranged in modified strophe form, the groups containing sometimes two or three, sometimes six or seven of the verses, according as Hebrew parallelism and sense-connection seem to demand. The English rendering of each verse of the Psalm is printed after the manner of poetry: each principal clause of the verse beginning a new line, the first word of which begins with a capital,—a typographical arrangement which we consider admirable. Preceding each Psalm is an introduction, and following it are copious notes treating the verses in detail. In cases where the Vulgate is obscure, light has been freely sought in the Hebrew Psalter; but, as every Hebrew word and phrase quoted in the commentary has been translated and explained, no technical or special knowledge is required to render such

commentary intelligible. Professional students of Scripture may remark that there are fewer references to authorities than they are accustomed to find in such works as this; but the average priest, and especially the educated layman, will readily forgive the absence of these references. On the whole, the author is to be congratulated on the distinct merits of this first volume; and his readers will look forward with pleasurable anticipations to the appearance of the second volume, which, we are told, is in preparation.

THE LETTERS OF SAINT TERESA. Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Volume II. London: Thomas Baker; New York: Benziger Brothers.

This second volume of the complete edition of "The Letters of Saint Teresa" is so much occupied with sales and purchases, taxes and business affairs of every kind, that one could much more easily believe it to be the correspondence of Teresa the feminist than Teresa the mystic. Lawsuits, debts, and dowries alike capitulate to her keen management and abundant common-sense. It would be hard to find a matter of everyday concern in which she did not interest herself. The mail carriers were under her constant surveillance. As for messengers of less importance, she writes: "Tell me whether you still have the errand boy, or who does your errands."

The tastes and occupation of the reader must, of course, determine the details of the Letters in which he finds most pleasure. Probably those who have elected serge as their wardrobe for life will best appreciate such lines as, "We do not require so dear a serge. We use the same stuff here as Teresa's habit is made of, and even a coarser stuff." Of this same novice, the Saint writes in a manner to move the sternest novice master to quiet mirth: "There is only one thing about her that troubles me: I do not know what to do with her mouth, which is very prim; she laughs very primly too, but she is always laughing. Sometimes I tell her to open it, sometimes to shut it, and sometimes not to laugh. She says it is not her fault, but the fault of her mouth, which is true. But you would be amused to see the life I lead her about the expression of her mouth."

However large a part of the saint's correspondence the affairs of business fill, they are not the occupation but rather the preoccupation of her mind, as one realizes when one passes quickly and naturally from them to the things of the spirit which are native to this many-sided woman of God. "As regards interior things of the spirit," she writes, "the most acceptable is that which produces the best results....By this I do not mean a number of desires,...but effects manifested by deeds....I wish for no prayer that does not make me grow in virtue." But even her intensest spirituality is shot through with her constitutional humor and good sense. "God gives some people fine characters so that they may bear in patience with the rest."

Such, in part, is the sanity and sanctity transmitted through the Letters of one who surely knew the Pauline strictures of "pen and ink." If while reading them one vainly regrets the distance of years which keeps one from speaking to their writer "face to face," one is yet grateful to the gentle art of correspondence for preserving for her lovers so much of the dauntless spirit of the great Carmelite.

Reference has been made, in our review of Volume I. of the series, to the excellent binding, printing, and to the notes with which the Letters are supplied; also to the Introduction, which, if the work lacked an *imprimatur*, would more than serve as one.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN AMERICA. By John Ayscough (the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Count Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew). London: John Lane.

Any reader of this book who had passed over the concluding chapters, or who had read the others without close attention, might well regard the work as merely a Catholic's experiences among his coreligionists in North America. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew makes mention, kindly, grateful and gracious, in almost every page, of the hospitality shown to him and his amiable travelling companion by friends in Catholic homes and at the Catholic institutions which he visited,—such references as this: "It was hard to understand how all the snow didn't thaw in the neighborhood of such warm hearts." He frequently refers to the position, strength, progress, and prospects of the Church in this country. But the book also abounds in keen observations, crisp characterizations, brilliant flashes of wit and fancy, and beautiful descriptions of scenery, which will captivate all classes of readers. In a word, "First Impressions in America" has something of all the high qualities we have learned to expect in the writings of John Ayscough. Let us pick a plum here and there, they are so plentiful:

...I was borne down upon by an interview, representing a great New York daily paper, anxious to learn my views on Prohibition, President Wilson and

the League of Nations. On my explaining that I had come to America to visit my friends and give lectures on literary subjects, that I was sublimely ignorant of politics, and regarded politics as a noisome subject, on which I was resolved to keep my mouth shut, he appeared pained, and gradually melted away in a trickle of further questions, to which he seemed to be composing appropriate answers as he went.

On the whole, I may say here that I escaped the omnipresent interviewer pretty successfully during our long stay in America. When escape was impossible, I had nearly always occasion to regret it; for what I did say was never put down, and what was put down I had never said and would never say. On several occasions opinions directly opposite to those I had confessed were not only ascribed to me, but put as *verbatim* into my mouth, in long screeds of inverted commas.

A foreigner driving up from the Albert Dock does not gather a beautiful first impression of London, nor is the drive "up-town" from the New York docks calculated to give strangers a first impression of the splendor and beauty of that city. But if he catches sight of the inscription "Tonsorial Parlor" over a barber's shop he will feel sure he has arrived safely in America.

The national adoration of democracy is reflected in the national adjective of eulogy, which is "democratic." Everything and everybody which it is intended to praise is described as democratic. Yet one may doubt if there be more equality in America than in England. Americans believe that in England only people of the same rank live together, and it shocks them; but it would seem as if in the United States only people of about the same degree of wealth lived together. Families of narrow means live socially apart from families of affluence, though the former may be equally ladies and gentlemen, by birth, education, and manners.

When an Englishman receives a gracious welcome in the United States, it proves—that the Americans are gracious to strangers. Of that he must come away certain. But he had better not mistake personal benevolence for an illustration of national appreciation. If, because America did at length enter the late war on the side of the Allies, he had expected to find the United States in a vehement ardor of national sympathy for the Allies, he will have been disappointed. Neither for England nor for France will he find America blinded by affection. The Atlantic is not at all too wide for British faults to be visible across it. It was not affection either for France or Great Britain that brought America into the war, nor does she say that it was. She is far from saying that the war has made either country dearer to her.

I feel sure that no European can understand American politics, and I know I am a European; but ignorance, meekly admitted, does not excuse you from the delivery of an opinion. A traveller might as well hope to save his purse by assuring the eager highwayman that there is nothing in it. If he shows there is nothing in it, then he must be searched.

Americans are villainously libelled as unscrupulous in the collection of souvenirs of slight intrinsic value, but I did often wish them less violent collectors of opinions of no value whatever.

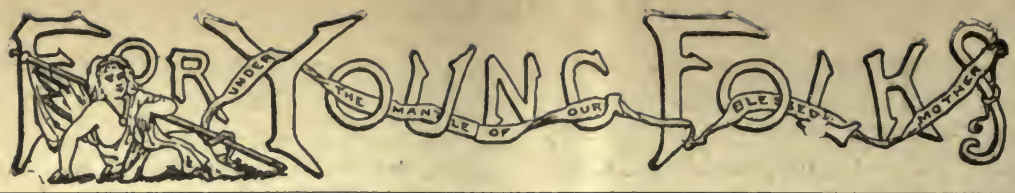
For some readers, the greatest charm of this book will be the descriptions of scenery, in all of which the master-hand is shown. That of the Grand Canyon is like an exquisite engraving, every line true and clear and effective. In describing Santa Catalina, Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew employs words of wondrous colors, which not only make one see all that he saw, but leave a picture in the mind, no less difficult adequately to appraise than delightful to contemplate.

"First Impressions in America" will be all the more welcome to the author's numerous friends and admirers on account of the admirable photograph of him which forms the frontispiece. It shows him in his robes and decorations, and has a fac-simile of his signature. One's gratitude for this feature of the volume removes all regret for the absence of other illustrations.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING, HIS LIFE AND LABOURS. By Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne; New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

The reviewers of this biography have left little to be said of it, though many of them would seem to have written around the book rather than on it, only searching for those passages which supplement the unfortunate production of Mr. Purcell. It is a pity that Mr. Leslie could not have forestalled him. In that case much of what is included in the present work might have been omitted. But after reading the painfully interesting chapters entitled "The Wars of Westminster" and "The Religious Orders," one can not help regretting that Mr. Leslie's biography is not fuller,—we were going to say more complete. The second of those chapters called for comments, which the writer, on account of being a layman, did not feel free to make; besides they could have been made only by a theologian,—one familiar with data inaccessible to Mr. Leslie. The chapter in question is not offset by the facile assertion that the Cardinal was a man of action and impulse rather than a thinker and a theologian. It amounts to disparagement to say, in connection with the matter in hand (as more than one reviewer has said or intimated), that his activities were more remarkable than his learning, and that his zeal was sometimes more conspicuous than his prudence or forbearance.

We are hoping that no reader of this handsome and brilliantly-written volume will make our mistake of beginning with the chapters to which we have referred, thus having his interest dulled for what precedes and follows. The general impression of Cardinal Manning which those chapters, as they stand, by themselves, are calculated to convey is decidedly unfavorable—and undoubtedly erroneous; for he was a holy man as well as a great one, though he may have been more just than kind, more zealous than forbearing, less amiable than austere. One had to know him intimately to appreciate him thoroughly.



Child and Flower.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

"O LITTLE flower, what *are* you? How
Came you to grow?
And when to burst your tiny seed,
How could you know?

"How could you live beneath the dark
And soft brown mould?
How could you hide within the seed
That cup of gold?"

"Dear child, I can not answer all:
Little I know;
But God has made me, and along
His way I go.

"God thought of me, and that is how
I came to be.
Perhaps He made my golden dress
To gladden thee."

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

IX.—JOLI-CŒUR.

HAPPILY, the promise of the morning was realized: the sun continued to shine; the road was not so deeply covered with snow, and walking was pleasant. But Joli-Cœur was so unusually still, except for a slight, hoarse cough, that Vitalis began to fear that the monkey had caught cold in the night, after he had crept out of bed in alarm and climbed to the roof.

About midday they had left the forest far behind, and were approaching a small town.

"We must stop at the inn here," said Vitalis, "in order to try to get Joli-Cœur thoroughly warm again. His little snout feels like ice."

Usually when they came to a stopping place Vitalis looked for a small, cheap hostelry, as he could not afford to pay the high prices charged at the best inns. But this time he made his way to a larger hotel, and, entering the vestibule, said to the attendant:

"Quick, give us a room with a good fire!"

The man looked surprised at the order, as the general appearance of man and boy did not seem to warrant great expenditure of money. Evidently Vitalis saw and understood his hesitation; for he took a *louis d'or* from his pocket, and showed it to the doubtful attendant.

"Quick, I say!" he repeated in a tone of authority; and the clerk replied:

"Follow me!"

In a few moments the travellers found themselves in a well-furnished apartment, not large but comfortable, where a servant lit the fire, which was already laid. It soon blazed brightly. When the servant left the room, Remi followed to shut the door which he had left open, and heard the clerk say to him:

"I should not be surprised if that old fellow were a prince in disguise, out on some lark; he has the bearing of a king."

"Undress and get into bed, Remi," said Vitalis when the boy came to the fire, where he was trying to warm Joli-Cœur by turning him from one side to the other in front of the blaze.

"I am not ill," Remi replied, "nor am I sleepy. Why should I go to bed?"

"Because you are tired, if nothing more," said Vitalis. "And I do not want you to become ill. I can not afford to lose all my troupe, Remi; and I fear there is very little hope for poor Joli-Cœur. Get into bed, and I will put him with you under the covers. There is

nothing like the warmth of a human body for reviving a person or animal that has been chilled. After you are quite warm, I will place Joli-Cœur by you."

Remi undressed and jumped into the soft, warm bed, and found suddenly that he was not only very cold, but greatly fatigued. Vitalis continued his efforts to warm Joli-Cœur at the fire. After a little he turned to Remi and asked:

"Are you quite warm and comfortable now?"

"Yes," said Remi. "It is like heaven here. I wish, Master, that you would lie down yourself. It would rest you so much."

"I never could sleep in the bed with any one," said Vitalis. "I may stretch myself in front of the fire later, on yonder sofa. But now we must think of Joli-Cœur."

He went to the bedside, placed the monkey in Remi's arms, and said:

"Hug him closely—close to your breast,—and I will cover you up to the chin. If there is any hope for Joli-Cœur, it will be that way."

When they were safe and deep under the covers, Vitalis rang for a bottle of wine. He gave Remi a little, and, pouring some in a spoon, tried to force it between Joli-Cœur's tightly closed lips. The animal looked fixedly at him with his brilliant eyes, but would not open his mouth. Lifting his paw, he held it towards Vitalis with an appealing glance.

"Does he want to shake hands?" asked Remi.

"I will tell you what he wants, poor, intelligent creature!" replied the old man. "Once, before you came, he caught cold, and his condition was something like this. I had his arm bled, and he recovered very quickly. He remembers, and is asking me to do it again. I am going for a doctor."

He left the room, and soon returned with a doctor, who was carrying a satchel, which, after glancing at Remi, he prepared to open. Producing his instruments for bleeding, he approached the bed, laid his hand on Remi's forehead and asked:

"Fever?"

"No," replied Vitalis, "he has no fever. It is only the heat of the bed and the room."

"Why, then, do you want him bled?" inquired the doctor, testily.

"It is not I," said Remi, uncovering the monkey. "It is this one!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, as he turned to Vitalis. "What do you take me for? I am no animal doctor, but a regular, practising physician. I consider this an insult."

So saying, he began repacking his satchel with angry celerity. But Vitalis, with that adroitness and courtesy in which the Italians excel, stepped forward and said:

"I knew very well, Monsieur le Docteur, when I called you that you were a regular, practising physician. Otherwise I should not have done so. I am fully aware of the ignorance and assurance of most veterinary surgeons. I could not trust this little animal to one of them, because his life is a very important one to me—to us. We are a company of players; he helps us to earn our daily bread. Besides, he is a friend and comrade. Without him we should be lost indeed. And there is also another reason. The monkey so closely resembles man in his constitution that the remedies which are effectual for one are often beneficial to the other. What veteranarians are aware of this? I wanted a man of learning to treat my invalid,—a man of réputation such as you, Monsieur le Docteur, enjoy. And do you not find it interesting to trace those resemblances between man and monkey, in the interests of that Esculapian science of which you are so worthy an exponent? I am sure you do."

While Vitalis was speaking the doctor had already begun to unpack his satchel once more. By the time the old man had finished, he was holding Joli-Cœur's extended arm in his hand. The bleeding accomplished, the doctor put his instruments in order, refused to take any fee, bowed and left the room.

The improvement which resulted in Joli-Cœur's condition was only temporary. Three days passed; he was growing steadily weaker.

"Remi," said Vitalis one morning, "we shall have to give a performance. There is no other resource. My money is getting very low."

"How can we without Joli-Cœur?" inquired Remi.

"We shall have to do it somehow. There is Capi, and you and I. I will think of something."

He left the room, and did not return for more than an hour. When he came back, he opened the window and said:

"Come here, Remi. Listen!"

Remi obeyed. In front of the hotel, arrayed in a red coat and trousers, a drum-major's cap on his head, stood the village crier, beating a drum with all his might. When he had gathered a sufficient number about him, he announced the appearance in the village hall, on the following evening, of the "Vitalisian Travelling Troupe," comprising the leader, master of many musical instruments; a youthful prodigy, who played on the harp like an angel; and a trained dog, which had appeared before several European Courts and was acknowledged to be the cleverest spaniel in the whole world.

"Too fulsome,—too fulsome!" said Vitalis, with a frown. "I did not tell him to say all that. But perhaps, in a town like this, it is just as well. It may bring in a large audience."

The next morning they began their preparations for the entertainment. When Joli-Cœur saw what was going on, he feebly seized hold of his costume which lay at the foot of the bed after it had been taken from the bag, and, holding it to Vitalis, asked him, by signs, to put it on.

"But you are ill, Joli-Cœur!" said the old man. "You are weak; you can not play; you will take cold again, and be worse. Some other time, when you are better."

The poor little fellow understood. He fell back upon his rug near the fire, and turned his face away. When the time came for departure, they left him quietly sleeping. Vitalis covered him with an extra robe, and they went out softly.

When they reached the hall, they found it in darkness. The crier was already in the doorway, surrounded by a troop of gamins. It was he who had made the arrangements for the renting of the theatre.

"Why are there no lights?" inquired Vitalis.

"There was nothing said about them in the contract," replied the factotum. "For five francs a night, candles can not be included. But I have some in a box here which I will sell you cheaply."

"Let me see them," said Vitalis.

The man opened the box. It contained stumps of candles of all sizes, but there were a good many.

"Two francs for the lot," said the crier; "and dirt cheap at that. Bottles thrown in."

"Bottles?" inquired Vitalis.

"Yes, Monsieur, to hold them. There are no candlesticks. I will arrange them for you just where they will give the best light."

"Very well," said Vitalis. "I imagine," he remarked to Remi, "that the fellow is also the village sacristan, and these candles are his perquisites."

Vitalis was right.

Through a hole in the curtain, Remi watched for the arrival of the audience. They came in slowly and sparsely. When the performance began, there were not more than fifty persons in the

hall. Owing to the absence of Joli-Cœur, the usual play could not be given. But Capi performed some of his tricks to the accompaniment of Remi's music; they danced together, and then the plate was passed around.

From where they stood, the performers could see that the collection was not large; there was no oft-repeated, welcome sound of falling coin. Suddenly some one in the audience cried out: "Give us a song, old man! You look as though you could sing."

Vitalis stooped and whispered in Remi's ear:

"I will do it, Remi,—I will do it. We need the money so badly; and perhaps if I sing they will give a little more."

Then, to the boy's surprise, he took Remi's harp, struck a few chords, threw back his white head and began to sing "O Richard, O mon Roi!" from the opera of "Richard Cœur de Leon." Loud applause followed, with cries of "*Encore, encore!*" particularly from a group in one corner of the room. He responded with Schubert's "Serenade."

Until that time Remi had never heard his master sing. Hidden by the folds of the curtain, he sat in a daze of emotion, wiping the tears from his eyes. From where he sat, unobserved, he could see a lady who appeared to be the centre of a group. She was under middle-age, beautiful and well dressed. She never took her eyes from Vitalis while he sang. Beside her was a child,—a boy about Remi's age. He must have been her son, for he greatly resembled her.

One of the group called out from the corner: "The dog, the plate! Send the dog around again!"

Capi understood: he sprang to his feet, hurried down the short steps leading to the stage and once more solicited *douceurs*. This time they came freely. Remi could hear the money dropping into the receptacle tied around the dog's neck. Vitalis, wiping his brow, had retired to the closet-like room behind the stage. The lady left her seat and approached the steps. The audience was dispersing. She made a sign to Remi, who came forward.

"I would like to speak to your master," she said.

Remi delivered the message.

"What does the lady want of me?" asked Vitalis.

"She said she wished to speak to you."

"I have no desire to see her."

"I noticed that she gave nothing to Capi," said Remi. "But she has a gold piece in her hand. I think she wants to give it to you."

"I am not a beggar. If she has anything to contribute, let her give it to the dog."

"But, Master, she is so nice and was so pleased with your singing! Do not treat her badly, I beg of you."

Vitalis smiled, snapped his fingers, Capi came to his side and they went forward. Remi followed them. Vitalis saluted the lady rather coldly. She did not seem to notice it, and said:

"I wish to congratulate you, Monsieur. You are an artist."

Vitalis bowed.

"I also am a musician," she continued, "and so am capable of appreciating your talent."

"One can hardly associate unusual talent with a man of my age," answered Vitalis, still coldly, though the ghost of a smile flitted across his face.

"Do not think me impertinent or too curious if I venture to ask where you learned to sing," she said.

"I am quite ready to satisfy your curiosity," replied Vitalis, warming a little, as who would not at her kind face and gentle manner! "You were, no doubt, surprised to hear a travelling musician and dog-trainer presuming to sing those songs?"

"Surprised,—yes, for they were wonderfully well done."

"The solution is very simple, never-

theless," answered Vitalis. "I—I will tell you, Madam. In my youth I was servant to a great singer. Hearing him practise, and having a voice myself, I learned, like a parrot, to imitate his methods and to sing a few of his songs. That is all there is to say."

The lady did not at once reply. She looked at him doubtingly; his eyes fell before her gaze: he was evidently embarrassed.

"Sir," she said at length (and Remi noticed the respect, almost reverence in her tone), "at any rate, permit me once more to thank you for one of the most pleasant incidents in my musical life."

Then, turning away, she dropped a *louis d'or* in Capi's plate.

Vitalis and Remi came down the steps into the hall, which was now almost empty. Capi ran to his master, presenting the plate, and barking with joy. He knew gold from silver perfectly well when he saw it. Vitalis did not notice him.

"Master," said Remi, "the lady gave Capi a *louis d'or*. He wants you to take it from the plate."

"A *louis d'or!*" he repeated, but made no effort to take it from the waiting dog.

Remi took the money and slipped it in his master's pocket.

"It is like a dream," Vitalis said, as though speaking to himself,—"a long-vanished dream. Ah, me!"

Then, suddenly recollecting the present, he turned to Remi and said:

"Poor Joli-Cœur! I had almost forgotten him. We must hurry home and see how he is."

When they arrived at the inn, Remi ran hastily up the stairs and opened the door of their room. The fire was nearly out: it was quite dark. Joli-Cœur made no movement, which was strange, as he was always quick to hear any sound.

Vitalis entered. Remi was lighting a candle. Both turned towards Joli-Cœur, who lay uncovered, one arm and leg half inserted in the general's uniform. Remi leaned over him, surprised and alarmed.

"His hand is cold,—he is sound asleep," said the boy.

"He is dead!" answered Vitalis, lifting the cold hand and dropping it again. Touching the uniform, he continued: "Poor, faithful animal! He died in harness. Alas! Remi, I did a wrong thing when I took you from Madam Milligan,— a wrong, foolish and selfish thing. I am being punished; and you, innocent, are sharing that punishment. First, Zerbino and Dulcie; to-day, Joli-Cœur; and the end is not yet."

(To be continued.)

A World-Wide Game.

NOT one in a hundred of the people who in every country of the world play dominoes is aware of the reason why this popular game bears that particular name.

A domino was originally an ecclesiastical cloak, black in color, and furnished with a hood. Next, the hood, of itself, was called a domino. Then a loose garment something like the original cloak, and worn at masquerades, received the name; and finally, a half-mask worn over the face for purposes of disguise was also termed a domino. The color, black, seems to be the distinctive feature of all these varieties; and as that is the color of the backs of the pieces used in the game, they, too, received that name. So, at least, say the etymologists whose business it is to look into the derivation of words, and whose conclusions, if not always indisputable, are generally final, at least for young folks.

While the game of dominoes was unknown in Europe before the middle of the eighteenth century, it has, since that date, spread all over the civilized, and indeed some parts of the uncivilized, world as well.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Renewal" is the title of a new novel, by M. E. Francis, author of "Beck of Beckford," just published by Allen & Unwin, London.

—Forthcoming publications of Longmans, Green & Co. include "Criticism and Catholicism," by Père Etienne Hugueny, translated by the Rev. Stanislaus M. Hogan, O. P.

—"St. Paul a Papist 'By Revelation,'" by the Rev. T. J. Agius, S. J., a recent pamphlet of the London Catholic Truth Society, is a scholarly discussion of the great Apostle's Epistle to the Galatians,—an Epistle notable for its unity of purpose and its sustained severity of tone. The pamphlet should make interesting reading for the non-Catholic world that is still groping for unity.

—The fourth volume of the Rev. Dr. Antony Koch's "Handbook of Moral Theology," adapted and edited by Arthur Preuss, is on "Man's Duties to God." The work is divided into three parts: The Duty of Internal Worship, The Duty of External Worship, and The Commandments of the Church. An adequate index is provided. The "Readings" at the end of each chapter and the footnotes are valuable features of this work, which we have often recommended,—the English rendering as well as the German original. Published by the B. Herder Book Co.; price, $2.50.

—One of the most commendable activities of the National Catholic Welfare Council, or rather of that Council's Department of Social Action, is the publication of the Social Action Series,—books presenting the Catholic teaching on the important social and industrial problems of the day. The first of the series, Dr. Ryan's "The Church and Labor," appeared some time ago; and we now receive from the Macmillan Co. the second volume, "The Social Mission of Charity," by the Rev. Dr. Kerby, professor of sociology in the Catholic University. The work, an octavo of some two hundred pages, is "a study of points of view in Catholic charities," and it is commended by Bishop Muldoon (who writes the Introduction) as "a faithful interpretation of the mind of the N. C. W. C.'s Department of Social Action." Sixteen chapters are devoted to such practical subjects as: Good Samaritans, The Background of Poverty, The Quality of Poverty,...Justice, Equality, Charity, Property,...The Social Worker, The Literature of Relief, Spirit and Organization in Catholic Charities, etc. A work to be read by all Catholics, lay and clerical, who desire to be conversant with the best thought on such social questions of the day as are allied to charity. Price, $2.25.

—That voluminous French writer on philosophical and historical subjects, Fr. Gaston Sortais, S. J., has added another to his long series of important works. Paul Lethielleux, Paris, has brought out the first volume of his "La Philosophie Moderne—Depuis Bacon jusqu'a Leibniz." A royal octavo brochure of some 600 pages, the work is an exceptionally interesting historical study, evincing admirable analytic and synthetic power and a vast amount of erudition. While the setting of the author's "Modern Philosophy" is the seventeenth century, the Introduction (93 pages in length) contains an account of the preceding century, and a description of the social environment in which was developed the philosophical movement with which the work is principally concerned. Fr. Sortais does not confine his attention to philosophers of the first rank, such as Bacon, Gassendi, Hobbes, and Descartes; but discusses also the minor lights who were the precursors of the seventeenth century movement,—Pierre Ramus, François Sanchez, Giacomo Acontio, Everard Digby, William Temple, and Nicholas Hemmingen. Book I. of this important work bears the general title, "Empiricism in England and France"; and the body of this first volume is devoted to the life and works of Bacon, the Chancellor-Philosopher. Besides the contents at the beginning of the volume, no fewer than forty-nine pages at the end are given to a Bacon bibliography, a list of the authors quoted, and both an analytic and a synthetic table of the various chapters. A volume to be welcomed with delight by philosophical students everywhere.

—Funk & Wagnalls have brought out an authorized translation, by Richard Duffy, of another work by Jules Payot, Litt. D., author of the famous "Education of the Will," a book that has passed through more than thirty editions. This new volume, a twelvemo of 462 pages, is called "Will-Power and Work." In Book I., dealing with "attractions and methods of work," we have four chapters: Love of Work the Condition of All Progress, Real Intelligence and Pseudo-Effort, How to

Work, and Studies of Certain Great Men. Book II. deals with the psychological basis of a sound method of work, and discusses in detail: Attention, Memory, Instruction through Reading, and Methods in Various Branches of Study. A concluding chapter has to do with such topics as the choice of a method, working for a living, advantages and disadvantages of a great city, much leisure not necessary, etc. This will prove a stimulating book for all who read it with a will to profit by its principles and suggestions; and it would be a much more useful book if it had an adequate index.

—The London *Times Literary Supplement* devotes considerable space to a collection of "poems" recently published by the Egoist Press, the object being to illustrate the rhymes, and to show the latest device for disguising a lack of inspiration by means of a superficial conventionality. The poet writes and prints thus:

. Are they weapons or scalpels?
Whetted
to
brilliance by the hard majesty of that sophistication
which is su-
perlor to opportunity, these things are rich
instruments with which to experiment but
surgery is
not tentative: why dissect destiny with
instruments
which
are more highly specialized than the tissues
of destiny
itself?

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane) 16s.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons). $7.65.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Bernard Shevlin, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. James Bergen, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Joseph Kearney, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Patrick Heslin, archdiocese of San Francisco.

Sister M. Jerome, of the Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Alacoque, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Francis Anglin, Mr. John Martin, Mr. Charles Albright, Mrs. M. A. Riley, Mr. Henry Bussman, Mr. Edward Walsh, Miss Catherine Hails, Miss Mary Johnston, Mr. James Feely, Jr., Mr. James Heelan, Mr. J. R. Thomas, Mr. Herbert Henniges, Mrs. Alice O'Keefe, Mr. Thomas Woods, Mrs. Mary Foley, Mr. J. F. Moder, Mr. Robert L. Prendergast, Mr. C. J. Fox, Mrs. Mary Yung, Mr. Jacob Meyers, Jr., Miss Katherine McNamara, Miss Mary Ganghran, Mr. Norbert Hens, Mrs. David Ward, and Mr. J. J. Jordan.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Prayer to the Virgin Mother.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF JULIA JADOVSKAYA, BY THE REV. C. T. WILSON, M. A.

MOTHER of intercession, hear me
When I offer thee my prayer!
A grievous sinner, clothed in darkness,
Let me still thy blessings share.

When sorrow, care, and loss befall me,
When mine enemies gain way,
In the hour of saddest suffering,
Come thou to my help, I pray!

A holy joy, thirst for salvation,
Place thou deep within my heart;
To the heavenly kingdom guiding,
Let me not from truth depart.

A Day with the Hermits of St. Romuald.

I WAS sauntering one summer's day—it was many years ago—along a narrow bridle-path which winds in and out among the lower folds of the hill of Tusculum, when, hearing the tread of a mule behind me, I stepped aside into the bushes which fringe the way to make room for it to pass.

I looked up, and the sight that met my eyes filled me with wonder and delight. An old Camaldolese monk was moving slowly and gravely along the path. His long white cloak swept down over the back of the mule; he wore a wide-brimmed hat of the same color; and the beard which covered his chest was even whiter than his dress. It was like a picture of St. Romuald journeying from monastery to monastery to visit his brethren; and the trees which met overhead formed the frame of the picture, all the more effective because their pleasant green was flecked with the gold of the sunshine. Not a solitary detail in the scene told of the nineteenth century. Had you lived in the tenth you might have met such a figure on the road from Arezzo to the original Camaldoli. It required an effort to come back to the prosaic present.

Though the pleasure remained, my wonder vanished as quickly as it came. For within a few hundred yards of where I stood there lies a famous monastery of the Order of Camaldoli; and, though the monks, or hermits, are obliged by rule to remain within the enclosure, there are occasions which require their presence outside, such as the holding of a General Chapter or the spiritual needs of the surrounding country. It was evidently one of the Fathers on his return from some such errand of mercy whom I had seen; for they had been asked to assist the clergy of a neighboring village who were not sufficiently numerous for their work. Let us now follow the good Father and pay a visit to his monastery, which is a very good example of its kind.

The path within a short distance opens out into a wide, grass-grown space and brings you in sight of the boundary wall. It extends on either side till the inequalities of the ground

hide it from sight. Immediately in front there is a break in the line of wall. It turns inward on either hand, and flanks for a hundred yards or so the road which leads up to the great gateway. At the end of the avenue thus formed, on a tablet let into a pillar, is engraved a sentence of excommunication against all who violate the enclosure. The lay-brother, however, who has charge of the gate will readily admit visitors, provided there be no ladies in the party. He is not bound by the law of silence which is one of the rules of the house, but is, as it were, the voice of the community by which they carry on their business with the outside world.

When you have passed within, you at once perceive that it is quite unlike an ordinary religious house. It is not made up of one large block of buildings, but of a number of small cottages arranged on a regular plan, divided by streets so as to form a village. By the side of the main entrance there is a larger house which serves as the dispensary and almonry, and contains rooms for strangers. Right opposite as you enter, but on a considerably higher level, rises the church, a plainly-built structure in the Italian style. If you stroll down one of the streets of the diminutive town you will find that each little house is quite shut off from the other, and that there are no windows looking out onto the roadway. The air of repose and quiet which reigns over all makes it in that respect very unlike any ordinary Italian village. Each house is inhabited by one monk, who passes the greater part of his time within its small precincts. It comprises a sleeping and a living room, together with a small garden. Your only opportunity of examining a house is when there is a vacancy, as the Fathers never receive visitors in their cells.

St. Romuald (906–1026), the founder of this Order, united the cenobitic or monastic life to the hermitical. The monks do not ordinarily meet for meals: they dine separately in their cottages; but they gather in the church for the Office and the conventual Mass; so that, while they retain one of the main objects of community life—the recitation in common of the official prayer of the Church,—they lead otherwise the life of solitaries. Silence is almost unbroken; they never eat flesh-meat except in case of severe illness; they pass their time in prayer and certain allotted exercises.

You can attend the singing of Vespers in the church any day. The choir is behind the high altar, so that, as is frequently the case in monastic churches, the persons reciting the Office can not be seen from the nave. There are no benches in the body of the church except two rows of prie-dieus, kneeling at which the monks attend the conventual Mass. But the reverence and slowness with which they sing are most impressive. The long-drawn-out notes of the *Deus in adjutorium* especially appeal to those who are accustomed to the brisk, alert utterance of the native clergy. You feel that they are engaged in the one duty which means everything to them—prayer. After the opening invocation they proceed more rapidly, but always at an unusually slow rate. Winter and summer, night and day, the religious assemble in the church for this solemn duty.

You appreciate the beauty of it, and you are ready to join them when the burning heat of the summer makes the cool church attractive and the poetry of their life touches the heart; but just try to imagine the assembling for midnight Office when the snows of winter have come and changed all the scene. The wind is howling through the trees of the adjacent forest; it sweeps along the open, exposed terrace in front of the porch; it is piercingly cold as it comes from snow-covered mountains, and the lofty situation of the monastery leaves

it quite unsheltered except where the craggy summit of Tusculum frowns above it. The Fathers struggle along one by one with their lanterns in their hands and pass up the nave into the choir. Then, in the same measured accents, regardless of the cold, of the wild, stormy night, they sing the long Office of Matins and Lauds.

Should you be privileged to assist at such a service, you would know that it is not poetry or dreamy fascination of Medieval institutions which leads men into such a life, but the stern spirit of penance,—the same spirit which nine hundred years ago animated Romuald in his lifelong austerities, and which has made his name proverbial for mortification among the saints of God. The compensation for such lives as the Camaldolesi lead is not found where the poets and painters of this age have placed it, but in the sweetness of contemplation and prayer. They find there a happiness which is absolutely unknown to the world,—which indeed the world would neither understand nor believe were it made known.

The Order gets its name of Camaldoli from the most famous of the many monasteries founded by St. Romuald. This is situated in the territory of Arezzo in Tuscany. It lies amid the Apennines, east of Florence. The land was given to him by a nobleman named Maldoli, and it was, it is supposed, called Campo Maldoli, or the land of Maldoli; whence, on contraction, we have Camaldoli. It must not be understood that this was the first monastery of the new foundation: though it is probable that here was made the change from the black to the white habit which distinguishes the sons of St. Romuald from the other Benedictines. The saint founded an almost incredible number of houses during his long life,—which, according to the annals of the Order, was prolonged beyond his hundred and twentieth year. It did not acquire its distinctive name of Camaldoli until the time of Pope Paschal II., who about a hundred years after the building of this house decided that the whole congregation should be ruled by whoever was prior here. Hence all the houses are called Camaldoli from the original Camaldoli of Arezzo.

The hermitage of Tusculum owes its existence to a canon of the Basilica of St. Mary Major, the great church of Our Lady in Rome, who lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He interested Paul V. in his project. That Pope—whose name you may see carved in gigantic letters across the façade of St. Peter's, for in his reign the rebuilding of that church was brought to completion—belonged to the Borghese family. They possessed, and still possess, wide acres in the Agro Tuscálano, and they readily gave a site for the undertaking. Indeed, the whole family entered with zest into the work of founding the monastery. A beginning was made in 1606; and the Pope, who often resided at the magnificent villa of Mondragone in the neighborhood, encouraged the builders by repeated visits. The first cell was soon ready and was dedicated to the mystery of the Annunciation. In 1613 the whole was enclosed by the great wall and canonically erected into a Camaldoli. The church was consecrated about twenty years later.

This house—from its proximity to Rome and its presence among the villas, or country residences, which surround Frascati, the modern Tusculum—was often visited by the popes and cardinals of the Papal Court. It lies, it is true, somewhat remote from the town and nearer to the site of the ancient city, but still it is easy of access. For the same reason it was sometimes chosen as the place of meeting for the General Chapter of the Order; and in 1651 a solemn congregation of all the members was held here during the pontificate of

Innocent X. At this assembly many important questions touching the government and discipline of the various hermitages were settled.

It was not often, however, that the even tenor of their lives of peace and seclusion and prayer was troubled by visits from the outside world. Even when great people did come to look through the house, and, in a few hours' stay, to gather as much as they could of the life and work of the hermits, their visit concerned only one or two, such as the prior and the guest-master; the other members of the community would see little of the strangers,—perhaps would not even know of their presence in the monastery.

There was one visit, however, which must have made a stir among them. In 1656 a very celebrated personage, Queen Christina of Sweden, called at Camaldoli. Her name was in her own day only less famous than that of her father, Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of the Protestants during the Thirty Years' War. It is an instance, as some would say, of the strange irony of fate—or, as is a better way of putting it, of the overruling power of Divine Providence—that the daughter of the great Protestant hero, and also his successor on the throne, should have embraced the True Faith.

But we are not now concerned with Queen Christina's history, which is in its way as romantic as any in the annals of modern Europe; but only with the solitary incident of her visit to this secluded monastery. She obtained permission from Pope Alexander VII. to enter the enclosure. The Fathers, anxious for the tranquillity of the house, stipulated that the visit should be limited to one day, and that her retinue should be of moderate dimensions. Monastic annals, as a rule, record only facts and find no room for reflections; otherwise it would be interesting to know what were the thoughts of these solitaries when brought face to face with the Queen whose career had so astonished Europe. One thing is certain: there could hardly be a greater contrast than that between the calm, prayerful lives of the hermits and the busy, changeful career of the Swedish Princess.

Another name of note in its day, but little known now, is also connected with the Tusculan Camaldoli. It is that of Cardinal Domenico Passionei. He had been Papal Nuncio in Switzerland and at the Court of the heroic Empress Marie Thérèse of Austria; and it was there that he learned to know and appreciate the Camaldolesi, whose hermitages he often visited. So when he was recalled to Rome and made Cardinal, he retired to Tusculum. Having built a retreat for himself within the enclosure, he spent the last twenty years of his life—from 1740 to 1761—in study and preparation for death. He did not join the Order, nor did he leave the world so completely as his friends, the hermits, had done; for he was frequently visited by men of tastes similar to his own, and held a little court of scholars and antiquarians in his house.

He made a collection of inscriptions from the ruins of old Tusculum which lay all around, and no doubt the collection attracted other visitors. The result was that the monks often found his presence among them rather prejudicial to the observance of their rule; for they keep ever in view their vocation as solitaries, and the gathering of libraries or museums would interfere very seriously with that end. They, however, bore with the good Cardinal patiently till his death; but then they dismantled his dwelling, removed all the furniture inconsistent with the strictest poverty, and passed on his collection to those who could find more use for it than themselves.

Cardinal Wiseman, in his "Recollec-

tions of the Last Four Popes," has given us a beautiful description of Camaldoli, and has narrated in graphic terms the one great event of its later history: how the entire community was carried off into the mountains by an audacious band of brigands. Happily, their immediate release followed, and the adventure was without serious consequences to the house. To this day, therefore, in spite of much persecution, they continue to lead their lives of austerity and prayer. The prior at the time of my visit was a man well advanced in years, and had the reputation among the country-people of working miracles. He manifested much interest in the state of religion among the English-speaking peoples, and said that he prayed every day for the return of England to the Faith.

We went into the church for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as it was the First Friday of the month. And there we will leave the holy solitaries; for I like best to think of them kneeling on their prie-dieus, two long rows of white-clad figures in the gathering gloom of evening, before the open doors of the tabernacle—for they do not use the monstrance at Benediction,—with the candles casting a soft light on the altar, and the singing of the *Tantum Ergo* sounding through the church. If their brethren of the eleventh century could join them now, they would find this Benediction service almost the only innovation in all those ages.

F. T. L.

WE may have some years still of temptation and buffeting and sorrow and warfare, and of the cross on earth. These things may be. Storms upon the lake, clouds upon the mountain,—they are our earthly lot. What matter? If we be children of the Resurrection, heaven is ours. And heaven is near; we know not how long or how soon our day may be. —*Cardinal Manning.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

X.—THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
—*Byron.*

NOT to attract notice, it was decided that Walter should discard his hat and coat, put on a cap and blouse, carry a stout, plain stick with a curved handle, and, thus disguised, proclaim himself a dealer in horses. Many English dealers came to Flanders to buy horses, and, for convenience in going about the country to look at cattle, assumed such a garb. Deryck soon provided all that Walter wanted, including a change of linen, for all of which he paid; and, moreover, made him take five guineas for his voyage up river. At first the good man would not accept a "stiver" for what he had done; but Walter insisted, for he was still well provided with funds.

This settled, Walter felt freer to make use of the man's hospitality as (what we should now call) "a paying guest." This self-contradicting phrase had not been invented some four-score and more years ago, but it will serve. Towards evening the schoolmaster came in from his daily tasks, and Walter found him, as he expected, an intelligent man, and they were soon well acquainted, as the schoolmaster spoke good French.

The common-room of the house was a picturesque apartment. At one end of it was a large, open fireplace, in which towards evening a wood fire was lighted, and the good woman of the house cooked supper. This was served on a round table covered with a coarse, white homespun cloth. The grown-up members of the household, including Walter, took their places around this table; grace was said reverently, and then they fell to eating a supper of

black puddings and cabbages, whole-meal bread, butter, cheese, and apples, washed down by some wholesome beer. The children made merry over their bread and milk, served to them at a table apart.

When the meal was over and the day was drawing to a close, all assembled and knelt before the crucifix that hung above a small statue of Our Lady at one end of the room, and the grandmother recited evening prayers. All except Walter joined in the responses aloud; but he did so silently, saying his own English prayers to himself. Then the women and children retired to rest, first having begged a blessing from grandfather and father, and wishing Walter a good-night. It was a beautiful Christian ceremony, happily still in vogue in many peasant families in Flanders.

The three men drew their chairs round the fire and began to smoke. Walter, having exhausted his stock of cigars, ventured on a long clay pipe filled with tobacco such as the schoolmaster smoked, which was milder than that which the boatman enjoyed. Walter was anxious to send a letter to the Count de Vrye, and another to the Hartleys at Bruges. The schoolmaster said that the troubles had completely dislocated the postal service. For two days no letters had reached the village; even his beloved newspapers had not been delivered. But he knew a man who was going to Bruges in a day or two, to deliver some calico he had woven, and he was a trustworthy fellow. But there was another difficulty. Walter had neither pen, ink nor paper, nor could the house provide such materials, but they might be procured next day at the schoolhouse; so it was settled that Walter should go there with the master on the following day. Then, after some further talk about the all-absorbing topic of the fight for freedom, the fire burning low, the men went to their beds. Walter was provided with a tallow candle, and was shown to his small bedroom in the attic, where he was soon enjoying a sound sleep in a very homely bedstead.

When Walter awoke, the morning sun was streaming into his little room. Hearing persons moving about below, and the prattle of children under his window, he opened it and looked out. Before him was a wide view of meadows and embankments, beyond which he saw the glint of the river, and beyond it the towers and spires of the city of Antwerp, clear and sharply cut against the cloudless sky. Peace seemed to reign over all, in spite of the fort of the Tête de Flandre in the foreground, with grim cannon mounted on its grassy ramparts, about which he saw sentinels pacing to and fro, and above which the Dutch flag waved from a tall flagstaff. Having, as was his habit, knelt and said his morning prayers, Walter descended to the pump at the rear of the house, where he completed his toilet and donned his blouse. Entering the common-room, he found the family preparing to breakfast off coffee, milk, and buttered slices of brown bread. After breakfast, he went to the village, wrote his letters in the schoolroom, and, with the schoolmaster's help, found the messenger who was just about to leave for Bruges.

Several days elapsed and no answer to his letters came. Walter amused himself by giving a helping hand in the work about the place, and became quite skilled in sawing and chopping the driftwood which the boatman had brought from the river and stored up to make fuel. He also soon made himself a favorite with the children and took part in their games.

He felt himself being absorbed by this rural life when one morning, rising and as usual looking out of the window, he saw on the great embankment that kept the river off the meadows, at some distance higher up the river than the

fort, a crowd of figures gathered. He saw the flash of steel amongst them, and he thought that they were soldiers drilling. He casually mentioned this while breakfasting. To his surprise, the old boatman seemed to hear this report with concern, but he simply remarked to Walter:

"Let's go to your room and see what these soldiers are doing."

They went upstairs, and the boatman, who had brought a small telescope with him, had a long and careful look at the group on the dike.

"See what they are doing," he said, handing the glass to Walter, who, after taking a long, steady look through it, answered:

"They are soldiers; they seem busy with pickaxe and shovel, breaking up the ground. Some new fortifications, I suppose?"

"Would to heaven it were so!" replied the man. "But, God help us all, they are cutting a breach through the embankment! They mean to drown the country with the waters of the river. We have no time to lose. Once the waters of the river find their way through, the breach will rapidly widen; in a very few hours all these meadows, the highroad, and this land of mine, will be covered with five or six feet of water; for it is that much below the river's level at high tide."

Then the men went down, and the grandfather told his family of the dire catastrophe that threatened them. With the decision of a man accustomed to grapple with sudden storms, he gave his orders. Horse and cart were brought out, and in the cart were stowed bedding, blankets, and household utensils such as would suffice for camping out. Over these was spread the boat's sail, on which were placed poultry in a hencoop, and a pig in a big box, beside which room was made for the children. The schoolmaster had hurried to the village to warn the authorities of the coming flood. The village itself was safe, standing as it did on higher ground; but they must warn farmers who lived out on the polders or had cattle grazing over them.

"Our house is strongly built, and will resist the waters which will flood its ground-floor; so we can stow all that is movable away in the attics, and take with us only what we need most," said the old boatman, adding solemnly: "The river enriched me: it now strives to ruin me, set loose by men who perhaps know not the evil they are causing. But, my children, God gives and God takes as He sees fit; His will be done."

The water had already covered the road and was entering "The Ship," when the caravan left for the village, two cows and a calf being led behind the cart. Thanks to the good parish priest, the family were allowed to lodge in the schoolroom, the children being given a holiday for a time. But very soon other families came into the village, and with three of these the boatman's family had to share their shelter. The priest took two families into his house. All the inhabitants did what they could to provide shelter for men and cattle that sought it in their village. But, as the waters spread and rose rapidly, the village, with its crowded population, found itself an island in the midst of a vast expanse of water. Soon all would be starving.

"I must fetch my boat," said Deryck to Walter. "With it I could reprovision this place from districts beyond the flood."

"But the waters are too deep to permit your crossing to where your boat is?" objected Walter.

"Let's build a raft to carry me there," the boatman suggested.

They found the village carpenter, who willingly gave them a hand and lent them timber. The raft was soon made; the boat's sail, mast, and oars were fitted to it, and Deryck was about

to set out when Walter volunteered to go with him. "Two hands are better than one for such a craft," said Walter, as he embarked on the raft. They quickly sailed over the flooded fields to the dike, where they made fast the raft, and, climbing over the embankment, found the boat. With much labor, they dragged the boat over the embankment and launched it in the waters of the inundation. Then, with the raft in tow, they made their way to the village. Having there refreshed themselves with bread, cheese and beer, Deryck proposed to sail across the flood towards a larger village inland, to report the straits to which their village was reduced.

"I shall go with you," said Walter. "It would not be right for me to remain here longer—a useless mouth for the village to feed. I can make my way towards Bruges and perhaps meet my messenger returning thence."

So Walter bade farewell to his kind friends and sailed away in the boat. In it they approached as near to the village as they could by water. They were met by a party of horsemen, and Walter saw that these wore the uniform of the mounted chasseurs of the Count. Great was his joy when he found the Count at their head. Soon all was explained. The Count with his men, accompanied by a battalion of volunteers, had marched from Bruges by Ghent as far as this village, where the flood had brought them to a halt. This force had been sent to surprise the fort at the Tête de Flandre, where many Belgian military prisoners were detained, and who, it had been secretly settled, were to mutiny and open a gate of the fort at the approach of the Count's forces. The capture of the fort would have hampered the Dutch flotilla in the Scheldt in acting against Antwerp. But, as Burns sings,

> The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft a'-gley!

The Dutch had got wind of the expedition and had flooded the land around the fort.

The Count welcomed Walter warmly, and told him that his orderly, Pat O'Brien, had brought, in their baggage wagon, Walter's arms and accoutrements. He had led his charger with him. "For sure, Count," he had argued, "that English boy will turn up when we least expect him." And so he did. The little force now took the shortest road towards Mechlin to join the main body of Patriots. Walter had got into uniform, and very smart he looked in it, as he mounted his charger and took his place in the ranks of the Count's troop.

Before parting with Deryck, he took a gold signet-ring from his finger and begged him to give it to his son. "He must write to me and seal his letters with this ring," he said. "Let it be a keepsake to remind you of the Englishman to whom you've all been so good." The ring was the only gift he had ever received from a godfather, who had never troubled to ask if the boy was going the way he should. It had been inscribed with the words *Ex luce lucellum*, which the donor, anticipating the ill-timed punning of a certain Chancellor of the Exchequer, had translated: "From Lucy a Little Gane." Walter's mother's name was Lucy.

A few days later, Walter saw the Patriots strike that first blow that makes hereditary bondsmen free. He had also met his messenger, who informed him that the Hartleys had suddenly left Bruges and gone away in the direction of Paris; so Walter's letter could not be delivered. This sudden departure distressed and puzzled the young man and troubled his dreams. He must clear up the mystery, but first he had to do his work as a volunteer. He almost regretted then that he had joined the Count's troop.

(To be continued.)

A Saint and His Castle.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

IF one has come slowly up the waters of the Saint Lawrence, musing on the deeds of ancient voyageurs, dreaming of Champlain, La Salle, and Père Marquette, the first glimpse of Montreal is likely to be attended with somewhat of surprise and even disillusionment. When the great blue loaf on the horizon has turned out to be a wooded mountain, round whose base cluster the towers and chimneys of a metropolis, when the boat has anchored prosaically at a jostling wharf, one steps off into the din of busy modern life with more than a little chagrin. After all, one metropolis is very much like another, and one business section is not likely to reveal more mystery or charm than its counterparts in distant lands. Nevertheless, after an hour or two one realizes gratefully that Montreal possesses that indefinable quality which is termed, possibly because of its vagueness and intimacy, atmosphere. There is the hallowed old French church of Notre-Dame, the splendid richness of whose interior breathes tranquil piety; there are the vast dome of the cathedral, the austere monastic walls of convents and seminaries, and the happy interplay of many bells rousing the dawn for Mass.

For me, however, the most satisfying part of Montreal is that side of its evergreen mountain which faces the North, not bleakly but peacefully, and is therefore called Côte-des-Neiges. It is really a broad, steep barrier against industrialism, whose outermost edges are fringed with smoke from the factories beyond. Below is the River of the Prairie, an unambitious stream that wanders appreciatively through farms and tiny villages, past monastic institutions and the spires of country chapels. The landscape, one says, has done penance, but still loves the ways of the world; it resembles a handsome man, strong of jaw and grey-eyed.

All this is memorable but not unforgettable: that which sets the scene apart from all other vistas in the world is the marvellous, half-completed shrine of Saint Joseph. There is a temple of miracles here; and the crypt—which will be surmounted later with a grand basilica—stands out from near the lofty summit of Côte-des-Neiges with some of the blunt force of a battlemented donjon; but the modified austerity of its Romanesque form soon betrays its religious purpose. Steps lead up and up to the giant doors,—steps thronged with petitioners, and carpeted already with hope and prayer and human weariness,—steps that one ascends with awe under the majesty of the goal above.

Such grandeur of appearance has been a surprise, for this is not one of the famed shrines of the world; and the wonder increases. A frail, white-haired Brother of Holy Cross has hastened down the long way from the crypt as if on an errand, and now stands beside a carriage from which a man on crutches is being let down. Rheumatism of a particularly malignant kind doomed this victim six years ago, and the best physicians have pronounced the malady incurable. The aged Brother greets this total stranger as a friend. "Walk," he says cheerfully; and the sick man stumbles painfully up the stairs, resting often, praying, his eyes alight with faith but scarcely with hope. We follow. Thousands have thronged the shrine, of the interior of which we now get our first impressions. The vaulting is plain, steadfast Romanesque; the amount of space is extraordinary; and the central point is a magnificent altar surmounted by a statue of Saint Joseph, both fashioned from the white treasury of Carrara. Along the walls are

chapels, hung already with crutches beyond number. There is a sermon, a procession during which a smaller image of the patron is carried reverently through the crowd, Benediction, and veneration of the precious relic.

During all this time we have not lost sight of the suffering man, whose face twitches with pain, even as his lips move with the words of prayer. Will any marvel be done in him, one muses,—any swift, divine drama ending in the *Benedicite?* And suddenly we see him come from the veneration, erect, firm, without one trace of the malady which has hounded him these long, long years! A well man now, he can not realize the wonder of it—and we leave him, half in tears, half dazed with joy, on his knees before the tabernacle.

Gradually we begin to sense the spirit of this shrine. The exultant attack, the gorgeous crusade of prayer which distinguishes Lourdes is not present here; instead there is a kind of quiet domesticity that caresses the public devotion with understanding hands. That several thousand people come here daily, many of them on foot from long distances, is a fact which of itself ought to make this shrine a notable testimonial to genuine Catholic life. But there is nothing ostentatious about this throng,—nothing that savors even mildly of theatrical demonstration. Everyone kneels, prays, walks to and fro quietly. The sick who seek out the patient, unworldly Brother, wait calmly, confidently; and it seems to us that even the refreshment stand, where the body may be gently indulged, is administered with something like the peace of the angels. Saint Joseph's shrine, in short, has a great deal of the homelikeness of Nazareth; and people come and go as they might to their own houses after the work of a day.

We were not present for a festival of general pilgrimage. On such occasions the crypt will not contain even a goodly fraction of the visitants. Fifty thousand people have come here on a single day, and crowds of twenty thousand are no longer noteworthy. This manifestation of devotion is seen to be marvellous when one learns that all of it has developed since 1896. In the earlier days, Frère André gathered the sick in a simple log chapel, which has been preserved under a covering of weatherboards. The walls here are tapestried with crutches and votive lights; it is the interesting cradle of an unusual mission. With the permission of the hierarchy, a half million dollars, that had been contributed by the faithful, was employed in the erection of the crypt. It is expected that work on the basilica will begin presently. As yet the shrine is practically unknown beyond French Canada; and when all America shall have awakened to its blessed existence, Côte-des-Neiges will become, surely, the scene of pilgrimages vast as a crusade.

The present needs have been well provided for in ecclesiastical routine. Devotions are conducted under the direction of a picked and enthusiastic clergy; but there is no clinic such as one finds at Lourdes, nor a sign of the commercial *entourage* which thrives round the great French shrine. From a merely human point of view, the setting and appearance of this sacred place possess the rarest, the most unspoiled charm; from the mystic aspect, one feels that here is indeed hallowed ground, fascinating as no mere scenery or city can possibly be. Contact with the ready, simple, undoubting faith so active here is well worth crossing a continent to experience.

This energy of faith, we hope, will always be the treasure of this treasure house. It is most certainly the answer to the living, all-informing Catholicism of the Canadian French. Their glory is

to have preserved steadfastly the flame which the mother country had almost suffered to die out; to have made their civilization instinct with the calm surety of their belief, and to have refused to divorce moral practice from moral theory. In the land of Quebec it is still the natural thing to believe that miracles may be asked of the Providence of God. Earth bears as of old the manifold footprints of Divinity. And one finds accordingly something eminently befitting in the preservation of the French language, which, though spoken here in an older form, seems a vessel in which the vivid faith of Gaul has chosen to be conserved. It ought, however, to prove only a trifling barrier between the Canadians who speak it and us of the United States, who can find in the Northland much to learn and to love.

It is singular that the Blessed Virgin, whose ministry of benevolence has created so many harbors of refuge in France—Lourdes, Notre-Dame des Victoires, La Salette—should have entrusted this work in Canada to the members of her household. Saint Joseph is present at Côte-des-Neiges, and Saint Anne works miracles at Beaupré. Has this been the design of the Blessed Mother? No one can say, of course; for the economy of wonder-working has never been explained to man. But the majestic citadel that looks down from the peaceful slope of Montreal is marked with the three sublime names of our Redemption: Jesus, Mary, Joseph. To have caught a glimpse of the piety which springs up naturally from its stones, of the charity dispensed to the suffering, of the serenity of its daily purpose, is to have gained a new recognition of the mystery of Heaven's love for us. The dense rows of the faithful, kneeling humbly before the tabernacle of the Son, beg the mediation of the Foster-father, who, in the words of the Church, is the counsellor of them that pray, the refuge of the sorrowful, the father of the poor, the preserver of peace, the comforter of the dying.

Blessed are those to whom is given the opportunity to join that petition! When the rising sun, some years from now, shall have encrusted the summit of Mont Réal with a layer of immaculate gold, the spires of the great basilica of Côte-des-Neiges will rise more splendid than any palace of Cæsar, more mystical than the Temple of Solomon. They will seem to be, indeed, the turrets of the faith that is in America, the pinnacles of our confidence. May they, in addition, always be the signposts of a great house of prayer, wherein are wrought, ineffably, those wonders which make of shrines the most gentle as well as the most interesting places in the world. It is hoped that great numbers of people outside the borders of French Canada will seek in this vast church the peace of prayer, and find the blessed memory for which one pilgrim, who came upon it quite by accident, will remain thankful until the end.

On a Picture of Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, and at that fatal hour,—
No place for dull and frivolous questions here,
No need of human agents to make clear
The most tremendous act of human power,—
The distant cross, the rent and fallen tower,
The op'ning graves, from which the dead appear,
Their buried forms, the elemental fear,
When horrid light, and horrid darkness lower:
All tell the holy tale, the mystery
And solace of our souls. Awe-struck we gaze
On this so mute, yet eloquent history,—
Awe-struck and sad, at length our eyes we raise
To go; yet oft return the scene to see,
Too full of that great theme to think of praise.

ANON.

"Have You Ever Seen a Ghost?"

I WAS walking one day on the Pincio when I met a dear friend of mine, Angelo Marucci by name, and by profession a physician. He was of a bright and sunny disposition, full of useful information and amusing anecdote; so that he was always sought after, and his friendship deeply cherished, especially by his many patients, high and low.

He saluted me in his cheery way, and locked my arm in his. We strolled along for some minutes, to my great surprise without saying a word. I was wondering what could be the cause of this unusual silence on the part of my vivacious friend, when, dropping my arm, he stopped and suddenly put the question:

"Have you ever seen a ghost?"

"Not I," I replied.

"Well, I have."

"Then please tell me all about it."

We resumed our walk, and he again took the arm he had dropped as he swung round to question me.

"I'll never forget it," he continued, "the longest day I live. It was the eve of the Epiphany, about fifteen years ago. I had been grinding very hard previous to my final examination for the medical profession. I felt run down and in need of some relaxation. So, after a good breakfast, in the early morn I took myself to the Piazza Sant' Eustacchio, to get a peep at the various stalls where were displayed the innumerable toys and sweets so ravishing to the hearts of the little ones. In your foggy island, the babies look to Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney to fill their stockings. Here, in old Rome, they rely on the generosity of the Magi. The Epiphany—or, as they call it, the 'Befana'—is the day of all days for them. I wandered in and out the stalls, admiring the ingenious work of the Cribs, with their beautifully modelled and artistically painted statuettes. They were worked in various mediums,—marble, clay, plaster-of-Paris, even gingerbread. It was charming to watch the puzzled expression on the countenances of the parents, torn hither and thither,—now by the shouts of the excited little ones, now by the clamors of the sellers, one trying to get the better of the other; but with the greatest good humor, and abundant interchange of repartee for which the Romans are famous—"

"How you run on!" I exclaimed. "Have you forgotten the ghost?"

"Excuse my garrulity," replied the medico, "and let me tell the story in my own way. Amongst the crowd I noticed a tall, handsome-looking fellow, fully head and shoulders above them all. He wore a jacket and vest of brown velvet, studded with brass buttons bearing the crest of his employer. His nether parts were enclosed in corduroy 'knickers' of the same color, and ending in brown leather gaiters and thick boots. A low steeple-hat crowned his dark curly locks, and a double-barrelled gun was slung from his shoulder. At first sight you would have taken him for a bold, bad bandit from the Abruzzi; but on closer inspection you would have changed your opinion. In spite of his formidable appearance, accentuated by a square jaw, there was a softness in the eyes, as well as certain lines about the mouth, which betokened a kindly disposition. He was only a *guardabosco*, or ranger—or what you call a bailiff,—whose chief duty consists in warning off poachers and trespassers from his master's preserves.

"Evidently he and the stall-holder were old acquaintances; for I overheard the latter inquiring: 'How is Beppo?'—'As lively as ever,' replied the bailiff. 'For the last six months he has been plaguing me to buy him a Crib. This morning, very early, he was at my bedside counting on his little fingers the

various articles he wanted: *"La Madonna, Il Bambino, San Giuseppe."* He then stopped, quite breathless. I thought he was at the end of his enumeration. But no: he soon got his wind again, and, shaking his little head like a mandarin, with warning finger he punctuated the climax of his wants: "As you love me, dadda, don't forget the three Holy Kings with their camels!" So I suppose I must obey the little tyrant to the letter.' The statuettes were selected and packed without another word; and, taking the rather bulky parcel under his arm, with a *'Buona festa, arrivederci!'* to the stall-holder, the kind-hearted father marched off with his purchase.

"It was a cold, misty morning when I first set out for the Piazza Sant' Eustacchio; but toward midday the sun broke through the clouds, clearing the atmosphere, diffusing warmth in the air, and showing a lovely blue sky smiling down on us. What a day for a walk in the Campagna! I said to myself. So I ran back to Marietta, my dear old landlady, who no sooner knew my resolution than she began to pack my wallet with eatables, showering on my head all kinds of dismal warnings,—not to get overheated, to avoid chills for fear of catching a fever, such as *terzana, quartana, perniciosa,* and the rest. I laughed at the formidable budget of ills. 'It is no laughing matter,' she added, raising her hands and shoulders like a bird about to fly, and shaking her grey head as if it were on a swivel.

"With a 'God bless you!' I snatched up the wallet, went down the winding staircase like a tornado, out into the street, crossed to the Ripetta, to leave a message with a friend; then through the Piazza and Porta del Popolo, across the Ponte Milvis, until at last I heard myself whistling a march to the tap-tapping of my heels as they clattered on the hard level road that runs through the Campagna Romana.

"For the first hour and a half there was a gentle breeze which made the air crisp and exhilarating. A solitary raven passed croaking overhead. Brer Rabbit, with a rousing thud, thud, gave notice of my approach to the rest of his tribe. A gunshot rang out with startling distinctness, as though quite near; and as I looked toward the hills whence the sound reverberated, I noticed some ugly dark clouds rising behind them. In about a quarter of an hour they were over the hilltops and rolling pellmell down their sloping sides into the Campagna. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'for a wet jacket and a scolding from Marietta if I do not get into shelter!' To the right were the ruins of a deserted farm-house; so I sprinted toward them as fast as I could go, and arrived safe and sound a moment before the clouds dissolved into a heavy downpour.

"Judge, then, my surprise when I found I had been forestalled by two other very strange-looking companions in distress. They were dressed in a kind of monastic habit, topped by a cowl, which not only covered the head but fell down in a point over the face. Two eyeholes in the veiled cowl enabled the wearers to see through it. I was greeted with a *'Laudetur Jesus Christus!'* which had a kind of military challenge in it. *'Semper laudetur!'* I replied, somewhat mechanically, I confess, as I had not quite recovered from my surprise at the unexpected apparition. They belonged to a confraternity of laymen called Brothers of Mercy, who give themselves to the performance of one of the corporal works of mercy—that of burying the dead, especially the unknown who have perished in the Campagna, and of having Masses said for the repose of their souls. Noblemen and peasants, even bishops, delight in being enrolled as active members of the confraternity. These two were evidently gentlemen, and soon put me at my ease, chatting quite familiarly, with

the beautiful Roman intonation which it is so pleasant to hear. He who saluted me with the military ring in his voice was interested in medical science. He began to relate the discovery of some marvellous specific for the alleviation, if not cure, of leprosy.

"He was engaged in a very animated description when a tall form darkened the opening of the vaulted chamber in which we had taken cover. I at once recognized the bailiff of the morning. 'Excuse my interrupting you, gentlemen! There is a poor fellow lying dead close to the aqueduct,' said he, pointing toward the locality. 'With your permission, I will go at once to the innkeeper, Antonino, who lives a mile down the road, to ask for the loan of his horse and wagonette to bring the body home. Before I go, allow me to inform you that the place in which you stand is very dangerous, as the roof is liable to come down at any minute.' With these words he departed as silently as he had come.

"We gratefully took the hint ; and, at the invitation of the Brothers, I accompanied them on their errand of mercy. On our arrival at the aqueduct, we found a large basin built close to it. From the wall of the aqueduct protruded the figure of a ram's head, which, with open mouth, spurted water into the basin. The fountain was evidently erected for the wild cattle grazing in the Campagna, and for the convenience of the chance wayfarer. The water was deeply stained with blood. The dead body was face downward, and lying half in and half out of the basin. The back of the head was nearly blown away by gunshot. The poor fellow, it seemed, had leaned over the basin, in order to slake his thirst by placing his lips under the jet of water that came from the ram's mouth. In doing so, he must have violently shifted the double-barrelled gun which hung from his shoulder. The hammers, being at half cock, came down, and the contents of both barrels entered his brain. Judging from the position of the body, death must have been instantaneous. At his feet lay a bulky parcel covered with brown paper. We turned the body over gently, and who should it be but the man who, only a little while ago, had directed us to the fountain! We were washing and bandaging the dreadful wound, when Antonino arrived with the wagonette. As soon as he saw the corpse, he fell on his knees from the shock, exclaiming: *'Dio mio!* The very man you sent for the wagonette!'

"As the rain threatened to come down again, we decided to take the body to the shelter we had just vacated, forgetting all about the warning we had received. But there another surprise awaited us. The vaulted room had already collapsed! Deeply moved at our narrow escape, we recited a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving, and a *De Profundis* for the soul of the messenger. Whether it was the soul of the bailiff, or his Good Angel who took his form to warn us of our danger in return for the corporal work of mercy we were about to perform, I leave to you to decide."

"And what about little Beppo?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that," replied Angelo. "From a letter found on the dead man, we discovered the address of his employer, who, on receipt of the sad news, sent without delay for the body of his faithful servant. Beppo was inconsolable, and for many a long day would not open the parcel which contained his 'Befana,' which he still cherishes as one of his dearest treasures. He is now a fine young fellow, full of character and determination. He follows his father's vocation, and is reckoned one of the best sportsmen of the neighborhood. Better still, he is a good, practical Christian. Never an eve of the Epiphany passes without his going to the church of Sant' Eustacchio, to hear Mass,

receive Holy Communion, and have the Holy Sacrifice offered for the repose of the soul of his father. I once said to him by way of a joke (we are good friends, you know): *'Beppo mio*, don't you think you have prayed enough? Your father is surely with his Good Angel by now, especially as we have been told that he received Holy Communion on the very morning of the day on which he met his death?'—'As God wills,' he replied.

"Beppo put the same question to our old *parroco*, Don Abbondio. *'Carissimo,'* he answered kindly, 'when we speak of eternity there is no such a thing as time. God always was and always will be. For Him there is no past and no future: He is one eternal *now*, if I may use the expression. An expression of time can not define the eternal. Who can forgive sin but God and those whom He delegates? We, miserable creatures that we are, may and do arrest the plenitude of this copious and merciful redemption, either by failing to repent of venial sin, or by indolence in not making sufficient satisfaction for the debt of temporal punishment we have incurred. It is, therefore, not a question of time—of how long,—but of satisfactory purgation. How much of the latter, God only knows; for He alone, in the inaccessible light of His infinite purity, can measure the depths of the malice of sin, be it only what theologians term venial, to say nothing of mortal sin.

" 'The Church, therefore, teaches that souls are usually plunged into that sea of suffering [Purgatory] for a considerable time. Hence the custom which she not only allows but sanctions—the celebration of Masses on the anniversary of their departure; a custom which she suffers to go on from *century to century for the same souls*. Pray on, then, *caro Beppo;* and if you like, with this condition: should your good father be in no further need of your suffrages, implore the tender Heart of our merciful Redeemer to apply the merits of the Holy Sacrifice, in which He is both priest and victim, to any poor soul who has been called away suddenly, but who during his lifetime had been devout, after the example of the Shepherds and the three Holy Kings, to the sweet Babe of Bethlehem.' "

"You see," said the medico, "Beppo was not merely pious, but a well-instructed, thoughtful young fellow."

DE URBE.

Jimmy O'Shea.

BY WINIFRED A. STONE.

IT was early morn in the heart of a large Irish city, before the truce had been declared. The mists of the great river flowing through its centre still clung around the houses, shrouding them in mystery, disguising in some cases the dilapidations of conflict,—broken windows, ruined walls, shattered pavements; accentuating in others the noble proportions of new buildings, the spaciousness of wide avenues. For this was a city where mean streets and slums stood back to back with wide thoroughfares of prosperity and luxury; where teeming crowds or ragged poor jostled and elbowed more prosperous pedestrians; where Poverty and Prosperity walked side by side.

The city was but half awake. Milk venders' barrows rattled their cans noisily as they passed over the cobbled streets, and scavengers' carts lumbered along on their sordid rounds. Stray dogs prowled here and there in search of refuse. Women with heads covered with shawls were setting up their meagre stalls in some of the most frequented parts.

But the usual crowd of a busy day had not yet filled the pavements. Some people there were, hurrying along with thoughtful, intent look; and the

monotonous tinkle of church bells revealed their destination. Here was the great mystery of Life. Jesus, the Incarnate Word of the Father, offered Himself to His own; and those whose love burned with a clear flame were coming to accept His invitation.

A small, ragged boy stood on the edge of the pavement of the great bridge which spanned the river. His hair hung over his forehead and half hid the wide grey eyes which revealed his race. He had the wistful, far-away look of one who lives above and outside his material surroundings.

True child of a mystic race, Jimmy O'Shea was an impractical visionary even at the age of ten. What did it matter if clothes were rags, if feet were bare and pinched with cold, if the poor shelter called "home" were squalid and naked? Jimmy had never known a better. The kind-hearted creature whom Jimmy called "mother" saw to it that her brood had enough at least to satisfy their healthy appetites, but nothing else seemed to matter to her.

But Jimmy's life contained one intense joy. Deep down in his soul, he knew God, his great Friend, One who never failed, never forgot, never neglected His small lover. There, down in those shy depths never touched even by the mother he loved, or the big boy friend he adored, Jimmy had long ago discovered the secret of talking to his dearest Friend. To Him he had laid bare all the secrets of his soul, his hunger for sympathy, his disappointment at the unkindness or callousness which he experienced, his hope for a wonderful future, his acknowledgments of naughtiness, slight to an outsider, but looming large in Jimmy's conscience. And, most wonderful and satisfying of all things, his Friend never repulsed him, however disappointing was the tale Jimmy had to tell. And, best of all, this Friend would come to Jimmy every day, if only he would answer His call.

Daily, after he had sold his early papers, Jimmy turned in eager haste to the neighboring church, nearly hidden from sight by mean houses. There, he knew, his Friend awaited him; and always His presence came to Jimmy as a silent but close embrace, a tender kiss, a gentle but powerful guard against the evil which the day brought in its train.

On this particular day Jimmy was disturbed. His papers were rather long selling; for during the night a cordon of soldiers had been drawn around the centre of the city, and Jimmy's usual patrons were lacking. As the morning wore on, military lorries and armored cars patrolled the half-empty streets; foot passengers became fewer and fewer; the gloom and stress of the conflict began to cast their shadow over the brightness of the day.

At length the last paper was sold, and Jimmy hurried to meet his Friend. Alas, how empty the church! Instead of the usual brilliance of candles lighted to show honor to God, Our Lady, and the saints, only a few glimmered in the dimness of the vast building. Instead of the usual crowd of worshippers, only a few knelt here and there, some distance apart.

Jimmy stole in quietly and knelt with bowed head before the glimmering point of light which showed the presence of his Friend. The low-voiced priest passed softly to and fro; the tinkle of a bell reminded those few who had been able to reach their goal that God Himself was there to share their misery as well as their joy. "Jesus mercy! Mary help!" No other thought could fill the minds of those whose hearts ached and burned for their country's sorrow.

Jimmy knelt quietly at the altar rail. He had told his Friend all the pain and misery which had spoiled life that day. He waited quietly for His coming.

A great sense of peace descended upon him; the stress of the conflict

vanished, and assurance of security came to him. He felt himself immersed in an ocean of tenderness; the Church, through her mighty Head, was still able to triumph over the hostile powers which beset her.

Jimmy had no words to thank his Friend. He knelt a little longer, realizing the hand on his head, the arm across his shoulders, the kiss upon his lips. Then he rose, adored once more, and quietly walked out.

Everything seemed brighter. The sun shone gaily overhead. Only the streets seemed hushed, but Jimmy did not think it strange. It fitted into the hush of his heart. He walked along, his face uplifted, his eyes dreaming.

Suddenly a rush of feet startled him,—fleeing steps, the rumbling of a car, shouts, the rattle of musketry. Jimmy felt a piercing pain at his heart. The pressure of his Friend's hand grew stronger; he caught a glimpse of the wonderful smile which he knew but had never yet seen.

The fleeing steps died away. The car stopped; a soldier stooped and looked pitifully at a little figure lying on the pavement. But the pity changed to wonder at the radiance of the smile he saw. For Jimmy had met his Friend face to face at last.

LITTLE traits often reveal character more effectively than great deeds. During the South African war a little boy of six and a half years, living in England, when he heard that Lord Methuen was short of cavalry, with childish simplicity wrote and offered to lend his box of tin soldiers (Hussars and Lancers). The general, amidst all the anxiety and turmoil of the smoking battlefields of the Modder River, found time graciously to reply, thanking his little correspondent for his offer, and advising him to keep his soldiers, as they might all get killed or wounded if he sent them there.

Our Lady's Gem.

TO the lover of the Blessed Virgin the sapphire commends itself on account of its blue color. Indeed it is called "Our Lady's Gem." In connection with it, one is always reminded of the Great Sapphire of Glastonbury. The first church there was a little oratory made of wreathed branches; but in time it was replaced by a stone building, which is believed to have been consecrated by Our Lord Himself in honor of His Blessed Mother.

In 530 St. David of Menevia, with a number of his companions, went to Glastonbury upon a pilgrimage; and while there he conceived the idea of consecrating the church, having never heard of, or perhaps never believed in, its former consecration. The night before the intended ceremony, it is said that Our Lord appeared to him in a dream, letting him know that the ceremony had already been performed. As a token of the reality of the dream, Our Lord made a wound upon the hand of the saint, telling him that at a certain part of the Mass which he would say the next day the wound would heal.

All happened as had been foretold; and, in expiation of his fault, St. David added a chapel to the church, which he dedicated to our Blessed Mother, and adorned the altar with a sapphire of great size and value. This jewel had an eventful history; and, sad to relate, is supposed to have fallen into the greedy hands of Henry VIII. during the spoliation of Catholic England. After that the Great Sapphire of Glastonbury disappeared or received another name.

The ancients ascribed marvellous powers to the sapphire. It was supposed to be such an enemy of poison that it would cause the death of a venomous reptile if confined with it. It was the gem especially dedicated to purity, no evil thought being believed

to exist in its presence. Many medicinal qualities have also been ascribed to it, it having been thought in classic times an antidote for fevers.

The sapphire has always been the emblem of truth, and some writers believe that the Tables of the Law given by God to Moses were formed of these gems. The Jews call it the gem of gems, and insist that it adorned the breastplate of Aaron.

Sapphires are found in many parts of the world, but the finest ones come from Ceylon. Like some of the other precious stones, they look like pebbles until properly cut; and they are found mostly in the beds of rivers by natives who are trained to search for them. The sapphire is frequently counterfeited, and it is a very shrewd dealer in gems who can always be sure that he is not imposed upon.

Many sapphires have, in spite of their extreme hardness, been engraved by skilful workmen; one especially worthy of mention has a hunting scene depicted upon it. This stone weighs fifty-three carats, and is in one of the most famous collections of gems of which the world boasts. Upon Cardinal Wolsey's sapphire, room was easily found for his coat-of-arms and crest.

A Systematic Mourner.

A young Scotchwoman who had lost her husband was visited by a sympathetic neighbor, who found the newly-made widow, instead of being wrapped in conventional grief, occupied in supping a bowl of bread and milk with evident relish.

"I'm glad to see that ye're no takin' the loss o' yer man sair to heart," said the visitor. "Ye're lookin' raal weel."

"Janet," sternly replied the young widow, "ye needna say that. I was jist greetin' afore I took this drap o' milk and bit o' bread; and gin I ha' it taken, I'll begin greetin' again."

The Catholic Indian Bureau Against Peyote.

THERE was a debate in Congress a while ago on the proposed suppression among the Indians of the "traffic in liquor, peyote, and other deleterious drugs"; and some facts were elicited concerning the use of the drug known as peyote which were quite astonishing. As the great majority of our readers probably know little about this drug, they will perhaps be interested in an account of the debate.

Peyote, as explained by one of the Congressmen, is a species of cactus, the bean or button of which contains intoxicating properties. Its use has spread greatly among the Indians of the Southwest in recent years, and there has even arisen among them a church or cult, in which the eating of this drug is surrounded by ceremonies which seem to mimic the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Because of this so-called religious use of the drug, arguments were advanced in Congress against any attempt to suppress the traffic therein, as this might be an interference with the religious rights of the Indians. It is surprising, by the way, to see how scrupulous some Congressmen become about such rights when it happens to suit their ulterior views.

The effects of the drug on its users are very bad. It has first a stimulating and later a depressing effect, and lowers the vitality and powers of resistance of its addicts. Under its influence, many abuses take place among the men and women who assemble in the peyote tents or "churches." It requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture a number of abuses likely to follow upon indulgence in a drug of this nature, especially among a people constituted as are our Indians.

During the debate the following letter was read by Congressman Tillman from the Rev. William H. Ketcham,

Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions:

MY DEAR MR. TILLMAN:—As your sub-committee has been considering the question of peyote, I beg to submit the following in support of the effort looking to its suppression.

1. The unanimous testimony of all the Catholic missionaries, and, I believe, the testimony of the missionaries of other organizations working among the Indians is to the effect that the use of peyote results in great mental, moral, and physical injury to the Indian people. I enclose herewith a letter from the Rev. Francis C. Elast, who has had occasion to observe the effect of peyote eating among the Kickapoos of Kansas. During a period of many years, missionaries have been writing in this strain to this office; and I have duly forwarded their letters to the honorable Commission of Indian Affairs, and since 1909 have repeatedly endeavored to induce the Indian Office to take a stand against the importation and use of peyote.

2. I have also received letters from the Indians begging that something be done to prevent the introduction of peyote among their people. Letters of this kind came to me especially from various Sioux reservations, and satisfied me that not only the missionaries but even those Indians who wish to advance their people are convinced of the baneful effects of the drug. I also received one letter from an Indian of the Arapahoe tribe in Wyoming, who had been addicted to peyote, telling me of the injury its use had done him, and begging me to warn others who were in danger of being led into the same habit, which interested persons have endeavored to propagate and protect under the guise of religion.

3. With the exception of certain Indians who use peyote, I have never yet heard the habit defended or advocated by persons living in the Indian country. I am enclosing herewith a statement of Dr. Claude S. Chambers, United States physician stationed at Anadarko, Okla., which I recently submitted to the Board of Indian Commissioners, of which I am a member. I call attention to the fact that the Kiowa Agency is one which is held up as an example by those who advocate the use of peyote. Dr. Chambers himself is a member of the Cherokee tribe. He has practised medicine for a number of years among various tribes of Indians; and I am convinced that, if he were not sure of his ground, his inclination would be to humor the Indians and let them have their own way.

4. The Board of Indian Commissioners has continuously advocated legislation for the suppression of peyote. I am enclosing herewith resolutions adopted by the Board to this effect, beginning. March 7, 1912. Previous to that year, the Board devoted a great deal of time to the investigation of the subject; and before it both the advocates and the antagonists of peyote put forth their respective claims. Since that time the individual members of the Board have, as occasions offered, been gathering information relative to peyote eating and the peyote cult.

5. Personally, I have had a number of conferences with Indians who advocated peyote, particularly with representatives of the Kiowa Agency tribes and with the Quapaws. I have spent hours with them discussing the question and trying to view it from every possible angle. My personal friendship with these tribes in particular, and with the Indian people in general, would incline me to indulge them in anything not harmful to them from which they derive, or imagine they derive, consolation or benefit; but, having carefully studied the matter for many years, my very friendship for them compels me to oppose the use of peyote, and to express the hope that the Government of the United States may intervene to suppress the noxious traffic and habit.

The attempt to make it appear that the religious liberty of the Indians is being infringed in the suppression of this habit is farcical. The argument is familiar. It was used by the Mormons to forestall action against their religious belief in plural marriages. It is used now, not so much by the Indians themselves as by those who are making money out of the traffic in this drug. "I would curtail no man's religion," said Representative Tillman, in his arraignment of the traffic; "but the claim, stoutly maintained, that these night orgies in a small tent, polluted with foul air, should not be outlawed because of the religious character of the ceremonies, should receive scant credit; although picturesque and eloquent Indian orators before the sub-committee pleaded persuasively for the 'peyote religion,' and insisted that it would be an unwarranted interference with their Constitutional rights to curtail the worship of the peyote god."

Notes and Remarks.

A bit of social theology which deserves wider circulation than it has apparently received is contained in the following paragraphs from the invocation of Cardinal Dougherty at the second national conference of Mutual Savings Banks, held some time ago:

We realize that avarice is the most unfeeling and remorseless of all passions; that it is a desert which sucks in rain and dew with greediness, but yields no plant nor flower for the benefit or happiness of others; that when it seizes upon a man, he does not possess wealth: wealth possesses him; and that this base passion is the grave of all good qualities, as well as the source of crime.

On the other hand, experience has shown us that the habit of reasonable saving teaches self-denial, trains to forethought, and promotes industry and honesty. Economy being the sister of temperance, cheerfulness, and health, promotes good order and submission to law; it is conducive to self-respect by keeping men free of debt; it provides for the well-being and the proper education of children. He who has learned the habit of saving will avoid the indulgence of vile passions and will serve God; he will be diligent in his work, conservative in his habits of thought, anxious for the stability of his Government.

Wise words, worth thinking about by Christians generally. Avarice, even though not in its most repulsive form, is a vice more common than is usually believed; and it has been well said that "the poorest of all human beings is the man who is rich in gold, but intellectually and spiritually bankrupt."

A priest in England who has had the privilege of attending a private display, for censorship, of religious films twelve months before their release, informs the London *Universe* that he has seriously nursed the idea of a scheme for distribution of Catholic and moral films under similar conditions to the present film-hiring system. It is to be hoped that this idea will not be given up; for, as the correspondent well says: "The Catholic cinema is the best and most up-to-date means of moulding public opinion and combating those farragoes of nonsense [easy divorce, constructive birth control, and wrongly understood psycho-analysis]. It is extremely regrettable and shows a lack of foresight that this means is not made more use of. What the cinema shows to-day, the public think to-morrow. In its proper place it supersedes sermons, books, and lengthy conferences, as it possesses the faculty of captivating the crowd and leaving its mark. A two hours' performance will demonstrate the Catholic standpoint on popular subjects of discussion, besides revealing the consistency of Catholic ideals."

There appears to be a misapprehension in the minds of some Americans as to the source whence the Knights of Columbus derive the funds which they are to devote to work in Italy. A correspondent of a New York daily paper takes it for granted that the money is the surplus of the funds left over after the war-work of the Knights was accomplished. He is quite mistaken. All such surplus is being used solely for the ex-service men, either to help them when sick or disabled, or to further their education. All the money to be devoted to offsetting the schemes of sectarian proselyters in Italy will be furnished by the Knights themselves, out of their own pockets; and, accordingly, the generous subscribers to their great war fund may be at rest as to the use to be made of their subscriptions.

Supreme Secretary McGinley makes the following statement, taking occasion to warn the public against unauthorized solicitors for the K. C. Italian project, which, he declares, "the Knights are well able to finance":

"The one million dollar campaign of the K. of C. for the introduction of American welfare work into Italy, at the request of Pope Benedict, will be conducted solely among the 800,000

members of the Knights of Columbus. We shall not ask the general public to contribute a penny to this fund, as it is a K. of C. undertaking for foreigners in a foreign country. It has the broader aspect of being, in some small measure, a repayment of the debt which America owes Columbus...."

The reception accorded to Mgr. Cerretti in Paris was all that could have been desired. The French know how to do things without a jar. Of course the footlights were glowing, and there was music in the air; Urbanity was at her best; Courtesy, in most perfect form; not the faintest allusion to past unpleasantnesses. The President of the French Republic welcomed the new Papal Nuncio in phrases no less cordial than gracious, with smiles and bows that expressed eloquently all that it was unfitting to express otherwise. "France felicitates herself on being permitted to enjoy the confidence and favor of the Holy See." It was an American who said that M. Millerand "let himself down easy," instead of saying that he descended from a position impossible longer to be maintained, with perfect grace, becoming dignity, and exquisite self-composure.

In connection with an event of so much interest and importance as France's resumption of relations with the Vatican, let us quote "a personal impression" of the new Papal Nuncio, contributed to the London *Tablet* by "A. C.," who declares that Mgr. Cerretti's presence in Paris "augurs well for the peace of Europe":

> Of all Roman ecclesiastics, there is not one that is better known and more universally esteemed than the late Secretary for Extraordinary Affairs at the Vatican. The newspapers have referred to Mgr. Cerretti as an "accomplished diplomat," and one who has made good use of the opportunities which came his way in the course of the many missions on which he has been engaged as the Vatican's official delegate; but any one that has had the good fortune to come in personal contact with this extremely busy man carries away the impression that here is the real type of what the German language expresses so well as the Priester-Seele (the priestly soul).
>
> Mgr. Cerretti is no mere politician or diplomat: he is a statesman in the highest sense of the term, and the State he is concerned with is the Catholic Church. His apostolic zeal, coupled with a rare breadth of vision, has already wrought untold good since the war, not in one or two or three countries but in almost every country throughout the world. He has become the trusted friend and unbiased adviser of leading men in different lands, all of them drawn to him by his infinite capacity for sympathy and his total lack of prejudice. Every good cause finds a hearing with him, and his unswerving purpose to do justice and at the same time to bring about a better understanding between different peoples is recognized alike by non-Catholics and Catholics. Moreover, because in his efforts and in his biggest achievements his main idea is always the salvation of souls, there is no question agitating the social and economic world to-day which Mgr. Cerretti would willingly pass over without giving it thought and consideration....He believes implicitly that the Church should keep pace with the world in certain progressive phases of modern civilization. In his opinion it is only thus that Catholics will be able to maintain their influence in a social order which is daily becoming more Godless. It is not surprising, then, to learn that Mgr. Cerretti was one of the earliest supporters of woman suffrage amongst Catholic prelates; and he has done much to promote social activity among women's organizations. According to him, Catholics should, wherever possible, co-operate with non-Catholics in any good movement, and leaven the same by the practice and example of Catholic virtue.

A missionary Sister in Africa, quoted by the *Southern Cross* of Cape Town, gives some amusing testimony as to the "fiery fervor" of her dusky pupils, who, though sometimes unruly in their behavior, have hearts overflowing with tenderness. Thinking her catechism class might not have fully understood an explanation of the Real Presence which she had given, the Sister repeated it several times. Finally a

little girl, half ready to cry, exclaimed: "O Sister, you hurt our feelings by coming back to that so often! It seems as though you thought we did not believe in it." On another occasion the Sister reproved a little boy for inattention, saying: "You are not attending to the instruction, James; and if you were to hear the Real Presence denied by any one, you would not know what answer to make."—"Answer!" the little fellow burst out. "Why answer him? I'd give him such a thrashing that he wouldn't want to deny a second time."

Catholic readers of the better class of secular journals sometimes have the gratifying experience of meeting with articles which, besides doing justice to the Church, show an understanding of things Catholic hardly to be expected of outsiders. Reviewing a new foreign book ("Le Père Hyacinthe dans L'Eglise Romaine," par Albert Houtin), a writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks:

Times of disturbance in the religious as in the political world lend a fictitious importance to persons of inferior but strong gifts, who appear to ride the storm, while really driven like straws before it. The fierce conflict between Liberal and Ultramontane Catholics in France which preceded the decrees of the Vatican Council in 1870 brought to the front one such figure in Charles Loyson, known in religion as Père Hyacinthe. An authentic account of the first part of his unhappy career, comprising his years and fame as a Carmelite preacher at Notre Dame and his violent rupture with Rome in 1869, is here provided by M. Houtin, whose works on the French Modernist movement marked him out some years ago as a historian with a thirst for documents, a discreet wit, and a clean-cut sobriety of style that is less artless than it seems. His book makes it as plain as such a point can ever be to human judgment that Loyson was tragically misconceiving his vocation both in seeking the priesthood and in taking monastic vows....In his ecclesiastical career he passed restlessly from the Sulpicians to the Dominicans, and from the Dominicans to the Discalced Carmelites, everywhere preferring to criticise than to obey. Monasticism was for him always a picturesque dream; he never could face the hard realities of it. The exact reasons of his final breach with the authorities are difficult to determine. His sermons, preached to crowded congregations, were couched in Liberal phraseology, and he attacked the Ultramontane party as retrograde and un-Christian; but his own specific programme is obscured in clouds of oratory....

Père Hyacinthe's abrupt and arrogant mode of unfrocking himself on the eve of the long-awaited Œcumenical Council shocked his Liberal allies as much as it delighted his enemies; the secular Press flippantly compared his attitude to that of *un tenor qui a eu des mots avec son directeur*. The ex-friar shortly afterwards married an American lady whom he had himself received into the Roman communion, and languished in the obscurity of a Reformed Catholic sect....

The unfortunate friar, according to M. Houtin, was constantly preoccupied with the ideal of womanhood and mystical love. His conferences showed that his religion rested on imagination rather than conviction. Père Lacordaire, who was his superior for a time, made every effort to correct and save him; but it was of no use. He resented admonitions and disregarded warnings. An intimate friend of Lacordaire once told us that, after listening to a charity sermon preached by Hyacinthe, one more than usually sentimental and rhetorical, the gentle, refined Dominican, in an outburst of indignation, exclaimed: "I felt as though I had been kicked in the stomach by a mule!" M. Houtin would doubtless have been glad to utilize this little story had it been known to him. It shows how the meekest and holiest of men can sometimes be stung into indignation.

The London *Universe* welcomes the news that suitable regulations are being completed in this country for ensuring the proper supply of altar wine to priests. Mentioning the complaints made as to the present methods, it adds: "This is now expected to be remedied. The great thing, however, is that it shows that the right of Catholics to obtain wine for the Mass is not to

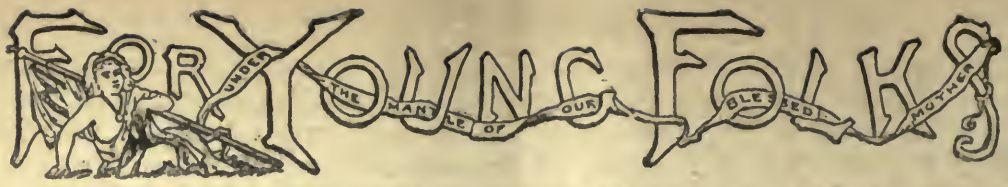
be interfered with. Doubtless the American Government never did intend to interfere with it, but some cranky parties may have desired to do so. In any case, we are certain that our American friends would have made the abrogation of this right impossible. Catholics will not live without the Mass in any country or for any Government."

If the English paper keeps in close touch with the American press, it has doubtless come to the conclusion that "the powers that be" have on their hands a sufficiently arduous task in enforcing the prohibitory laws against whiskey, brandy, gin, "moonshine," and "white mule," without making themselves especially obnoxious to the law-abiding citizens who require wine for sacramental purposes.

Many friends in this country of the Rt. Rev. Joseph M. I. Montes de Oca y Obrego, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, will be sorry to hear of his sudden death last week, in New York. He was returning to his country from Spain, where he was almost as well known as in Mexico. The venerable prelate was one of the most learned men of our time, and famed as an orator, author, and poet. Soon after his ordination, which took place in Rome on the 28th of February, 1863, he was appointed chaplain to the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico. Some of our readers will recall an admirable address which he delivered many years ago at the Commencement exercises of the University of Notre Dame. He spoke English as fluently as Spanish, having studied for some years in England. His amiable disposition and many virtues caused him to be beloved and venerated wherever he was known. Peace to his soul!

We bespeak the prayers of our readers also for the venerable Dr. James Field Spalding, a widely known convert to the Church, formerly rector of Christ Church (Protestant Episcopal), Cambridge, Mass., whose death is of recent occurrence. He was distinguished as an educator and writer, and had the reputation of being one of the best classical scholars in the United States. After his reception into the Church, he devoted himself to literary work, and delivered courses of lectures at various Catholic institutions. He was the author of two valuable books, "The Teaching and Influence of St. Augustine" and "The World's Unrest and Its Remedy," the former of which was published before he became a Catholic. Dr. Spalding made many sacrifices for the Faith, but it is pleasant to record that he was held in such high esteem by his former coreligionists that they condoned his "going over to Rome," one of them even contributing to his support as an humble Catholic layman. Having become a convert late in life, and being of a shy, retiring disposition, Dr. Spalding made comparatively few intimate friends among Catholics. For this reason those who survive him will pray the more faithfully for the repose of his soul.

Devout clients of the Blessed Virgin, who naturally rejoice in every additional honor shown to her, will be gratified to learn that the new Hungarian 50-crown and 100-crown paper notes bear the picture of the Mother of God with the Christ-Child. The Blessed Virgin is the patron of Hungary. The water-mark in these two bills is the patriarchal cross. Bavaria also has a picture of the national patron on certain notes of high value. It is conceivable that straitlaced sticklers for the proprieties may deprecate this association of Our Lady with "filthy lucre"; but there can be no question that love and reverence for her actuated the Governments that have paid her the honor which in other countries is so often given to their rulers.



In Heaven.

BY AMY MCEVOY.

THE little ones in heaven
Play merrily all day,
Watched over by the angels,—
O happy children, they!

And all the saints in heaven
Look on, and love to see
Those little ones so happy,
As children ought to be.

The Holy Three come walking
To watch them, every day;
They love the little children,
And pause to bless their play.

Then some run to St. Joseph
And climb upon his knee;
He tells them lovely stories
Of the Christ-Child's infancy.

And some flock round Our Lady;
She knows and loves them well,
And, smiling softly, listens
To all they have to tell.

And some (thrice blessèd children),
Who shyly stand apart,
Are tenderly enfolded
To Christ's Most Sacred Heart.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

X.—IN PARIS.

VITALIS wrapped the body of poor Joli-Cœur in an old scarf which he produced from his inexhaustible bag, placed it in a pasteboard box with two round heavy stones, tied the parcel in a piece of stout paper, and late that evening, accompanied by Remi, he went to the old stone bridge crossing the narrow but deep river which ran through the town, and, leaning over the parapet, dropped it into the water. As they turned away sadly, he said:

"Remi, I have decided not to go to Troyes. We shall travel straight on to Paris. I have sixty francs in my pocket. We can manage on that without stopping anywhere."

"Yes, Master," said Remi, glad at heart that they were to arrive sooner than they had expected at that wonderful Paris of which he had often heard.

They set out early next morning, and, as the weather was good, made rapid progress. They arrived at the environs one gloomy afternoon, when Remi began to wonder what caused the immense black cloud he saw in the distance,—the smoke and fog which in winter hangs over every large city.

"Yonder is Paris!" said Vitalis.

"How dark it looks!" answered Remi. "And how many roofs! I can barely see the tops of them through the fog."

Vitalis did not reply to this remark. After a pause he said:

"Remi, we separate in Paris!"

"Separate?" echoed the boy. "O Master!"

"Poor little one!" said Vitalis. "But it is for your sake only."

"How can it be, if I must leave you, my good master?"

"Alas! no, I am not good," answered the old man. "It is you who are good,—a fine, brave little boy. I recognize this—fully recognize it,—and must show my appreciation of it by giving you the opportunity to improve yourself."

"And you are going to abandon me?"

"Oh, no, not at all! What would you do in Paris all alone? And it would be dishonorable in me to do so. The day that I refused to leave you to the care of those who would have educated you, had they remained faithful to the kind impulse that prompted them, that day I obligated myself to do all in my power

to better your present condition. Unfortunately, things have turned out very badly for us since that time. At present we have no way of making even the scanty living we had been accustomed to in months past. With only Capi to perform with us, we should attract little attention and less money. I am not yet old enough to look like a beggar, nor am I blind; therefore, I should not be likely to excite compassion. If I had two boys like you, or a monkey, or more trained dogs, we might manage; but as it is, I see only one way out of our difficulties. I will place you in charge of a *padrone*, a man who has a band of children playing the harp on the streets and in the *cafés*. You will learn to play a great many pieces; for you have talent, Remi. I will try to get some pupils for the violin and piccolo, both of which instruments I play better than the harp. I want you to become an accomplished harpist."

"But, Master," pleaded the boy, "why not let the harp go and teach me the instruments you know best? Then we can stay together."

"No, Remi,—no," Vitalis answered impatiently. "The harp is your instrument,—I feel it. By spring you will play very well indeed. Then we shall set out together once more. I will take you to Italy, to Germany; and later we will turn back and go to England, where you may meet the Milligans again. In the course of our travels you will be learning the language, as well as the manners and customs, of the various countries through which we journey. I also intend to train two or three dogs and a monkey to take the place of those we have lost."

"Will you take Capi with you?"

"Oh, yes! You would probably not be allowed to keep him at the *padrone's;* and, besides, I shall need him to help me with the other animals."

"Then I shall be all alone," said Remi, heaving a deep sigh.

"No: there will be other boys," replied Vitalis.

"Will they be nice?"

"That I can not say."

"And the *padrone*,—how will he be?"

"Kind, I hope."

"Do you remember, Master, once when we were travelling we met a troupe of little boys playing the harp, and the *padrone* was beating them on the road?"

"Yes, I remember; but he was, no doubt, an exceptionally cruel man. I am taking you to one who is a very good teacher, I am told. And try now to look on the bright side."

Remi said no more.

The houses grew closer together. The streets were very narrow. Where were the streets of gold, the marble palaces, of which he had dreamed? This dark, ugly place was Paris, where he was to pass the winter, separated from Vitalis and Capi. After traversing various courts and alleys, they came to a large house at the end of a *cul-de-sac*. A man was cleaning lamps on a bench near the door.

"Does Signor Garifoli live here?" asked Vitalis.

"Yes: on the fourth floor, No. 17," was the reply.

"Is he in?"

"I can not tell you."

They ascended the long, dirty stairway. When they reached the top story, a closed door with the name "A. Garifoli," painted in white letters, confronted them. Vitalis knocked: there was no reply. He opened the door, and, passing through a small corridor, came upon a long, narrow room, with beds ranged on either side.

A voice from an inner apartment called feebly:

"Who is there?"

"Is Signor Garifoli at home?" asked Vitalis.

"No, Monsieur; but he will soon be here."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Monsieur, because it will be dinner time, and he is always here then."

The form of a boy of perhaps twelve years of age appeared through the twilight obscurity. He had beautiful black, wavy hair; his face was pale and thin; his large, brown eyes had an appealing, wistful expression which rendered his whole appearance very pathetic.

"Are you ill?" inquired Vitalis.

"I have been," the boy answered. "But I am better now. I am getting stronger every day."

"Remi," said Vitalis, "stay here. I have some business to transact. I will return in an hour."

"Very well, Master," replied Remi, who would have preferred to go with him, but did not venture to say so.

When the sound of the old man's departing footsteps had ceased on the stairs, the boy turned to Remi and asked in Italian:

"Are you from my country?"

"*What* country?" asked Remi.

"From Italy—Lucca—my country. I thought perhaps you might bring me some news."

"I am a French boy," said Remi. "But I have learned to speak a little Italian from my master, who is from Italy."

"My name is Mattia," said the boy. "Garifoli is my uncle."

"You do not seem happy," remarked Remi. "Does he treat you badly?"

"Your master,—how is he with you?" inquired Mattia.

"He is very good to me. But we have had misfortunes, and he is leaving me here for the winter. In the spring we shall be together again."

"He looks like a good man," said Mattia, thoughtfully.

"And he *is* a good man. And Garifoli,—is he not good?"

"He is my uncle?" rejoined Mattia, again evading Remi's question. "My father died, my mother is poor; there are seven of us. My uncle came and got me in the summer time. He paid something to my mother and promised to send her more. On the way back to Paris he picked up eight other boys."

"From the roadside?" asked Remi.

"Oh, no! He got most of them from their parents, though there were some orphans among them. We came to Paris and I got very ill. I coughed and could not sing any more. My uncle says I am no good, so he leaves me here to take care of the house and make the soup for dinner, while the others are out. There are twenty of us altogether."

"Twenty! There will hardly be room for me, then."

"Does your master wish to leave you here?"

"Yes, for the winter. He says that Garifoli will teach me to play well on the harp."

"He is a fine musician," observed Mattia, beginning to set the long table.

"I see only twelve beds," said Remi. "Where do they all sleep?"

"Two in a bed," replied Mattia.

"The beds are very narrow, and they do not look clean," said Remi. "I have always slept alone, and in a clean bed—when I had a bed. Sometimes we have lain in barns, but the hay was fresh and sweet."

Mattia, with a spoon in his hand, stood looking at him.

"I do not believe you will be happy here," he said.

"The man is not good, then?"

"He is my uncle," said Mattia once more. He lifted the cover of the kettle and began to stir the soup, breaking into it some bits of dry bread. Then he put the spoon in his mouth and licked it with great appreciation.

"You should not do that," said Remi. "It is not clean. Others will have to eat the soup."

"But I am hungry,—very hungry,"

answered Mattia. "I will wash the spoon."

He dipped it into a bucket of water, and wiped it on a soiled cloth.

"Oh," thought Remi, "I shall not like it here at all!"

The door opened and a boy entered. In one hand he had a piece of wood, such as one might find in the wreck of a demolished building. Under the other arm was a violin.

"Hello!" he said to Mattia. "I have brought my wood."

He flung it behind the stove, where Remi, for the first time, noticed quite a pile of sticks and blocks, and realized how the fire in the stove was kept replenished. Probably each of the boys was required to furnish his quota of wood every day. What would happen if it were not forthcoming? Remi did not like to conjecture.

"I have only thirty-six sous to-day," said the boy. "Do what I would, I could not make up the other four. Be sure, Mattia, to tell him that it was I who brought in that big stick."

"I will tell him," replied Mattia. "But what good will that do?"

The door opened once more. It was the hour for the return of the little musicians. One by one they came in, bearing under their arms or on their shoulders harps and violins; some of them carried wood, others were without it.

Each deposited his instrument on a cot. Several of them had cages containing marmots or Barbary pigs, white and squealing. They were dressed as travelling musicians usually are—in shabby velvet, tinselled costumes of various shapes and outlandish styles. They all glanced at Remi but no one accosted him.

At length the door was thrown open with a loud slam, and a small man appeared. He had sharp black eyes and a long, straight mouth. He was not attired like the boys, but wore a thick, gray overcoat. He glanced all around; his eyes rested on Remi.

"Who is this boy?" he exclaimed.

"He is the protégé of a man called Vitalis," replied Mattia.

"Ah, Vitalis is back!" said Garifoli. "What does he want with me?" he inquired, addressing Remi.

"I do not know," answered Mattia.

"I am not speaking to you," said Garifoli, harshly: "I am questioning this boy."

"Signor Vitalis will soon be here, Monsieur," observed Remi, politely. "He will tell you his business when he comes."

"Ha, little fellow, you have a pleasant voice, and a nice choice of words! Are you an Italian?"

"No, Monsieur: I am French."

At this moment a boy approached Garifoli and relieved him of his overcoat; another brought him a chair; and a third, a pipe filled with tobacco. Remi noticed that their faces were very serious and their manner timid; also that Garifoli made no sign of appreciation, but wriggled impatiently out of his overcoat, pulled the chair roughly from the hold of the boy who carried it, and snatched the pipe with a rough, quick gesture.

"How different from my dear master!" reflected Remi.

Another boy brought a lighted match, which went out before he could present it to the *padrone*.

"Leo, a match!" he cried, pushing the boy away.

Another hurriedly lit a match, which was no better than the first. Garifoli gave him a still harder push, and he slunk timidly away.

"Orlando!" said Garifoli. "A match!"

A timid, sad-faced child hastened to obey him. This time the tobacco took fire.

"He is a tyrant!" thought Remi. "If my master could see him, I do not think he would leave me here."

"Come, all of you stand at attention!" said Garifoli.

The boys obeyed.

"You, Giovanni," he continued, pointing his finger at the boy who had brought in the large piece of wood. "What account have you to give of yourself?"

"I have only thirty-six sous, Master, but I brought in a very large piece of wood."

"Yesterday you lacked two sous, today four; that makes six. Stand aside. Six strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails for Giovanni, Ricardo."

"But the very large piece of wood?" pleaded the boy.

"Stand aside! And you, Francisco?" he went on.

"I am lacking one sou."

"And wood?"

"I could not find any."

"Two lashes for lack of wood; one for each sou. Three lashes for Francisco, Ricardo."

As the inquiry went on, more than half of the boys were pronounced culprits. They stood in a row behind the others.

"And you, Ricardo?" asked Garifoli, in a purring tone.

"I have brought forty-two sous, Master, and a piece of driftwood."

"That burns well," said Garifoli. "I wish all these fellows were like you. Get down the cat-o'-nine-tails!"

The doughty Ricardo retired for a moment to a small closet, from which he emerged bearing across his shoulders the instrument of torture. He had a cruel face, was cross-eyed, and a little larger than his companions. He had accomplished his over-plus quota by stealing a tobacco-pouch and selling it to a second-hand dealer, who had given him ten sous and the piece of driftwood. He laid forty-two sous in Garifoli's hand, retaining six in his pocket against a possible defection on the morrow. This was his daily habit. If Garifoli was aware of the accomplishment, he made no sign.

Doubtless he was a good reader of character, having been in his present business for twenty years. He always found among the boys a henchman of Ricardo's calibre. It saved him a good deal of trouble. Ricardo was known to be the master's pet, and was cordially hated by the others. But that gave him little concern, so long as he stood high in the favor of the *padrone*.

(To be continued.)

Mason's Sore-Feet Shoes.

BY MARION EVERETT HAYN.

MANY times since Mason Fitch had come to visit his grandmother in the country he had longed to wear her "sore-feet shoes." These were Indian moccasins, lined with the softest lamb's wool, and ornamented with bright-colored glass beads. His grandmother, it may be said, usually wore these shoes when her feet pained because of her rheumatism, and that was why she called them her sore-feet shoes.

The lad especially desired to wear the moccasins whenever he played Indian with Ambrose, his grandmother's white cockerel, in the pine grove at the rear of the house. He had an Indian suit and feather headdress, and often played that Ambrose was the lost child of a white settler; but he had nothing to wear on his feet except a pair of brown boots. "Whoever heard of an Indian chief wearing brown boots!" he would exclaim in disgust.

One morning, when Mason was helping his grandmother feed the hens, there came a loud clatter from the road. Followed by his grandmother, the boy hastened to the front gate. A strange-looking vehicle was lumbering down the road, making a deafening noise.

"It's a steam roller!" laughed Mason; "I've often seen them in the city."

His grandmother explained that the crossroad near by was being paved with asphalt, and that was why the steam roller had come.

Mason was going to follow the roller, but at that moment he noticed that the henhouse gate was open, and many of the hens were in the front lawn; so he ran back to the house.

With his grandmother's aid, he soon had the fowls back in their own enclosure. He looked them over carefully, but to his surprise he did not see Ambrose.

"Ambrose isn't here," he said. "I'll have to look for him."

This was not the first time Ambrose had gone on an adventure, so the boy was not worried in the least. Filling his pocket with corn, he went out in search of his pet. First he hastened to the pine grove, which he searched diligently, but Ambrose was not there. His boots were as heavy as lead, so he took them off, together with his stockings, and tossed them in the yard. With the boots off he would be much more likely to catch his wayward pet.

Up the road he hurried until he came to a pipe under the road, placed there to carry away the water in rainy weather. Dropping to the ground, he looked into the pipe. To his great delight, there was Ambrose! But he was in the center of the pipe, where he could not be reached.

"Come out here, Pale-Face Child!" Mason ordered.

But Ambrose did not budge. So Mason rolled in a stone.

"Squawk! squawk!"

Mason felt sure he meant, "I'm the lost child of a settler all right; but let's see you get me!"

Procuring a long stick, he thrust it in. A wild squawk and Ambrose darted out of the pipe. The lad rose hastily and ran after him. Wings outspread, and cackling loudly, the cockerel ran directly toward the newly-laid road, where the steam roller was operating on the hot black asphalt.

Mason's big blue eyes widened with fright. Ambrose would be sure to be killed! But no: the roller stopped. The operator reached out to grab Ambrose; but the cockerel deftly evaded him, and flew into the middle of the hot asphalt. Without thinking, Mason stepped onto the heated material himself. He drew back with a cry of pain. How he wished he had not taken off his boots!

"Please catch him!" pleaded Mason.

"He'll come off in a few minutes," smiled one of the workmen.

But at that moment, to Mason's consternation, a large dog, evidently belonging to one of the workmen, caught sight of Ambrose. Barking furiously, he bounded onto the asphalt. His eagerness, however, was suddenly cooled by the heat of the asphalt. With his tail between his legs, he ran yelping across the fields.

Ambrose, frightened by the dog, flew directly into the waiting lad's arms. Painfully he carried his pet into his grandmother's sitting room. Winking hard to keep back the tears, for his feet pained dreadfully, he told his grandmother what had happened. At once she bathed his feet, put on some ointment, and wrapped them up. Then, without another word, she left the room.

"Here," she smiled, handing him a pair of moccasins she had recently bought for him. "Wear these. A brave Indian must have moccasins to keep his feet from being hurt."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed Ambrose from the head of the lounge.

"He means, 'Hurrah for the sore-feet shoes!'" Mason laughed in spite of his pain.

TULLE, France, gives its name to the light and transparent cotton tissue which was first fabricated by an inhabitant of the town, and which still forms its most important industry.

Little Friends of Man.

WHEN people chase or hurt birds, they are cruel to useful and faithful friends; for birds are working for men from the first peep of day until sundown. They kill greedy little insects that are eating grain, they devour the seeds of noxious weeds that would otherwise sprout, and their appetite for mischievous worms is enormous.

One watchful bird-lover tells us of a catbird that ate thirty grasshoppers without stopping; and when you think of all the green leaves and stems one grasshopper can destroy, you can see how many thanks are due that feathered friend. A gentleman who has made a great study of birds tells us that if they were all to be killed, the small creatures that destroy the food supply would multiply so rapidly in a few years that we should all starve.

When you see a woodpecker tapping on a tree, he is hunting for his dinner: searching for grubs that make their home under the bark and kill the young twigs. The oriole, sometimes called the golden robin, is very fond of the insects' eggs that are deposited on the underside of leaves; and when he finds a caterpillar's nest, he tears it to pieces and calls his friends to come to a party, thus making himself useful as well as ornamental.

There is a certain sort of cankerworm that is fatal to apples; but, fortunately, our little friend the chickadee thinks a cankerworm the most tempting morsel on a bird's bill of fare.

That industrious insect, the ant, creates great havoc by making bare and dry the roots of grasses and grains; but there are several birds very fond of an ant diet, and so help men raise their crops.

Some birds fly about and pounce upon mosquitoes and poisonous gnats; while others fancy cutworms, the kind that nip off your pansies close to the ground. Then there are scavenger birds, like the turkey buzzards, that devour unpleasant things that would taint the air and make it unfit to breathe.

The little birds that run along the ocean beach when the tide is out, eat the sea creatures that the waves have left, and that would become foul and unwholesome in a short time.

Persons who have been employed by the Government to watch birds, report that one little feathered fellow will eat more than its own weight each day; so we see how much an army of birds can do if they feed upon the seeds of the weeds that the farmers are trying to kill.

I hear some one say: "What about the robins that eat our cherries, and the hawks that run off with our chickens?" Well, Master Redbreast eats about a thousand insects to one cherry, so has he not nobly earned his reward? As to the chicken stealing, there are only two kinds of hawks out of many that are fond of poultry, most of them preferring the mice and ground squirrels that are enemies to the farmer. So even the chicken hawk is a friend to man.

FRANCESCA.

The Prose of It.

While poetry admits of more diffuseness, and even repetition, than does prose, young readers will find it an excellent practice occasionally to translate verse into ordinary unrhymed and uncadenced prose, for the sake of discovering what is the proportion of thought to words in the given lines. A critic in Dr. Johnson's day applied this test to a couplet from one of the Doctor's imitations of a Latin author:

> Let observation with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru.

"This," said the critic, "is simply saying: 'Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively.' "

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The John Long Co. have just published a new book by John Ayscough, entitled "The Foundress."

—The latest set added to the British Museum series of pictorial postcards consists of portraits and illustrations of Dante, chosen from Italian and English art in commemoration of the Dante sexcentenary.

—There should be a general demand for "The Book of Saints: a Dictionary of Servants of God Canonized by the Catholic Church," compiled by the Benedictine monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. The book is to be published soon by Messrs. Black, London.

—Among interesting pamphlets to reach our table recently are: "A Guide to the Mass," by H. F. Vaughan (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, and Benziger Bros.), an excellent, practical handbook for the use of non-Catholics; "The Holy Man of the Mission of Santa Clara," by Esperanza, a brief, illustrated sketch, bearing the *imprimatur* of the late Cardinal Farley; and "Maryknoll at Ten," by the Rev. W. S. Kress, a profusely illustrated and very readable sketch of the American Seminary for Foreign Missions.

—Such of our readers, as have examined either "Outlines of History," by H. G. Wells, or any exhaustive review of that work, will enjoy Dr. Richard Downey's "Some Errors of H. G. Wells," a Catholic criticism of his much overrated summary of the world's full story. A brochure of fifty-seven pages, it is a revised reprint of articles that appeared last year in the *Month*. Dr. Downey handles Mr. Wells as straightforwardly and effectively as did Father Lambert, years ago, our American Robert Ingersoll. Published in this country by Benziger Brothers. Price, 35 cents.

—A third volume devoted to wasps, "More Hunting Wasps," has just been added to the books by J. Henri Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Those who have had the pleasure of reading any of the previous volumes do not need to be told that there is a treat in store for them in the present one. The great French naturalist was a charming writer, and he could not have had a better translator. Though written for young people, Fabre's works are, nevertheless, of real scientific value; they rouse the interest of entomologists, while delighting general readers. Again let us suggest to those who as yet have been deprived of the enjoyment of any of these books to begin with "The Life of the Fly," on account of the autobiographical matter which it contains. It is one of the most entertaining books published since the century began. Price, $1.75 per volume.

—A book that will be sure to benefit as well as to interest its youthful readers is "High Benton, Worker," by William Heyliger, whose popularity, we are happy to learn, is constantly increasing. It is exceedingly well deserved. He always has a good story to tell, and he tells it in a way to hold close attention from start to finish. The magnetism of his books is in their vividness and actuality. The characters are drawn from life. One feels certain that Mr. Heyliger must have known men like Mr. Stout, Mr. Lee, Sandy McCabe, etc. It will do his young readers good to become acquainted with them all in "High Benton, Worker," which we are hoping will sell "like hot cakes." We are hoping also that Mr. Heyliger will keep "Sandy" in remembrance. "He's all gold," so is Mrs. McCabe, Miss Smith, and other figures that might be mentioned; they can not figure too often. The book is published by the Appletons, and sells for $1.75.

—In an interesting article containing many reminiscences of his literary life, Sir Hall Caine has recently written: "I try to believe that, whatever my failures and my successes,...my books have been wholly directed to inspire love of man, reverence for the right, and hope for the fallen." Whether or not his previous novels have achieved the high purpose thus proclaimed, it must be said that his latest work, "The Master of Man," will increase rather than lessen the vogue which he undoubtedly enjoys. Let it be admitted at once that the book is inoffensive to Catholic readers, thereby differentiating itself from "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Eternal City," and some others of his novels. The story, a long one, may be said to be an elaborately detailed exposition of the truth,

> Oh, what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practise to deceive!

In other words, the tale starts with a first sin, and, with the minuteness of a scientific investigation, pursues its consequences [illegible] all their multitudinous ramifications, [illegible]

LIBRARY

sequences to the sinners, their neighbors, the whole social body of the Isle of Man, and the very Government of that domain of the Manxmen. The "Master" of the title is a youthful deemster, whose natural sense of right and wrong apparently dispenses him from seeking from On High the strength requisite for such quasi-heroic acts as religiously-minded men are accustomed to ask in prayer. On the whole, this latest effort of the novelist will probably rank as among the strongest of his books.

—Old as well as young readers will welcome a new book by F. Schuyler Matthews, to whom they are already indebted for charming field books of "Wild Birds and Their Music," "American Flowers—Wild Flowers," and "American Trees and Shrubs." The new volume is entitled "The Book of Birds for Young People"; and by "young people" the author says he means "all young persons from five to fifty years of age, including those wiser ones of the high-school age, or just a bit beyond." It is very entertaining and very beautiful volume, well calculated to stimulate interest in and affection for "our little brothers of the air," as St. Francis called them. Mr. Matthews writes as if he were talking, and he talks so pleasantly and so plainly that one listens with the closest attention, not thinking of a single question. You are told all that you are most eager to learn. There are sixty-seven illustrations in color, and twenty-eight in black and white, all exquisitely printed and carefully placed. The colored pictures are so beautiful and true to life that any one of them might well have served for frontispiece. Price, $3.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane) 16s.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons). $7.65.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Joseph M. I. Montes de Oca y Obregon, bishop of San Luis Potosi, Mexico; Rev. James Carpenter, of the diocese of Erie; Rev. J. C. McAteer, diocese of La Crosse; Very Rev. James Coyle, diocese of Mobile; Rt. Rev. Anthony Stein, diocese of Newark; and Rev. John Donnelly, C. M.

Brother Jarlath, C. S. C.

Sister M. Gabriel, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister M. Clement, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Lourdes (Mullane), Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Stephana, Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Benigna, Sisters of Mercy.

Dr. James Field Spalding, Mr. F. L. Forge, Mrs. H. L. Prevost, Dr. B. F. Coll, Mrs. Michael Griffin, Mr. John Wiemer, Mrs. M. A. Riley, Mrs. F. Erner, Mr. John Robertson, Mr. David Powell, Miss Agnes Flood, Mrs. Patrick Malone, Mr. A. H. Charlebois, Mr. Thomas Harcourt, Mr. Thomas Donnelly, Mr. Patrick Donnelly, Mr. Ambrose Brown, Mr. John Allan, Mrs. Michael Gilligan, Mrs. M. M. Hart, Mr. James Canty, Mrs. James Canty, Mr. Ronald McIsaac, and Mr. Gordon Wilson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: Daniel McMonagle, $25; friend (St. Louis), $2.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Jesus and Mary.

MARY, the Dawn, but Christ the perfect Day;
Mary the Gate, but Christ the heavenly Way.
Mary the Root, but Christ the mystic Vine;
Mary the Grape, but Christ the sacred Wine.
Mary the Corn-sheaf, Christ the Living Bread;
Mary the Rose-tree, Christ the Rose blood-red.
Mary the Fount, but Christ the cleansing Flood;
Mary the Chalice, Christ the saving Blood.
Mary the Temple, Christ the temple's Lord;
Mary the Shrine, but Christ its God adored.
Mary the Beacon, Christ the Haven's Rest;
Mary the Mirror, Christ the Vision blest.

* * *

The Tercentenary of Penetanguishene.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE first week of August of this year witnessed a pageant of extraordinary interest. It took place at Penetanguishene, situated on an arm of Georgian Bay, which forms part of Lake Huron. It is a portion of old Huronia, a region consecrated by some of the most sublime happenings in the annals of Canada and in the martyrology of the Church. There some sixty missionaries labored, most of whom belonged to the Society of Jesus; though the Récollets were the first apostles of Huronia, where they lent their heroism to the rich mosaic of spiritual achievement.

It is now almost a score of years since a church was erected at Penetanguishene in memory of the Jesuits, notably Lallemant and Brebœuf. The latter had converted seven thousand Hurons. The marvellous story of the life and death of those two athletes of Christ is to all that region—to the forests and streams, the pathless wilderness and the primal settlements—as a light set upon a holy candlestick. The particulars of their death are familiar to almost everyone; still they may be briefly repeated here.

Father Gabriel Lallemant, who was as frail and delicate as Father Jean de Brebœuf was robust and vigorous, had, like him, left his beloved France to labor in the wilds. Both had pledged themselves to every sacrifice, and, after distinguished missionary careers, had followed their errant flocks to the heart of the wilderness. Their Huron neophytes—though, as Father Sagard declares, constituting the nobility amongst the tribes—were, nevertheless, sunk in a very low form of paganism. They, however, embraced Christianity in great numbers, the majority of whom remained faithful to the end. But it was in the last great drama of their history, wherein the most conspicuous actors were the Blackgowns, that the story of Penetanguishene became immortal. The strong palisade which had defended Fort Ste. Marie was weak at one place, through which the

savage hordes of the Iroquois poured in, to massacre, to annihilate, that once powerful tribe in its fifteen thriving villages. No more tragic or pitiful sight was ever witnessed in the storied wilderness of Canada than this miserable remnant gathered round their last refuge, "Echon" (the strong man, the lion-heart) with his no less dauntless comrade, Father Lallemant.

The torture and death of Father Lallemant and Father Brebœuf was a tragedy which would have delighted the fertile imagination of an Æschylus for its fire and passion and its indomitable strength. But he could never have attained to the spiritual exaltation of the martyrs, who delighted in torments, and saw the heavens open to receive not themselves only, but the hosts of neophytes whom they hoped to bring with them.

A large fire was lighted, and an iron caldron placed over it. The two prisoners were stripped, beaten with rods and fastened to stakes. Chains of red-hot war axes were tied round their necks. Thongs of bark, smeared over with pitch and rosin, were secured tightly around their bodies and set on fire. In mockery of the ceremony of baptism, boiling water was poured over their heads. Lallemant, raising eyes and voice to Heaven, begged for courage to endure; Brebœuf stood immovable, giving no sign of his excruciating suffering, though his lips moved in prayer. Angered by the sight and desirous of overcoming his invincible courage, the fiendish executioners cut off his lips and his nose, and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat.

Presently the Iroquois unbound Father Lallemant. He fell at the feet of his companion, begging God to grant him help so that he might not falter. His tormentors raised him up again and rebound him to the stake, covering him with birch bark, which they set on fire. Then the ferocious savages cut slices from the bodies of their victims and devoured them; they placed red-hot coals in the sockets of their eyes; they tore out Father Brebœuf's heart and ate it. So he died after a three hours' agony, while his weaker comrade lingered on in excruciating torture for seventeen hours. Then his martyrdom was ended by a merciful blow from the tomahawk of a savage.

After a lapse of more than two centuries and a half, the memorial church was erected at Penetanguishene, though not on the precise spot which witnessed the martyrdom; for it was only discovered in the summer of 1902, through the indefatigable exertions of the learned archeologist, the late Rev. A. E. Jones, S. J., of Montreal, and his co-laborers. The church is, however, sufficiently close to reflect all the glamour of that wonderful tale of the past.

The charred and mutilated remains of the missionaries were discovered and accorded Christian burial. Amongst the witnesses to their heroic end were some renegade Hurons, who had relapsed while prisoners in the Iroquois villages. It grieved the hearts of the martyrs to find them amongst their tormentors; but the grace of God and the prayers of the apostles had again prevailed, and the Hurons testified to the various incidents of the martyrdom.

The memorial church was built largely through the exertions of the Abbé Laboreau, a secular priest and pastor of Penetanguishene, with the hearty concurrence of the late Archbishop of Toronto and the clergy at large. The contribution list included numerous Protestants, who saw in the monument a commemoration of one of the chief glories of their country. As a proof of the Abbé Laboreau's untiring zeal in the cause, it may be mentioned that he had gained the support of the Federal and Provincial Governments, the anti-clerical French Senate, the Duke of Norfolk and other

Englishmen of note, besides subscribers from far and near on the American Continent. He barely lived to see his efforts crowned by the magnificent temple to the Living God in what was once the heart of the wilderness. It was fitting, therefore, that during these days of remembrance a tablet should be unveiled to the Abbé Laboreau.

The principal feature of the first day's celebration, on August 2, was to honor the memory of the first white man to set foot on the soil of Ontario; and that first white man was a Catholic, a priest, a friar, a Récollet—Father Joseph Le Caron. Before the door of the Jesuit memorial church he stands in a splendid statue of bronze, his name forever bracketed with those of Lallemant and Brebœuf. The ceremony took place in the presence of his Grace Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto, and a representative body of the clergy, among whom were the superior of the Franciscans, the superior of the Canadian Jesuits, the superior of the Dominicans, Mgr. Kidd, of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. Among the distinguished laymen present were the Hon. E. Drury, Premier of Ontario; Attorney General Raney; and the Hon. Cyrille Delage, Superintendent of Education in the Province of Quebec, who represented the Premier of that Province. A spectacular group were the Ojibway Indians from Christian Island, in full regalia.

As early as 1615, Father Le Caron, fired with evangelical zeal, had come with Champlain to Canada, and had outdistanced that dauntless explorer in reaching the wilds of Huronia, where the Hurons had their villages. He himself describes his journey thither, three hundred leagues above Quebec. "The journey was long and fatiguing. Sometimes I was obliged to row all day among the savages. A hundred times I had to walk through water, or in the mud, or I carried my bark canoe and my equipment through the woods." He speaks of the long fast, broken only by a little sagamite—Indian meal blended with water,—which was distributed in small quantities morning and evening. Under such conditions, in the presence of hardships and perils incredible, the first seed of Christian truth was carried to the heart of what is now Ontario.

Many lessons were taught by the tercentenary celebration. The most conspicuous is that Ontario owes the most splendid pages in her early history to Catholics; indeed, they have lent a halo of romance and a spiritual resplendence to those pages which they would otherwise have lacked.

The speaker of the occasion was one of the best-known members of the clergy in Western Canada, the Very Rev. Dean Harris, who during all the long years of an unusually busy life has spoken and written much that is of real value concerning this Empire of the West and its relation to the past. Needless to say, his utterances were worthy of the day; and his enthusiasm, as he depicted the supreme self-devotion of the apostolic Franciscan, was reflected in his hearers.

The afternoon of that memorable day saw the unveiling of three other tablets of widely different significance. The first of these was to Francis Parkman, unveiled by General Benjamin Cruikshanks, Chairman of the Ontario Historical Society and of the Dominion Board of Historical Sites and Monuments. He was assisted by the Hon. Benjamin Gould, an intimate associate of the historian.

Francis Parkman, in his picturesque and glowing imagery, in passages of rare beauty, has shown the spirit that animated the early missionaries, both Jesuit and Récollet. But particularly in writing of the Jesuits he has defamed while he glorified, seeming totally unable to grasp the sublime inspiration

which underlay the splendor of their achievement. Still Francis Parkman labored according to his lights, with painstaking courage and perseverance, with splendid abilities as historian and man of letters, to give to *his* world—a world which had never known it—a picture of heroism, self-devotion, sanctity, which all his inborn instincts of sectarian narrowness could not obscure. The story of early France, her vital Catholicity, her heroes and heroines, which captivated him, he has made fascinating to others. In the nobler aspects of his work, he is worthy of a place among these immortals.

A second tablet was unveiled, at which an interesting address, from the British point of view, was given by the Hon. Benjamin Gould, to commemorate the erection of a fort by the British on Penetang Bay during the War of 1812, and the capture of two French vessels, the "Tigress" and the "Scorpion."

A third memorial was unveiled by the Rev. W. F. Gilmore, to Sir John Franklin, who had started from Penetanguishene in the year 1852, on his brave quest through Arctic Seas for the Northwest passage. The presence of Hon. E. Drury, Premier of Ontario, whose grandfather, Richard Drury, had been one of the companions of Franklin, gave an added touch of interest to the celebration.

In the picturesque pageants which accompanied the unveiling of all these memorials, over three hundred performers were engaged, and the costumes were carried out with all possible fidelity and with great beauty and variety. Thus the arrival of Father Le Caron in a big war canoe, with his escort of real savages, was shown. A score of Ojibways from the reservation, giving that wild war-whoop once the terror of the forest, seized the canoe of the Récollet and carried it ashore. Presently the flotilla of Champlain and his companions approached. The explorer knelt before the missionary, obtained his blessing, planted the standard of the Lilies, and kissed the earth, as he took possession of the country in the name of the King of France.

The celebration of the following morning was, indeed, unique. It represented the dramatic ending of a centuries'-old feud, the reconciliation of two dominant races of this portion of the Western Continent, the Huron and Iroquois. This may now seem an idle form, after the passage of the centuries, when the white man's sun, in its noontide brilliance, has given Canada a place among the nations, while the sun of the Red Man is still sinking towards the west. It might be supposed that the traditional enmity between the two tribes had long since ceased. But such was not the case. It is said that even when they were brought into immediate contact, no commerce of any kind, not even an exchange of words, had taken place between the two. For there was blood-guiltiness and the memory of fiendish cruelty on the part of the Iroquois, which resulted in the practical annihilation of the Hurons. These latter gradually withdrew until only their remnants remain in the villages of Ancient and New Lorette, not far from the city of Quebec.

So it was an impressive and pathetic sight when, in the presence of some five thousand spectators who lined the shores of Penetang Bay, Chief Ovide Sioni, of the Huron tribe, stepped from his canoe; and a moment later "Big Chief" Andrew Staats, of the Mohawk tribe of the Six Nations, arrived. Accompanied respectively by one Huron and two Iroquois, they proceeded to the birch bark tepee, where they smoked the pipe of peace. Lighting the pipe, the Iroquois handed it to the Huron, saying in the Iroquois tongue:

"There is peace between our peoples."

"There is peace," responded the Huron in his own dialect, puffing a cloud of smoke, and handing the pipe to the Iroquois, and, in turn, to the other Indians.

Then the Chiefs laid their hands on the battle-axe, placed beside them, till a huge boulder, which had been swung upwards from a crane, descended slowly and buried the hatchet from sight. It was a thrilling moment when that age-long symbol of hatred and discord disappeared from view.

"Now we can hunt the moose together," said the Huron in English. "Now we can, we will, be friends!"

For the first time since the days of Champlain had such a pact been made. It recalled the phantom actors in a three-hundred-year-old drama which had ensanguined the forests and streams of early Canada, and which had retarded the work of the missionaries and of civilization. It was a happy coincidence, then, that its pathos and its traditional hatreds should be brought to a close on the scene of that culminating tragedy, which reduced the Huron race to insignificance.

The final feature of all these most interesting and delightful occurrences was a representation of Hiawatha, staged in the open air, on the beach leading down from Huronia Park. It was charmingly represented, and gave a new interpretation to that admirable poem, into which the genius of Longfellow has put so much of the poetry of the Red races, their sorrows and their aspirations.

There was also a banquet, at which a number of distinguished public men expressed their views upon the past and future significance of the happenings of those days. One sentiment was common to them all; it has been a good deal in evidence since the close of the Great War. Perhaps it was emphasized in the minds of the speakers by the spectacle of the burying of the hatchet by the two great Indian tribes. For never was there a more vital message than that which called for a burying of the hatchet between the races that compose the Canadian Commonwealth, especially between the French and the English.

Referring to the vexatious bi-lingual question, Attorney-General Raney, of Ontario, made a significant declaration. "I do not," he said, "wish Canada to be homogeneous; I do not regret the difference of the two languages, but desire only to see harmony established between the two races." That such harmony is essential to the future prosperity and development of the Dominion was the sentiment that re-echoed from one speaker to another. The Hon. Cyrille Delage, who represented Quebec, in a scholarly address, showed how earnestly such a consummation was to be desired. And that wish, to which there was no dissentient voice, was crystallized, as it were, in the two statues of *Bonne Entente* (Good Understanding) representing respectively Quebec and Ontario, which were placed, on those August days, up there in the ideally beautiful region of the Georgian Bay, as a reminder and an historic fact.

Too much praise can not be given to the Rev. Father Murray, of Toronto, projector and chief organizer of all these wonderful events; and to those who so ably supported him, notably Mayor Parrett, of Penetanguishene; Mr. Wright, president of the Historical Society; the Rev. W. F. Gilmore, and others. They are to be congratulated because they reproduced, amid the glaring materialism of to-day, that wonderful drama of New France, which has peopled these Northern landscapes with the shades of dauntless pioneers, Indian warriors, above all with the soldiers of the Cross.

CRITICISING the virtuous is a consolation of the wicked.—*St. Jerome.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XI.—A Patriot's Death.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
—*Shakespeare.*

THE Dutch army was in full retreat upon Antwerp, closely pressed in the rear by the Belgian Patriots. In front of these, acting as scouts, rode the Count's troop of chasseurs, of whom Walter, with two other troopers, rode some fifty paces in advance. The troop had just debouched from the village of Waelhem, two miles or so beyond Mechlin, and were approaching the bridge that crosses a stream just outside the village, when Walter and his two comrades discovered that the Dutch, partially hidden until then by the mists of that October morning, held the bridge. Beyond, too, the enemy had thrown up low entrenchments, which were lined by a battalion of Dutch infantry. Walter and his two comrades, finding themselves well within range of the enemy at the bridge, discharged their pistols at the Dutch outposts, and then rode back swiftly to warn the troop and the infantry behind them. The Dutch returned the fire, but on neither side was anybody hit.

A strong column of Belgian volunteers came at the double through the village and attempted to rush the bridge, while other columns on their flanks found means to cross the stream where it was shallow. The mounted chasseurs had wheeled to the right to let their infantry advance, and also crossed the stream. There was a severe hand-to-hand encounter at the bridge. A brave fellow planted the Belgian flag on it, and maintained it there until his friends had routed the foe. In a short time more Belgians came up and joined the other columns in an assault of the entrenchments. The columns lost heavily by the musketry fire poured on them; twice they were driven back from the entrenchments, but a third attack succeeded in driving the Dutch from their position.

Their retreat was made in good order, for the most part; but it was hastened somewhat by the Count's chasseurs brilliantly charging their rear-guard and routing it, making many prisoners. Then the pursuit was stopped for a while; for all the Belgian forces had not come up, while the whole of the superior Dutch force had halted and faced about to allow their discomforted comrades to join them. It was Walter's first fight. He declared that it was glorious, as that evening the Belgians bivouacked on the field they had won.

Far fiercer was the battle that took place almost under the old ramparts of Antwerp, at Berchem, on October 24, between the Patriots and the Dutch troops. It was fought at close quarters, and ended by six Dutch regiments engaged retiring into the citadel. It was in this fight that the gallant Frédéric de Mérode was mortally wounded. He had been foremost in every action, crying to his comrades: "Forward, my friends! Death spares the brave!" He was shot through the thigh. When told that his wound was mortal, he remarked: "Well, gentlemen, it is what one must expect in war." After his limb was amputated, a friend thought to please him by reading a newspaper article in which it was proposed to make him King of the Belgians. "Do they think that I was ambitious?" exclaimed the dying hero,—"I, who fought only for the freedom of my country? I beg you to contradict this article." He was carried to Mechlin, where he died on November 11, 1830. A memorial slab has been placed on the house in which the dauntless hero breathed his last; a monument at Berchem and another in

Ste.-Gudule's at Brussels have been erected to his memory; but so long as there is a Belgium, his memory will live in the hearts of its people.

The success of the Patriots at Berchem encouraged those within the city to rise and seize the palace, town-hall, and two gates of the fortifications, and to admit the volunteers within their walls. They were enthusiastically welcomed by the population. Billets were found for them, and stables for their horses. The black, yellow and red national flag was hoisted over the town-hall and displayed from the tower of the cathedral. Antwerp was freed,—all except its formidable citadel, over which the Dutch flag still floated: practically the only bit of Belgian territory still in the hands of the Dutch. It was commanded by a brave, determined Waterloo veteran, General Chassé. The Belgians called upon him to surrender. Naturally he refused; but he agreed to suspend hostilities, each side to keep the position it then held. This was partly due to the Prince of Orange, who had visited Antwerp a few days earlier and had tried to pacify all parties, hoping that they would come to terms, since the States-General had accepted, on September 28, by fifty votes against forty-four, the principle of the separation of Holland and Belgium.

The popularity of the Prince of Orange in Belgium was still so great that it was nearly certain that the Belgians would accept him as their King, and thus the country would be saved to the dynasty. This plan found favor with all the great Powers. But an untoward event frustrated it.

Walter had entered Antwerp with the Count's chasseurs. He and the Count lodged at the Grand Laboureur, in the market-place of the city. Early dinners were, and are still, the rule in Belgium; and the two friends had finished dining at the *table d'hôte* of their inn, on that fatal 27th of October, and were sitting talking over their coffee and cigars in the *café* of the inn. The Count had just received and read an official letter from a member of the provisional Government at Brussels, asking him to resign to his lieutenant the command of the chasseurs and to place himself at the disposal of the government for a diplomatic mission. This letter he gave to Walter to read.

"Our work as soldiers," remarked the Count, as Walter handed him back the letter, "is, I expect, now done. The provisional Government has summoned a National Congress to meet. It will now be the work of politicians to give the country a Constitution, and that of diplomatists to fix the country's place among European nations. I would like to take my share in this diplomatic work. I shall do as this letter suggests."

"Then you think there will be no more fighting? If so, I must ask you to give me my discharge, and then I will continue my 'grand tour'—"

"In search of the Hartleys, eh?" added the Count, whereat the young chasseur reddened.

"Maybe!" he replied. "But I might go with you, if I may, to Brussels, which I've not as yet seen. It would be interesting to be there when the National Congress meets."

"Agreed. I will make out your discharge; and, while now personally thanking you for your services, I will report them to our chief."

Just then the chimes of Antwerp were playing merrily in the cathedral tower, and the clock marked the time of day to be half-past three in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the war vessels moored in the river, their guns run out ready for action, and the citadel still in alien hands, the people of Antwerp, and even the volunteers who paraded the streets, were thinking only of peace that now seemed certain. Then on a

sudden, as if some great volcano was belching forth destruction, the city was shaken to its very foundations and the people terrified by the roar of cannons.

"What is happening?" exclaimed the Count and Walter together, as, buckling on their swords, they hurried out of the inn. Volunteers were rushing to arms. Men, women and children were running in all directions to seek shelter from the terrible bombardment the Dutch were inflicting on the city. They met an officer who was coming from the river-side,—a colonel of volunteers whom the Count knew.

"What's happening?" he asked.

"The Dutch vessels in the river are raining shot and shell on the houses along the water front," replied the colonel. "The citadel has hauled down its flag of truce and has joined in the bombardment."

"But this is against all the usages of war," said the Count,—"to break a truce without warning, to rain destruction on a peaceful town. There must be some cause, some excuse, for what an old soldier like Chassé is doing."

"I'm sorry to say that I have to report to our town-major that some of our volunteers have had a drunken brawl with some Dutch soldiers outside the military hospital, which, as you may know, is still held by the Dutch. Fire-arms were brought into play; the hospital guard turned out to put down the row. Our fellows resisted; and, more of our volunteers coming on the scene and having their arms with them, a regular battle was begun between them and the Dutch soldiers. I went to the spot, but my orders to our men to cease firing were not obeyed until they had forced the Dutch guard to retire into the citadel, where no doubt, and with reason, they reported that we had attacked them treacherously. As in all such episodes, both sides are in fault."

Nothing seemed possible for the defence of the town against the bombardment that went on ceaselessly until eleven at night. By that time the arsenal had been burned. The bonded warehouse, which had once been the noble abbatial church of St. Michael, filled with much valuable merchandise, was burned to the ground; and the whole southern quarter of the city was one mass of ruins, while all over Antwerp there were houses that witnessed to the severity of the bombardment. At last some courageous citizens crossed the zone of fire and gained admission to the commander of the citadel. Chassé upbraided the suppliants with what he held to be treachery to his men on the part of the Belgians. At last he ordered the bombardment to cease, and agreed to a fresh armistice. Eighty-five persons—of whom only fifteen were combatants—were killed during the bombardment; some six hundred thousand pounds' worth of property had been destroyed.

The bombardment proved no small help towards the freeing of Belgium. From all parts of the country a cry of horror arose. Nobody dared speak any more of separation under a prince of the House of Orange-Nassau. General Chassé's cannons had welded all Belgians into a nation. As one of their publicists proclaimed: "A river of fire and blood has divided us forever from King William, his dynasty and his people."

Walter witnessed all the horrors of that night, as, with his comrades, he patrolled the deserted streets, to prevent pillaging on the part of those dregs of the population which every big town contains, and who are ever ready to take advantage of public calamities. This was the last duty which, as a Belgian chasseur, Walter was called upon to perform. A few days later he and his friend the Count were on their way to Brussels.

(To be continued.)

"The Desert Shall Rejoice."

MAN touched the Tree of Knowledge, and the flowers
Fell from the Tree of Life like falling tears,—
How should they ripen into blessed fruit,
When sin had quenched the sun of Eden's bowers?
Yet on its branches withered leaves remain,
And some small buds of promise upward shoot;
Shall it not blossom and bear fruit again?
For the fresh springs of life are at its root.

A curse hath fallen on the earth, and years
Of wintry desolation and of pain
May sweep across its life before it hears
The voice of God among the trees again.
Then Paradise shall be on earth once more,
And life shall blossom as it did before.

* * *

Avignon, the City of the Popes.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

IT is a city, this Avignon, of a bridge and a palace, both dead, both unused, or at least useless now. But it is they which make, and have made, Avignon what it is and what it was. Gay, charming, quaint little town as it is, it is not its modern self which draws so great a yearly toll of pilgrims: it is the wonderful past which lies behind all the modern gaiety, and is yet so close to it. One moment we are in the city square, with its cafés, the tingling bells of its cinemas, its crowds and lights; the next, the Place du Palais, all empty and silent, lighted only by the trembling rays of the brilliant Provençal stars or the gleams of a young moon. No gay laughter and crowds here: only the great mass of the dead palace, white against the soft blackness of the sky, and the grey ghosts of the past in the desolate square.

All those whom Daudet saw passing in their pride over the bridge—the Pope on his mule going to Châteauneuf, Cardinals and their suites, priests and hermits, kings and knights, and trains of mounted soldiers,—there in this empty square one seems to see them all, with the statue of "the brave Crillon" looking down upon them. Perhaps, too, there is a figure whom Daudet forgot,—a slight figure in the black and white of the Dominican habit. She* stands apart on the hill of Notre Dame des Doms, and looks down upon that company; on her face is the inexpressible love and sorrow that breathe through the letters she wrote to the Pope at Avignon while she was struggling to end that long "Babylonish Captivity."

It need not be read again here, that dark chapter in the history of the Papacy, which began with the arrogant determination of Philippe le Bel to establish the centre of Christendom on French territory, and was ended only by the intervention of a saint. But its bitter fruits remained even when it was ended; for the thirty years' schism succeeded the return of Gregory XI. to Rome in 1377. An antipope, under the name of Clement VII., took possession of the palace. It was not till 1418 that the iron cross which marked the end of the schism was erected in Avignon.

To the seven Popes who reigned in Avignon posterity owes the palace, one of the most magnificent examples of Mediæval architecture which France possesses. The bishop's palace and the church of St. Etienne were ruthlessly sacrificed to make room for it on the Rocher des Doms. The position was almost impregnable; the rock rises sheer from the riverside, and machicolated ramparts enclosed both palace and grounds.

The grounds to-day are a public park, and the palace—it is a dead palace now—is a *monument historique*. But in

* St. Catherine of Siena, who visited Avignon in 1377 in order to induce the Pope to leave it.

the old days what a stirring of life was on that rock! What coming and going, when the Papal guests amused themselves in the gardens, and the Papal troops kept watch from the ramparts, where the Pope walked with his Cardinals on the avenue which still bears his name; while below, the two great fortresses, Quiquenparle and Quiquengrogne, scowled upon the city, and the many mills noisily ground flour for that great household!

Standing on the rock this month of 1921, we witness a very different scene from that which the visitor of six hundred years ago—Rienzi or Petrarch or St. Catherine—looked upon. The historic Rhone is still there, though it has since changed its course; the city ramparts are as they were; across the river there were then, as now, the two fortresses—the Tower of Philippe le Bel and the Fort St. André. But the stone buildings, the palaces of Cardinals and nobles, are tenement houses now, dirty and dilapidated, like their counterparts in Rome itself; the modern quarter of the town is built on the great gardens which surrounded the convents and monasteries, themselves now barracks and prisons. The towers of the churches, which earned for Avignon its name of "L'Isle Sonnante," still stand; but, alas! the town no longer resounds with the melody of their bells, for they are dead and silent.

Some things have not changed. Perhaps it was on the Rocher des Doms that Petrarch conceived the idea, wildly adventurous in the fourteenth century, of ascending Mont Ventoux, the great mountain, which, in lonely grandeur, lifts its snow-crowned head above the surrounding hills.

But more beautiful, if less remote and lofty, are the Alpilles, a range of rocky hills which lies to the east. Like the mystic hills of a poet's dream, they glow in the rays of the westering sun. These fantastic, clear-cut rocks, wonderful enough in themselves, gain a mysterious beauty both of form and color, seen through the magic glasses of Provençal sun and atmosphere. They lie dreaming there, like fairy mountains guarding some ancient realm of phantasy.

How often poets and painters have looked at them from the ramparts of the palace! How often must they have soothed sick hearts and quieted fevered brains, and made the disputes and losses and triumphs of that strange, fierce, luxurious world of Mediæval Avignon seem like a child's game!

One sight there was, however, that the watcher from the Rock saw in the fourteenth century, which has disappeared utterly and forever. He saw the world passing over the great bridge. His successor to-day sees but three arches, the last one crowned by a chapel. That is all that remains of the bridge of the little shepherd, St. Benezet, who, as the legend says, not only built the magnificent structure of nineteen arches which extended from the Rocher des Doms to where the Tower of Philippe le Bel now stands, but was also the founder of the Company of the Bridge-Builders, which, with its bridges and hostelries, robbed travelling of half its terror in the Provence of the Middle Ages.

There was in Provence from the twelfth to the fifteenth century (when it seems to have been suppressed by the Pope) a brotherhood of Bridge-Builders *(Fratres Pontifices)*. They built bridges at various places. They had a house at a dangerous crossing of the Durance, called at first Maupas, from its danger; and afterwards Bonpas, no doubt because of the Carthusian monastery which was established there.

These bridge-building brothers not only built bridges, but also hostels for travellers on the banks of the rivers, across which, when there was no bridge, they would take them in ferryboats.

These brothers were connected with a much older Order of military knights, the Hospitallers of St. Jacques, who had their headquarters in Paris. It seems, therefore, quite natural, and it is probably quite correct, to connect the building of the famous bridge of Avignon with this brotherhood, and even to assume that St. Benezet ("little Benedict") was its founder.

A learned Jesuit, writing in the eighteenth century, says that St. Benezet was a bishop of Avignon, because he is called in his Office *pastor et pontifex*. But *pastor* means shepherd before it means bishop, and tradition alleges St. Benezet to have been a simple shepherd. At the age of twelve he tended his mother's sheep in a secluded valley beyond the Rhone. Probably he was very like some of the young shepherds one sees to-day on the slopes of the great mountains, lying piping and singing among their sheep. Beautiful creatures they often are, dark-eyed and dark-haired, with features classical in their regularity, tall and graceful of limb, much older for their years than a Northern child of their age.

In the loneliness of his retreat, a voice came to Benezet telling him to go and build a bridge for travellers over the Rhone at Avignon. At first the child thought that the vision was an illusion; then that he was asked to perform an impossible task. So he inquired what was to happen to his sheep if he left them. But all his fears and difficulties were overruled, and an angel guide led him to the place where a ferry crossed the Rhone.

The ferryman, however, was a Jew, and would not take him across for the love of God or of Our Lady, who, he said, was nothing in the world. It was with difficulty that the Jew was prevailed upon to give the boy passage at the expense of all that he possessed—three oboles. At last St. Benezet found himself in Avignon, eagerly mounting the rock on which Notre Dame des Doms stood then as now, though the Pope's palace was not built for nearly two hundred years.

But the young saint's troubles were not yet over. The bishop handed him over in wrath to the magistrate for questioning and chastisement.

"How canst thou think," said the magistrate, "that a child such as thou art can perform a task in which the great Charlemagne failed? But stay! I will put thee to the test. If thou be sent of God, take up that stone upon thy shoulder, since thou wilt need, insooth, many and great stones for thy work."

Now, the stone was a very heavy one. Thirty men could have lifted it only with difficulty. But the stripling, strong in the strength of God, took it up and carried it to the brink of the river.

"By the grace of God," he said, "this is the foundation stone for the first arch of the bridge."

Then the spectators broke into cheers and shouts; and much gold and silver was placed on the stone, that the work might be furthered.

So the little shepherd became a bridge-builder. But he died, worn out with his toil, at the age of nineteen, four years before his bridge was finished. He was buried in the chapel on the last arch left standing in the middle of the river.

A BENEVOLENT man once discovered that a family was in great distress. He handed his clerk five pounds saying, "Give it to them in a way becoming their standing; do it ingeniously, graciously, but do not mention the giver." The clerk said, "Yes, I will do it the first thing in the morning."—"No," said the benefactor: "do it to-night. Who can tell the importance to those sad hearts of a night's sleep unhaunted by the wolf of want!"

Sadie Graham's Reformation.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

"AREN'T you going with the girls, Sadie?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"No, mother," replied her second daughter, indifferently.

"Why not, child?"

"Oh, I don't think I care to! Besides," the girl added honestly, "no one asked me. I don't believe" (thoughtfully) "that I'm entirely popular with that set any more."

"I wouldn't say that, dear!" protested her mother. But Sadie only laughed, and gave her a quizzical look as she left the room.

Mrs. Graham looked pained, but her face cleared as she heard Sadie humming as she ran down the stairs. The mother was a little troubled about the girl. Sadie, as a rule, was so sane and sensible. But lately she had appeared to be, in a way, dissatisfied. Of course she was not so popular as the other two girls, but it was not on account of looks; for, though Sadie was not so pretty as her sisters, she was very interesting-looking. It was rather because Sadie did not seem to care for the same sort of good times that intrigued the others. She was by way of being slightly superior, and was given to snubbing the young men that came to the house, discovering their little weaknesses, and showing herself altogether impervious to their charms.

Virginia pointed out the foolishness of this to her one day.

"Don't you know men hate sarcasm? You never get any place with a man by hurting his feelings."

"Indeed!"—from Sadie amusedly. "Their poor little feelings! I regret that they should be so easily hurt. Who's injured now?" as Virginia continued to look severe.

"Why, Joe Berry. You said something cutting about the way he dances."

"Oh, if he can't take a joke!"

"That's all right, but it didn't sound very funny to him. And he had intended to ask you to go to the Massinger dance, but of course now—"

Sadie winced, but she carried her point with a high hand.

"Oh, if he's so touchy as all that, he can extend his invitation elsewhere, for all I care!"

But Sadie did care; for she had wanted to go to the Massinger dance, and now by her sharp tongue she had deliberately deprived herself of a desirable invitation; for Joe Berry was an acceptable escort. All the girls liked him.

"All right," said Virginia, "if that's the way you feel about it." But her air as she left the room said volumes.

Mrs. Graham, who had overheard the conversation, had taken note of Sadie's irritated amazement, and she was thinking of it now and of what Virginia said to her later.

"Sadie's terribly spoiled, mother," she began.

"Spoiled? Sadie?"—incredulously.

"Yes, spoiled. Can't you see it? Everybody's been telling her she's so clever, and I think maybe it's gone to her head,—a little, anyhow. Of course she *is* clever, but she needn't get so perked up about it. She's always taking people to task for little mistakes, and I get so tired of her affectations about good English and enunciation," Virginia wound up heatedly.

"I don't think it's affectation, Virginia," said her mother, gently. "Sadie really likes to speak correctly."

"Well, let other people do as they like, why doesn't she? Even the girls are getting tired of her airs, and the boys are beginning to fight shy of her. People don't like affected prigs, mother."

Mrs. Graham regarded her pretty daughter thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm not an unprejudiced

observer," she remarked at last, "but I never thought Sadie was a prig. You know, my dear, it's easy for older people to pardon a little affectation in the young."

"Maybe *you* can pardon it, mother, but the girls make fun of Sadie when she says 'and-uh' for 'and,' or silly things like that. You can't go through life elocuting, you know."

"I shouldn't think you'd let them laugh at your sister. I hope you show—"

"Goodness, mother, I can't beat 'em up, can I? There, that's a reaction! You're just driven to use the worst slang you know as a protest against her everlasting stilts!" And Virginia began to laugh unwillingly.

"Ah!" said her mother, significantly, "that might work both ways. Correct language may be Sadie's protest against the amount of slang you and your companions employ."

Virginia looked guilty but unconvinced.

"No, mother: it's a pose on her part—well, to some extent, anyhow," as her mother started to speak. "She likes a bit of slang on occasions as well as I do. Sometimes it's the only way you can express what you mean, you know. But do you ever hear her use any? No, nobody does. If she wasn't such a *perfect* example, mother—if you know what I mean" (laughingly),—"Sadie'd be more successful as a reformer."

"Why don't you tell her that,—you or Mary?"

"*Tell* her! My stars, do you think you can tell Sadie anything? We're black in the face from telling her things, but all she does is look superior and advise us to mind our beaux."

Mrs. Graham laughed. "And I suppose you tell *her* to keep on minding her *p*'s and *q*'s—"

"For she'll never have any beaux to mind," supplemented Virginia, wickedly. "We certainly do. But I hate to see her getting unpopular, mother," was the sober addendum. "Couldn't you talk to her?"

"Perhaps," was the dry response, "you exaggerate Sadie's unpopularity. It has struck me that the girls are very fond of her."

"They are" (eagerly). "And they admire her, too. Only,—oh, *you* know, they get tired of her superior airs! People do," was Virginia's sage conclusion.

Mrs. Graham said nothing further: she was more than a little inclined to Sadie's side of the question. Sadie had poise and manner and dignity, and a well-modulated voice that accentuated her charming way of speaking. By no means stiff, she had a keen sense of humor, and her mother had always found her a delightful companion. She could quite understand the girl's attitude; for poor Sadie, impatient of slovenly speech, was growing more didactic and critical every day, and it is in human nature to rebel at times. No doubt, as Virginia hinted, the reaction was in another direction; and perhaps her friends used more slang than they ordinarily would have done, simply to shock Sadie.

It was a natural situation; and, while Mrs. Graham experienced some slight uneasiness, she could not see how interference on her part would mend matters. She was a firm believer in the policy of non-interference in the simple adjustments of her children's lives. Sadie—who was never known to do anything without the utmost enthusiasm, and who was firmly convinced that her advocacy of correct and attractive speech was only right and proper—would be hurt and offended at the mere suggestion of her mother that she might be carrying it to the extreme. If a principle were involved, Mrs. Graham would not hesitate on account of the pain; but this was different: a trifling matter between girls,

due to temperament and training, and possibly the veriest shade of jealousy; for Sadie was, as they all knew, above the average in intelligence. For the present, therefore, Mrs. Graham decided that the wisest plan would be to let things take their course.

That the course did not prove at all smooth for Sadie, her mother was keen enough to see as time went on. If Sadie scoffed at the way her sisters spent their time—"wasted it,"—she herself was by no means indifferent to amusement or the lighter amenities of life. But less and less they came her way, until it was generally understood that Sadie did not care for dances or parties, or other so-called frivolities. In fact, the young men were a little bit in awe of her; and, hearing the girls exploit her "highbrow airs," they thought it best to keep at a respectful distance. And Sadie, with all the youth in her yearning for fun and joyance, was thus thrown back upon herself by this attitude of all the young people she knew. Long ago she had conceded to herself that she was not popular like her sisters. At first she thought it was because she was not so pretty as they. But soon she observed girls admittedly not even good-looking, or greatly equipped with brains, who carried all before them and were sought after on all occasions, while she was gradually shunted more and more into the background. Far from understanding the reason, she was often hurt and humiliated, and not a little lonely. Perhaps for this reason her sarcastic shafts were more pointed, and her little comments about slovenly speech more frequent.

"I know what Sadie Graham needs," said Letty Meagher one day after leaving the Graham home, when Sadie had been, as they said, "more than usually impossible." "She needs a dose of her own medicine. She doesn't see how ridiculous she is, with her stilted syllables and affected way of drawling things out."

"How do you mean,—dose of her own medicine?" she was asked.

"Well, if we all copied her for a while, showed her just how she impresses people—"

"We couldn't do that on account of Mary and Virginia."

"No" (doubtfully), "unless there was some way to get them in on it. They're just as tired of Sadie's superiority as we are. Of course, they're too loyal. I know!" Letty cried gleefully, stopping suddenly in the street. "Listen! A marvellous scheme! The Copley lecture!"

The scheme was one which appealed to fun-loving natures. It was adopted then and there, provided it proved acceptable to Virginia and Mary.

Sadie was enjoying James Copley's lecture thoroughly, drinking in every word with keen appreciation, and watching the play of expression over the author's interesting, scholarly face. It was a twilight lecture, and men as well as women made up the good-sized audience. All of the Grahams' friends, it appeared, were there, and had told Sadie before the lecture how much they expected to enjoy it.

"I'm sure you will," Sadie answered, smiling with polite incredulity; by an heroic effort of the will refraining from saying, "If you only manage to keep quiet."

After the lecture it was Sadie's pleasant duty to assist the president of the Club in presenting Mr. Copley to those who pressed forward to meet him. As she had made his acquaintance before the lecture, she took her place without comment, expecting to tell the lecturer later how much real pleasure his discourse had given her; and she listened with careless interest to the somewhat bromidic remarks of those who were introduced. After a moment

or so, she received something of a jolt. Letty Meagher had approached.

"Miss Meagher, Mr. Copley," Sadie said smilingly.

Miss Meagher held out her hand graciously.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Copley," she said slowly, every word sweet and clear. "You have given us a real treat."

Sadie's surprise at Letty's admirable manner had no time to form before another one of the girls came forward—and another—and another. By concerted effort they kept together, and all without exception congratulated the lecturer in mellifluous and charming accents, no two using the same phraseology. The excellence of their speech, their remarkable enunciation, their earnest air of sincere appreciation, must have impressed any lecturer, but by the time the last one had passed he began to feel highly amused. He turned to the assistant hostess with a twinkle in his eye.

"Great place, the Middle West!" he exclaimed. "Never saw such culture in all my life! You must all be purists in speech out here—"

"Oh, Miss Graham is!" broke in the president. "This is Miss Graham: you just met her sisters. Wait till you hear *her* congratulate you! She is past-mistress of the art of speech."

The lecturer stepped back in affected dismay and threw up his hands laughingly.

"Miss Graham—you too!" he sighed. "Well, fire away!" he added, with an air of resignation.

Then Sadie, who with a quick premonition had caught the girls' trick after the third or fourth precise speech, threw down her proud sceptre in a gallant fashion all her own.

"Not on your life, I won't!" she pronounced squarely, rounded periods and soft accents forgotten, as she laughed back at the lecturer in perfect understanding. "It was a ripping lecture,—that's all I've got to say!"

James Copley took her outstretched hand and shook it warmly.

"Say," he murmured, "you're the first human being I've met to-day. Let's go over in a corner and gossip."

"Well, if he hasn't turned his back on everybody else!"

"Naturally, he *would* be interested in Sadie Graham."

"I do wonder what they're talking about so earnestly."

Such were a few of the remarks that the successful conspirators heard as they made their way out, regarding each other in blank amazement.

"Well, wouldn't that jar you?" they breathed, struggling between incredulity and a little resentment. Somehow it had worked, their little scheme; but not just exactly in the way they had planned. It would certainly have augmented their sense of injury could they have heard what the distinguished writer said to Sadie.

"Actually you saved my life, Miss Graham!" he told her ingenuously. "Another one of those eminently proper speeches and I'd have spoiled the whole show by laughing. You know that's one of my fads—slang. It's my argument that we don't properly appreciate the strength to be found in idiomatic language. Our tongue is in a process of building; we need virile and characteristic expressions to make it distinctively our own. What do *you* think?"—with flattering eagerness.

"I think you are quite right" (promptly). "I love the charm of good English myself; but, sometimes—" She stopped in horrified remembrance.

"That's it,—'sometimes,'" agreed the author, pleasantly, "like Silas Wegg and poetry, we like to drop into slang.—Nicest girl I've met in a long time," he was saying to himself. "Nice eyes. Sense of humor, too. The way she clipped in on those prigs!"

It is to be assumed that the needs of the language formed the basis of further conversation when James Copley called at the Grahams' that evening. But later, when his return visits to Sadie's home town became more frequent, it is conceivable that he and Sadie found other things to talk about; for their engagement was announced the following Spring.

The Cardinal's Compact.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims, was much grieved because of the habitual desecration of Sunday by many of the inhabitants of the episcopal city. He was continually seeking some means of correcting this evil. One day it occurred to him to address himself to one of the wealthiest merchants of the place, believing that the example of so important a man would have weight with the others.

He summoned the gentleman to his palace. Much flattered by such a mark of distinction, the latter eagerly accepted the invitation. The prelate stated the object of the visit, and requested the merchant to refrain from transacting business on Sunday, for the sake of setting a good example to others.

The man exclaimed at this, respectfully, of course, but with an air of decision that augured badly for the Cardinal's plan. Such a thing would be absolutely impossible. A course like that would injure his business and defraud his children. The Cardinal tried to meet his objections, and after a short discussion he said:

"Well, Monsieur, I have a compromise to offer you. Cease transacting business on Sundays for a year. Keep an exact account of your daily profits; and if, at the end of the year, the whole does not equal that of preceding years, I will make up the deficit."

"Your Eminence surely can not be in earnest," said the man in surprise.

"I am quite in earnest. One condition, however. If your profits exceed those of other years, you must donate the difference to me for my charities."

The year passed by. The Cardinal had almost forgotten the incident, when the merchant called at his residence.

"Your Eminence," cried the visitor joyfully, "the year of our contract has just ended! I am bringing you six thousand francs, due you by the terms of our agreement. This sum represents the excess of my profits over those of preceding years."

In Agreement with Solomon.

"WHEREABOUTS in the Bible does Solomon, or somebody, give that much-quoted advice, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child'?"—"Nowhere: the advice, at least in that phrasing, is not in the Bible at all." The foregoing inquiry and the reply thereto, overheard recently, is so far interesting that not a few thoughtful Americans appear to be in more thorough agreement with Solomon's views about the discipline of children than, previously to this third decade of the twentieth century, has been the case for a long period. The morality and the expediency of the rod as a factor in the training of the young have, time out of mind, been the themes of animated and not always profitable discussion; and just at present publicists seem to be determined that the discussion shall take on the semblance of actuality. Analyzing the causes of youthful crime, Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the Court of General Sessions of New York, recently declared: "There is just one kind of discipline that does work, and that is corporal punishment. Lax parents make boy criminals, and it is a general truth that modern American children are not brought up with the proper respect for

parents, law and order, or constituted authority. The parents are to blame."

Although Solomon does not say in so many words, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," it is certain that what he does say is in strict accordance with the principles of the New York Judge. In the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs we find, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him, correcteth him betimes"; and in chapter twenty-three is this corroborative advice, "Withhold not correction from a child; for if thou strike him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and deliver his soul from hell." Among English paraphrasers of these Biblical sentences one of the first was John Skelton. From him we have—

There is nothynge that more dyspleaseth God
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.

In one form or another, the advice of the author of Proverbs has found its way into all languages; and it has proved so conformable to the ideas of the soundest moralists of the ages that it corresponds to the definition of a genuine proverb, "The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

As opposed to the doctrine that judicious punishment should be administered to erring children, there have been from time immemorial impassioned advocates of moral suasion as the only proper method of training children, even so-called incorrigible children. Sparing the rod is in their estimation so far from being an offence against the laws of God and man that it is a virtue eminently worthy of commendation. Corporal punishment they denounce as barbarity pure and simple, a relic preserved from the prehistoric ages of savagery. No upholder of corporal punishment for the wrong-doer will, of course, contend that there have never been any abuses of such punishment; moral suasion, everyone will acknowledge, is an excellent method of reforming either a child or an adult—when it is effective; but the experience of ages has demonstrated that there are numberless cases in which moral suasion is utterly and absolutely futile; and in all such cases the judicious use (not the abuse) of the rod is, in the words of the Judge mentioned in our opening paragraph, the "one kind of discipline that does work."

The pseudo-humorists of our day are fond of ridiculing the traditional remark of the chastising father to his delinquent child, "It hurts me more than it does you"; but, as a matter of fact, there is nothing funny in the remark, and there is no reason to doubt its substantial truth. We have the authority of St. Paul for the statement that "Whom the Lord loveth He chastiseth," and the earthly father who follows the example of his Heavenly Father may well be credited with similar sentiments. "He that loveth his son," says Ecclesiasticus, "frequently chastiseth him"; and again, "A horse not broken becometh stubborn, and a child left to himself will become headstrong." It is all very well to protest that times have changed since the books of the Old Testament were written, but it is wise to remember that human nature remains to-day very much what it was in the time of Adam. All the counsels of the Old Testament relative to the correction of children may indeed be paralleled by quotations from the most up-to-date American authorities on the subject. The following statement of Judge Talley, for instance, is, in different phraseology and in more detail, only a paraphrase of verse after verse in Proverbs and Ecclesiasticus:

I should like to see the stern discipline our forefathers enforced restored to the American home. It would kill a great deal of crime at the source. This derogation of parental authority, which is general and increasing, is a cancer on the body politic. Whatever a boy does, provided he escapes the police, may be censured at home, but he is not punished for

it. Moral suasion has taken the place of a whipping. What does one of the little fellows care about moral suasion? He would care a good deal about a sound thrashing.

It is one thing to encourage a good understanding between the boy and his father and quite another thing for the father to give up all authority over his son at an early age. It's just the difference between liberty and license. My experience in the criminal courts of New York has made this difference very plain to me, and I feel strongly on this as being a great American failing.

If a boy isn't taught to obey at home before he is six years old, he will never learn obedience to law and order in after life; and without this ingrained knowledge he is weak before temptation. Why fathers should be willing to wait and let the law teach this lesson by a degrading punishment is a thing I can not understand.

I see every day the results of this wrong way of bringing up children. Brought before me on criminal charges are youths under twenty-one, who feel toward the law like hardened criminals. They began by doing what they liked at home, staying out nights until their mates went home and defying their parents to keep them in. Yes, it even began earlier. At fourteen they tell their parents they are not going to school any more, and they don't go.

The very truth of the matter would seem to be that so-called indulgent parents are the worst enemies of their unfortunate children. The sentimental dislike to inflict punishment of a corporal nature on their young sons and daughters is so far from being evidence of genuine parental love that it merits rather the name of cowardly weakness. Correction, provided it be given after due warning, and administered while the corrector is uninfluenced by sudden anger, has its appointed place in the bringing up of all Christian children, and it is the saddest of mistakes to omit it from the discipline of the home. The prisons of the country are full of victims of the misguided tenderness of delinquent fathers and mothers, who prepared the criminal careers of their sons by allowing them their own way in the impressionable years of childhood.

About Talebearers.

WHEN St. James declared, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man," he obviously did not mean that there are no other transgressions against God's law than the sins of the tongue. He probably did mean, however, that none but perfect men—saints and near-saints—are habitually free from the multifarious violations of justice and charity of which our speech is the unfortunate instrument. Common experience proves that this latter statement is correct. Everyone knows numbers of persons whose lives are, in most or all other respects, thoroughly exemplary, but whose examinations of conscience more often than not disclose an accumulation of sins of the tongue,—venial sins for the most part, perhaps, but occasionally those of a seriousness that verges on, if it does not actually attain, the grievousness of the mortal or deadly sin.

The general term for all sins of speech is detraction, a good definition of which is, "Any discourse capable of destroying or injuring the reputation of a neighbor." The main varieties of detraction are calumny, or lying about one's neighbor, and slander, the telling of injurious or damaging truth about him. There is, however, a third species, fully as prevalent as calumny or slander, and generally quite as grievous as either—talebearing. To the class of people addicted to this evil habit Holy Scripture applies the significant epithets, evil-whisperers, double-tongued, sowers of discord; and it threatens them with the direst punishments.

It would be superfluous to describe at any length the attributes that distinguish persons of this class: they are known and recognized by all. They are those officiously indiscreet acquaintances who apparently imagine that their ordained vocation in life is to let one-half the world know what the other

half is saying about them. They are those pests of society (in all its grades) who seem to delight in creating dissension among friends by repeating the derogatory remarks made or the reprehensible stories told about them by others. Pests of society also are those who concoct falsehoods, or half-truths, and retail them to a neighbor as the assertions of a third person; or of those fictitious individuals so often referred to in the indefinite "They say."

The devil, as we are often told and can readily believe, has many agents to do his work; but, as a laborious, diligent, and successful agent of Satan, one who looks after the devil's business most thoroughly, who performs the devil's work with delight to himself and satisfaction to his master, the talebearer ranks nearly supreme. What, indeed, can be imagined more infamous and execrable than this stirring up of bad blood, this introducing the demons of discord and strife into households where the angels of peace and harmony are dwelling! What language is strong enough to qualify the truly diabolical malice that changes confiding friendship into bitter enmity, that substitutes angry war for smiling peace!

"Accursed is the evil whisperer," again says Holy Writ; "for he hath troubled many that were at peace." True, he may appear to escape entirely the curse in this life. A moral incendiary who lights the brand of hatred, and, flinging it into the inflammable hearts of men, sets the fires of sinful passions raging throughout a whole neighborhood, may remain unpunished for his crime in this world; but there can be no doubt that Justice Divine will award him the full penality of his wickedness in the life to come. To him in a special manner is addressed the rebuke of St. James: "If any man thinketh himself religious, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his own heart, that man's religion is vain."

Of Interest to Remember.

CATHOLIC readers are under many obligations to the genial and cultured priest who, for several years past, under the pen-name of "R. C. Gleaner," has conducted a department in the *Catholic Columbian*. Like the writer of "Et Cætera" in the London *Tablet*, he comments upon current events, refers to new books, quotes from old ones, gives advice, sounds warnings, tells stories,—in a hundred ways instructs and entertains his readers. For instance, when referring to the death of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, R. C. Gleaner quotes this passage of an address by the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden upon the character of the deceased:

> Back in 1893, when that last violent anti-Catholic crusade was at its hottest, I felt it to be my duty to prepare an article exposing the brutal and venomous falsehoods and enmities on which the movement was founded. I sent it at once to Mr. Gilder; I did not believe that any other magazine would dare to print it. He replied very promptly. I can not find his letter but I remember the purport of it. It was something like this: 'I have read your article carefully. It is a serious business. If we print it, in the present excited state of public opinion, I have no doubt we shall lose many subscribers. But it is the truth, and it is a truth which the country needs just now, and I am going to print it....'

Then appropriately follows an extract from Dr. Gladden's "Recollections," in which he alludes to the conduct of Catholics during "the epidemic of unreason and bigotry" (the American Protective Association movement) which Mr. Gilder had so nobly co-operated with Dr. Gladden in opposing:

> It can not be said that the Roman Catholics had recently done anything to excite this antipathy: all their tendencies had been in the direction of more friendly relations with their Protestant neighbors. And while this fury was in the air, their behavior was, for the most part, altogether admirable....Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens have earned the right to be protected from such

proscription. There is no reason to suspect them of any unpatriotic purposes. They are bearing their part in the promotion of thrift, order, and intelligence. Any attempt to discredit or disfranchise them on account of their religious beliefs ought to be resisted by every intelligent American.

As R. C. Gleaner remarks, "Catholics should not forget these manly American words; and Mr. Gilder and Dr. Gladden deserve to be held in grateful remembrance for their noble opposition to the epidemic of unreasoning bigotry." Lest any one should be ignorant as to how it was spread, let us, on our part, reproduce two paragraphs from the *Century* article (March, 1894) which Dr. Gladden had the fairness to write and Mr. Gilder had the courage to publish. If Catholics would do well gratefully to remember what is quoted above, the Protestant clergy would do well not to forget what follows:

May I not venture to call upon all intelligent Protestants, and especially upon Protestant clergymen, to consider well their responsibilities in relation to this epidemic? Can we afford, as Protestants, to approve by our silence such methods of warfare against Roman Catholics as this society is employing? For the honor of Protestanism, is it not high time to separate ourselves from this class of "patriots"? In any large town, if the leading Protestant clergymen will speak out clearly, the plague will be stayed or abated.

The silence of the public in many instances is explained by the fact that members of the church are members of the order, and the pastor is unwilling to alienate any of his supporters....But a more influential reason for this silence is a feeling which is shared by the great majority of Protestant ministers—that Roman Catholics, as such, are a very dangerous class of persons, and that any kind of opposition to them is therefore to be welcomed. The extermination or repression of the Roman Catholic Church seems to these pious men a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable.

A great change has taken place in the Protestant clergy and laity of the United States since these words were written; however, the reproach will bear repetition.

Notes and Remarks.

The Pan-American Marian Congress, now being held in Santiago de Chile, promises to be even a greater success than the recent one in India. Representatives of all the countries of the New World are expected to be in attendance. During the two years of preparation for the Congress hundreds of Marian societies were formed in South America, and many of the members planned to be in Santiago on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, when the Congress will open. Expressing his joy at seeing so many fervent Catholics from far and near united under the banner of Mary, the Archbishop of Santiago wrote: 'The object of associations in honor of the Blessed Virgin, so enriched by the Sovereign Pontiffs with indulgences and privileges, is the formation of Catholic practices, which, through the medium of devotion and filial love, will promote personal sanctification in each particular state of life, exercise a beneficent influence in works of Catholic social action, and defend the Church against the attacks of her enemies.'

Having learned of the existence in New York city of a family of nineteen children, sixteen of whom are still living, President Harding was so much impressed that he sent a letter of cordial congratulation to the mother, Mrs. Domenico Zaccahea, declaring that he was 'moved to do so because of a little incident in his own life.' He thus explained: "My mother bore eight children and raised six of them to maturity. One afternoon, shortly before her death, we were all at my home holding a family reunion, and she spoke of having borne eight children, and said, with an affection most appealing to me, that she had been happy to bear eight children, and if she had her

life to live over she would have no desire to change it, except to bear eight more. I thought it was a beautiful thing for her to say, and the recollection of it inspired me to write my very cordial congratulations to you, and add thereto my very best wishes."

A beautiful thing indeed to say and a beautiful thing also for the President to do. It is unlikely, even though he may have two terms—which we are hoping for him,—that he will have occasion to extend such congratulations to any native American mother. The Zaccaheas, it is plain, are going to occupy the land some day.

The question as to the language to be officially recognized in the coming international conference at Washington has given rise to considerable discussion. The statement that English would be the only language to receive such recognition seems to have been somewhat premature. Premier Briand has made that quite clear by sending to the secretary of the French Academy this note: "The French Government could not under any circumstances take part in a conference at which the French language was not admitted as an official language." As a matter of history, French has the right of way as a diplomatic language, and for centuries it was the only tongue recognized as official in European congresses and conferences of the great Powers. In all probability, both English and French will be official languages at the Washington conference, as they are in the Federal Parliament of Canada.

As to the question which of these two tongues is more widely used throughout the world to-day, Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, used to tell of an answer he received from a student of Laval University. Coming upon two seminarians, one French and the other English, and noting that they were conversing in the language of the latter, the Cardinal said jokingly: "Mr. M., do you think that the good God understands English?"—"I don't see why He shouldn't, your Eminence," replied the student: "He hears more of it than of any other language."

Tyros in science can not be too frequently warned against the arrogance and presumption of pseudo-scientists with whom theories pass for demonstrations, and evidence counts for testimony. The real scientist is never self-confident. In speculations on prehistory especially, he shows the utmost reserve, having seen many theories abandoned, and many so-called "facts" exploded. An eminent French anthropologist, M. Jacques de Morgan, who has spent many years in the East, particularly in Persia, investigating prehistoric remains, is decidedly sceptical regarding prehistoric monoliths, the "innumerable generations of stone-chippers," etc., of which we hear so much from the camp-followers of Science. Dr. Schiller, one of the highest authorities in Eugenics, contends that modern man has no bigger brain than prehistoric man. "The Boskop skull found in the Transvaal, and ascribed to an ancestral Bushman, had 1832 c.c. of brains, 350 more than the average English brain case holds at present." The apparent stupidity of the uncivilized man according to Dr. Schiller is due to lack of acquired knowledge, not lack of native endowment; "nor is he more helpless in the city of London than a bank clerk would be on a desert island or a professor in a primeval jungle."

Mr. Leslie Wells, who contributes readable and practical essays to the *Catholic Herald of India*, is a militant Catholic who is not afraid to utter his convictions touching a variety of matters that concern what he evidently considers somewhat lax morality. In a

rece nt paper, entitled "More Backbone," he discusses a question the practicality of which is not dependent on geographical limitations. We quote:

Again, why have we those gambling bouts at the different churches every year, and in some church compounds twice a year? Because it is the easiest known way to make a fortune; and again it offers a chance, to those who patronize it, of ample compensation for risking the loss of a rupee. The organizers are generally pious old men who have lost the vigor of youth together with that confidence in God peculiar to all the saints, particularly to those who were engaged in works of charity. They have more worldly shrewdness than that childlike trust in Providence which should be the leading characteristic in all charitable work. With dismay they see the hand of God shut tight and His arm contracting, so that they have no hope of ever seeing it near enough to them to get any substantial assistance. On the other side they see hundreds of poor to be relieved, children to be fed, widows to be housed, etc.; and in despair they plan out a campaign of relief, the success of which will depend on the attractions, chances, enticements, inducements, and enjoyments set out before a people in whose charity they have lost confidence. The show is an exhibition of weak faith, hope, and charity. I believe, and I saw it done in Ireland with amazing success, that if five good representative men and ten representative ladies divided the city among them, and told the people what they wanted and why, they would get far more than they do at present by gambling, juggling, and disedifying small boys and shocking big ones, and becoming a snare and a temptation to older people.

We have personally seen a slight variation of the plan suggested succeed admirably—and nearer home than is Ireland. The leading dozen Catholics of the parish asked the pastor how much money he would be satisfied to realize from a picnic he proposed to hold. On learning the amount, they paid it to him, and "called off" the picnic.

Dissenting from a contemporary who thinks that the prevailing tendency to make parish schools conform to the standard of the public schools may result in convincing Catholics that the parish school is superfluous, the editor of the *Guardian* says that none of the laws recently approved touch the essentials of the parochial schools—viz., the right of teaching the Catholic religion in them, and the blessing of having the children at hand for introducing them to the practice of their religion from their early childhood. "It is especially the latter feature," he adds, "which we deem of supreme importance. Catholics will be all right if, from their youth up, they have acquired the habit of going to Mass, to confession, and to Holy Communion. If the children were frequenting public schools, it would be next to impossible to get them into anything like a regular habit of performing these religious duties. But at the parochial schools the pastor is in daily contact with the lambs of his flock, and is thus enabled to train them in the practice of their religion. Practice is what really counts in religion; and so long as the parochial school is the safeguard of religious practice, let no one venture to say that it has survived its usefulness."

The foundation stone of the priory and church which the Dominicans are to erect at Oxford was laid on the Feast of the Assumption. The date was happily chosen; for it was exactly seven hundred years ago (on the 15th of August, 1221) that the Dominicans first came to Oxford, acting on the instructions of the second General Chapter of the Order held at Bologna. Twelve friars, with Friar Gilbert, of Frosney, as their prior, set out for England, where they were welcomed by Cardinal Stephen Langton, at that time Archbishop of Canterbury; and in the same year they made their way to Oxford, where they established themselves in the University.

The return of the Dominicans to Oxford reminds us that there are now established at the University all those

religious Orders that taught there at the time of the Reformation. The Benedictines and the Franciscans have their hostels in Oxford, and the Jesuits and Salesians have their houses of studies. The Dominicans are already established in a small house, but their new priory means the establishment of the full conventual life of the Order, as well as their participation in the academic life of the University.

A writer in a Liverpool secular paper, commenting a few weeks ago on the restrictions placed on some forms of dancing by certain of the French clergy, had this to say:

> The French clerics are not the only priests of the Catholic Church who are somewhat chilly in their attitude towards dancing. I have often been struck at London gatherings by the fact that so many Irishwomen are indifferent dancers. The reason given is that the clergy frown upon round dances. They are not, perhaps, as opposed to the amusement as was the case years ago, when the zealous country priest hunted down those who assembled to dance in secret as the exciseman hunted down the maker of poteen.

We do not know whether any gallant Irishmen have resented the slur on the grace of their countrywomen in the terpsichorean art; but the Irish priest at once found a champion, who declares that no apology is needed for his "chilly attitude" towards dancing. Says the *Catholic Times*: "The Irish priest was, and is, quite right in discountenancing round dances; and we trust that Catholic Irishwomen will still maintain the reputation of being indifferent dancers."

Sir Philip Gibbs is quoted as saying—we are hoping that he said it in the *Review of Reviews*, of which, since the year began, he has been editor: "There can be no doubting the fact that there is a very marked movement in Europe, on the part of the people particularly, and in many instances among leaders of the people as well, toward a recognition of the necessity of religion. Catholic leadership in the winning of the war was a remarkable phenomenon; for not only Marshal Foch, but many of his generals were Catholics. Undoubtedly the wonderful example given by the French priests exerted a powerful influence upon the French people at large, and particularly upon the men in the trenches. Catholic influence in France is now one of the predominant factors. While part of this influence is looked upon askance, nevertheless it is recognized that Catholic influence in Europe is, on the whole, a most helpful one, not only in combating the spread of revolutionary extremism, but also in exerting a strong and perhaps decisive influence in bringing about the reasonable reform of social conditions."

An indisputable fact, strikingly stated. The necessity of religion is now recognized even by the irreligious. Catholic influence is becoming stronger in the United States as well as in Europe, and only the ultra-bigoted deny its beneficence. It is feared by Socialists and Anarchists, who are opposing it with all their might.

In the closing year of the last century it was a common prediction of Catholic churchmen that "the twentieth will be the century of the layman." The meaning of the prediction was, of course, that laymen would, from 1901 onwards, take a much larger share in the work of the Church than has been the case for several hundreds of years. So far as the United States is concerned, the prophecy is certainly proving true. The typical Catholic layman in this country is the Knight of Columbus; and his activities during recent years have marked him out as an exceptionally commendable son of Mother Church, not less than a thoroughly exemplary citizen of the Republic. His civic and religious virtues have been

appreciatively and repeatedly acclaimed by the President in Washington and the Sovereign Pontiff in Rome. That the latter has requested the Knights to lend their active co-operation in checking sectarian American proselytism in Italy is an honor of which any organization might well feel proud; and the effective manner in which, in our own country, this society of Catholic laymen is holding up the hands of the hierarchy and furthering the aims of the National Catholic Welfare Council, is convincing evidence that, at last, the laity are taking their due part in the Church's task of "restoring all things in Christ."

As love of God and love of country are twin sentiments in the soul of the perfect citizen; as, in the words of the present Chief Justice of the United States, "the better the Catholic, the better the American," it is not surprising to learn that the latest "gesture" of the Knights is the offering of an annual reward for the most patriotic word or deed of the year by a resident in the United States. In all probability the prize will be awarded, as happens in the case of a similar prize in France, to some one who has had no thought of being a competitor.

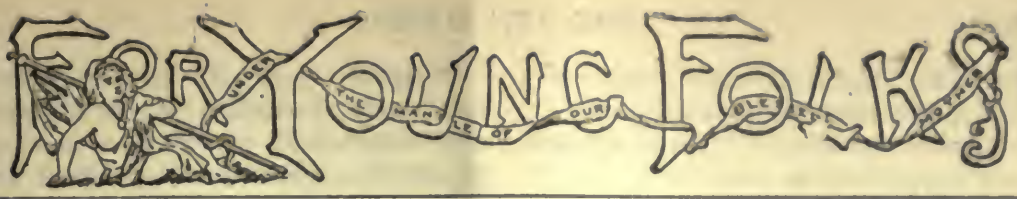
As often happens in any such case, the first newspaper reports of the recent murder of the Very Rev. James Coyle, of Birmingham, Ala., by a Protestant minister, whose daughter, a convert to the Church, and of age, Fr. Coyle had just married to a man obnoxious to her father, were painfully and shamefully false. It was stated that the killing was the result of a quarrel between the priest and the preacher, and that the latter acted in self-defence, having been struck by Fr. Coyle. Thoughtless readers did not stop to ask why the murderer—who is notoriously anti-Catholic—happened to be armed when he went to the priest's house. His daughter, though deeply grieving over the crime, and naturally indisposed to exaggerate the enormity of it, states that her father was very cruel to her after she became a Catholic. She feels confident, as does everyone else who knew him, that Fr. Coyle did not strike her father, that there was no such provocation for his evil deed.

Proof of the high esteem in which Fr. Coyle was held by all who knew him—he seems to have been known to everyone in Birmingham—was given at his funeral, which was the largest ever witnessed there. Friends and parishioners refer to him as a model priest and devoted pastor.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew, better known by his pseudonym, John Ayscough, took part recently in the celebration in England of the centenary of St. Dominic. His contribution to the celebration was a notable sermon on the virtual "devil worship" of the day. Here is a brief extract:

> Most people will say that witchcraft is a thing of the past, but in reality it is as energetic as it ever was. It is quite true that people do not announce themselves witches, but they are, all the same, doing witches' work, taking the witches' visible pay, and executing the witches' invisible will. These witches may call themselves "experts in psychology," or other high-sounding names—Spiritualists, and so on,—but they are witches. I have never known any one yet who made a practice of Spiritualism that did not fall into a rotting of the mind and spirit. People who live in this alluring and unnatural light—who walk by this stinking torch—where they are people of intellectuality, their intellect decays; and where they are people of great nature, that greatness dwindles and rots.

English Catholics must have experienced the elation of coming triumph on reading in the London *Times* of recent date that "the 'Angelus' is now rung thrice daily, after a lapse of 400 years, at the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge, where a new rector, the Rev. H. J. Fynes-Clinton, has recently been appointed."



To Our Mother on Her Birthday.

BY F. STANFIELD.

HEAR thy children, gentlest Mother!
Loving hearts to thee arise;
Hear us while our prayerful *Ave*
Soars beyond the starry skies.

Hear, sweet Mother,—hear thy children,
Borne upon life's troubled sea;
Gentle, guiding Star of Ocean,
Lead us onward, home to thee.

Still watch o'er us, dearest Mother,
From thy beauteous home above;
Guard us from all harm and danger,
'Neath the sheltering wings of love.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XI.—An Escape. A Friend in Need.

RICARDO stood waiting, with the whip in his hand, while the trembling offenders huddled together. Mattia, in the background, leaned against the wall, thankful that his weakness saved him, for a time at least, from the fate of his companions. He often wondered if Garifoli, on account of his relationship, would be more lenient towards his failings, should they develop, than to those of the others. As yet he had not come under the lash; though he was often reproached for being sickly, therefore worthless.

"Ricardo," began Garifoli, in a suave tone, "you know, and these your comrades know, how painful it is to my feelings to be obliged to administer this almost daily punishment. I might say with truth this *daily* punishment, as there is seldom one on which several of these slackers do not have to be corrected. And to you, boys, I must again repeat, as I have often done before, that when I strike it is not in cruelty or anger, but with a deep, fatherly regard for your future; that you may all become good citizens of this or any other country to which you may belong. If you have not naturally the desire to excel, this slight punishment will be to you a spur to strive to attain the ideal of every enterprising man or woman. If you are not careful (by that I mean if, through carelessness, you have lost any of your gains during your daily travels through the streets of Paris), it will teach you to count your *sous* as you receive them, and mend the holes in your pockets. If you are not honest (by which I indicate that on occasions you may be tempted to waste your earnings, or part of them, in pastry-cook shops, or at sidewalk sweetmeat stands), it will teach you the virtues of self-sacrifice and duty to your employer."

The last statement had brought involuntary smiles to the faces of the poor boys who had broken the laws of Garifoli's court, none of whom—such was their fear of him and their belief that he found out everything—would have dared to spend a *centime* on any personal gratification.

Suddenly he changed his tone. The sight of those quickly suppressed smiles seemed to have vexed him greatly.

"Why are you laughing? Brutes! animals!" he cried, springing to his feet. "Is it thus that you sneer at my patience, my interest in your welfare? Is it thus you mock and defy my authority? I will show you!"

Then, addressing Ricardo, he said:

"Two extra lashes to every guilty

boy. For, so far as I can judge, every boy in the room was snickering."

"Including Mattia?" asked Ricardo in a compassionate tone.

"Including Mattia," answered the enraged *padrone*. "I have no doubt he is as guilty as the others,—hiding and sneaking there behind the stove."

Every culprit in the room turned toward Mattia,—those who had been envious of his escape from punishment, with satisfaction; those who knew how weak and ill he was, with compassion.

"Oh, that Vitalis could see and hear this!" thought Remi in the obscurity of his corner. "He would not leave me with such a dreadful man, if he only knew."

Ricardo lifted the lash. It fell across the shoulders of a boy called Giovanni, who uttered a loud cry. The next blow brought forth a louder cry, and then a curse. The third, accidentally grazing the shoulder of the second culprit before his turn, produced a series of howls and curses. The next offender fell on his knees and began calling:

"Mamma, mamma, come and help me! Take me away!"

A noise in the doorway attracted the attention of Garifoli.

"Wait a moment!" he said, lifting his hand.

The blows ceased. Garifoli rose. Vitalis was standing on the threshold. With one bound he reached Ricardo, snatched the whip from his hand and threw it on the floor.

"Shameful! abominable!" he cried, turning to Garifoli.

"Yes, I admit that he strikes too hard," said Garifoli in an apologetic tone. "He has no feeling; he strikes too hard."

"I have nothing to say to the boy," Vitalis retorted. "It is with you I have to deal, Garifoli. Thank God I have been a witness to this scene! Oh, my poor little Remi!"

"Control yourself,—control yourself," said Garifoli. "I am confident your boy would never have merited punishment. He seems intelligent and amiable, far beyond the ordinary."

"No excuses!" exclaimed Vitalis. "You have no defence. Of what could Mercanti have been thinking to recommend me here?"

Then Garifoli answered in a different tone:

"Mercanti has known me for years. He knows, too, that I am a fine teacher, that I turn out finished musicians. What an old fool you are not to be aware that children must be trained like animals—with the whip!"

"I may be an old fool," replied Vitalis. "But I have trained both children and animals, and never with the whip. Your conduct should be brought to the notice of the police; and in that case things should not go very well with you."

"The police!" shouted Garifoli, making a step forward. "*You* complain of me to the police?"

"Yes," said Vitalis, "I mean what I say."

"See here, Vitalis!" continued the *padrone*, shaking his finger in the musician's face. "I know who you are, what you were. Though that fact does not come under the surveillance of the law, there are those still interested in you and your affairs to whom you would not wish your identity to be revealed. I can trust your *pride* at least, and that is great. Mercanti has not as silent a tongue as you think, Vitalis."

The old man turned quickly about and took Remi's hand.

"Come, Remi," he said. "Let us get away from here. Thank God that I discovered the character of this man before I left you in his care!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Garifoli, advancing towards him. "What have you to say for yourself, Signor *Vitalis?*"

He placed an extraordinary empha-

sis upon the name of his visitor, who did not reply by a single word.

"Come, Remi," he said once more; and the boy followed him down the long, dirty stairway into the street, overjoyed at his release. If he had dared, he would have thrown his arms around the old man's neck and embraced him. When they reached the street, Vitalis said:

"Things are very serious for us just now, Remi. I have only six francs in my pocket. What shall we do?"

"Where is Capi?" inquired Remi.

"I left him in a tobacco shop when I returned to Garifoli to make arrangements for you. I know the shopkeeper. He is all right. Garifoli would have given me fifty francs, on which I could have subsisted till some good luck turned up, or till I had found two or three pupils. But when I saw how cruel he was I could not leave you there."

"Oh, you are good, Master,—you are good!" said Remi.

Vitalis smiled down on the boy.

"I do not know how I could have passed the winter without you, Remi," he said. "But I thought I was acting for your benefit. As for myself, I am willing to give up the struggle at any time. It is growing too hard."

Up one street and down another they went, finally turning into one containing a number of small shops and cafés.

"Is this the place?" asked Remi.

"No," said Vitalis. "But we must have something to eat, even though it should be our last meal. I am faint from hunger and fatigue."

They turned another corner and came upon a very small, narrow house of two stories, set in between rows of higher buildings. A bright lamp depended from the roof of the bay-window which projected into the street; and the light displayed, in delicious array, pastry of various kinds.

"Aha!" said Vitalis. "It reminds me of Naples,—of 'La Violetta,' " he added.

A woman sat behind the little counter, knitting. She was short and stout, with a pleasant face and iron-gray hair.

"Let us go in, Remi," said Vitalis, and he opened the door.

The woman left her place and stepped forward. She was lame. Vitalis regarded her closely for a moment. Then he asked:

"You are an Italian?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she said, "I am. And you also?"

"Yes," replied Vitalis, "I also. Have you lived long in Paris?"

"Ten years. My home was in Naples. I married a Frenchman there, and he came to Paris. He died soon after, and I have remained here ever since."

"Did you ever dance at La Scala?"

"I did, and was lamed there by a fall."

"And the singers and dancers were all good to you because of that?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You are 'La Violetta'?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I remember. I have often eaten of your delicious wares."

"You have been a singer in your time, Monsieur?"

"Well—yes. But fortune has been rather hard on me."

The woman looked at the tired old man, then at Remi.

"Is this your grandson?" she asked.

"No, but I love him as though he were,—a good child, Madame. We will each take a cup of chocolate and a *brioche*."

Seated at one of the little round tables covered with white oilcloth, they were served their order, with the addition of several slices of bread and a pat of butter and some cheese.

"I did not order bread, Madame," said Vitalis. "I will confess to you (you are my countrywoman) that my purse is not very long. We have had many misfortunes."

The woman seated herself at the table.

"Do not mention it," she said. "That bread would have been stale by to-morrow. Eat your fill. And there is more chocolate."

The musician cast a grateful glance towards her.

"Monsieur," she continued, "I am Madame Bartel. Your name?"

"Vitalis," was the reply.

"Did you know—of course you did—the great singer, Carlo Bolzani?"

Vitalis started. "I knew him. What of him?"

"You resemble him," she replied,—"yes, you resemble him very much."

"He is dead, no doubt," said Vitalis, stirring his chocolate.

"I do not know. I have heard that he lost his voice suddenly and disappeared."

"Several times it has been said before that we looked alike," added Vitalis.

"His hair was of raven blackness," continued the woman. "He was a very handsome man. But that is neither here nor there. Let us talk of Italy."

"I can not," rejoined Vitalis. "It makes me too sad; although in the course of my travels I may visit it again."

"How grand it was to hear Bolzani sing 'O Richard, O mon Roi'!" said the woman, reminiscently. "Many a time I have stood behind the wings and listened to him. Yes, indeed. I can hear him still. It was like a voice from heaven. It was his *chef-d'oeuvre,* Monsieur."

Remi glanced at his master, who made no reply. That was the song he had sung in the town-hall, on which the kind lady had complimented him.

Vitalis finished his meal and then rose to go.

"What do I owe you?" he asked.

"One franc."

"Only one franc—for all these good things?"

"You are my countryman," she said. "I beg of you do not offer me more."

"I thank you," said the old man. "I will take your gift as it was meant. And now to purchase some bread and cheese for breakfast. Bread a little stale goes better with cheese, Madame."

The woman began to put up a parcel.

"Are you staying in Paris?" she asked.

"There is nothing for us here in the winter time. I do not know exactly what we shall do," Vitalis replied.

She understood the situation. The poverty of the old man, as well as the beautiful face of the boy, touched her heart.

"How long have you been here?" she inquired.

"We arrived this afternoon. A business proposition I had in view has failed; my plans have been all upset."

"Have you a lodging for the night, Monsieur?"

"No, not yet."

"I beg of you to remain here. I have a vacant room, with two beds, clean and comfortable."

"It would cost more than we could afford."

"It will cost nothing at all. It is my sister's. She is now absent in Lyons. You will be most welcome to it and to breakfast."

Vitalis looked at Remi.

"What do you say, my boy?" he asked.

"I think it would be very nice," answered Remi.

"Very well, then," said the old man. "We accept your hospitality. But first I must get my dog, which I left not far from here. Do you object?"

"Not at all. I love dogs myself."

"This is a wonderful dog," said Remi. "His name is Capi, and he understands everything."

Vitalis went out and soon returned with Capi, to whom the woman gave some bread and meat. Opening the

door of her little parlor, she invited the travellers to seat themselves while she closed the shop. When she returned, Vitalis said:

"Madame, I am greatly fatigued and would like to go to rest. But if you wish I will sing you a little song. You have been so kind that I do not mind telling you that I was once servant to Bolzani, and, having a little voice, learned to sing some of his songs. Would you like to hear one?"

"Surely I would," replied the woman, eagerly.

The old man then rose from his chair carrying Remi's harp in his hand. He touched the chords, threw back his head in his own characteristic manner, and began to sing "O Richard, O mon Roi!" Remi marvelled how, faint with privation and sorrow, he could sing so well. Once more tears stood in the eyes of the boy, as well as in those of the woman.

When he had finished, she cried:

"O Monsieur, O Monsieur, you have made me so happy! I could almost fancy that Bolzani himself stood there before me, singing."

"I thank you!" said Vitalis. "I am glad to have afforded you pleasure. And now, if you please, we will go to bed."

A clean room, soft, clean beds, a good night's sleep, a good breakfast, a large parcel of provisions, and they were on the road once more. Vitalis could not be induced to remain longer. As the hospitable woman watched them pass from view along the narrow street, she said to herself:

"I should not wonder,—no, I should not wonder!" And, leaving the remainder of her thoughts unspoken, she re-entered the shop.

(To be continued.)

"GOOD-BYE" is the contraction of "God be with you." Therefore, whenever you say "Good-bye" to a friend you say "God be with you."

Brother Deo Gratias.

ST. FELIX OF CANTALICE, beloved of young folk, who used to call him Brother Deo Gratias, was born at Cantalice, near Citta Ducale, in Umbria, in the year 1513. His parents were poor laboring people. From his childhood Felix was spoken of as a little saint. He was brought up to work on the land, looking after cattle, and ploughing the fields. Often while the flocks and herds were pasturing he would kneel in prayer for a long time at the foot of a tree, before a cross which he had cut in the bark. Being uneducated, his devotions consisted only of the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Creed," and *Gloria*. These were continually on his lips during the day. Felix was very humble and meek, with a heart full of joy and thanksgiving to God for all His mercies.

One day he met with an accident while ploughing. The young oxen were startled by his master suddenly appearing dressed in black. Knocking Felix down, they dragged the plough over his body. He escaped unhurt, but this deliverance from death awoke in him a desire to consecrate his life to God; and that same evening hearing read the Lives of some of the Fathers of the Desert, he set off to a neighboring Capuchin monastery and humbly asked to be admitted as a lay-brother.

Soon after his profession, in 1545, he went to the house of the Capuchin Order in Rome. There he was appointed to go out every day begging alms and food for the convent. For forty-five years this was his daily mission. It is said that the community were never so well provided with provisions either before or after. Everyone gave readily to Felix; for he had such a happy countenance, and was always so full of gratitude even for the smallest gifts.

His delight was to make constant acts of thanksgiving, praise, and adoration.

The words *Deo gratias*, we are told, were continually on his lips, and he often asked others to join him in giving thanks to God for all things. The Saint's custom was to greet others with the words *Deo gratias*. He taught the little children to repeat these words, bidding them to thank God for the beautiful flowers and the fields, and the blue sky overhead. The children who loved him dearly, when they saw him coming, would run to greet him, crying out *"Deo gratias!"* It is related that he once put an end to a duel by rushing in and separating the combatants with the words, *"Deo gratias!* Say *Deo gratias* each of you!" And then, having heard the cause of their strife, he reconciled them, and sent them away happy.

It is said that one stormy night, when Felix was out collecting food as usual, Our Lord appeared to him in the form of a beautiful Child about ten years of age, who presented him with a loaf of bread, and then, giving the Saint His blessing, vanished from his sight. In paintings St. Felix is often represented bearing on his shoulder a beggar's wallet, on which the words *Deo gratias* are written. When dying he bade those about him to say these words for him, when he was no longer able to speak. He died on May 18, 1587.

What Imagination Can Do.

IT is of Buckland, the famous English naturalist of the last century, that the following anecdote is told:

One day, the morning of which he had spent in dissecting an alligator, he had a number of learned men to dine with him.

"How do you like this soup?" he asked one of his colleagues who had the reputation of being something of an epicure.

"Very well, indeed," was the reply. "Turtle, is it not?"

Buckland shook his head.

"It seems to me it tastes just a little bitter," remarked another guest.

"*All* alligators have that taste," said the naturalist. "The one which I dissected this morning, and of which you are now eating—"

There was no need of his finishing. Consternation ensued, and most of the guests left the dining-room at once.

"See what imagination can do!" said Buckland to the few who remained. "Had I assured them that it was turtle soup, they would have found it excellent and their stomachs wouldn't have troubled them a bit."

"But is it really alligator soup that you have given us?" asked one of the guests.

"Most assuredly *not*," replied Buckland. "I dissect alligators, but I don't eat them; and I hope I understand hospitality too well to ask my friends to eat them. Let me give you some more of this *turtle* soup."

The Origin of a Common Proverb.

The first man in England to let out a hackney horse was, according to Addison's *Spectator*, Tobias Hobson (died 1630). When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable where there was a great choice, but the hirer was obligated to take the animal that stood nearest to the stable door. Thence it became a proverb, when that which ought to be of your own choosing was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's choice." In the form of a couplet it runs in this way:

> Where to elect there is but one,
> 'Tis Hobson's choice,—take that or none.

The most common instance of this peculiar "choice" in modern life probably occurs at the rural hotel where the guest, on being asked whether he will have tea or coffee, replies, "tea"; and is then informed, "We're out of tea; you'll have to take coffee."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, London, have issued a volume entitled "The Religion of the Scriptures," containing the papers read at the Catholic Bible Congress held last month at Cambridge.

—A new book by Prof. Parker T. Moon, of Columbia University, which will doubtless have many readers on account of its importance and timeliness, is announced by the Macmillan Co. It is entitled "The Labor Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France." Prof. Moon emphasizes the increasing importance of the labor problem in religious and political controversies.

—Any one who is privileged to read "Theodore Roosevelt the Child" (a sketch, including thirty-one letters from President Roosevelt to Mrs. Bellamy Storer, and two letters of Cardinal Gibbons) will be apt to recall the warning, *Scripta manent*. One page of this booklet is devoted to the gratifying statement: "One hundred copies have been printed, and the type dispersed."

—We bespeak the charitable prayers of our readers for Miss Leslie Moore, a convert to the Church and the author of several deservedly popular novels, who died some weeks ago at Clevedon, Somersetshire, England. Perhaps her best book is "The Peacock Feather"; the last, we believe, was "The Greenway." Miss Moore's friends refer to her as a woman of great faith and tender piety.

—Some rare early Italian books lately sold at auction in London included "Mundo componuto (Vicenza, 1474)," a curious poem descriptive of the cities of Italy, Great Britain, etc., on one hundred and six leaves folio; also "Arithmetica" (Florence, 1491), the first printed Italian arithmetic with illustrations accompanying problems, and the first to give long division in the modern form; it has a woodcut of Pythagoras and his pupils.

—Since the appearance of several sprightly missionary papers, the literature of Catholic apostolicism has taken on a charming cheerfulness that is the symbol of health. When we pick up a book of mission stories nowadays, we expect that the heroism of our crusaders will not have made the author forget how really they are men. One wonders, regretfully, whether Father Dreves has not forgotten, in his collection of narratives entitled "A Joyful Herald of the King of Kings." Blessed Theophane Venard, the martyr of Tonkin, is ably presented, however; and the general loftiness of this little book deserves Cardinal Bourne's letter of commendation. B. Herder Book Co.; price, $1.25.

—It would be difficult to write an unduly appreciative notice of "The Morality of the Strike," by the Rev. Donald A. McLean, M. A., S. T. L. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) As timely a volume as has been published for years, it may well continue for decades to be an authoritative text-book for whosoever wishes to go to the fundamentals in the relationship between Capital and Labor. So competent a critic as Dr. John A. Ryan, who writes the Introduction, declares that "the book evinces a greater knowledge and gives a better presentation of the pertinent economic conditions and relations than is to be found in any other English publication on the moral side of industrial disputes." Evidently, a work which challenges the attention of all who have necessarily to determine their conscientious duty with regard to conjunctures that are happening so periodically all over the country. Not the least commendable features of the work are an analytic table of contents, a bibliography, and an index. It is not superfluous to add that the book bears the *imprimatur* of Mgr. Hayes, of New York. Price, $1.75.

—"The Leper's Bell," by Massicks Sparroy (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of the so-called "mystery stories," differentiated from its class in this, that the mystery of which it tells is not absolutely cleared up, even at the story's end. The narrative is a French one in its setting and its characters; and, although the latter are nominally Catholic, their religious convictions do not appear to prove a very effective bar to the dominance of their human passions. A not uninteresting tale, but hardly deserving of the publishers' declaration: "It's creepy, it's startling, and it has undeniable power."—"The Man, the Tiger, and the Snake," by Ferdinand Reyher (same publishers), is a story of gratitude and ingratitude: of the returns made, for excellent service rendered, by three types of modern humanity—a business man, a "safe-cracker," and a woman of the underworld. The sophisticated reader is likely to guess, early in the narrative, just which of the characters will, at need, be true to the pledges they have gratefully professed to their benefactor; but the working out of the plot will hold interest,

notwithstanding. There is not a little of the jargon of the oil-promoter and the stockbroker scattered through the book's 232 pages; but nowadays this is almost inevitable in the ordinary novel of American life.

—The Catholic press is very much of a restless missionary. It turns up all over the world, labors hard, and is never out of trouble. Who would imagine that there exists a Catholic printing shop at Tananarive, Madagascar, which turns out six thousand copies of a weekly journal in the vernacular, fifteen hundred copies of a magazine in French, and various pamphlets and books? This apparently thriving establishment is, however, a "one lunger," according to an interesting letter sent by a Jesuit missionary, the R. P. de la Devéze, to *Les Missions Catholiques*. The demand for information on Catholic subjects is enormous, owing to the highly developed intellectual interests of the natives. There is absolutely no difficulty about disposing of the literature, but the power of the press is limited sadly in other respects. There is only one machine which can be operated; the others, "venerable assortments of steel dating from 1874," refuse to be disturbed. Everyone who can picture the difficulty of trying to turn out a multitude of things with one paltry machine, will sympathize with the missionary's humble request for "another press, modest, but modern and of medium size." We trust that some kind heart that understands how many printing shops are piling up tons of worthless literature will hearken to the needs of religious reading in distant Madagascar.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16*s*.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph De Villandré, of the diocese of Fall River; Rev. Patrick McIntyre, diocese of Leavenworth; Rev. Hugh McDermond, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Arthur Lettellier, S.S.S.

Sister M. Camilla, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Florence, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Robert Davis, Mr. William Vogel, Miss Nellie Brown, Mr. A. P. Selkirk, Mr. John Anderson, Mr. Thomas Gallagher, Mr. Thomas Kinsella, Mrs. R. Jackson, Mr. Charles Holland, Mrs. M. M. Hart, Mrs. John Hogan, Mr. Joseph Hogan, Mr. Daniel Hogan, Mr. James Archdeacon, Mrs. James Archdeacon, Mr. Robert Tennant, Mr. John Tennant, Miss Madge Sweeny, Mr. Philip Adams, Mr. A. L. Fortel, Miss E. McDonough, Mr. John Phillipps, Mr. Thomas Nelson, Miss C. C. O'Neil, Mr. John T. Mathus, Mr. George Mathus, Mr. Thomas Gleason, Mr. R. A. Papric, and Mr. Anthony Jaworowski.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *300 days' indul.*

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(THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.)

Schola Art. Beuron.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1921. NO. 12

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Stigmata.

BY W. H. HAMILTON.

THE Five Wounds of the crucifix
Are awful to behold;
They stun my heart, they stain my vision
Like blooddrops on gold.

The Five Wounds of the crucifix
Haunt me by noon and night;
They break and burn through all my dreaming,
And trouble all delight.

The Five Wounds of the crucifix
Will pluck my heart from sin;
For how should I cheat Him whose pity
Bears these my heart to win?

The Five Wounds of the crucifix
Shall send me forth to heal,
To follow, follow His blood-red banner,
Seeking His lost ones' weal.

Last, by long, loving contemplation
I'll bear, ere I depart,
Those Five sweet Wounds of the crucifix
Graven on my heart.

IF men wantonly expose the precious gift of faith to the attacks and to the subtlety of unbelievers, or to the pestilence and infection of infidel books, or to the poisonous literature which at this day is written against Christianity in every tongue, and above all against Christianity full and perfect, which is the Catholic Faith, they have no one to blame but themselves.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

Our Lady's Dolors.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

OUR Lord came down from heaven to suffer. In the wisdom of God, Our Lady, too, was preordained to suffer. It was through suffering Our Lord was to gain glory to His Father. Having joy placed before Him, He chose the cross. Suffering was His deliberate and determinate choice. Now, since we know this from Holy Writ, we can easily believe the statement of one of His saintly servants—namely, that the Son of God would not have come from heaven but for His love of suffering.

Like Christ, the Blessed Virgin also through suffering obtained glory for God. It was without doubt one of her graces to know the attraction that suffering had for Our Lord; and, knowing that, she unquestionably, without halt or hesitation, pursued it, and embraced it lovingly and worshipfully all her days. She saw in Jacob's ladder what our eyes do not see: that the uprights were God's glory and man's Redemption,—angels ascending and descending; and that the crossbars were suffering and stripes, pains of body and anguish of soul.

Our Lord's sufferings, the very least of them, were infinite in value. That fact tells us, that it is the dignity of the sufferer and his excellence before God that gives to pains of the body and

sorrows of the mind their supernatural and proportionate value. On Good Friday there were two thieves beside Our Lord; the sufferings of both were equal. Those of the one availed nothing. Through the mercy of the Lord, the sufferings of the other merited to hear: "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Suppose Our Lady in her Dolors suffered only such pains and anguish as you and I might suffer in body and soul: would her sufferings before God be of more value than yours or mine? Immeasurably more so. The reason is because, though our pains were equal, we could never, in the first place, have suffered them with the same submission and resignation to God; but, secondly, and especially, because the excellence and dignity of her soul gave a merit to each of her acts, whether she prayed, worshipped, or suffered, that would be in proportion to her abundance of grace and the conscious attention on her part that accompanied the act. Then we ask:

Can we estimate the dignity of Mary's soul? It is probable we can neither estimate nor understand it; and, for proof, we take these two moments in her life—the moment of the Immaculate Conception and the moment of the Incarnation. Pope Pius IX. says of her, at the moment of the Immaculate Conception, that it is possible the highest angel in heaven, with the tremendous intelligence of the celestial spirits, was unable to understand the inconceivable dignity of Holy Mary at the first pulsation of her young life. "He that is mighty hath done great things to me." We take the second moment, that when the Divine Word became flesh in her sacred womb. Many holy writers and theologians are of opinion that such vast treasures of grace were at that instant poured into her soul that, being a creature, she could not receive more. This opinion, however, is disputed; but on all sides it is admitted that nothing on earth or in heaven was at that moment comparable to Holy Mary; and that possibly she surpassed in grace, there and then, all angels and all men. That being so, and merit being in proportion to excellence and grace, who will calculate the merit of a single act of hers, even before she suffered the first of her Seven Dolors?

Why did she suffer? When her Divine Son was the Man of Sorrows, which was fitting: that she should be the Woman of Joys or the Mother of Dolors? Eve's wrong act consisted in giving herself license,—'the fruit was pleasing to the eye and sweet to the taste, and she did eat.' Mary's blessed life was one continual act of self-denial. The whole was summed up in the answer she made to the Angel: "Be it done unto me according to thy word."

Everything made it seemly, then, that her life should be a dolorous life. Her Divine Son's choice was a choice of sorrow and suffering. God's glory and man's redemption were promoted by it more immediately and more abundantly than by any other means; for if there were any means better calculated to attain these two ends, Christ would have chosen them. There was even a further and a higher reason. God wished that she should suffer in union with the Redeemer, not as we would suffer, not with the same value attaching to her sufferings as to ours, but on an entirely higher plane, as if a lump of clay were changed into a piece of gold. We, therefore, call her co-operatrice or co-redemptress with our Divine Lord. It would be a sin against faith to say this of any one else. The Church, while it does not make it an article of faith, allows us to hold this as a pious and probable opinion. It is so held by the faithful generally, and taught almost unanimously by saints,

and by the Doctors and Fathers of the Church.

Pius IX. says: "God Himself, at the beginning of the world, foretelling the remedies He had already preordained for the Redemption of the human race, proclaimed (to the demon): 'I will set enmities between thy seed and her seed.' All writers," he continues, "have taught that a merciful Redeemer is here foretold—namely, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that His Holy Mother, the Most Blessed Mary, is designated; and that the united and dominating enmities of them both against the Evil One is singularly announced. Wherefore, as Christ, the Mediator between God and man, assuming human nature, and, taking the handwriting of the decree which was against us, fixed it as a conqueror to the cross; so she, the Most Holy Virgin, being united to Him in the closest and most intimate bonds of union, exercising together with Him and through Him everlasting enmities against the poisonous serpent, and completely triumphing over him, crushed his head with her immaculate heel."*

Our Lady's Dolors began on the day of the Annunciation. St. Bernardine of Siena says: "It is not without significance to us that she who was crucified beneath the cross was the Mother of Him who was crucified on the cross; and that God decreed that on the very day on which the Virgin begot Christ, on that same day Christ suffered death,"—i. e., on a Friday. Whereon the illustrious Father Ventura writes: "In that most mysterious moment when the Virgin pronounced her all-powerful *Fiat* ('Be it done unto me')—in that moment she saw the whole series of events that were to happen during the entire human life of the Son she had conceived. She knew with celestial and infallible certainty that the Son of God, whom she bore in her womb, did not come into the world for the pomp of royalty, but for the shame of the cross."

Let us try to realize this. From the first moment of her life she was gifted, it is probable, with the use of reason and with intelligence beyond the angels of heaven. We recall the declaration of Pius IX.: "It is likely that the highest angel in heaven was unable to understand the excellence of Holy Mary at the first moment of her existence." For fourteen years—that is, up to the moment of the Incarnation—her one thought was the Redemption of the human race; her one prayer, that the heavens would distil their dews, and the clouds rain down the Just One.

That night of nights at length had come. The solemn hour of the Incarnation was on the stroke. In that most tremendous moment, filled with heavenly illumination beyond any previous moment of her existence, she saw the divine plan of Redemption; and, seeing it, prayed for the Redeemer with such overpowering intensity and insistence that the very heavens were bowed down and yielded to the ardor of her prayers. Before the Angel had saluted her, she saw in vision the Word made flesh as "a worm and no man"; yet she prayed for Emmanuel to become that pitiable thing, "a worm and no man"; for she saw that such was His will, because it brought infinite glory to Almighty God and "plentiful redemption" to man.

A moment before the Angel's salutation, she did not know who was to be mother of the Redeemer; and with a blessed envy she envied the woman *crucifixa cum Eo* (to be crucified with Him), destroying the serpent's power and crushing his head with her heel. All at once it is shown to her that she herself is that woman "blessed by the Lord, the Most High God, beyond all the women on earth." But the Mother

* Allocution, Decree of the Immaculate Conception.

of the "Man of Sorrows" must be the "Woman of Dolors." Is she prepared? Is she ready to give her consent? Oh, pain made no difficulty! To be crucified, because He was to be crucified, was her desire. She had indeed a difficulty, as the Bible tells us; but it was quite another thing: "How shall this be done, for I know not man?" But as to sufferings, she had no trouble. *Fiat mihi*.... (Be it done unto me according to thy word.") O Mother of the Redeemer, of Him who was to be "a worm and no man," we cast ourselves in profoundest reverence before you!

But does not the Church look on Simeon's prophecy as the First Dolor? It does. The prophecy of holy Simeon was the first official and external intimation of it. "By her consent to the Incarnation," says St. Anselm, "she besought most earnestly, and obtained, the salvation of us all; so that from that moment she bears us all in her sacred womb, as the most true mother does her real children." "On the day of the Purification," says Father Ventura, "she renewed in a public and solemn manner, before the altar in the Temple, the generous offering of her Son for our salvation, which she had already made of Him in the sanctuary of her own heart."

She knew, as no one did or could know, the amount of suffering to which she was offering Him; but she did not withdraw her hand. She offered Him as really as if she had taken the sacrificial knife that lay on the altar and had slain Him; and indeed St. Epiphanius calls the Virgin "a sacrificing priest." From the Incarnation, therefore, to the Purification she kept that terrible grief hidden in her heart, the sword of grief silently transpiercing her soul. For all that time she bore us in her transfixed heart, and, like the wife of Moses when the angel struck him on the journey because he had not circumcised his son, she might truly cry to each one of us: 'A bloody son art thou to me.'*

We know that rivers running to the ocean gain strength on their course; so that, as they proceed, they are able to bear a greater burden. It was even so with Holy Mary. Each new Dolor found her farther on her course, and able to bear a far greater burden of sorrow. She turned everything, every grace, every trial, every inspiration to the highest possible use, and obtained thereby the highest possible merit.

Sorrow is the punishment of sin. Mary was sinless; God had miraculously preserved her from even original sin. But, just as her Divine Son suffered because it was His will and desire to suffer, so did God allow unimaginable agony and sorrow of mind to come upon His Mother, because it was her will and desire. The act of Adam and Eve in disobeying explains a great deal to us in this matter. If Adam, for instance, had not sinned, even though Eve had, the human race would not have been condemned. Similarly, if Jesus had not suffered, even though Mary had, we should not have been redeemed. But we were lost by the (united) sin of our first parents; and we were redeemed by the (united) sufferings of Jesus and Mary.

* Exod., iv.

IN the maintenance of health and the cure of disease, cheerfulness is a most important factor. Its power to do good, like a medicine, is not an artificial stimulation of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life-giving influence through a moral channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eye, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner forces by which life is sustained.

—*Dr. Kellogg.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XII.—Passing Events.

Raise up your hearts; your right demand;
For your redemption's in your hand.
—*Chatterton.*

WALTER and his friend sojourned while in Brussels at the Bellevue Hôtel, at that time one of the best on the Continent. It had been somewhat damaged during the recent fighting, and the landlord showed his guests the marks that grape-shot and bullets had made on his walls, and exhibited a collection of balls and bullets. Walter also saw many other evidences of the recent struggle: ruined trees in the Park, and the Place des Martyrs, where lay buried some three hundred Belgians who died to give their country its freedom.

While at Antwerp, Walter had sent home a brief account of the adventures that had befallen him, of the story he had heard about the Hartleys, of his own feelings in regard to Alice Hartley, and how he had learned of the sudden disappearance of the family from Bruges.

Answers to this letter were not long in arriving. His mother gently upbraided Walter for having entangled himself in a revolutionary movement, saying that she had wept to think of her boy's having been in prison, and blessed the brave boatman who had rescued him from jail. Although she felt proud of her son as a soldier, she was glad to know that he was about to doff his uniform—which he must keep to show her—and was ready to continue his "grand tour," during which she hoped that he would steer clear of dangerous adventures.

Walter's father added a postscript to his wife's letter. "My dear boy," he wrote, "I must scold you for your rashness, while I admire your fiery daring. Young men, they say, must sow their wild oats, though I never could see why they should have any to sow. I take it you got rid of your stock, if you had any, during your recent adventures. I am glad those Hartleys have disappeared. I was present when poor Hartley was tried by a jury of his countrymen, and I am convinced that he was rightly found guilty. I pity his wife and daughter, but you know how the sins of fathers are visited upon their children. Dismiss any tender feeling you may have entertained in that quarter, and take your mother's advice and get on with your tour. Change of scene will do you good."

On the day that Walter received this letter, the Count told him that the Provisional Government would shortly send him on a diplomatic mission to Rome, and bade Walter to hold himself ready to depart, if, as he hoped, he would go with him on his long journey. In the meantime Walter might assist at the first meetings of the National Congress. The Count could find him a place in a reserved tribune in the Palace of the Nation, where the meetings were to be held.

Before the hour fixed for the first meeting, the Count and Walter paced up and down the broad walk in the Park, at the north end of which stood the Palace of the Nation. Crowds of people lounged about, watching the members of the Congress making their way towards the Palace. With not a few the Count exchanged greetings. As they smoked their cigars, the Count explained to Walter the situation of affairs which he had closely watched.

"The Provisional Government," he said, "has done good work in a short time. It has suppressed the political police, lotteries, and the cruel bastinado which was used to punish military offenders; it has decreed the publicity of judicial proceedings and the publication of provincial and communal budgets; it has proclaimed liberty of

worship, of education, of association, of the press, and even of amusements. Of course all these liberties will have to be embodied in the Constitution that the Congress will draft."

"In this Congress," asked Walter, "will there be parties as in our Parliament?"

"Certainly. Already they are outlined. One side may be described as the Belgian equivalent of your Whigs. They are here called Liberals. They are more or less inspired by the principles of the French Revolution. Some are monarchical; a few would prefer a republic, if the great Powers would tolerate one in this country."

"Are their opponents Tories?"

"They are, inasmuch as most wish for a king, not one who would rule, but merely reign—a strictly constitutional sovereign. Moreover, their motto is 'Liberty for all and in all.' As they put in the first place in their programme full liberty for the Church in Belgium, they are generally described as Catholics. But it is time to get to our tribune."

It was an historic gathering at which our friends assisted. Two hundred deputies had met to found a kingdom. Curiously enough, though the revolution was largely the work of the masses, this assembly did not in any measure represent them. It had, by will of the Provisional Government, been elected on a very restricted franchise. No one could elect or be elected who did not pay eighty guldens a year in direct taxation. The consequence was that almost to the close of the nineteenth century, the working-classes remained unrepresented in the Belgian Legislature. The professional classes, however, were largely represented in the Congress; there were some thirty-six of the titled nobility, and eight priests.

De Potter opened the proceedings in a speech delivered in the name of the Provisional Government, and declared the Congress open. The Catholics, who formed the majority in the Congress, desired to elect as its president M. de Gerlache, who had shown such courage and skill in defence of his country in the meetings of the States-General at the Hague, and who was to win a foremost place among the lawyers and historians of Belgium. He declined the honor, and proposed for the post the Baron de Surlet de Chokier, a moderate Liberal. Thus was inaugurated a common action of all parties to secure Belgian independence. It was only when that had been finally secured that parties diverged into hostile camps. The Baron was elected by 106 votes out of 170 recorded. The Provisional Government then resigned, continuing for a time its executive functions.

Walter assisted at several subsequent meetings of the Congress. He heard it unanimously proclaim the independence of Belgium; he listened to the stormy debates which, after forty speeches had been delivered, ended by 170 members voting for a monarchy against 13 who wanted a republic. One member declared that in principle he was for a republic, but he voted against it, saying: "In our present position I am certain that a republic could not live for three months."

The day after, what was felt to be a most untimely motion was made to exclude the House of Nassau forever from the throne of Belgium. The Congress would no more vote exclusions than privileges; it knew that events had already excluded the Orange princes in the present; the future could be left free in the matter. But before this point was settled, a message was brought to Congress from the representatives of five Powers who now sat in conference on Belgian and Dutch differences in London, warning the members that to exclude the Orange princes "would compromise the peace of Europe and embroil Belgium with

Governments whose help it needed."

This dictatorial message aroused a storm of indignation. "Yesterday," declared one member, "I would have voted against the motion; to-day, to guard the dignity of the nation, I shall vote that the Nassau family be forever excluded from the throne of Belgium." Whereupon exclusion was voted by an overwhelming majority. The way thus cleared, Congress set to work to build a Constitution.

The Dutch King and his northern subjects had meanwhile turned to the great Powers to settle matters. The London conference had no easy task. Its decisions pleased neither the Dutch nor the Belgians. Just when affairs had come to this pass, the Count received a letter from his notary in Bruges, telling him, if he knew Walter's address, to send it on, as he had an important and pressing communication to make to the young Englishman. The Count sent a messenger to fetch this important communication.

Walter opened the sealed packet with trembling hands, and found in it a letter to himself from the notary, saying that he had written at the request of a certain Englishman named John Smith, formerly an indigo merchant in London. Smith said that he had, when a debtor in prison at Bruges, met Mr. Walter Gane in the same prison. The notary enclosed a dying declaration made by the said J. Smith, since deceased, which the dying man desired to be given to Walter, who was begged, after having taken cognizance of it, to communicate with Mrs. Hartley. The notary added that, having heard that the Hartleys had left Bruges, he had, with a view of facilitating Walter's mission, inquired as to their present whereabouts; that he had found a Flemish maid-servant who had gone to Paris with the Hartleys, but had left their service when they determined to go on to Rome.

Walter saw that the document was, as his hopes made him surmise, the public confession, made before the notary and duly attested by witnesses, of John Smith. The latter declared, on the faith of a dying man, who had nothing to fear nor to hope for in this world, that he alone had robbed his firm's strong-box, and had placed a duplicate of his own key in a place where, if found, it would (as it had) prove his partner Hartley guilty. Finally, John Smith declared that this was all the reparation he could make for his crime; but he prayed God that it might rescue his former friend and partner from suffering and shame.

Walter hastened to the Count's room to take counsel. He was in great excitement, and was for starting at once for Rome alone.

"I should not advise that," said the Count after Walter had shown him the notary's letter and the criminal's confession. "If I were you, I should first have a duly authenticated copy of that document made; and this I should send to your father through his agents here, and you could ask your father to have it laid before the proper authorities in England, in order to obtain Hartley's liberation with as little delay as possible. This copy might serve eventually in place of the original, of which you might be robbed or might lose on your journey to Rome."

"I'll do that," replied Walter, "and then be off."

"Not without me—unless you're tired of my company!" replied the Count.

"Oh, it's not that, but I want to put the Hartleys in possession of this good news as soon as I can! Who knows when your diplomatic chiefs will let you start, or even if you will really be sent to Rome?"

"If you weren't in such a desperate hurry, I could have told you that the diplomatic committee of our Congress is as anxious as you are to get me off at once to Rome."

"I'm delighted! When shall we start?"

"Do you see that pile of papers on my desk? They are my instructions for winning over his Holiness the Pope to the cause of Belgian independence. It seems that in Rome they look dubiously on our rough revolutionary methods. We must also try to prevent the Internuncio Capaccini from being circumvented by the active agents of the Prince of Orange. He might otherwise report us in an unfavorable light. Happily he is in London, where he has sought refuge from the troubles that would have surrounded him here or at the Hague. He now hesitates on the grounds that his mission is a purely religious one; and, in answer to the Prince of Orange, he says that he was accredited to the King of the Netherlands, not to the prince; adding that he feared the Belgians would not welcome a Nassau. But enough! I must go out to see about a carriage, or we shan't be ready to start the day after to-morrow!"

The two sallied forth together. First they called on a banker, who was the Brussels agent of Walter's father. The young man showed the banker the dying debtor's confession, and asked him about having a copy made of it. The banker suggested that two authenticated copies should be made of the document; that the original should be deposited for safety at the banker's, as copies would for the present serve as well as the original, which the authorities in England might ask for. This plan was adopted.

The young men then went down the Rue Royale, to Simon, the famous coach builder, where they were fortunate enough to purchase a travelling carriage lately constructed for an English nobleman who was very glad to sell it, circumstances obliging him to return home.

(To be continued.)

Meadow Music.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

THERE'S a dreamy croon from the fields at noon
Where the red-top clovers sway;
There's a lilting tune from an ancient rune
Where the brook glides on its way.

There's a golden note from the swelling throat
Of a happy lark o'erhead;
While the distant calls of Bob Whites fall
Down the path where the sun is red.

There are elfin glees in each low breeze
As it shuttles the grass and blooms;
While the minstrel song of the insect throng
Floats out from the nodding plumes.

And everywhere the ambient air
Is throbbing with peace and joy;
While each drifting chime brings back the time
When I was a barefoot boy.

The Heart of St. Anselm.

THE name of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, awakens in the generality of enlightened and well-informed minds recollections of vast learning and lofty courage. Ecclesiastical and profane history both record his heroic struggles against William Rufus of England, the worthless son of the Conqueror; and his controversies with Roscelin, a learned priest and proud philosopher, whom he convicted of false reasoning as well as false doctrine. He wrote against him treatises in which the deepest philosophy is blended with the highest theology, and in this victorious contest he merited the title of Doctor of the Church.

Although his long struggles against William Rufus, and, after the ignominious death of that tyrant, against Henry I., have occupied a prominent place in history, we do not recount them here; while they show St. Anselm in

the light of a magnanimous soul stirred by no fear but the fear of God—a gentle, humble bishop, an intrepid defender of the rights of the Holy See and the liberties of the Church,—they do not suit the purpose of the present paper, which is to reveal the heart of the servant of God. We shall recall only that St. Anselm was abbot of the celebrated monastery of Bec, in Normandy, where he passed long years in the peace of the cloister and the practice of every religious virtue, until he was torn by force from his dear and holy retirement. Sent into England, to the court of the Conqueror, on account of some business appertaining to his Order, he was seized bodily by the bishops and lords that surrounded the couch of the King, who was seriously ill, from whom they wrested his nomination to the vacant See of Canterbury.

"What do you purpose doing?" asked the holy monk of those who dragged him perforce to his cathedral. "You wish to yoke together an untamed bull and a weak, powerless lamb. The bull will tear the lamb to pieces; and when the King has crushed me with the weight of his wrath, not one of you will dare to resist him." This prediction was realized almost to the letter. Persecuted, overwhelmed with threats and outrages, and finding no protection except from the Pope with whom he was obliged to seek refuge, if God had not felled the furious "bull" by an arrow that sped from no one knows where, and pierced him to the heart, Anselm no doubt would have met the fate of his glorious successor, St. Thomas à Becket, the martyr of the liberties of the Church, who was murdered on the altar steps by order of Henry II.

No lamb, indeed, was gentler than this persecuted prelate, this indomitable athlete of the faith, torn despite himself from the dear solitude, for leaving which to his dying day he was inconsolable. His letters, in which his soul pours itself out in accents of admirable tenderness, will suffice, in the absence of other testimony, to show what love, what exquisite sensibility, what natural tenderness pervaded the hearts of the saints, from their intimate union with the Heart of Jesus, the infinite source of all charity.

We shall first give ear to him opening the treasures of his soul to his cloister friends, his brethren and spiritual children. "It is commonly said, 'Out of sight, out of mind,'" he wrote to Lanfranc, who was separated from the monastery by one of his many apostolic missions; "but do not believe it. If it were so, the longer you remain away from me, the weaker would grow my love for you; whereas, on the contrary, the less I can enjoy seeing you, the warmer glows the desire of that sweet gratification in the heart of your friend."

To another religious, Gondolphus, perhaps the dearest of them all, he writes: "Anselm to Gondolphus: I put no longer salutation at the head of my letter, because I can say nothing more to him I love. Whoever knows Gondolphus and Anselm, knows how much love is laid up in these two bare names.... How could I forget thee? Can one forget him who is placed as a seal on his heart? In thy silence I know that thou lovest me; and thou, too, when I am silent, knowest that I love thee. I do not doubt thee, and I have proof that thou dost trust me. What can my letter tell thee that thou dost not already know, O my second soul? Enter into thy secret heart; gaze at thy love for me, and thou wilt see mine for thee."

To Gislebert, another of his monks, his language is not less tender: "Thou knewest how much I loved thee, but I knew it not. He who has separated us has taught me how dear thou art to me. I knew not before the experience

of thy absence how sweet it was to have thee, how bitter to have thee not. Thou hast to console thee another friend thou lovest as much as—perhaps more than—me; but I have not thee (dost understand?), and no one can replace thee. Thou hast thy consolers; I have only my wound. Those who rejoice in possessing thee may be offended at what I say. Ah, let them be content with their joy, and leave me to mourn him whom I love!"

Thus Anselm cherished his cloister friends; and, to judge from these glowing expressions of tenderness, one might think that he centred on them all his powers of loving. But it is not so. He wrote as follows to two of the nearest relatives he left in the world, whom he wished to draw to himself, to share his happiness and his heart:

"Souls, well-beloved of my soul, my eyes long to behold you; my arms expand to embrace you; my lips sigh to kiss you; all the life that remains to me is consumed with waiting for you. I hope in praying, and I pray in hoping. Come, taste how sweet the Lord is! You can not well know it while you find sweetness in the world. I would not deceive you,—first, because I love you; and further because I have had experience of what I say. Let us be monks together, that now and forever we may be one flesh, one blood, one soul. My soul is so knit to yours that you may rend it indeed, but not part it from you; nor can you entice me back to the world. You must needs, then, live with it here, or break it; and God preserve you from working such ill to a poor soul that has done you none, and that loves you! Oh, how my love consumes me! How it forces me to break out into words! And yet no words satisfy me. How many things would I wish to write you! But paper and time would both fail me. Speak, then, to them, O good Jesus,—speak to their hearts! Thou alone canst make them understand. Bid them leave all and follow Thee. Separate me not from those to whom Thou didst bind me by the ties of blood and of the heart. Thou art the witness of my interior, as of the tears I shed while writing."

Christian friendships do not cease with the grave, for death only stamps them with the consecrated seal of eternity. St. Anselm redoubled his tenderness for his dead friends; and what he could not say or write to them, he said to God and wrote to the survivors. From this point of view, what could be more touching than his relations with one of his brethren named Osbern, whom he loved as a father and a saint, during life and after death! The young monk, jealous of the election of Anselm as prior of Bec, conceived against him a most violent dislike, which he took no pains to conceal. Our saint, according to ordinary rules, should have admonished him of his fault, then punished him; if he still persisted in his ill feeling he should have expelled him from the monastery. But saints are ill-practised in the ways of human wisdom, and Anselm preferred to be guided by the more arduous Gospel precept: "If any man strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." Anticipating and practising in advance the sublime recommendation that St. Francis of Assisi gave a century later to his successor in the government of his Order, "If a delinquent Brother does not come to thee to crave pardon, go and ask it of him," he loaded poor Brother Osbern with all manner of kindnesses, and little by little brought his soul back to repentance, justice, and the charity of Jesus Christ.

When from an erring son he had fashioned a sincere penitent and friend, he traced out for him the path of austerity, and made him a model monk, waiting on him day and night during his last illness, and receiving his last

sigh. After burying him with many tears, he presided at the mortuary services; and, not satisfied with saying Mass for the repose of his soul every day for a year, he went from monastery to monastery recommending him to the prayers of the brethren. "I beg of you," he wrote to Gondolphus—"of you and all my friends,—to pray for Osbern. His soul is my soul. All that you may do for him during my life, I shall accept as if you had done it for me after my death; and then you may leave me there. . . . I conjure you for the third time, remember me, and forget not the soul of my beloved Osbern; or, if I ask too much of you, forget me and remember him. . . . All those who surround me, and who love thee as I do, desire to enter into that secret chamber of thy memory, where I always am. I am well pleased that they should have places near me there; but the soul of my Osbern,—ah, give it no place but in my bosom!"

Such were the effusions of this great soul, whose love was stronger than death. It was after recalling these cries of love for God and souls of religious tenderness and sublime Christian friendship, that Montalembert wrote a master page, perhaps the most beautiful in his "Monks of the West":

"Great is the history of nations,—their revolutions, destinies, missions, glories, punishments, heroes, dynasties, battles. The tale is great, noble and fruitful. But how much more fruitful and vast is the history of souls! Of what importance, after all, are a man's ancestors and descendants? Of what importance to an atom is the orbit in which it moves? What does concern him is to love—to be loved,—to know, during this brief life, that he is the being dear above all else to another. 'It appears manifest,' says Bossuet, 'that man is the delight of man. There is no real key of the heart but love. Love is the law of the heart. It is this that moves its most secret inclinations and energies.' The solitary sufferings of that love, its perpetually renewed emotions, its crises, its revolutions, its confidence and enthusiasm,—all that great world that surges within the narrow enclosure of a man's life, of a heart that loves,—this is the most beautiful and absorbing of histories. This is the tale which endures forever, and has limitless sway over our souls; and the few immortal pages that float on the ocean of Time are almost all filled with this theme."

Then, recalling that Religion alone holds this 'key of our hearts'; that she alone disciplines passion without lessening its power, and, instead of drying up our precious tears, makes them flow from a source purified forever by an eternal object; that she replaces the twilight of our transitory dreams by the radiant serenity of undying light, and encircles our hearts with a flame whose resplendence shines through infinitude; that she creates and consecrates the supreme triumph of love,—Montalembert concludes with these deep and charming words:

"It is in monasteries that this science of true happiness and real love has been longest taught and practised. We have seen that Religion does not interdict either the warm impulses of affection or the endearing accents of the most penetrating sympathy with souls united to God. Let us ever listen to the sounds that are audible in that sacred silence; they will reveal perhaps some sweet and touching mystery of the history of souls. Let us give ear to the gentle and perpetual murmur of that fountain which every cloister once enclosed,—an emblem and an echo of that spring from which gushed such inexhaustible love."

What the Catholic soul of Montalembert celebrated with enthusiastic emotion—the treasures of human and divine love centred in the cloister, of

which St. Anselm is a pure, heavenly type,—the poetic, heart-broken Alfred de Musset also sang in immortal verse. In his poem "Rolla," in which his estrayed genius has scattered a wealth of priceless pearls over the reeking dunghill of shameful passions, he sheds tears of anguish and envy over the pure, ineffable tenderness of the monks:

Monastic arches, silent cloister shades,
Lone sombre cells, ye knew what 'tis to love;
And ye, dark stone-paved naves that purest lips
Have pressed in rapture near akin to swoon.
.
Your cup high mantling with ecstatic joy
You drained unto its depths, O wondrous monks!
For you were blest with ardent souls to love.

The poor misguided poet had never tasted those sweets of holy friendship,—those ecstasies of purest love. But he suffered and died from the void that unbelief created in his soul; and the last lines of his last poem are a loud cry of distress, perhaps a repentant appeal to Heaven:

To have wept alone remains to me.

A century before him, in the age of perverted sensibility and philosophy—in the age, that is, of Rousseau and Voltaire,—Johnson, the English Protestant, perhaps the best prose writer of his country and time, understood, with Montalembert and Musset, the moral beauties of religious life. After having read and reread the life and letters of St. Anselm, he wrote an admirable sentence which modern impiety ought not to be able to read without shame and remorse: "I never read of a hermit but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery but I fall on my knees and kiss the pavement."

IF we delay until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which does not belong to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly.—*Blair.*

In Different Fashion.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

PROFESSOR FANE sat in the book-filled library of Fanecourt, in solitary and serious contemplation. Long years before, on the death of his elder brother, he had, with some regret, resigned his professorship in order to take charge of Fanecourt and its five-year-old heir. But Mark Fane was at that early age an engaging person, and his learned uncle and he became and continued to be the best of friends. No serious difference had ever risen between them till Mark, in his twenty-second year, determined to marry Lucy Page.

The Professor was still in thinking, sombre mood when Father Clarke, the parish priest of the district, was shown in. When greetings had been exchanged, and when the elderly priest was seated in a comfortable chair, the Professor began to speak of his worry.

"Mark wants to marry Miss Page," Mr. Fane announced, as if his nephew contemplated the raising of an insurrection.

"Miss Page is an exceedingly good girl," the priest remarked quietly, "even if she is not very wealthy."

"Wealthy!" the Professor shook a lean hand nervously. "Wealth is nothing. Health is what matters. Fortunately, Mark can't marry without my consent till he is twenty-five. By that time he will have more judgment."

"But Lucy Page seems quite healthy," the puzzled clergyman said.

"Seems! The—the ordinary individual never looks below the surface," Mr. Fane spluttered. "Her father and mother both died of consumption ere they were thirty. She has in all probability the seeds of the disease in her system; and, as I greatly fear, Mark's mother died of it too. Her death took place in the south of France, and I

could never get the doctor who attended her there to say exactly of what she died. That makes it the more imperative that Mark should wed a strong, healthy girl. The study of heredity is too much neglected."

The priest had often listened to the Professor on heredity. He hastened to say:

"But the young people can afford to wait two or three years."

"The probability is that one or other of the pair will have altered his or her views meantime, or Miss Page may develop—"

The priest blew his nose vigorously and tried to sneeze.

His companion had continued his own train of thought.

"It showed that my brother had complete confidence in me when he left Fanecourt entirely in my hands till Mark should attain his twenty-fifth birthday. My responsibility will end then; but I shan't permit my nephew to marry Miss Page while I can prevent it."

Father Clarke knew how useless it would be to try to change Mr. Fane's ideas. Any opposition only made the Professor more determined. He therefore began to speak of local topics, and soon took his leave.

"The clergy won't be modern," Mr. Fane said to himself when he returned to the library after escorting the priest a few paces down the drive. "Father Clarke's sympathy is with Mark. However, he can't change my view."

The Professor took up a new book which he had purchased, and was soon engrossed in his favorite study. He read on to the luncheon hour; and, after making a good meal, took his daily stroll through the gardens and grounds, keeping a keen eye for any signs of slackness or neglect. His hobby did not make him unobservant or unbusinesslike.

On his return to the house, he was told that Mrs. Broughton, the doctor's wife, was waiting in the library for him. Mr. Fane frowned. He disliked all visitors, and particularly feminine visitors,—they kept him from his studies. Mrs. Broughton he disliked particularly. If the lady was aware of the feeling, she did not show it. Indeed, she greeted the Professor effusively, and discoursed for a few minutes on the weather. Then she came to the point.

"We have all noticed that your nephew is very attentive to Miss Page and her aunt. He calls frequently at their cottage," she said.

The Professor grunted.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. And it is rumored that he intends marrying Miss Page. It would not be a very fitting match, would it, Mr. Fane?"

Mr. Fane thought it would be most unfitting. He wouldn't say so to Mrs. Broughton, however. He tapped his lean fingers impatiently on the arm of his chair.

"How on earth should I know?" he exclaimed rather rudely.

"Oh, you will know, Mr. Fane!"—the lady tried to be arch. "It is to inform you that I am here. I feel it my duty to make the facts—the undoubted facts—known to you. One must perform one's duty as one sees it. I have always endeavored to perform my plain duties."

Mr. Fane said he could imagine she did, and waited for fuller information. Was the lady going to give away her husband's secrets?

"Is Miss Page ill?" he asked after a short silence.

"Ill! No. She doesn't look ill."

"Appearances are deceptive sometimes. In tubercular cases especially there is often a—"

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Broughton interrupted, "I have heard so. But I wish to tell you about Miss Page."

"What about her, please?"

"She isn't Lucy Page at all."

"Not Lucy Page! Why, Miss Owen is her aunt,—her mother's sister."

"She is not." Mrs. Broughton's voice rang true. Miss Owen and her niece had, by their reserve and refinement, roused the envy of the doctor's wife, who was going to enjoy herself in the next few minutes.

"I was a widow when I married Dr. Broughton," the lady said. "My first husband was also a medical man, Dr. Lacy by name. He practised in Darmouth, a small watering place in the south of England, where Ted Page and his wife stayed one summer. You follow me, Mr. Fane?"

Mr. Fane nodded grimly.

"Well, Mrs. Page gave birth to a delicate baby girl there, and for a time her life was in danger. The child died when two days old, and the knowledge was kept from the mother. It so chanced that the wife of an Irish laborer had died in giving birth to her first child. Pat Clancy had no one to look after his daughter, and it was arranged, through my husband, that the laborer's child should take the place of the Pages' baby girl. Possibly Mrs. Page never knew of the deception, but Mr. Page and Miss Owen knew perfectly."

The Professor now sprang to his feet. Mrs. Broughton thought her evil work well done.

"Are you certain?" the gentleman demanded violently.

"Quite certain. No wonder you are indignant at the deception practised, Mr. Fane. Perhaps you will kindly not mention my name. The doctor has peculiar notions about anything professional. But I could not see your nephew deliberately entrapped into marriage with the daughter of an Irish laborer. Just ask Miss Owen."

"It is the luckiest thing!" Mr. Fane almost shouted. "The Irish are an exceptionally healthy race. I must find Mark. You'll excuse me, Mrs. Broughton. But thank you for your information. It alters the whole state of matters."

The doctor's wife was puzzled a little.

"Of course," she said, "there will be no question of marriage now between your nephew and Miss—Page?"

"Of course there will!" Mr. Fane cried, and the puzzled woman walked slowly homeward. Mr. Fane must be really mad.

The Professor certainly acted as if he were. He dashed off to the cottage occupied by Miss Page and her aunt, and found the latter cutting roses in the garden. He flung an eager question at the lady; and, on receiving a satisfactory reply, hurried off to the priest's house in the village.

"'Tis all right, Father Clarke!" he said, popping his head into the open window of the priest's sitting-room. "Mark can marry the girl to-morrow, if he likes. I give full and free consent."

"Come inside," the priest laughed. "You're behaving very oddly, Mr. Fane. Why have you altered your views so suddenly and completely?" he asked when the excited Professor was seated.

"It was that woman, that mischief-maker, Mrs. Broughton, who altered them. You may be glad she's not of your flock."

Then Mr. Fane quietly explained.

"Miss Owen says that Lucy, until quite recently, supposed she was Lucy Page. Miss Owen had never concealed or explained anything of her parentage. The Pages were greatly attached to the child, and left her whatever little money they had."

"So Mrs. Broughton's story acted in totally different fashion from what she desired," the priest observed quietly.

"God help her poor, decent husband!" Mr. Fane ejaculated. "She herself is awful!"

Edgar Allan Poe's Modesty.

BY RAPHAEL SEMMES PAYNE.

THE commentators in treating of Poe's spiritual nature, with the exception of Griswold's defamation, all dwell on the absence of pruriency in his works,—there is nothing impure in them. It is an interesting fact, not so often pointed out, that the author of "The Raven" entertained that veneration for the Mother of God which imparts so much beauty and sense of reliance to the faith of Catholics,—for example, his "Hymn," which was a feature of his strange little story of "Morella" when it first appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in the April number of 1835:

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn.
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me still!
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to Thine and thee.
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and Thine.

So instinct is this lovely invocation with the animating spirit of "The Angelus" (honored everywhere in art and poetry) that it is easy to suppose that Poe was not only familiar with the prayers of this devotion of the Church, but appreciated its full significance and spiritual value.

The following interesting autograph letter from Poe to Col. Isaac Munroe, senior editor of the Baltimore *Patriot*, was discovered among the private papers of the late Joshua Jones:

MR. ISAAC MUNROE.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been endeavoring for the last two days to see you and beg of you to do me the kindness to call attention, in the *Patriot*, to a lecture on "American Poetry" which I propose to deliver this evening (Wednesday), at the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Gay Street.

I hope yet to have the pleasure of seeing you before I leave town. If not too late, will you say a good word for me in this afternoon's paper?

Most respectfully yours,

Wednesday Morning. EDGAR A. POE.

If Poe was in the flesh to-day, he would hardly be a suppliant for publicity, while a discourse from him would prove a coveted theme for the morning papers. The first issue of the *Patriot* appeared September 28, 1812, and was the political organ of President Madison. On June 1, 1849, Col. Munroe retired, and Joshua Jones became editor. It will be observed that the letter is not dated, but it was probably written in the year 1848–9, as Poe is known to have visited Baltimore during that period. The Odd Fellows' Hall alluded to was situated at the corner of Gay and Lexington Streets. In the course of time the building was torn down, and a new structure erected on its site, which in turn gave way to the City Hall plaza.

Among Poe's greatest champions was Father Tabb, Baltimore's brilliant and beloved poet-priest, who "took up the cudgel" for his literary hero on all occasions, especially when the "intellectuals" denied him a niche in the Hall of Fame. His gem of satire and apotheosis dealing with "the verdict" is still burning its way brightly in memory, and is too familiar to quote here. The following rare fugitive, which strayed into the editorial sanctum of the Baltimore *Sun* when Edwin Markham's Cameo Edition of the works of Poe made its appearance in 1904, is not so well known:

There was once a "man with a Hoe"
Who worked in the garden of Poe;
But, alas! it was found
That, in digging around,
He had cut up the roots by the row.

J. B. T.

In rummaging among some old newspaper chronicles, the present writer found a story of "The Bells," which

emanated from Dr. Snodgrass, who must have enjoyed an intimate knowledge of the many legends and traditions which have invested Poe with so much mystery and charm. It appears that late one bleak evening a young Baltimore lawyer (it may have been John P. Kennedy, author of the Life of William Wirt, "Swallow Barn," and other fascinating tales) was indulging in a reverie before a glowing log fire in his office in St. Paul Street. Suddenly he was aroused from his meditations by a loud rap at the door. He arose, and, as he opened the door, beheld a man of dignified bearing, whose fine eyes beamed with expression.

"Did you knock?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir,"—in a pleasant tone. "I trust you will pardon me for disturbing you at so late an hour. But I have some urgent ideas which I wish to commit to paper. Noticing your light, I ventured to ask you for some writing material, that I might make a note of what is passing in my mind."

"Certainly!" said the lawyer. "Come in and make yourself at home."

The stranger followed; and the lawyer, offering him a seat at his desk, remarked that, if he would excuse him, he would retire to his private apartment for the night; that he was a bachelor, and (as was the custom) he had his sleeping quarters adjoining. "But you are welcome to tarry as long as you wish," added the host, and he bade him good-night.

Early next morning, when the lawyer awoke, the first thought that occurred to his mind was of the interesting stranger. In a hurry he donned his dressing gown and opened the door which led to his office. There, to his astonishment, he found his guest still sitting where he had left him hours before, his head resting on the desk, and fast asleep. The slight jar of the door awakened him; and, springing to his feet, he apologized for remaining so long; adding that, being very much fatigued from loss of rest, he had unwittingly fallen asleep. His friend would kindly pardon him, perhaps; and, extending his hand in thanks, he turned to go.

"But you have forgotten your manuscript," said the lawyer, stepping forward to his desk and picking up several sheets of paper inscribed with beautiful penmanship.

"No," said the stranger. "I have a copy of what I wrote, and shall feel flattered if you will accept the duplicate as a token of your hospitality. Good-morning!"

The lawyer examined the manuscript with much curiosity, and found it to be a lyric of captivating beauty and power, entitled simply "The Bells." But his surprise was deepened by the signature, "Edgar Allan Poe":

I.

The bells, hear the bells,—
The merry wedding bells!
How fairylike a melody there swells
From the silvery tinkling cells
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
Of the bells!

II.

The bells! Oh, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells,
Hear the knells!
How horrible a melody there floats
From their throats,—
From their deep-toned throats!
How I shudder at the notes
From the melancholy throats
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
Of the bells!

This, which has been reputed the original poem, was subsequently altered and enlarged by the author.

As "The Raven" is said to have been written under such singular conditions, this tradition, although it has a legendary flavor, is not altogether improbable. It is not unnatural to believe that the many weird and ethereal conceptions which sprang Minerva-like into Poe's fancy caused him to be solicitous of their evanescence.

A Pilgrim Priest and Two Lovers of the Seventeenth Century.

BY G. L. R.

FROM out the shadows of three centuries ago, along Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac River and Saint Mary's, some fascinating figures beckon, giving a glint of the adventurous days when the Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland worked out their heroic enterprise in the New World.

In the scanty records of those times, the names of two lovers come to us. With them are the names of two witnesses; of the priest who married them, and of Lord Baltimore, who thought it worth his while to chronicle the affair. For this is the first recorded Catholic marriage of white people in Maryland,—one of the first in the whole country. The lovers of that bygone day were John Hollis and Restitutia Tue. We may wonder how the Colonial lass came by such a name, quaint and charming in sound and meaning,—a name we are sure to remember.

Probably in the little chapel of the tiny city of Saint Mary's, before the venerated leader of the Pilgrims of Maryland, Father Andrew White, these two pledged their troth. Where, in those days, they found a ring, the story does not tell, nor how much wedding ceremonial there was. But, in the mind's eye, we can see the two sturdy young Colonists kneeling to receive the blessing of Father White.

Nor are the witnesses forgotten; for Lord Baltimore gives their names: Cuthbert Fennick and Robert Perry. Of Cuthbert Fennick it is said that he was the "faithful agent and trustee of the Fathers."

As to the time of the historic marriage, Lord Baltimore wrote: "It was performed this instant day by Mr. Thomas White." "This instant day" was June 2, 1639, five years after the landing of the Maryland Pilgrims on Saint Clement's Isle. And, besides being the first recorded Catholic marriage of European people in the province, it furthermore set the style of June weddings, at least for one part of the country. Little of that, perhaps, did Colonial Restitutia think. Yet brides and their maids of our day, with their beauty of costume and fragrance of roses, lilies, and orange blossoms, may well remember the maiden of three centuries ago as she walked, in the June sunshine, to the little chapel at Saint Mary's.

In another record, Governor Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore, writing of the same marriage, says, "it was performed by Mr. Andrew, *alias* Thomas White," which makes clear the identity of the priest; for we know that Father White and others of the Pilgrim clergy sometimes used other Christian names. And Father White, when he did not use his own name, Andrew, inclined to Thomas.

It is easy to imagine this first wedding in a Catholic church in Maryland; easy to think of benevolent, courteous Father White, just back, maybe, from a missionary trip among the Indians, marrying and blessing the two lovers of that vague time. John Hollis, Restitutia Tue! How pleasing and interest-compelling their names sound to us of the twentieth century!

Peace to their ashes! And thanks to them and to Father White, to Cuthbert Fennick, to Robert Perry, to Governor Calvert, and to Lord Baltimore, for a gleam of the romance and the adventure of the days of the pilgrim settlement in the New World barony.

Those who would like to read at first hand the scanty data of this ceremony may find it in an interesting book, "The History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal," by Thomas Hughes, S. J., published in 1908.

A Memorable Lesson.

ON one occasion, during a journey in Little Russia, while his horses were changing at a certain station, the Emperor Alexander expressed his determination to travel on foot to the next town, ordering his attendants not to hasten their arrangements, but to let him go forward unaccompanied. Alone, with no mark of distinction, dressed in a military overcoat that gave no clue to his rank, the Emperor passed through the town without attracting attention, till he arrived at two roads, and found himself obliged to inquire his way of a man who was sitting before the door of the last house, smoking a pipe. Like the Emperor, this individual wore a military overcoat, and seemed to entertain no small opinion of himself.

"My friend, can you tell me which of these roads will bring me to ——?" asked the Emperor.

The man of the pipe scanned him from head to foot, apparently surprised at the presumption of a pedestrian in speaking to such a dignitary as himself; and between two puffs of smoke he growled:

"The right."

"Thank you, sir!" said the Emperor, raising his hat with the respect this uncivil personage seemed by his manner to command. "Will you permit me to ask you another question?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Your rank in the army."

"Guess," returned the other.

"Lieutenant, perhaps?"

"Go higher."

"Captain?" rejoined the Emperor.

"Much higher,"—and the smoker gave a consequential puff.

"Major, I presume?"

"Go on," replied the smoker.

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"Yes, you have guessed it at last."

The low bow of the Emperor made the man of the pipe conclude he was speaking to an inferior; so without much ceremony he said: "And who are you?"

"Guess," replied the Emperor, much amused with the adventure.

"Lieutenant?"

"Go on."

"Captain?"

"Much higher."

"Major?"

"You must still go on."

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"You have not yet reached my rank."

The smoker now took his pipe out of his mouth: "Colonel, I presume?"

"You have not yet reached my grade."

The other now assumed a more respectful attitude. "Your Excellency is, then, lieutenant-general?"

"You are getting nearer the mark."

The puzzled officer kept his helmet in his hand, and now looked stupid and alarmed. "Then it appears to me that your Highness must be field-marshal?"

"Make another attempt, and perhaps you will discover my real position."

"His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the officer, trembling with apprehension, and dropping his pipe upon the ground.

"The same, at your service," replied the Emperor, smiling.

The poor officer dropped upon his knees, uttering in a pitiful tone: "Ah, sire, pardon me!"

"What pardon do you require?" replied the Emperor. "I asked my way of you, and you pointed it out, and I thank you for the service. Good-day!"

The good-tempered prince then took the road to the right, leaving the surly officer greatly ashamed and astonished at the colloquy he had held with his sovereign. He never forgot the lesson that had been taught him that day.

THE most unconquerable ignorance is immorality.—*Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J.*

The Law of Finding.

IN Common Law, finding is a qualified source of title to goods and chattels. Briefly, the law is that the finder has a clear title against all the world, excepting only the owner. The proprietor of a coach or a railroad car or a ship has no right to demand property found on his premises. Such proprietors may make, in regard to lost articles, regulations which will bind their employees, but they can not bind the public.

The law of finding was quite clearly expressed more than a hundred years ago as follows:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded of the shopkeeper the wallet and the money. The latter refused to deliver them, upon the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper; and it was held, as stated above, that, against all the world save the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. He has indeed been held to stand in the place of the owner. Thus A prevailed in an action against B, who found an article which A had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no especial rights in regard to articles lost, unless these rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. In the absence of special statute they have no power to keep an article against the finder, any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A finder must, however, use every reasonable means to discover the owner of found goods. It has been decided that if the finder knows the owner, or knows that he can discover him, he is guilty of larceny in retaining the articles found.

A Protest to Parents.

NOW that the time for reopening our schools has arrived, we wish all Catholic fathers could read the earnest protest of the Very Rev. Dr. Barry, of England, against withdrawing children from school just when they are beginning to profit by it. Two paragraphs of this protest deserve the widest reading:

"Just as their minds are opening out, they themselves will be taken and flung headlong into the crush where everyone scrambles for a living. At the moment when they require discipline and would profit by their books, education for them comes to an end. They are left to struggle as if they were grown men, while they have the untrained, feeble, defenceless habits of children. We lose thousands of them every year. And when I say "*we* lose them," I mean that they are lost to the Church, to their parents, to society; that they are condemned to sink because they get no chance to rise; and that if ever the chance does come to this or that one among them, he is commonly so ill-educated that he is not prepared to take advantage of it. Hence two things appear which we see all around: the work of education is always beginning, only to stop before it has yielded fruit; it is a spring that has little harvest. And our lads, with their fine capacity for learning, for science, for what the modern world values and rewards, are thrown back into the mass of laborers, as if they were doomed to the lowest place by their own fault and beyond redemption....

"Reckon it up and you will see that for the sake of, it may be, twenty pounds all told, you sell away your boy's chance of rising in the world; and by denying him an extra two years' training, you condemn him to be a common laborer, a mere Gibeonite, all the days of his life. And that twenty pounds I

have supposed comes in such tiny driblets, so little at any one time, that I do not shrink from affirming that thousands of parents sell their children's future for a handful of sixpences."

The position of a man at thirty and afterward usually depends on the sort of training he has at the age of twenty-one. One or two years are a small part of an ordinary human life, but the difference which one or two years of study make in a man's chances of success may be tremendous. The parent who *needlessly* takes his boy out of school for the pittance he is able to earn is, in the worst sense, "penny wise and pound foolish."

The Legend of Solomon's Death.

A LEGEND that Browning liked to tell was that of the death of Solomon. The King had gone into the holy place to worship; and while he stood there, wearing his jewelled crown and in all the splendor of his most gorgeous royal robes, the finger of Azrael suddenly touched him and he died where he was,—

> Leaning upon the ebony staff
> Signed with the seal of the Pentagraph.

The corpse stood motionless in all its perishing magnificence; but the awe of the great King—

> To whom were known, so Agar's offspring tell,
> The powerful vigil and the starry spell,
> The midnight call Hell's awful legions dread,
> And sounds that break the slumbers of the dead—

kept all men, even the chief priests, from drawing near or touching him; while all the demons also were kept afar by the graven spell. Then forth from the temple wall crept a little brown mouse. It gnawed away the leather guard at the bottom of the staff, and, lo! suddenly the gorgeous figure fell upon its face and immediately turned into ashes, and out of the dust they picked a golden crown.

Of Highest Importance.

THE number of Catholics who fall away from their faith and take up with Christian Science, Spiritism, and other popular fallacies, may not be large; but it is not so small as is generally supposed, and it is certainly large enough to emphasize the importance of thorough religious instruction. If young people are well grounded in their faith, there is little likelihood that they will ever apostatize, no matter how negligent they may become in practising their religion; and there is always reason to hope that sooner or later, by some means or other, they will be led back to the right path. But if, on the other hand, they are ill-instructed, there is no telling to what lengths they may go; and if they ever return to the Church, it will become necessary to deal with them as if they had never been under religious influence.

It is frequently asserted that religious instruction in the United States is more thorough than in most other countries; and that those who fall away from the Church do so not through ignorance of its claims upon them, but through weakness of virtue,—simply preferring the service of the world to the service of God. We are not so sure of this; however, if religion is extra well taught to American Catholic children, there are strong reasons why it should be. But, unfortunately, it often happens that young people who have "gone through" the Catechism creditably and are supposed to know it well have very imperfect ideas of religion. The little book is dropped too quickly. It is apt to be taken for granted that children understand what they have learned only parrot-like, as they do exceptions to the rules of syntax. Missing the sense of the lessons they glibly recited, they quickly forget the words; and thus, unless they read doctrinal books and hear

systematic catechetical instructions from the pulpit, they grow up very ignorant of their religion, and are in grave danger of renouncing it.

When a future Archbishop of Philadelphia presented himself, a neophyte, for instruction in the teachings of the Catholic Faith, the eminent prelate who had the happiness of receiving him into the Church gave him a copy of the Little Catechism, the lessons of which he was required to learn, one by one, word for word, until he had completed the course of instruction. He was amazed at the amount of knowledge the little book contained, and admired the way in which it was systematized. It is to be feared that many who teach and study the Little Catechism nowadays do not fully realize its importance,—that teachers in many cases are less careful and competent than they should be, and that students are seldom so earnest and docile as was Archbishop Wood. The office of the catechist is not held in the esteem it deserves, and as a consequence the Catechism is often very perfunctorily taught and only negligently studied.

The last instructions given by Pius IX. to the clergy of Rome were that they should redouble their zeal in teaching the Catechism to children; for "the child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of man." His Holiness emphasized the necessity of painstaking and thoroughness in catechetical instructions; and declared that when children are to be confirmed they must give satisfactory evidence of knowing and understanding the foundations of the Christian Faith. The obligation of pastors and parents to impress the lessons of the Little Catechism on the minds of children can not be too much insisted upon. Young people thus thoroughly instructed may be trusted to fight the good fight, to keep the Faith and spread it among unbelieving associates.

Notes and Remarks.

Famine in Russia, which used to be the granary of Europe, ought to cause people everywhere to sit up and take notice, as the saying is. In some of the most fertile districts of that unfortunate country, the inhabitants are now starving, or dying of cholera caused by the long-continued drought. Thousands are wandering from place to place in the hope of securing food and remedies, or flocking into Poland, where there is anything but a welcome for them. In a letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State, directing him to use all the means at his disposal to bring home to the Governments of the different nations the need for prompt and efficacious common action in so dreadful a disaster, the Holy Father writes: 'We are faced with one of the most appalling catastrophies in history. Millions of people are invoking the help of their fellow-creatures. The distress is so great that only by united effort can we relieve it. Our appeal is directed first of all to the Christian peoples, who know the infinite charity of the Divine Redeemer who gave His blood to make all brothers; then it is addressed to all other civil peoples, because every man worthy of the name must feel the duty of helping where another man is dying....May all the faithful of the Church of Christ scattered throughout the world, while they bring their offering for their brothers dying of hunger, raise to God in all trust their prayers that He may deign to help us to hasten the end of so terrible a scourge!'

A thoroughly "modern" mind is an interesting subject for study,—interesting because complex, and complex because it usually seems to have quite forgotten the simple things that everybody knows. Such minds are often encountered, but they are probably most

abundant in the ranks of the liberal Anglican clergy. There is, for instance, Dean Inge, who lamented recently the slowness of physicians to speak out on difficult and delicate matters, adding this characteristic remark: "There are also many who want to restore the old connection between medicine and magic. Lourdes flourishes just as the ceremony of touching for the King's Evil flourished; or even more, since powerful financial interests have grown up around it. We say that this is a scientific age; but the majority are very easily shaken out of their belief in science; they desire miracles; and, with much help from the imagination, they find what they look for."

To which Lord Alfred Douglas, with characteristic verve, replies in *Plain English:* "If Dean Inge is so anxious to study 'whatever the doctors can tell us with authority,' he might employ some of his spare time in reading up the evidence for the innumerable miraculous cures which have taken place at Lourdes. A great part of this evidence has been supplied by doctors who were reluctantly and amazedly constrained to admit that cases of which they had been eye-witnesses could be described only as miraculous." And, we might add, similar evidence is awaiting investigation at a dozen other shrines. But the "modern" mind will shut out Lourdes and the rest with a pretty theory on paper. Only a miracle could make it recognize a miracle; for, though it hath eyes, it seeth not.

In calling the nations together to ascertain how the chances of war may be lessened, President Harding is listening for no voices in the air, or watching for any visions on the horizon. He is too sane for that. He fully realizes that the end of international conflicts is not yet in sight. The most he hopes for as a result of the conference in November is the limitation of armaments. Disarmament he regards as a delusion. Speaking before a student class of army officers entering upon a two-year course of military science at the Army War College, he used very plain and very enlightening words. "There never can come a time," he said, "when there is not requisite an agency for the maintenance of law and authority and for national defence,"—a ready force to subdue enemies of law and order within our borders, and to repel enemies of the nation's interests or the nation's life assailing from without. "It is perfectly futile," continued the President, "to think that there may never be a conflict."

The idealists and the sentimentalists, at home and abroad, who felt assured that the conference would result in a disarming of the nations and an assured plan for world peace, have been disillusioned. Those practical persons of every country who demanded a halt to ambitious military and naval programmes, as threatening to impose unbearable burdens on the people, have been encouraged.

What we are inclined to consider the most significant, as well as the most gratifying, bit of Irish news to reach us for some time has to do, not with the interchange of messages between President de Valera and Premier Lloyd George, nor with the conjectural deliberations of the Dail Eireann Cabinet, but with the present attitude of the Irish farmers and business men. That these important classes—important numerically as well as economically—are apparently of the opinion that the present truce in Ireland is not to be broken, and that in consequence they are repairing the damage effected by the fighting of the past few years, and making preparations for the largely increased business that will come with the definite settlement of affairs,—this, to our mind, promises well for the

speedy solution of the Irish Question. It really looks as if the centuried impassioned prayer, "God save Ireland!" is about to be granted. Provided the Irish people themselves are entirely satisfied with the terms which their leaders succeed in extorting from England, it will matter very little to the rest of the world whether their country be styled the Irish Republic, or the Irish Free State, or the Irish Commonwealth, in the British Empire.

In view of public repudiation of some of the fundamental truths of Christianity by representatives of the Church of England, prelates and parsons, deans, doctors, professors, etc., the Anglican laity, the more churchly among them, are in consternation, asking—of any who are sufficiently interested to listen—What will the authorities do? It should be well known from long experience that they will do nothing. What shall I myself do? is the question which members of the Church of England should now be asking. And the voice of thousands who have sought and found security and peace in the fold of the one, true, undivided Church would answer: Pray for light, and you will come to see, as Newman saw, that "either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go." Having seen that blessed light, pray for grace to follow it at any cost.

To all such Catholics as are concerned in defending the doctrine of Confession against the attacks of ultra-Protestant speakers or writers, we commend the following bit of apologetics. It is from an editorial which appeared some time ago in *America:*

> Why do mothers, who know by experience what the Church really is, gladly bring their little ones to the very door of the confessional, and then with perfect confidence leave them to open their consciences to God's minister? Were the Catholic Church, especially in her work through the confessional, a promoter of evil, the only explanation would be that these Catholic mothers are themselves steeped in evil and wish their children to be exposed to moral ruin. But this reading is contrary to human nature. Here and there individual mothers may wish to make their children as wicked as themselves; but it is inconceivable that hundreds of thousands of mothers, of all ranks and conditions of life, should persistently and for centuries dedicate themselves to an evil so frightful and so unnatural. The sole tenable explanation is that given by these Catholic mothers themselves. As long as the child goes to confession and receives Holy Communion, it is in the special keeping of Almighty God.

The recrudescence of the Ku-Klux Klan is nothing short of a national disgrace. The growth of its membership, and the spread of that growth over territory unaffected by the original society, are menaces to the supremacy of law and order in the United States. In theory, and in ordinary practice as well, our State legislatures and Federal Congress are quite competent to pass and enforce such laws as are necessary for the protection of good citizens and the punishment of malefactors of every kind; and there is no excuse for the existence of a self-appointed, independent police force, taking upon itself to discipline either an individual or a race that happens to incur its dislike. If the "supremacy of the white race" in this country can be vindicated only by an organized mob prowling about by night in a grotesque masquerade, then that supremacy is in poor case indeed, and American democracy is scarcely more than a name.

True, the "Supreme Wizard" of this revived conspiracy denies that its members take part in lynching, tar-and-feather outrages, and similar unlawful acts; but it is to be remembered that the like denials were indignantly made

by the leaders of the Klan something more than half a century ago—and did not avail to prevent the disbanding of its forces by the law of the land. The sooner the same law applies—or, if necessary, invents—the machinery to crush this incipient menace to American civilization, the better for the white race—and the black.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc declares that he once astonished the House of Commons by saying that "Catholics would rather have their sons speaking with a vulgar accent and possessing bad manners than that they should lose the Faith. They thought I was mad; and if I had said that we preferred the Faith to money, they would have thought that I was raving mad—but I did not go so far as that." Such declarations would cause astonishment to many others besides members of the House of Commons. It is in the nature of things. Worldly people are always astonished at unworldliness in other people, just as the untruthful and the unchaste are astounded by verity and purity.

"A Protestant institution at the gates of the Vatican," the prospect of which has brought joy to American Methodists, will be a joke to the Romans when they learn how many different bodies of Methodists there are in the United States, all differing in government and doctrine. No matter how massive the new edifice may be, it will appear barn-like in comparison with St. Peter's. And some Roman will be sure to say, with Lacordaire: 'The Church is like a tall monument with deep and solid foundations; and sectarianism, like a shanty beside that formidable and indestructible mass.'

The history of our country holds nothing more inspiring to preserve than the record of noble men and women who labored to bring the Faith from Europe, and to keep it alive. An American may justly be proud to realize that the present generation is doing its part to repay the service, and should find the following narrative, which we reproduce from a recent issue of the *Far East*, decidedly memorable and distinctly inspiring:

> The landing in China of six Sisters of Providence, of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, marks a new epoch in the history of the Catholic Sisterhood in the Celestial Kingdom. In October, 1920, the pioneer band of American nuns went forth from the banks of the Wabash into the mysteriously romantic and ancient land of China, to spread the light of Christian education, that the Old and the New World might come to the knowledge of each other's dignity around Christ's font of love. After a journey of twelve thousand miles, they reached the field of their labors in the heart of China, only to find the country in the throes of a deadly famine. The unselfish service of these American nuns soon manifested itself in deeds of mercy. With prodigious vitality they administered every possible aid to the indigent, and baptized the dying babies.
>
> Sister Mary Elsie, a registered pharmacist and trained nurse, soon won the hearts of the suffering populace. They betook themselves to her with every nature of disease, and she, smilingly, was ever ready to alleviate their sufferings. But God in His all-seeing providence would demand still greater sacrifice. On April 14, 1921, while engaged in an errand of mercy, she was seized with a violent fever....Black small-pox developed in a few days; and one week later this heroic Sister, who had braved a journey of half the globe at the age of sixty-one, breathed her gentle soul to God. Her four months of missionary life were filled with flowers of charitable deeds, and the fruit of her tireless efforts is already manifesting itself.
>
> When the finger of Death touched her, it found the gentle soul resigned in the very shadow of the Tabernacle where she had spent many hours with her Divine Lord. She died as she had lived; and her example, which was her life loving and unostentatious, will be of service in after years to those who were privileged to know her.

Such Americans—and they are many—as desire a stricter censorship of moving-picture films than is exercised

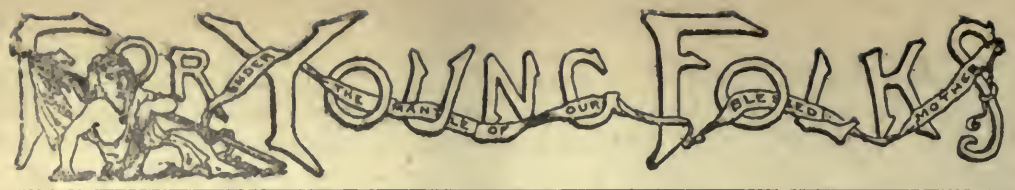
at present, will be interested in learning that the authorities in France are disposed to regard with pronounced displeasure a variety of films heretofore tolerated by them. The wave of crime that swept over their country last year, and the alarming increase in the number of juvenile suicides, have awakened them to the real danger of moving pictures representing concrete immorality, crimes of violence, and self-destruction. The prefects, or governors, of two southern Departments have already put the ban on such films in their districts; and a movement is on foot to have the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies prohibit the showing of any pictures save those of real educational value, or such others as will be entirely suitable for representation in convents.

The movement has been accelerated by an incident, or several incidents, which recently occurred in a suburb of Paris. Reacting a "movie" which they had just witnessed, three young boys attempted suicide in this fashion: one cut a radial artery while in church; the second endeavored to drown himself; the third threw himself out of a railway carriage. If it be suggested that these boys were abnormal or degenerate, a leading alienist of Paris replies that the danger exists for normal youngsters as well. Prevention is much easier, as it is much better, than cure; and our own film censors may well be a good deal more strict than they are at present.

Any one who ventured, some two decades ago, to question the wisdom of the elective system of collegiate studies—allowing the student to choose such branches of study as pleased himself—would have been styled an obstinate conservative, and would have heard cited against him the authority and prestige of President Eliot, of Harvard. Well, the elective system has had its chance; it has been tried, and, in the opinion of not a few eminent educators, has been found wanting. Dean West, of Princeton, recently blamed the system as one of the basic reasons for the illiteracy which, according to him, characterizes one-half the people of the United States. And now comes Dean Jones, of Yale, with very similar testimony. A significant declaration of the latter authority is that the education of the mind is not more important than the education of the character. Such a statement is, obviously, a constructive condemnation of our religionless public schools. While disavowing any wish to criticise these schools, Dean Jones permits himself to say, in a recent issue of the New York *Herald Magazine:* "I hear that the young folk, the children, are not taught arithmetic and the mathematical tables. I *know* that they are not taught how to spell. One reform that I seriously urge is the introduction in these schools of Webster's spelling book."

In view of the foregoing, it is somewhat gratifying to know that, as a rule, the elective system has been used with prudence in our Catholic colleges; and that in our parochial schools the fundamentals, the old-fashioned Three R's, are taught with a thoroughness that leaves nothing to be desired.

A young superior, who declares that he has derived great benefit from it, sends us this quotation from St. Augustine—without the reference: *"Vide omnia, ignora multa, corrige pauca."* Which may be freely translated: See everything without seeming to do so; ignore many things that come under your observation; correct few things—in order to avoid nagging. Many wrongs right themselves, and the timely correction of one disorder obviates the necessity of correcting dozens of others. A superior who always gives good example seldom needs to give rebukes.



A New Commandment.

BY PAUL PEYTON.

"YOU know," said the priest, "the Commandments of God,
Which all men are obliged to obey;
But what are the Precepts prescribed by the Church?"
He inquired of a youngster one day.

The little chap blushed and grew nervous and hot,
And his breathing came faster and faster,
And he sobbed as he swallowed a lump in his throat:
"Men should give toward the sport of their pastor."

The Little Minstrel.

BY LECTOR MALOT.

XII.—Lost and Gained.

ONE ray of light, at last, through the darkness. "A very kind heart that woman has, Remi."

"Yes, Master," replied the boy. "If we could stay in Paris, it would be very pleasant to live with her."

"Here we can not stay," said Vitalis. "It would be madness."

"What, then, shall we do? Where shall we go?" inquired Remi.

"I do not know, and but for you I should not care," said the old man. "We shall walk on and on. Perhaps in some small town we may find an inn where we can play for the patrons for our board."

It was very cold. However, refreshed by a night's sleep and a good breakfast, Remi felt equal to a long day's walk. Not so Vitalis: his shoulders were bent and his steps tottered.

"Give me your hand, Remi," he said at last. "I feel quite faint."

"Let us go in somewhere," pleaded Remi. "We can eat by the fire and get warm."

"There is no place," replied Vitalis. "People don't think of doing such things in Paris."

On and on they went, through broad streets and narrow, through courts and alleys, while people stopped to look at them occasionally as they passed by. The houses were growing farther apart. At noon they were already leaving the city behind. They came at last to a shed behind a vacant house, where they sat and ate some of the provisions the good Italian woman had given them. Vitalis was shivering all the time.

"Master, stay here," said Remi. "You are not fit to travel. Let me go and ask some one to take us in for a while."

"No," answered Vitalis. "We can not afford it. We must get on to Gentilly, where there is an abandoned quarry. I once passed two nights there. We have plenty of food. I shall feel better after a night's rest."

His hand trembled in Remi's as they set out again. He was burning with fever. He could hardly walk. The short winter day was drawing to a close when he stopped and looked around him.

"The quarry can not be far now," he said. "Do you see a clump of trees?"

"I see nothing," answered Remi.

"Do you not see a big wall?"

"No, Master. There is none there."

"O child, if I had your young eyes I could see it!"

A great grey pall was overspreading the landscape. It began to snow heavily.

"Dear Master," said Remi, "do let us go into some house! They will at least give us shelter."

"No," replied Vitalis. "They might turn us away,—probably would. Then by the time we had found the road again the storm would be increasing. We must find that quarry. We shall be all right there."

The snow grew thicker; the wind blew more sharply; but they toiled on. At length Vitalis stopped short.

"Still no trees?" he inquired. "No wall?"

"No, Master."

"We will walk five minutes longer; and then, if we do not find the quarry, we must retrace our steps. I fear that, for the second time in our travels, I have lost my way. Alas! I am only a poor old man."

"Master," said Remi, "we can walk no farther. We are both perishing from fatigue and cold. Let us lie down here and die."

It was the first time the boy had completely lost courage.

"No, no," said Vitalis. "I may have to lie down and die, but you must not. Let us turn back."

"Where shall we go?"

"Again to Paris."

"But it will take hours."

"Hours let it be, then. Once there, I will go to a police station. They will take care of us for a night, at least."

Once more they began to retrace their steps. The wind and the snow were now in their faces. They floundered through it as best they could. Even Capi's steps were lagging and uncertain.

"If we could eat a little," said Remi.

"No, no, not yet. We can not waste a moment of time. To Paris,—to Paris!"

Remi peered up into the face of his master. It was as pale as death. His eyes were strangely brilliant; his hand was hot and trembling. This was not the Vitalis he had known.

"I see a light," he said, after a long silence.

"Never mind. Walk on. We are coming to a village."

"Shall we stop there?"

"No,—I tell you no."

In a few moments the scattered houses came into view.

"Let us knock at one of those doors," begged Remi.

"Once more I tell you, no. The people are all asleep. I feel extremely faint. I must rest."

"Yonder is a little shed," said Remi.

By main effort he dragged Vitalis to its insufficient shelter. But there was a little straw. Possibly it had been used for a dog kennel. Vitalis threw himself on the ground. Remi pulled him backward, so that he could rest against the wall of the shed. The cold was intense, but at least he was sheltered from the wind and snow.

"Put Capi on my knees," he said; "and lie down yourself against them. It will warm me—I am very cold."

The trio crouched as closely together as possible. Capi was very still.

"I feel better," said Vitalis after a while,—"quite comfortable. I am very sleepy—very sleepy—"

After that he spoke no more. The pitiless snow fell in front of them like a white veil. Remi's hands and feet were numb.

"Ah, to-morrow," he thought,—"to-morrow they will find us dead! I shall never again see Mamma Barbarin, nor the garden, nor the jonquils with their golden cups, nor the blue forget-me-nots, nor the artichokes I was going to cook for her. I shall never hear the birds sing in the trees, near the brook where I used to go with her to wash the clothes; nor Arthur in his cot, nor his mother smiling,—her eyes so kind! They are at home now in their warm beds, while we are dying here in the cold," he repeated half aloud.

Then his eyes began to close; try as he would he could not keep them open. The silence was dreadful. Even Capi

did not seem to breathe. Once more the heavy lids fell over the tired eyes, and Remi sank into the deep sleep which precedes death by freezing. And the snow continued to fall.

When he awoke he was lying in a box-bed in a large, comfortable kitchen. A fire glowed on the hearth. The grey light of a wintry morning outlined the window; a table, set for a meal, stood in the middle of the room.

"Where is Vitalis?" he asked, lifting his head from the pillow.

No one answered. He had spoken in a very low voice, and had not been heard by the three children standing in a group at some distance; nor by the man in grey who sat near the table; nor by the girl, taller than the others, who was stirring something in a large kettle which hung over the fireplace.

"Where is Vitalis?" repeated Remi in a louder voice.

"He is asking for his father," said the girl, turning to the man in grey.

"He is not my father, but my master," said Remi. "Where is he? And where is Capi?"

"My boy," replied the man, with that bluntness characteristic of his sex and class, "he whom you call Vitalis is dead."

"Dead, sir?" repeated Remi. "Dead?"

"Yes, my son. I am a market-gardener, going into Paris every week with my vegetables, which at this season I raise under glass. At midnight I was about to start when I saw a dark object near the gate. It was a dog, whining and crying. I followed it to the shed, and there found you and an old man asleep,—very sound asleep, I thought. I called and pushed; you did not awake. I could not move you, one of my arms being very weak from an accident. So I called my neighbor, and together we dragged you both into the house. You were breathing, but the old man was dead. I made one of my boys get out of bed and go in with his brother. We put you in his bed, where you have been lying now for six hours or more. My neighbor and his son made a coffin of an old door and carried your master to the police station, where an inquest will be held."

Remi covered his face with his hands. He began to sob and weep bitterly. A girl of about his own age appeared from a corner near the fireplace, and, without saying a word, drew his hands from his face and took them between hers. Remi looked up into her large, beautiful eyes, and silently thanked her with his own. The child's gentle sympathy touched his sad heart.

"But where is Capi?" he inquired.

"Capi? Who is he?"

"The dog," answered Remi.

"I do not know. He did not come in. No one thought of him. He has disappeared."

"He followed the men with the coffin," said one of the children,—a boy.

"How do you know, Bennie?" asked his father. "You were asleep."

"I looked through the little window near my bed. He ran along beside them; he was moaning and crying."

"Poor Capi!" murmured Remi. "Now I am indeed alone."

"If you feel like getting up," said the older girl, "you can eat breakfast with us; but if you would rather stay in bed, I will take you some soup there."

"I will get up," replied Remi. But as soon as he tried to do so his head fell back. "I feel very weak," he said.

"Lie there,—lie there," said the gardener. "Etienette will feed you."

The girl brought a bowl of soup and a piece of bread to the bedside. The man put his arm around Remi's head and held him up while he drank the soup and ate the bread which Etienette had broken into the bowl.

"Oh, but that was good!" said Remi when he had finished. "Thank you ever so much! I can get up now."

"You were half starved," observed the man. "You look weak: you had better not try to get up yet."

"Very well," answered Remi, glad to lie back on the pillow once more.

The family gathered around the table for breakfast. First they all stood reverently and said grace. It was the first time Remi had seen the proceeding; he thought it very nice. They talked to one another in a low voice. They seemed happy and united; there was not a harsh word spoken.

Remi glanced about the kitchen. It was humble, but large and comfortable. "This is a home," thought the boy. "Oh, that I, too, could have a home!" Then, tired and weak as he was, he again fell asleep.

At midday his host aroused him.

"They are about to hold the inquest," he said. "If you are able to go, they want you there. If not, they will have to come here."

"I can go," replied the boy. "I feel better."

The man assisted him to rise, wrapped him in a comforter, and led him to the cart which was standing outside the door.

They were soon at the station. Vitalis lay in a black coffin. His face looked beautiful in death. The proceedings were soon over. Remi told all he knew of the dead man, which was very little.

"An old, worn-out street musician," said the coroner. "Death from exposure."

They gave Remi his bag and a small note book, in which Vitalis had written some curious characters. No one could understand them. Remi looked through it with a vague idea of finding Mrs. Milligan's address, but he could not understand the curious writing. He was now without a friend in the world.

They buried Vitalis in the strangers' corner of the churchyard. When all was over, Remi returned with the gardener to his house. Etienette wanted him to lie down again, but he would not. Alexis, the oldest boy, about seventeen (whom he had not seen before), dragged forth an easy-chair from a dark corner of the room.

"This was grandfather's," he said. "No one has used it since he died. You will like it, I am sure, and will feel very comfortable in it."

And he did. They brought his dinner there—soup and vegetables,—which he relished very much. Then they put him back to bed, where he fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

It was night when he awoke. The fire was burning brightly. The father and his children were on their knees, saying the Rosary. When it was finished the father recommended himself and his family to the care of God,—not forgetting "the stranger whom to-night we have under our roof." Then they retired, and all was still.

Remi turned his face to the wall.

"Alas!" he said. "I have had a little glimpse of heaven. To-morrow I shall be on the road again."

Next morning he felt quite himself. They all greeted him kindly, inquired how he had slept, and set a place for him at the table.

When breakfast was over, he glanced at his harp hanging on the wall, and said:

"It is time for me to go."

"Go where?" said the gardener. "Have you friends in the neighborhood?"

"I have not a single friend in the whole world," answered Remi. "Since my master is dead, I shall have to provide for myself as best I can."

"Where do you intend to go?" inquired his host.

"To Paris," replied Remi.

"You will starve there at this season, and likely as not be arrested."

"Will they put me in prison?" asked Remi.

"Oh, no! They will place you in a Home."

"An orphan asylum?"

"Something like that. It will be the best thing for you."

Remi burst into tears.

"I wish I had died with Vitalis!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had died with my master!"

Once more the quiet little girl arose from her place and laid her arm around the boy's neck, looking imploringly at her father, but she did not say a word.

"Yes, Lise, I will," said the father.

She wiped Remi's eyes with a corner of her apron, and went back, smiling, to her seat.

(To be continued.)

Better than He Knew.

WHEN the famous Père Didon was a child, he was very fond of a certain dish which his mother prepared with especial skill. It consisted of codfish cutlets cooked in olive oil, with a few onions to flavor it. Whenever the boy saw her getting ready to cook the dish he liked so well, he would stand on tiptoe in order to watch its progress. And, as he was a spoiled child, his elder sister, or an old aunt who lived in the family, would take up a small portion, and putting it on a plate, with a piece of bread, would say: "Here, Henri, taste this, and be a good boy."

One day when this had occurred as usual, and Henri, with his morsel of bread all ready, was about to dip it into the olive oil in which his piece of fish swam deliciously, an old beggar made his appearance, and, pausing in front of the child, said:

"Will you kindly give me a bit of bread, little boy?"

Hardly had the request passed the beggar's lips when the wings of the boy's good angel began to flutter above his head. The child did not hesitate a moment.

"Here!" he said, handing the plate with the bread and fish to the beggar. "You are welcome."

The old man sat down beside him on the porch.

"But what will you have for yourself?" he asked, touched by some inward scruple which forbade him to deprive the child of his tidbit.

"Oh, I can manage!" replied Henri, carelessly.

Side by side they sat till the beggar had finished. Then the old man arose, held out the plate and said:

"Thank you! It was very good." And he walked slowly away.

A feeling of melancholy began to take possession of the heart of the child, predestined to be a friend of all humanity. It was his first realization of the disparity between comfort and discomfort, plenty and poverty. Full of strange, new thoughts, he sat alone in the twilight.

"Henri!" called a voice from within the house. "What are you doing? Not still eating, little glutton! Was the fish very good?"

"Very good indeed," answered the boy, slowly.

And it *was* good,—better even than he knew.

The Smallest of Birds.

Of the humming-birds, whose name comes from the whirring sound of their wings, there are more than four hundred different species, all of them belonging to America, although only eighteen species are found in the United States. Even of these eighteen, only one, the rubythroat, is ever seen east of the Mississippi and north of Florida. The largest humming-bird in this country is about four inches long; and the smallest of the family is the most diminutive of all birds, being only two and a quarter inches long. It is a dainty creature, with brilliant plumage.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—There will be many readers on both sides of the Atlantic to welcome a new volume of verse ("Vigils") by Aline Kilmer, widow of Joyce Kilmer, to be published by the Doran Co. "The Months, and Other Poems," is the title of a new book by Sister M. Benvenuta, who is already favorably known to readers of THE AVE MARIA. Prof. J. S. Phillimore has contributed a foreword.

—We were in error as to the price of J. Henri Fabre's books, noticed in these columns a while ago. It is $2.50 per volume instead of $1.75. The price of the "Book of Insects," which is illustrated, is $5.00. There is a "Life of Fabre," translated by Bernard Miall. The best short biography of the great French naturalist that we know of was contributed to THE AVE MARIA at the time of his death, by the Countess de Courson.

—One gets the impression from reading *Plain English* that its editor, Lord Alfred Douglas, is not wholly in sympathy with the Irish and the Jews, and that he does not thoroughly appreciate Americans; also that he is not altogether in favor of Prohibition and some other things. His vivacities are always enjoyable, of course; but one can not help wishing at times that he would dilute his writing fluid a little, or use a little less of it. Lord Alfred is more than a perfervid Catholic —he's a very furious one.

—In her latest novel, "The Potter's House" (just published in this country by Benziger Brothers), Miss Isabel Clarke emphasizes the evils of divorce, drawing a very vivid picture of its effects on the heroine, who suffers much and in many ways, often deservedly, until she becomes a convert to the Church. Sympathetic readers will breathe a sigh of relief when at last she is free to marry Paul Pallant, who, we must say, is a more persevering than convincing character. There is a great amount of love-making in the story, and it is of the impetuous variety. Catholic readers will not rank "The Potter's House" with the best of Miss Clarke's novels.

—The novels of Sir Walter Scott, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of whose birth occurs this year, are being subjected in some of our current periodicals to not a little unfavorable criticism. Their tedious descriptions, their long-drawn-out unfolding of the plot, their romantic sentimentalism, etc., are rather contemptuously contrasted with the terser, close-knit, realistic novels of to-day. Elderly lovers of fiction, however, will not be too ready to accept such criticism as altogether just, and will certainly not dislodge Sir Walter from the pedestal upon which they placed him in the bright days of their youth, when "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth" and "Rob Roy" and "The Pirate" held their attention entranced for hours at a time. And it may well be doubted that many, if any, of our twentieth-century fictionists will be as popular fifty years hence as is Scott to-day, or even as he will be then. The Waverley series forms an English classic, and the classics never grow old.

—"The Christian Mind," by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. (B. Herder Book Co.), a sixteenmo of 210 pages, is a treatise expounding the distinction between general spirituality and the specific Christian spirituality which is based on the practical assimilation by our minds of the doctrine of the Incarnation. Partaking more of the nature of a philosophy of the Christian religion than of a plea for its practice, "it is," says the author, "a modest contribution to that effort, of which there are so many instances in Western Christendom in our days, of building up a Christian mind as a power of thought that rules in virtue of its own innate truthfulness and excellency." The contribution will well repay serious study. Price, $2.

—A lengthy article devoted to the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald, who died on Aug. 1, 1921, published in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, while adequately appreciating her work as a dramatist and a novelist, omits some facts of her life which are of special interest to Catholic readers. This information is supplied by "W. H. K." of the London *Tablet*. Mrs. Inchbald was a woman of original genius, noble character, charming personality, and a fervent Catholic. She was a favorite with all who knew her, and as much respected as admired. To Leigh Hunt she was "the divine Elizabeth Inchbald"; to the Kembles, "the dear muse." A pleasing picture of her is presented in an article contributed to the *Dublin Review* (April, 1885) by Father Haythornthwaite, the friend of Tennyson, who once playfully suggested this epitaph for him:

> Here lies Peter Haythornthwaite:
> Human by nature, Roman by fate.

A memorable episode of Mrs. Inchbald's life is thus related by "W. H. K.": "Her career as

an actress began with scenes in real life, as dramatic as anything in her own plays or novels. She had come up to London, a beautiful girl of nineteen, and the manager with whom she was making her first engagement told her that the salary paid for her services on the stage must also be the price of her honor. With fine spirit, she seized a jug of hot water which was, happily, at hand, and dashed it in his face. Thoroughly alarmed by the dangers before her, she sought the advice of a Catholic actor and artist, whose love counselled her to seek protection in immediate marriage."

The "Dictionary of National Biography" refers to Mrs. Inchbald's once famous novel, "A Simple Story," as "one of the earliest examples of the novel of passion, and seems to have inspired 'Jane Eyre.'" "I never read *any* novel—I except *none*,"—wrote Maria Edgeworth, "that affected me so strongly, or so completely possessed me with the belief in the real existence of all the persons it represents. I never once recollected the author whilst I was reading it; never said or thought, *That's a fine sentiment*, or *That is well expressed*, or *That is well invented;* I believed all to be real, and was affected as I should be by the real scenes, if they had actually passed before my eyes; it is truly and deeply pathetic."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16*s*.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—Heb., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Hasson, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Arnold Vollebregt, diocese of Alton; Rev. John J. Waters, diocese of Ogdensburg; and Rev. Joseph Mulry, S. J.

Sister M. Stanislaus, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Ludovica (Manning), Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. August Tebeau, Mr. M. C. Matt, Mr. Louis Lortz, Mr. Denis O'Connell, Mrs. Ellen Collins, Mr. Frank Trandt, Mr. H. J. Ziegler, Mr. John Dennis, Mrs. Mary Howard, Mr. Edward Gilmaster, Mr. Michael Greenan, Mrs. Pearl Parroit, Mr. C. F. Stauf, Mrs. Michael Gilligan, Mr. Anton Miller, Mrs. P. Biggins, Mr. Charles Fanning, Mrs. Joseph Fanning, Miss Margaret Clark, Mr. Charles Elms, Mrs. J. H. Daly, Mr. George Knobbe, Mr. John Meyer, Mr. Michael Sexton, Mr. T. M. Steber, and Mr. F. A. Toce.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: "me and Harry," 25 cents; friend, $1. "For the needy," $100. "For a foreign mission": friend, $3; J. M. O'B., $4. For the Chinese missions: Rev. J. Q., $1000.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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At Notre Dame de la Sagesse.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

AT Notre Dame de la Sagesse,
One sees the lakes reflect the sky,
Like souls created to express
A beauty borrowed from on high;
One sees the silent meadows lie
Thrice-happy in the sun's caress,
As peacefully the days go by
At Notre Dame de la Sagesse.

At Notre Dame de la Sagesse
One hears the rushing of the wind,
Like that which came of old to bless
With Wisdom's Gift the Church's mind.
Far in the fields the farmers bind
Their shining sheaves of fruitfulness;
For God is good and Nature kind
At Notre Dame de la Sagesse.

At Notre Dame de la Sagesse
One learns a wisdom such as fills
The souls which gladly acquiesce
In everything the Father wills.
The folly of our toils and ills,
The one thing needful to possess,—
One learns it there among the hills,
At Notre Dame de la Sagesse.

UNLESS a man starts afresh about things, he will certainly do nothing effective. Unless a man starts on the strange assumption that he has never existed before, it is quite certain that he will never exist afterward. Unless a man be born again, he shall by no means enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Stephen and Paul.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH P. CONROY, S. J.

WHEN the early Christians chose their first seven deacons, to be ordained by the Apostles and to assist in their work, Stephen was first of the number, receiving special commendation in the Scripture as "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Immediately after his ordination he began to show his power. Almost at once the Acts speak of him again: "And Stephen, full of grace and fortitude, did great wonders and signs among the people."

Seldom does the Scripture bestow such unbounded praise. 'Full of faith, full of grace and of fortitude,' these are words that lead us to expect the very highest things of Stephen, that fix him as a bright star among the great Christians of that intense dawning time of grace.

And Stephen proved his worth. Like a young giant he ran his brief but glorious course, sending through the rising Church a thrill of courage that has lasted to this day. He was the first Christian we know of to exemplify completely in a rounded life the Christmas message of "Peace on earth to men of good will." He was "full of grace," which is only another name for the most perfect peace; and "full of fortitude," the highest manifestation of a [illegible] and invincible will.

The works of Stephen attest his. His

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short life burned with deeds of love among the Christians he was put to serve, and shone resplendent in repelling the attacks of the enemies without, who would rob his brethren of their faith. The signs and wonders he did before the people brought down upon him the synagogues—the Libertines, the Cyrenians, the Alexandrians, and Cilicians. They pursued him, engaged in fierce disputes with him; but "they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit that spoke."

Defeated at every turn, they used the same tactics they had employed against Christ. "They suborned men to say they had heard him speak words of blasphemy against Moses and against God. And they stirred up the people, and the ancients, and the scribes; and, running together, they took him and brought him to the council."

It is almost a duplicate of the last days of Christ. Stephen knew it was the end. He endured undisturbed the mad clamor of the multitude, suffered himself to be carried before the high priest, listened to the perjuries of the false witnesses and said never a word.

In curious amazement, the council looked at this silent, self-contained man, charged before the law with blasphemy and sedition. And they "saw his face as if it had been the face of an angel." It was as if he did not even hear the charges.

At last the high priest said: "Are these things so?" Stephen remembered the words of Christ: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He was no longer silent. He began the magnificent speech which we have in the seventh chapter of the Acts, and no speech was ever begun under more hostile circumstances.

Stephen was facing a high priest and a council determined to give him no quarter. He was surrounded by a crowd of the people and the ancients and the scribes, inflamed with hatred; was flanked on either hand by suborned false witnesses ready to swear his life away. He knew he had not a chance for his life; and his speech is to be no plea for freedom, for legal mercy, but a final testimony to his unshaken belief in Christ.

At the high priest's question, Stephen turned, faced the throng, and silenced them with his first words: "Ye men, brethren and fathers, hear." And immediately he began a masterly review of the history of the Jews from the beginning, etching with rapid strokes the course of their nation from Abraham through Joseph and Moses and David, down to Solomon. The whole point of his speech was to prove by unescapable facts how the Jews had been lifted up time after time by God, and on each occasion had turned from Him and chosen idols of various kinds. But he concealed the final drift of his words so skilfully that he held the mob to hear him through to the crushing climax.

Nothing appealed to the Jews more than praise of their nation,—a recital of the things God had done for His chosen people. He, therefore, began with the great favors the Lord had shown to Abraham, with swift narration and apt Scriptural quotations showing how Abraham was raised from very nothing to be the promised progenitor of a great people living under the covenant of the circumcision. This portion of his speech he closed with the story of Joseph,—how his own brethren, the patriarchs of the Jews, through envy, did their best to make away with Joseph, and sold their future savior into slavery.

Here the Jews might be expected to break forth in clamor, but Stephen hurries on to give a glorious account of the deeds of Joseph as leader of the people. "God was with him," he says,

and proves it by the works of Joseph. The Jews are calmed.

Immediately Stephen proceeds to the account of Moses and the illustrious years of his command, finishing with the Jews' rejection of the light. "And they made a calf in those days, and offered sacrifices to the idol, and rejoiced in the works of their own hands." And he told of the punishment they received for it. As his hearers were about to interrupt him, he mentions the magic name of David, "who found grace before God, and desired to find a tabernacle for the God of Jacob."

Stephen was now in his narration down to the Jews of his own day. He hurries on to the conclusion. "But Solomon built Him a house," he says, implying that the Chosen People were now mere materialists, using the Temple only as a building for worldly ends, still rejecting the truth and casting away the faith of their fathers. And before the wild multitude can gather themselves together, Stephen leaps to the conclusion and the climax: "You stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, you always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do you also. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain those who have foretold the coming of the Just One, of whom you have been now the betrayers and the murderers." Cut to the heart, the Jews gnashed their teeth at him. "But he, looking steadfastly up to heaven,... said: 'Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.'"

The end had come. They rushed upon their victim, and dragged him violently without the city; and, gathering stones as they went along, they pushed him from them, and, circling about, struck at him from every side. Stephen stood and prayed. Beaten to his knees, his last words were the gentle, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And he fell asleep in the Lord.

So passed Stephen, the first witness in blood to faith in Christ; a man of rare intelligence, of keen and sure insight into souls; of fearless and aggressive will, yielding not an inch to untruth; a man with faith so sure and firm that God gave him at the end to see, even with the eyes of flesh, to the very throne of His Son; withal, a man of a tender and forgiving heart, who could change in a moment from terrible rebuke of falsehood to pray for the souls of those who were guilty of it. The very first who followed in the bloody footsteps of his Master, we feel that he represents that Master's life in fullest detail; that grace had its unimpeded way with him; that, as he stepped before that throne he had seen but a moment before in the vision, he was worthy to be the first herald in heaven of the Church Militant here below; and that the arms of our Blessed Lord tenderly enfolded him in welcome as the earliest of His sons, whom He could present to the Father as the first fruits of them who were to fight the good fight and keep the faith.

We often grieve at the death of the youthful and the strong, and sometimes our grief is mingled with a puzzled, not to say a resentful, wonder. "Why did he have to die," we ask, "just as he was beginning life, so gifted, so willing, with so much good before him? Why was the blossom cut before it could come to flower? Why so brief a loveliness, so short a use? Why this rich ointment thus poured out, and not saved for us poor, who need it? Why this waste of glorious power with only a gleam of its possibilities realized, passing like a lightning flash before our eyes and leaving us in deeper darkness than ever?"

Thoughts like these must have filled the hearts of the Christians who had lost Stephen. His death must

have depressed them fearfully,—their lost leader who had just lifted his arm to lead them on with might, thus stricken in the dust beneath a senseless heap of stones. The shock, too, must have opened their eyes to their own position. The stones that had reached Stephen were equally meant for them. Now they knew, since they saw its reality worked out before them, what fighting under the standard of Christ actually meant. And just when they found they needed Stephen most, he was taken away from them!

But the Lord will not be denied His purpose, neither will He forsake His children. At the very moment of Stephen's death, another leader was unwittingly lifting Stephen's fallen banner from the dust,—was unconsciously preparing to continue this first battle on a scale that would sweep it across the world. "And the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man whose name was Saul....And Saul was consenting to his death."

It does not seem credible that a character like Saul could have looked upon the death of a man like Stephen and not have been touched by the force of that example of utter fearlessness in the support of faith. Knowing the later Paul as we do, we can see that it is precisely the type of action that would appeal to the young Saul. No matter how he consented to Stephen's death at the moment, afterthought upon the remarkable daring of the first martyr would be sure to open the way to a strong reaction.

Indeed, Holy Scripture links the two names in a significant manner. Out of all that crowd, Saul is the single one picked for description,—what he was doing: watching the garments of the murderers; what he was thinking: consenting to Stephen's death. This detail, by which Saul is set over against Stephen as a sub-central figure, fixes our attention upon Saul, and, as it were, challenges us to watch his future career from this moment. Saul got worse before he got better; but is it too much to believe that even before the vision at Damascus the soul of Saul was haunted by the memories of Stephen's martyrdom, and compelled to ponder upon a man with whom his own character had so much in sympathy?

For Stephen and Paul were very much alike in temperament, in action, in speech, in achievement. The short life of Stephen is a miniature of the succeeding career of Paul. Both were quick in thought, bold in action to the last degree; their lives one succession of mounting crises of danger. Yet when each crisis arrives, we find both clear-minded, cool, alert to use every turn of events that could help their cause; both gifted with that dominance of personality that can hold hostile crowds at bay, with a swordlike directness of speech that pierces every selfish fallacy, with a complete surrender to their cause, a carelessness of mere personal safety, and a final trust in God that lifts them alike above every suspicion of self-seeking and associates them in our minds as two of the stanchest friends of Christ.

With this in mind, if we read the speech of Stephen just before his death, we are irresistibly reminded of Paul's style. The same close, succinct statement; the same undeviating progress to the main point; the same thrill of appeal; the same fiery attack, with the accompanying power of holding a dangerous audience in check until the attack is finished. This is particularly noticeable where both speak under similar conditions.

After Paul's conversion, he was set upon by the Jews in much the same fashion that Stephen had been: the multitude following him to kill him, only he was saved by the soldiers. As soon as he got the first respite, he asked to be allowed to address the people; and,

standing on the stairs where the soldiers had carried him to get him away from the mob, he lifted his hand, and in the first silence he began to speak in the Hebrew tongue, whereat the Jews "kept the more silence." His speech began in almost the very words of Stephen's: "Men, brethren and fathers, hear ye." And if we read through the story he told them, we shall see the same qualities burning through his words. Like Stephen, too, he works for a climax which he knows will enrage them, but holds it skilfully off until the last few words.

His theme was the story of his conversion,—a bitter subject to the Jews. Paul developed his speech along lines parallel to Stephen's story of the Jewish race. As he came to the close, he brought out the same idea of Stephen's speech—namely, that the Jews would reject his prophet's testimony to the truth. He quotes the words of Christ to him in a vision:

"Make haste and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem, because they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me.

"And I said: 'Lord, they know that I cast into prison, and beat in every synagogue, them that believed in Thee. And when the blood of Stephen, Thy witness, was shed, I stood by and consented and kept the garments of them that killed him.'

"And He said to me: 'Go, for unto the Gentiles afar off will I send thee.'

"And they heard him until this word, and then lifted up their voice, saying: 'Away with such a one from the earth.' "

They had realized only then what Paul was telling them,—that, in spite of his own pleadings to remain with them and to prove to them the truth, the Lord would not allow him; for they were hardened in sin, and therefore cast off by God.

The whole speech in its upbuilding and its climax is a replica of Stephen's. Note also his pathetic reminiscence of his share in Stephen's death. From his entire career of vengeful persecution of the Christians, he singles out Stephen as the one remembered with the most poignant remorse. There can be no doubt at all but that Stephen was often in his mind, and that he felt he owed it to God to continue the work of the great witness whom he had helped to cut off in the prime of his career.

And so we can say that, in some measure at least, through the death of Stephen, the Church gained Paul. Stephen's death seemed a waste, a grievous, an irreparable loss to those early Christians. But out of evil the Lord invariably brings good, and the blood of Stephen watered the seed of grace that afterwards was cast into the heart of Paul.

We can believe, too, that as the young Saul was watching Stephen tottering under the stones that were beating out his life, Stephen, with his keen, prophetic vision, looked upon Saul and saw in him the possibilities of a kindred spirit. And his last words—a prayer brimming with loving forgiveness—surely brought their blessing down upon the penitent Saul. For the Lord was kind to Saul, and, as Stephen had prayed, laid not this sin to his charge. The torch of faith, dropped from the dying hand of Stephen, was to be seized by Paul and carried by him across the world to light the hearts of the Gentiles, so long sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

WHAT fire is this that so warmeth my heart? What light is this that so enlighteneth my soul? O fire that always burneth and never goeth out, kindle me! O light which ever shineth and art never darkened, illuminate me! O that I may have my heat from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn! how mysteriously dost thou shine!—*St. Augustine.*

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XIII.—ROMEWARDS.

Ever charming, ever new,
Could such a landscape tire the view?
—*Dyer.*

NOTHING eventful befell our two travellers on their way from Brussels to Paris. They tarried only long enough in the French Capital to allow of their passports being viséed by the Sardinian Minister and to permit the Count to call on the Papal Nuncio at the French Court. He then learned that the news had just reached Paris that Pope Pius VIII. had died on November 29. A day or two later they left Paris by the Barrière de Charenton, travelling post all night to Auxerre, where they breakfasted. After two hours' rest in the warm inn, they resumed their journey, in rain, sleet and snow. Near Autun, the road wound up the side of a steep hill, at the foot of which the travellers could hear the roar of a swollen torrent as it rushed over its rocky bed. The snow lay so deep that it often reached to the axle-trees of their carriage, and they would have stuck fast had they not obtained the help of a postilion with a third horse.

The snow disappeared as they descended into the plain after another night of travel. Having breakfasted at Châlons-sur-Saone, they continued their journey all day through a famous wine country. They supped at Macon. After another night on the road, moonlit and crispy through the hard frost, the travellers, cramped and cold, were glad to reach Lyons at dawn of December 8, having been two days and three nights on the journey.

Here, at the Hôtel de l'Europe, they proposed to take a few hours' rest, and went early to bed. Hardly had Walter, so it seemed to him, slept for an hour before he awoke, dreaming that he heard the trample of cavalry and the tread of foot soldiers, followed by an explosion that seemed likely to shatter every pane of glass in the windows. Thoroughly aroused, he leaped out of bed and went to the nearest window, expecting to find that a revolution had broken out.

He found that a battery of eight-pounder brass guns was in position on the quay just under his windows; while along the quay, on the opposite bank of the river, a long procession of clerics in white surplices, headed by a squadron of lancers and escorted by infantry, was making its way to the cathedral,—choristers chanting a dirge, the bands playing funeral marches, interspersed with the roll of muffled drums, while the minute guns roared. Lyons was only peacefully burying an archbishop.

At two o'clock the travellers crossed the Rhone and were once more on the road; before them loomed the snowy range of Alps, which towards sundown became clothed for a brief time in most lovely roseate hues. But the plain they crossed was covered with snow, and the frost was heavy. At ten at night they reached La Vespillaire, supped at its inn, and, at the rising of the moon, resumed their journey. They had not gone far when one of their horses fell, nearly overturning the carriage. The road was covered with ice, and the horses had not been roughshod. The driver was sent back to obtain assistance, and at daylight they reached Le Tour du Pin, having been six hours and a half in covering only eleven English miles.

Continuing on towards the mountains that seemed to bar the way, they crossed a streamlet and passed from France into Savoy. Here their baggage, as well as every nook and corner of their carriage, was searched by Sardinian Custom-House officials. When at last they got away from these rascals, whose search brought no

results, Walter remarked to the Count, in English:

"What did the fellows expect to find?"

"A *buona mancia*," said their postilion, who understood English and had heard the remark as he was closing the door of the carriage.

"What's that?" asked Walter.

"What Monsieur would call a 'tip'!" replied the man, laughing. The hint was taken, to be acted upon when occasion should arise.

They now penetrated into Savoy by Les Echelles, a pass so called because in olden times foot-passengers could take a short cut through it by means of rustic ladders placed against the side of the mountain. Here the road was good and broad; and even where it ran through a tunnel, two carriages could easily pass each other. The great Napoleon had done much to improve this pass for strategic reasons. "Even a conqueror," remarked the Count, "sometimes benefits mankind."

They made a brief stay in Chambéry to obtain a list of the post-houses on their way to Maltavernes, which they reached after dark, travelling through a dry and hot wind-storm. Here they took their first night's rest since leaving Paris, and slept well in a very comfortable inn. Next day they continued to Modane, where the inn was cold and drafty, so that our travellers were in no haste to retire to their curtainless beds until they had well warmed themselves by a huge fire of logs in the dining room, and drunk a second bottle of old Chaumont wine. At Modane they learned that no snow had lately fallen to block the pass of Mont Cenis.

Much has been written and printed about the old Mont Cenis pass, so we shall omit any detailed description of how Walter and his companion crossed it. At Bramante, they saw that the Austrians occupied a fort they had, not many years previously, erected to protect the pass. At a toll-house, they paid eighteen francs for their carriage, the money being levied for the upkeep of the road. For part of the journey, the carriage had its wheels removed and was placed on a sledge. Their passports were examined at a barracks of gendarmes near the hospice and post-house, in a plateau encircled by the crags of the great mountain. Thence they began a rapid descent, the road passing through a succession of short covered galleries, erected to protect it from avalanches.

The tremendous speed at which the sledge was drawn by two horses harnessed tandem fashion, and the steepness of the road, made the descent terrific. One of the irons of an axle-tree that protruded over the side of the sledge struck, in passing, a stone placed to mark the road, and sent it flying into the abyss below. The travellers were indeed thankful that they and their conveyance did not follow it. At Molaret, a party of peasants managed to replace the carriage on its wheels; the lamps were lighted, and they continued the descent into Susa, which they were glad to reach. The only interest of this place, embosomed among gigantic mountains, was that it was the first Italian town the travellers entered.

They left it next morning at eleven, and drove along a narrow road to Rivoli, the scene of one of Bonaparte's earliest victories. From there the road ran through a fine avenue of chestnut trees to Turin. The day was mild and the sun was hidden by fleecy grey c'ouds. After a day's rest in the capital of the Sardinian Kingdom, they continued their journey to Alessandria. Reaching it two hours after dark, they found the gate of the fortress closed.

After hammering at it for some time, the gate was opened, the guard turning out under arms. The officer

in command examined the features of the two travellers by the light of a candle stuck in a lantern; he was about to proceed to examine their papers when, seeing a diplomatic bag which the Paris Nuncio had entrusted to the Count, he saluted and bade the postilion drive on. They left the place at daybreak, drove across the battlefield of Marengo, and passed through Novi and the defiles of the Apennines. At the highest point, they caught their first glimpse of the Mediterranean. Descending towards the sea by a fair road that passed through several galleries cut in the sides of the mountain, they crossed a rocky height on which stood a lighthouse; and there before them lay Genoa, rightly, they thought, called the Superb.

This day's journey, Walter declared, was the most delightful they had as yet enjoyed; and Genoa came to crown it. Here they determined to rest for a few days. Walter paid his respects to the British Consul, and also went to the bankers to whom he had letters from his father. They received him politely, pressed him and the Count to dine with them, and readily replenished Walter's purse.

Anxious as were both travellers, for different reasons, to reach Rome—the Count that he might begin his diplomatic mission; Walter, his search for the Hartleys,—and finding that a French steamer was about to leave for Civita Vecchia, they determined to take passage in her, as being the speediest way to reach the Capital of Christendom.

Early Monday morning, the Count and Walter steamed out of the Genoa harbor on board the "Orient," a small steamer hailing from Marseilles. Favored by a northerly breeze, she made a quick run to Civita Vecchia, where our travellers landed early on Tuesday morning, proceeding thence by diligence to Rome. Their companions on this forty-mile drive were a young German artist, a French professor, and an English *paterfamilias* with his wife and two daughters. The last four occupied the inside of the vehicle; the two others, with our travellers, sat outside and soon became friendly. The German had been to Rome, and was eager to show off his knowledge of places they passed and of the city to which they were bound. The subject was of absorbing interest to him, and he never tired speaking of it.

"Why have we a military escort?" asked Walter, referring to the two Papal gendarmes who, carbines in hand, rode in front of the coach, while two others trotted behind it.

"They are really needless now. Leo XII. quite stamped out brigandage in the Papal States; though these escorts were wanted not so many years ago," explained the German. "But the authorities in Rome move slowly. The story goes that once a guard was posted over a storehouse near the river in which some gunpowder had been stored. That was ten years ago. But to this day this guard is daily mounted, and a sentinel paces to and fro before the door of the storehouse, warning all smokers who approach him to toss their cigars into the river. Yet they say that the building now contains nothing more explosive than marble for the reconstruction of Saint-Paul's-Outside-the-Walls!"

"I've heard some such story before, of which the scene was laid in my own country," replied Walter, dryly.

"Oh, it's all true!" said the German. "You may see the guard and the sentry any day."

"All which proves," concluded the French professor, "either that there's nothing new under the sun, or that appearances are deceptive. The guard may remain where it is for well-grounded reasons that outsiders know not of."

The escort of gendarmes was relieved by relays at intervals along the road. This was the old Aurelian Way, which, after passing through a bare, undulating country, suddenly brought the travellers in sight of the great cross-surmounted dome of St. Peter's, which the driver had hastened to point out to the travellers: *"Roma! Ecco, Roma!"*

Very soon they were entering the city by the Porta Cavalleggieri, driving past the façade of St. Peter's, thence by the Castle of St. Angelo and across the bridge over the Tiber, into the heart of old Rome, stopping at the Custom-House where the *buona mancia* soon facilitated matters, and allowed the travellers to depart to their lodgings. The Count and Walter went to the Albergo della Minerva, then and long after the best inn of Papal Rome.

(To be continued.)

The Last Raid of the Miguelets.

BY D. L. F.

THE high road from Gavarnie to Luz runs smoothly along the Gave; but until 1762, when a portion of Mount Bergons was blown up by gunpowder, the slopes of the hill descended to the torrent, blocking the upper end of a gloomy defile known as Pas de l'Echelle.

The descriptive name of Ladder Pass was well deserved; for the traveller from Spain had to climb a zigzag path, roughly hewn out of the mountain-side, before he could emerge on to the Luz highroad. Above him on either side frowned inaccessible rocks; below him roared the Gave, like some hungry beast waiting for its prey; and many a peddler with his mule, coming from Spain, met his death on the slippery "Ladder." Such was the spot where, on the 14th of September, 1708, the decisive encounter took place between the men of the Luz valley and a fierce Spanish tribe from over the border.

* * *

"The Miguelets are upon us! Open the gates!"

Such was the cry which broke the stillness of the noonday rest and startled the inhabitants of Luz-St.-Sauveur. Rushing from their houses, they quickly climbed to the ramparts, whence a strange and disquieting sight met their gaze. Along the white road leading from Gavarnie, the bright September sunshine revealed a long, straggling trail of fugitives, seeking the shelter of the city walls. In they poured, as the gates were thrown open,—men, women and weary children. "The Miguelets are upon us!" they breathlessly repeated. "They will be here ere the sun is down!"

The people of Luz set food before the fugitives, and listened to their tale of woe. The Miguelets had been accidentally discovered stealing across the frontier; and the inhabitants of Gavarnie, remembering past massacres, had gathered together their most precious belongings and fled down the mountain-side. In their wake had followed the peasants of Gedre, the cottagers of Pragnières; none dared to face the terrible raiders whose cruelty had become a byword.

And now it would have been the turn of Luz to tremble, in spite of its stout little circle of walls, had not the two consuls who governed the city at once taken charge of the situation. Their names have been recorded in the annals of the town—Gregory de Houric and Henri de Péré.

Within five minutes after the alarm was given, the tocsin vigorously sounded, and about an hour later the meadow outside the city was lined with rustic volunteers. But their weapons—the hoe, the scythe, and the

axe—would have been no match in the field for the sword and pistol of the warlike Miguelets. Happily for the Luzeans, Gregory de Houric had served, ten years before, in the Royal Musketeers, and he now led his followers to the head of a defile, two miles north of the city, called the Pas de l'Echelle. Here he concealed a number of his men behind the great rock which closed the upper pass; while Henri de Péré, his more active colleague, climbed the steep side of the mountain above it, accompanied by ten chosen men, armed with picks. The task of these latter was to loosen rocky fragments that had embedded themselves in the flank of Mount Bergons. It was, however, owing to the carelessness of the enemy that they had sufficient time for so arduous a task.

For the Miguelets, after raiding the farms and looting the cattle, had sat down to feast on the heights about Gavarnie, drinking the wine of the well-to-do farmers. So absorbed were they in this pleasure that it was long past nightfall when the signal agreed upon—the owl's dismal hoot—warned the Luzeans that the foe was approaching.

The Miguelets were coming! Each Luzean's heart beat faster when, in a little while, the pale moon shone down upon that robber band. Arm in arm, by twos and threes, the raiders could be seen advancing carelessly, like men unaccustomed to meet resistance. And yet, when they had left the open road and were about to enter the defile, they stopped instinctively, terrified by the gloom of overhanging crags and by the chill of the ice-cold torrent. Gregory, from his hiding place, noted their hesitation, and guessed that they feared an ambush. His suspicions were confirmed by the light patter of hemp-soled shoes. The enemy had sent forth young volunteer scouts!

It was fortunate then for the men of the Luz valley that, like their elders, the young Miguelets had feasted, not wisely but too well. On that night of all others, when their very lives depended on the alertness of their faculties, their sight was less keen, their hearing less acute; they saw nothing, heard nothing. And, after a short and perfunctory search—it seemed an age to the waiting peasants,—they turned back to rejoin and reassure their comrades. A moment later the whole band followed their chief and plunged boldly into the defile.

After quitting the well-made Gavarnie road, the raiders descended into a rough, uneven track, originally formed by the passage of an avalanche. Their way was lighted by torches and lanterns stolen from farmhouses; and they marched on steadily until they reached the foot of the ladder-rock, which they eagerly proceeded to climb. They were glad to leave the dark, depressing gorge behind them; and with every step their spirits rose, for they were nearing the object of their desires.

Their talk was of Luz, with its wealthy burghers and its pretty, dark-eyed maidens. Laughing and joking, they completed the ascent, the two foremost of their number standing triumphant on the top,—when, to the amazement of those who followed, four strong arms shot up suddenly from behind a large boulder and lifted the two youths off their feet. The next instant their bodies were whirled through the air, falling at last many feet below into the foaming torrent.

A deep silence followed; then a howl of dismay. The raiders had realized their danger. But they were brave and used to fighting. Again and again, with shouts of defiance, they threw themselves upon the invisible Luzeans, only to be seized at the narrow opening between the rocks and cast into the floods below. Still they persisted. It is possible, indeed, that they might have

succeeded—might have worn out their foe, by sheer force of numbers—had not De Péré and his men, stationed on the hill, acted at the critical moment.

When the battle was at its height, and all were intent on the fighting, one of the massive boulders on the hill, detached by the picks, rose slowly from the loosened soil, and noiselessly entered upon the steep descent. Then it rolled and leaped and bounded, gathering impetus as it sped headlong; crashing into trees, crushing briars and brambles, until, before the Miguelets could move from the crowded rock, it was upon them, and carried the mangled bodies of many victims down into the foaming torrent.

The Miguelets were now beaten and they knew it. Helter-skelter, regardless of possible falls, they retreated into the bottom of the gorge. But few were destined to escape. In quick succession, nine enormous boulders, set in motion by the peasants on the hill, thundered down the slope, working deadly havoc. It was a night the Luzeans never forgot. The fall and breaking of rocks, the cries of the victims, the wild, despairing rush of panic-stricken Spaniards, the very darkness which hid the confusion prevailing,—all combined to render the scene unforgettable. After a while, however, the cries became fainter and fainter the air grew still: the battle was over.

When morning dawned, the waters of the Gave, hurrying over the obstacles placed in its way, rushed furiously into the plains below Luz, carrying to Pierrefitte, Argelès, and Lourdes, bloody tokens of the midnight tragedy. But while in the towns there was rejoicing over the victory, there was weeping in the mountain villages. When the inhabitants of Gedre, Gavarnie, Pragnières and Héas returned to their homes, they found them in ashes, their cattle plundered, their sick and infirm cruelly done to death. Among the slain was the Curé of Gedre, who had refused to abandon his helpless parishioners. The Miguelets nailed him to the churchyard crucifix, and he died shortly after he was discovered. The good shepherd had given his life for his sheep.

Happily for the peace of Luz and its dependent villages, the enemy troubled them no more. Seven hundred and forty dead bodies, stopped by the milldam of St. Pé, accounted for the band of Miguelets that had started out that morning; and the remnant of the tribe received such a lesson at the Pas de l'Echelle that they never again dared to extend their raids across the Pyrenees.

Mrs. Powyl's Diamonds.

BY MARY CROSS.

FOR some days orange-colored posters on the walls and "hoardings" of Ix'ey had announced a meeting of the Titus Oates Society, to be presided over by Mrs. Helen Powyl, of the Hall, who was a kind of queen in the little town,—a wealthy and childless widow, well-meaning, benevolent, and taking her ideas of the Church from the ultra-Protestant writings of the Rev. Dr. Hiram Hornblower.

The eventful night had come, and Mrs. Powyl, who had not before presided at a public meeting, took the chair rather nervously. She wore her famous diamonds, the envy of every lady in the county; and they gave a certain tone to the proceedings. Gazing at the Powyl diamonds, the secretary felt that the meeting could certainly be described as "influential," if the word "large" must be withheld.

A report was read, deploring the falling off of subscriptions; also a resolution—"That we call upon Parliament to at once secure freedom for the captives in convent cells by means

of magisterial inspection, which it shall be a misdemeanor to resist"—was proposed by an orator, who stated that a hundred similar meetings had been held in as many towns and villages for the passing of the same resolution; and "soon every nunnery will be subject to State inspection, and Rome's proud Pontiff tremble on the throne of the Vatican,"—at which there was applause as loud as the limited audience could produce.

Mrs. Powyl followed, with a few tremulous remarks indicative of her sincere compassion for the unhappy beings languishing in "Romish dungeons"; the meeting closed with the singing of a hymn, and the customary collection.

Mrs. Powyl was leaving the hall, when an elderly lady approached her, obviously struggling to overcome great emotion.

"May I thank you for your words, dear Madam?" she murmured. "You will understand how deeply they touched me when I mention that my daughter, my dear and only child, has recently escaped from a convent, after the most terrible experiences. Hush! Pray do not let any one else know—just yet."

Mrs. Powyl gazed at the speaker with profound interest, recognizing in her Mrs. Mercer, the elder of two strange ladies who had recently taken a small cottage on the Powyl estate,—in search of health, gossip said. The younger lady appeared very shy and very delicate, and always wore a respirator. Mrs. Powyl had sometimes wondered what was the history of the devoted parent and child, but had never imagined anything half so thrilling as the tearful mother now revealed.

"Be thankful to Providence for the escape," she murmured soothingly.

"Truly I am, though my child has come back to me with nerves shattered and constitution undermined. It is all my fault. Foolishly and wickedly, against her dear father's principles and my own, I sent her to a convent school; and there she was forced to take the veil, and there she has been detained a prisoner. Oh, how little Protestant parents know what they are doing when they send their children to be taught by Catholic nuns!"

Mrs. Powyl was both interested and impressed. She was glad to have her opinion of the perils of convent schools thus emphatically confirmed.

"I should like to call on you, to express personally my sympathy with your daughter," she said; and Mrs. Mercer warmly responded that she would be "only too delighted,"—with which friendly understanding the ladies parted.

Mrs. Powyl's brougham was at the door, and a tall, good-looking young man also. He carried a wrap, in which he carefully enfolded her, then took his place beside her in the carriage.

"Were you at the meeting, Oswald? I didn't see you," she said; and Oswald Powyl, M. D., her nephew, on a visit to her, answered:

"No: I was at a meeting of the Rationalist Society. The lecturer there 'proved' that Christ never existed. It strikes me, my dear aunt, that your Protestant societies are confronted with much more serious problems than whether a woman should live a single life in company with a number of others in a house not open to the general public. Besides, isn't the victory rather to the infidel, if you succeed in destroying the integrity of the oldest Christian body?"

"I don't admit that the Romish Church is Christian, Oswald. It can't be, when it allows image-worship and adoration of the Virgin Mary, setting her above Christ and saying that He obeys her."

"Didn't He, though,—at Cana, for example?"

"If you are going to blaspheme, Oswald, I'd rather talk about something else. You will be telling me next that Rome is right."

"That is the mystery. If Rome is *wrong*, why did God leave all the souls for which Christ died to her sole guidance for long centuries?"

"My dear boy, the Bible, the Word of God, was then as now the sole guide, not Rome."

"But Rome decided that the Bible was the Word of God, Aunt Helen; it is accepted as such on her authority. And if she has led mankind astray on other points, why not on that? There is no sureness, no certainty anywhere that I can see."

He was speaking rather to himself than to Mrs. Powyl, giving expression to doubts and fears that troubled him daily. "Lord, to whom shall I go?" was the cry of his soul, in its quest for light, truth, security; but not yet had he found the answer.

Mrs. Powyl merely shook her head at him. She was conscious that he was drifting into danger, wavering between Romanism and Rationalism; but she knew not how to help him.

Next day there was a sensation in Ixley. In consequence of a rumor that the Catholics intended to storm the hall, and break up the Titus Oates meeting, all the local constables had been in its immediate vicinity; and thus the coast had been clear for an enterprising burglar to break into the dwelling of a wealthy citizen, and annex much plate and jewelry. The servants had been at the Titus Oates meeting, as in duty bound; so the way of the transgressor had been easy.

"The Jesuits are at the bottom of it!" Mrs. Powyl excitedly informed her nephew. "I called on the Mercers—those ladies at the cottage, you know,—and found that the burglary has alarmed them very much; as well it might, when they have no men on the premises. But they are quite of my opinion as to the burglars."

"H'm! Does any one know anything about them?" asked Oswald.

His aunt had been exploited many a time by adventurers posing as persecuted Protestants, and he wished to guard against a repetition of such experiences.

"I know what profoundly interests and touches me," she answered, with dignity. "Miss Mercer is an escaped nun, Oswald. Her mother foolishly sent her to a convent to be educated, and the nuns compelled her to become one of them. The bishop ordained her, and cut off all her beautiful hair. It is as short as yours now,—she showed me to-day. When she wanted to write to her mother, and begged to be allowed to go home, she was stupefied with drugs; and when she refused to adore the Virgin, she was beaten by the Mother Superior with knotted towels."

"It sounds a little preposterous," commented Oswald.

"It *proves* that the stories we hear of convent life are perfectly true!" declared Aunt Helen, warmly.

"In what convent was this young lady imprisoned?"

"Oh, she dare not tell! She says that to do so would lead to the discovery of the persons who helped her to escape—two poor old lay Sisters,—and she shudders to think what would be done to them then."

"Why in the world didn't they escape with her?"

"I'm sure I do not know; probably it was not possible. Miss Mercer lives in terror of the Jesuits discovering her hiding-place, and carrying her off to the convent again."

"She should apply for police protection; the Jesuits are getting off too easily," said Oswald. "By the way, did I ever tell you that I have been amongst nuns? Not far from my house there is an orphan asylum in charge of a Sister-

hood, and one night fire broke out in a dormitory. A Sister was badly burned in rescuing a child; she did it at the risk of her life. As a result, she is permanently disfigured. I, being the nearest physician, was called in to attend her; and, after that first night, had to go rather frequently."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Powyl, on the tiptoe of expectation.

"Well, I had opportunities of seeing how those nuns lived,—opportunities of knowing them and their work,—their simple goodness, their childlike faith and innocence, their devotion to poor and friendless children. I shall never forget the cheerful patience with which Sister Lucy bore her sufferings, nor her gratitude for my services."

"Romanism has shown you its fair side," she said, though mildly.

"Can a bad tree bring forth such good fruit? When next you visit me, I shall take you to the orphan asylum, and let you judge for yourself."

"I'll go willingly, my dear! I may have a chance of speaking a word in season to those poor misguided souls," said Mrs. Powyl, with great satisfaction picturing herself as a missionary to Catholic nuns. "And you also must see the other side yourself,—you must meet Miss Mercer."

"I am really anxious to do so, dear Aunt Helen."

"Well, then, instead of going golfing to-morrow, stay at home, and you will see the ladies. They are coming to lunch with me."

When Oswald was presented to the "escaped nun" he surveyed her with pardonable curiosity. She was pale and languid, and wore a species of mantilla to hide her loss of hair; doubtless her extreme shyness was due to her former seclusion in the convent.

"Agatha's health is improving in this delightful place," Mrs. Mercer said. "But I am in such a difficulty, dear Mrs. Powyl! I am obliged to go to London to-morrow on important business, and she positively refuses to be left behind."

"You know that I dare not stay alone, mother," said Agatha, tremulously.

"My darling, I quite understand! But what is to be done? You are not well enough to travel so far; and even if you were, it is a pity to drag you to town for only a couple of days. But you know that I really must go."

"I must face the journey then," sighed Agatha.

"Not at all," interposed Mrs. Powyl. "You would not be afraid to stay with me until your mother returns, would you? The Pope himself shall not take you out of my care."

"We will take the best of care of you, Miss Mercer," said Dr. Powyl, cheerfully.

"I am sure of that," she replied in a low voice. "Do you think I shall ever get over this frightful nervousness, this terror of my own shadow?"

"I am sure you will," he said decisively; and as the visitors rose to depart he opened the door for them.

Beside it stood a bowl of flowers, and somehow or other he knocked it over, so that a pool of water lay on the floor. He apologized for his clumsiness, as he called it, and escorted the ladies to the lodge gates, chatting pleasantly all the way.

Possibly they would have been more surprised at the connection between the upsetting of the flower-bowl and the telephonic message he presently dispatched than he would have been by Miss Mercer's remark to her mother, had he overheard it:

"He's as big an owl as his auntie, good luck to us!"

Mrs. Powyl rejoiced that Providence had destined Miss Mercer to be her guest. With her experiences of a convent, she would act as an antidote to the poison which had been subtly instilled into Oswald by these nuns at the "Romish orphan asylum."

Oswald went out, and did not come in again until dinner time. He was rather silent and abstracted, his aunt thought. But on the following day, as she was drinking a solitary cup of tea, and deciding that she would soon send the carriage for Miss Mercer, he walked into her presence, looking so nervous that she was startled.

"Oswald, what can be the matter?"

"Dear Aunt, I am going to give you a shock—"

"Don't tell me that you have turned Romanist!"

"What put that into your head, Aunt Helen?"

"You yourself. You are always on the defensive where Rome is concerned. Tell me the worst at once."

"What I have to tell does not relate to myself but to Miss Mercer."

"Oh! Have the Jesuits got her?" exclaimed Mrs. Powyl, quivering with excitement.

"No, but the police have her!"

"What?" almost shrieked Aunt Helen.

"She isn't a nun at all, but an impostor, as I suspected from the first."

Mrs. Powyl was reduced to speechlessness, and could only fix her eyes, living notes of interrogation, on her nephew.

"Mrs. Mercer and her daughter—who is, by the bye, her son—are among the cleverest criminals in the country," said Oswald. "The son is known in police and criminal circles as 'Pretty Jane,' because of his effeminate appearance and his skill in impersonating a woman. The pair have been giving their attention to country houses lately. It was Pretty Jane who robbed Mr. Hempseed's dwelling; and I conjecture that the same person failed in an attempt to break into this, and so hit on a more ingenious plan to secure your famous diamonds—"

"Please stop, Oswald! I can not possibly bear it," said Aunt Helen, from the depths of humiliation and wrath.

He waited in silence until she had recovered sufficiently to ask:

"How was all this found out?"

"Well, from the first I had my doubts. The convent story was fiction, on the face of it. So I communicated with a detective. He has been residing at the Crown Hotel for the last few days. He suggested that 'Miss Mercer' might be Pretty Jane; but, owing to her habit of never appearing without a veil and a respirator, it was difficult to identify her; and 'Mrs. Mercer' had altered herself out of recognition with stained skin and white wig. My acquaintance with historical romance came to the rescue. I remembered how Prince Charles Edward, when disguised as Flora Reid's maid, nearly betrayed himself by the awkwardness with which he managed his skirts when crossing a stream. When I purposely upset the flower-bowl in your visitors' path yesterday, I was particularly observant of 'Miss Mercer.' He raised his skirt gracefully enough in order to avoid trailing it through the flood, but thereby revealed a pair of feet that never yet belonged to woman. So I telephoned to the detective, and he got reinforcements, and raided the cottage. Part of Mr. Hempseed's missing property was found there, and the precious pair are now in the only sort of cells they are familiar with. Don't cry, dear Aunt Helen! It really is something to laugh at."

But Aunt Helen had received a wound, a shock, and was confined to bed for two whole days in consequence. Then Oswald prescribed change of air and scene.

"Come home with me," he said. "I'll introduce you to a real nun, and you will banish the sham one from your thoughts."

Mrs. Powyl tearfully consented, anxious to turn her back for a time on the scene of so much mortification.

It was a great day when she visited the orphan asylum with Oswald, and made the acquaintance of his former patient, Sister Lucy, whose once pretty face bore the lasting scars of heroism. From the nursery, where the youngest toddlers played with a Sister's rosary and clung to her blue-grey habit; to the classrooms, where other Sisters taught the blind, the deaf, and the dumb; to the infirmary, where a Sister tended the ailing ones; to the chapel, with its mysterious hush, its fragrance, its solemn beauty,—Aunt Helen travelled, swallowing a succession of lumps in her throat as she went.

"I understand what you feel when nuns are attacked, Oswald," was her only comment afterward, but it meant a great deal.

When Dr. Powyl was received into the Church, his friends told him that Aunt Helen would certainly shut her doors against him and strike his name from her will. But she did neither. In addition to providing for him, she left a large sum to the Sisterhood to which, under Heaven, he owed his conversion. It should be mentioned that, before she died, she had laid aside the works of the Rev. Dr. Hiram Hornblower for those of Father Faber, and parted with her much-prized diamonds for the benefit of the orphans.

A Certain Soul.

BY S. M. ST. JOHN.

A CERTAIN soul went on life's way,
But had no kindly word to say.

In self intent, she took no heed
Of "smoking flax" or "bruiséd reed."

Nor did she turn her head to see
The flowers she crushed so wantonly.

Led by ambition's lurid flame,
She climbed the dizzy-heights of fame.

I wonder if, at close of day,
She found Christ walked another way.

Religion in Russia.

BY E. CHRISTITCH.

ONE may well feel discouraged at the present perspective of what was lately—judged by population in one continuous territory, and organized military power—the mightiest Empire on earth. Formerly it was difficult to grasp the strange problem of a people who were apparently submissive to authority which did not issue from themselves, and yet managed to thrive much like other peoples; to produce giants in art, literature, and science; to remain passive and industrious while the scaffold and Siberia were the doom of social reformers or political innovators. When the dams of anarchy burst in Russia and hidden torrents overflowed, all norms were temporarily submerged, and Europe looked on, aghast at what seemed an irreparable catastrophe, not discerning that the main characteristic of a race is not destroyed in a night.

The dominant fact in Russia's revolution is the persistence of faith. To-day religion is restored; for Lenin has capitulated before the will of the devout *mujik* (peasant). Inert under imperial despotism, perplexed at its overthrow, resigned to anarchy, havoc, hunger,—the masses refused to part with their God at the behest of the new dictators. So the chief impulse of Russian life is again active; and the ancient cult is practised openly, with more fervor, possibly, because with less parade. Worship is a necessity of the Russian nature, and the celebration of the divine mysteries satisfies the Russian soul better than any theological knowledge or attempt at comprehension by reason of what is felt to be above reason.

To gauge the religious spirit of Russia, one must approach the people, not the so-called "intelligent" classes; although among these, too, the religious

sense is latent, springing to light unexpectedly through a veneer of materialism. The majority of Russians, dwellers on the land, are convinced that worship of the Creative Power is the object for which life was given them, and it is interwoven with all their undertakings. Mere humanitarianism as preached by Lenin can never become the peasant's religion; still less the rank rationalism that is foreign to his austere upbringing and his innate leaning to penance and self-restraint. Self-imposed fasts and public mortifications are quite usual corollaries of the Church's severe rules in Lent and Advent.

The intense religious emotion that pervades the Russian character takes one back to the Middle Ages. The rich but monotonous liturgy is a real joy to the denizens of the Steppes, whose realization of the supernatural is as keen as that of the Irish. Nowhere are the rites of Passion Week carried out with more conscientious fervor than in Russia. Inherited beliefs, running like threads through the texture of "Orthodoxy"—stiffer here, relaxed there, and in some parts tangled and gone astray,—guide the *mujik* on the blurred path of Christianity. His fidelity to the Mass, his devotion to the Mother of God, his craving for confession that is not encouraged by his clergy, his conviction of an intermediate state in the next world evidenced by voluntary acts of expiation for the souls of the dead, his attraction towards the Sacred Humanity, are guarantees of Russia's great future when the mists are cleared away and the Fount of Christianity is recognized as such.

According to the Catholic Metropolitan of Russia, Archbishop Ropp, the moment is propitious for the implanting of the True Faith in this promising field. Whoever has known and studied the Russian at close quarters must long to see him within the greatest religious institution the world has ever known,—the Church that can attract towards it as to a magnet the tendencies and the yearnings of souls imbued with the need of a truly living, acting faith. It is not with the Russian a question of two conceptions of man's destiny, but of a presentment to him in logical form of already perceived and congenial doctrines, a clearer explanation of duty, and of more accessible links with the supernatural. Neither his scientific, artistic nor philosophical compatriots can give him an acceptable exchange for the orthodox beliefs impregnated in the fibres of his being, while his own Church can not reconcile his contemplative and devotional requirements with the facts of modern civilization.

In spite of his assiduity at divine worship, his scrupulous fulfilment of fasts and forms, the *mujik's* relations with the clergy, on whom he depends for the cherished succor of the sacraments, are of such a nature that they jar with his convictions. As ministers of God, he needs them; as guides and counsellors, he ignores them; as men, too often he despises them. The late Holy Synod did not countenance learned bishops: it feared an enlightened priesthood. The few pastors who undertook to influence their flocks, to sway them towards civilized progress, either found their way to Siberia or finally developed into schemers or charlatans. The present worthy Patriarch Tihon, who made a gallant stand for religion against the Red Government, can not attain what his predecessors, tools of Imperial Autocracy, never possessed: a real hold on the conscience of his flock.

Communism, however, has not made headway with the masses, although the peasants in distress serve for bread in the Red Army. The *mujik* is the most unrevolutionary factor on earth. Patience, endurance, spirituality are his characteristics. Lenin's utopianism might have affected his dreaminess, as did the idealism of Tolstoi, were it un-

accompanied by the bloodthirstiness of Trotsky; but he is too sane, too bound to tradition, to believe that sudden change can remedy ancient and ingrained evils.

Outsiders wonder that a God-fearing peasantry bears with the horrors of Bolshevism, forgetting the school of suffering it has passed through, and that one bad régime was succeeded by another. Bolshevism is a bitter lesson for a people who, by the development of democracy, might have recovered sooner from centuries of misrule. There was a glimmer of political light, and progress by evolution was realizable, when autocracy was deposed; but capable leaders were lacking. Russia could not produce a Napoleon, who was a consolidator as well as a conqueror; and the apostles of godless innovation seized the reins of power. They did not, nevertheless, impose their will on the peasant masses, who will ultimately decide the fate of Russia, and have even now succeeded in obtaining an orientation towards religious tolerance and conservatism.

The Red Government is daily more hampered by the peasant's consciousness of his growing importance. He has learned that he is the mainstay and backbone of the community. He can subsist by himself, being his own food-producer, weaver, tanner, dyer, shoemaker, baker, and carpenter. He is an artist in decorative wood furniture and in ceramic ware. His methods of agriculture may be primitive, but they seem to suit the soil; for his harvests are abundant, and to-day he knows their worth in comparison with what he receives from the town. In the general chaos he has ceased to be a purchaser or a factory-worker, so that industry is at a standstill. Migration from the towns to the country has caused the Government to issue stringent edicts forbidding it; but nothing can hinder the gradual drifting of influence and force from city to village. In the same way as great capitalist organizations were destroyed while small ones escaped nationalization and confiscation, as State undertakings languished while home industries got an impetus, so did the landed nobility disappear to make room for a solid strata of peasant proprietors, who are the best, the sturdiest opponents of the irreligious element that sought to dechristianize Russia.

The schooled and crafty adherents of Lenin do not number more than 150,000; they have affected but superficially the population of Russia, which is well over 150,000,000. Faith is warm among the masses, and even the cosmopolitan Russian never quite loses it; therefore, there is no reason to despair of the regeneration of Russia. Devotion to the Unseen is a sure guarantee for a nation's future; and when this people get in touch with Catholicity, with all that Catholicity offers in treasure of grace and guidance, we can begin to hope for the evangelization of the entire East.

Bishop Strossmayer's Aphorisms.

Faith is ever the best guardian of Freedom.

Worldly goods have no other value than their use in the attainment of moral ends or national ideals.

Fame is not to be bought with small change in the market-place.

The noblest aim of a Government is the awakening of a people's conscience.

Whatever lives in a nation's soul must sooner or later receive expression in public deeds.

Alone constant, beautiful, and advantageous to the holiest aims of humanity is that which is upheld, not by force, but by justice.

Politics knows neither pity nor affection.

As is the marriage contract and the life of married couples, such will be the nation.

Sympathy for the Sick.

FEW corporal works of mercy are more easy of performance, more blessed to the performer, or more appreciated by the recipient of the favor, than visiting the sick. It is a work especially commended in Holy Writ and uniformly practised by the saints and their imitators in every age of the Church. "Be not slow to visit the sick," says Ecclesiasticus; "for by these things thou shalt be confirmed in love." "It is by my own pains, sufferings, and infirmities," writes St. Jane Frances de Chantal, "that the Lord has been pleased to make me sympathize with the sick and practise patience and charity towards them."

It is rather obvious to remark that those who so far resemble St. Jane Frances that they personally know what it is to undergo serious sickness—sickness almost unto death—are most apt, and rigorously bound in charity, to manifest genuine sympathy for their stricken neighbors. Actual experience of the pain and languor and weakness and weariness that accompany prolonged or dangerous illness is beyond doubt an excellent incentive to the performance of this important Christian duty; and one's providential recovery from a sick spell should spur one on to lighten as much as possible the gloom which pervades the sick-rooms of relatives, friends, and acquaintances. To act otherwise, to neglect the sick, to withhold from them "the word that strengthens and the smile that cheers," is to show ingratitude to God.

In default of personal experience of illness, he who has always enjoyed robust health may well exercise his imagination to the extent of following, with regard to a sick friend or acquaintance, the homely advice, "Put yourself in his place." His doing so will materially affect both the frequency of his visits and the tenor of his conduct and conversation when sitting by the bedside of the ailing one. A little thoughtfulness for those who have any claim whatever on our sympathy—and, as all mankind are our neighbors in Christ, who has not such a claim?—will often relieve an aching body and a discouraged soul. Even a partial obedience to the divine command, "Love your neighbor as yourself," would flood the sick-rooms of our friends with the sunlight of kindness and good-will.

Regarding sympathy for the sick, it is scarcely too much to say that in our day some of those who have most need of it get little or none, even from their nearest relatives. Within the last four decades nervous diseases in an ever-increasing variety of forms have become alarmingly common; and, outside of the medical profession, are very little understood. In all probability, the mistake of diagnosing all neurasthenics as hypochondriacs—a custom rather general, even among physicians, thirty or forty years ago,—is still made by the majority of people; and the mistake is accountable for not a little unconscious cruelty to a class of sufferers that need, and should receive, unmeasured kindness.

Writing of one variety of nervous diseases, an eminent German author, recalling his personal experience, says: "Let him who has never been afflicted with compulsory notions thank God and his good nerves for not knowing these furies, against whom will and reason are equally powerless. Compulsory notions are for soul and mind what lashes are for the body, only lashes are as balm compared with those illusions, because mental sufferings, mental tortures, are in general more hurtful and tantalizing than physical pains." Now, the average person knows little or nothing of compulsory notions, compulsory thoughts, or compulsory conditions generally; and, accordingly, he is quite incompetent to pass judgment on

those who are their prey, and is apt to withhold from them the sympathy which their affliction calls for,—if indeed he does not augment that affliction by talking what he is pleased to call "straight out common-sense" to the sufferers.

"At best, the uninitiated," says Dr. Sanford, "will counsel the afflicted to try to banish those stupid, silly, ridiculous thoughts. The unfeeling ignoramus will make the cutting remark, 'That man is crazy and ought to be in an asylum.' Another will find it incomprehensible why these thoughts, together with the impulse they give to perverse actions, might not be overcome by exerting the will-power. Will-power is quite effective, no doubt, in the matter of preserving health, but its most enthusiastic eulogist will hardly maintain that its scope as a remedial agent is unlimited. No force of will, however strong, is effective in curing a patient stricken with smallpox or pneumonia; nor is it any more successful in opposing compulsory notions, or other forms of neurasthenia."

One reason why persons suffering from nervous diseases receive so little sympathy is that people generally are apt to judge from appearances; and, as Dr. Beard, a noted specialist in neurasthenia, informs us: "Nervous weakness is found under an appearance of perfect health." He goes on to say that patients get very little sympathy on account of their irritability, and the changeableness and various aspects of their symptoms. Sometimes they look quite well and show plenty of activity: their appearance is healthy, robust, and vigorous.

To conclude with another sentence of Dr. Beard's: "It can not be too often repeated: a man may be of a robust constitution, and yet his nervous system may be as weak as that of an hysterical girl who is always on her sick bed."

An Important Matter.

AMONG wise recommendations of the New York Catholic School Board, we find the following prescriptions, designed to provide against panic and disorder in case of danger in the schools from fire or other cause:

I.—No principal in charge of a school of more than 200 pupils should be required to teach a class. II.—The youngest children in a school should be provided with classrooms nearest the street. III.—All doors of the school building should be open during school hours every day, and all doors should open outward. IV.—An organized "rapid dismissal drill" should be practised in every school *once a week* during the school terms, on varying days of the week, and at varying hours of the day.

These suggestions will commend themselves to everybody. In boarding-schools, colleges, convents, etc., some day the dormitories will occupy the lower floor, not the fourth or fifth story of such buildings; and the danger of loss of life from fire be largely eliminated in consequence. Another common-sense precaution, wherever many people are in one building—a precaution often neglected,—is to have a competent person to act as watcher during the night. Those who retire regularly at an early hour have no idea of how soundly they sleep, or how difficult it is to rouse them before they have had the amount of rest to which they have accustomed themselves. A sudden alarm of fire at night generally means a panic. Nobody knows where the fire is, or how to fight it. The one thought is of self-preservation, the means for which are often altogether inadequate—crowded passages, locked doors, barred windows, icy or otherwise useless fire-escapes, etc.

Every precaution against fire, ample means for putting it out, the simplest and surest apparatus for safeguarding lives, along with high insurance, are recommendations which should require no urging upon any one gifted with ordinary common-sense.

Notes and Remarks.

Confirmation of the Pope's recent declaration that if the flame of war has been almost quenched, the iniquitous spirit of it remains, is afforded by several Americans who have just returned from Europe, among them Mr. D. P. Kingsley, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, who is reported as saying that, although Germany is reviving industrially, it is in a parlous condition politically. As to its relations with France, "the feeling between the two nations is more bitter than it ever was." While sympathizing with the attitude of France towards Germany, Mr. Kingsley holds that it is very unwise, and likely to react on France at some future time. The relations between England and France he describes as "not exactly cordial." It is no secret that the two nations have been "at daggers' points" in the occupied territory. The presence of the American troops has undoubtedly been a restraining influence; when they are all withdrawn trouble may be looked for. "Broadly speaking," concluded Mr. Kingsley, "I should say that in the essential things that go to make peace there has been very little if any progress throughout Europe since the signing of the Armistice."

President Harding made it unmistakably clear in his recent address at the Army War College, that, in his opinion and in that of his advisers, complete disarmament is not only unfeasible at this stage of the world's history, but is not even advisable. Underlying that opinion, which is shared by others than our executive and his Cabinet, is the conviction that human nature, in the individual and in the nation, will have to be radically changed before the peoples will voluntarily give up the means by which, as a last resort, they are determined to preserve their distinct autonomy and secure their "place in the sun." In the same address the President enunciated what some persons will regard as a truism, but what will bear occasional repetition. "The trouble with the world to-day," he declared, "is that too many theorists know nothing about actualities and have learned nothing of experience; and whoever in this life brings the wisdom of experience into a blend with the teachings of theory makes a contribution to real progress."

There are probably few disciplinary regulations of the Church about which the average Catholic knows less than the rules laid down by the Index of Forbidden Books. Beyond the fact that there is such an Index, and the impression that it has to do simply with obviously immoral and irreligious books, the majority of even fairly well instructed Catholics apparently know little else. Now, there is a secular maxim to the effect that "ignorance of the law excuses no one," and only invincible ignorance is a valid excuse in the court of conscience; so that Catholic violators of the Index laws can scarcely justify their conduct on the plea of want of knowledge, for their ignorance is vincible.

To mention only one point of practical concern to present-day Catholics: the Index lays its ban upon "those newspapers and periodicals which, not only now and then, but regularly and of set purpose, attack religion and morality, or propagate anti-Catholic views." That clause evidently includes not only such papers as are avowedly anti-Catholic but also sectarian weeklies which professedly defend heresies, and habitually contain matter derogatory to the Mass, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints. Hence the reading of such periodicals is sinful, and, according to the theologians, grievously so. Nor does one's profession or

scholarship exempt one from the sin. The Brief of Leo XIII., prefixed to the edition of the Index revised by his authority, states that it is binding "on all the faithful of the universe, regardless of race or language, nationality or country, education, learning, or station in life." Whether or not one would be harmed by reading a book or paper prescribed by the Index is a secondary matter: the practical consideration is that such reading unquestionably violates a positive law of the Church, and is therefore sinful.

General readers of the biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel, a devoted member of the first French Red Cross Mission to Rumania, who died in her thirty-first year, of typhus contracted in nursing infectious cases under conditions of extreme hardship, will share the wish expressed by the reviewer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* —that the book contained more of the vivacities in which the diary kept by Mlle. de Goutel abounds. It better reveals her character than any other part of the biography. "All the houses in Boulogne are grey," she writes, "and all the men in khaki—that is to say, all English—are clean and well-groomed, and remind one of comfortable brown-leather travelling bags, well fitted with cutlery. But, oh, for a sight of my dear old *poilus!*" And again,"The English are a strange people. They are very practical, but with a pronounced taste for the lugubrious; and they have no sense of humor. At last I understand the heroes of Dickens; we keep meeting shadowy, pale, clean-shaven men who look as if they lived in haunted houses."

"We can not help suspecting," observes the reviewer, "that if Mlle. de Goutel's biographer had been a little less concerned with the lesson her heroine's life was calculated to teach, that lesson would have had a wider and deeper appeal. . . . Mlle. de Goutel's life was of a kind well fitted to illustrate the beauty of religion, the eminence of its fragrance and charm over all that ethics inculcate or duty exacts; and it is a pity that her biographer did not trust her theme more, and bother less about the conventions and proprieties of orthodox sentiment."

What constitutes happiness? is a question that is continually being asked—and multifariously answered. One conclusion arrived at by the wise men of every age is that "happiness" and "pleasure" are not interchangeable terms: that happiness is more a matter of the spirit than of the senses. Of recent writers on the subject, one, a contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, says: "I have seen and heard as much contentment in a laundry as I have in the drawing-room of a Fifth Avenue mansion, or in a college sorority house,—as much and no more." This lady considers happiness to be an amalgam of love, health, and work. An American author of distinction, Mr. Bliss Carmen, gives this definition: "Happiness is a positive condition of the spirit regardless of surroundings; a fundamental state of being in which normal personality finds the justification and value of life."

We are reminded by the foregoing quotations of a pertinent paragraph in Cardinal Gasquet's preface to a Life of the "Little Flower": "There is another consideration which the perusal of this Life suggests. In the modern world of to-day, besides the evident yearning after the supernatural which exists so widely, there is a certain wistful desire for some form of perpetual youth. The cult of 'Peter Pan,' the boy that never grew up, shows here in England the extraordinary prevalence of the desire. To most people it may appear ridiculous to say that this is realized more in the stricter forms of religious life than elsewhere in

the world. But it has again and again been noticed that the most cheerful dispositions and overflowing good spirits are to be found among those nuns who have been called to lead the strictest and most mortified lives." The majority of our readers, we doubt not, can testify from personal observation to the truth of these words.

One is reluctant to discredit books written with a good intention, and in a general way calculated to do good; still one can not help regretting that polemics who deal with Revelation and Science (the title of a recent book) sometimes display few signs that they have really entered into the arguments they are attacking, and generally show little competence to hold the position they have taken up. Apologetic work which demands expert knowledge ought to be left to experts. Not everyone is competent to defend the historical account of the Deluge, the scientific character of the account of creation in Genesis, etc. We have in mind a Catholic author who has not only unconsciously misrepresented certain opponents, but given unmistakable proof that he had not read the books which he undertook to refute. Not in a few sentences, though very well written, can a learned author, no matter how much mistaken, be ruled out of court when, for instance, he contends that Christianity triumphed over other religions by borrowing what was vital in them and abandoning the rest; over the learning of antiquity by absorbing the subtle spirit of Greek speculative philosophy, and finally over the Roman State by closely imitating its wondrous order and discipline.

In view of the wild things written and taught outside of the Church concerning the Old Testament—written and taught even by high authorities of the Establishment,—a protest by the learned Dean of Canterbury is welcome. Speaking at a meeting of the United Christian Convention during the summer, he pointed out that the characterization of the early narratives of the Bible as pious fictions without historical value is all the more inexcusable in view of recent developments in scientific criticism. He referred in particular to work in this line done by Dr. König, professor of Semitic Languages in Bonn University, and to the investigations of other eminent historical scholars, all of which combines in defence of the historical accuracy of the Old Testament. "Perhaps the most learned of all German scholars maintains with conviction the substantial historical truth of those early narratives; and even the hypothesis of the composite character of the Pentateuch is no longer incompatible with a belief in the reality of the revelations made to Abraham, and of the divine education of the Patriarchs as narrated in the Book of Genesis. Although the actual composition of the Pentateuch is still the subject of acute differences of opinion, there is no longer any critical agreement, even in Germany, that its narratives are unhistorical."

We have frequently called attention in these columns to the growing discontent among an increasing number of our fellow-countrymen with an institution which, not so long ago, was universally belauded (by non-Catholics) as one of the outstanding glories of our Republic—the American public school system. That it has much in its favor no one has ever been foolish enough to deny; but that it lacks an essential cog-wheel in the machinery for the construction of genuinely educated citizens—the religious element—Catholics have been asserting for decades past, and non-Catholics not a few are at present asseverating with intensified emphasis. Not all of those who are dis-

satisfied with the concrete results of the system are willing to admit its principal defect; they are loath to recognize the error which they have so long upheld; but, in one way or another, that error is, nevertheless, substantially avowed. Here, for instance, is the recent statement of an Ohio paper as to the matter in question:

> We have learned, however, that the mere training of the intellect does not always insure its wise and helpful use. The instrument which we thus put into the hands of the young may be used to tear down the very foundation principles upon which our national life rests, if education has been allowed, through the incompetence or wrong spirit of those by whom it is imparted, to increase the mental power and influence of its recipient without developing solid moral character, sound judgment, and a strong sense of loyalty to American institutions.

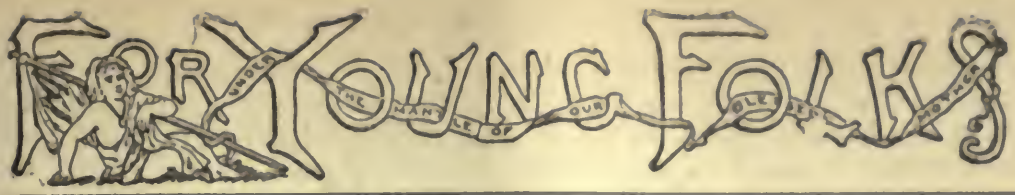
To expect "solid moral character" where there has been no real religious training in the school is to imagine that a house built on sand will withstand the fury of a tornado.

Speaking from first-hand knowledge of Germany since the end of the war, an anonymous English writer cautiously remarks: "The French administration and control has been very far from perfect; and the political inadvisability and social insult of the occupation by black troops are matters upon which too much secrecy has been kept by France's allies." Another English writer, who has just published a book about Germany (Alan Lethbridge, "Germany as it is To-day"), goes so far as to assert that France is "daily using all the fertility of her imagination to discover fresh methods whereby she may humiliate the object of her vengeance." To most people this will appear too sweeping, as also Mr. Lethbridge's other statement: "Had France had her way, and driven Germany into a very hell of despair, hunger, poverty, and privation, with disease stalking the land—then, and then only, might one expect a genuine Bolshevik upheaval which would stagger humanity, and from which—mark the words—Christianity might never recover."

We are among those for whose benefit Mr. Lethbridge has written—"those who desire to understand things as they really are"; however, we can not believe that he has always set forth "cold, impartial statement of fact."

Habitual readers of these columns already know our opinion as to one great contributory cause of the prevalence in this country of crime in general and of lynching in particular. We have held that the defective administration of our criminal laws, and especially the extreme dilatoriness shown in bringing to trial and to sentence the violators of such laws, has acted as an incentive on prospective criminals. The expeditious enforcement of the law in Canada and in England has been repeatedly pointed out as an example profitably to be followed by our own criminal courts, one almost certain result of such action being the cessation of lynching.

One is naturally pleased to have one's views endorsed by exceptionally competent authority; and we have accordingly read with no little gratification an address delivered by Mr. Edwin W. Sims, of Chicago, at the recent meeting of the American Bar Association. As a practitioner of ripe experience, and president of the Chicago Crime Commission, Mr. Sims spoke with first-hand knowledge; and he had no hesitation in declaring that it is the slowness of justice in dealing with crime that helps to make criminals bold. Discussing at length the effects of repeated delays before the criminal is brought to trial, of motions for a new trial, etc., he affirmed that the present course of procedure gives great advantage to the criminal. It is obvious that, until our laws are made more effective, it is futile to expect diminution of crime.



Bread and Butter.

BY D. A. McC.

"BREAD and butter, bread and butter!"
All the house is in a flutter,
As the boys and girls come in,—
John and Thomas, Lu and Min;
Lads and lassies strong and ruddy,
Bursting in from school and study,
Hungry from a breathless run
Homeward in the wind and sun.

"Bread and butter, bread and butter!"
Eagerly the words they utter,
Scorning for its honest sake
Even such a thing as cake.
Pies that otherwise might please them,
After school can not appease them
Like this plain and simple fare
Loved by children everywhere.

"Bread and butter, bread and butter!"
Grown-up folk may smile and mutter;
But they can remember, too,
When they made the same ado;
When, as hungry girls and boys,
One of life's repeated joys
Was a slice of mother's bread,
Thick and white and butter-spread.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XIII.—A NEW HOME LOST.

REMI was surprised at the little girl's silence. "Why does she not speak?" he asked, when Lise had returned to her seat, after so tenderly wiping away his tears.

"She can not: she is dumb."

"What does that mean?"

"She has never spoken. She was born so."

"Poor little thing!" said Remi, smiling at her from his side of the table.

"She wants me to keep you," said the gardener. "And, if you are willing to stay, I am ready to do it—for a time at least. What do you say, children?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" from Alexis and Etienette and Bennie and Raoul; and the little dumb Lise, who must have understood, nodded her golden head very emphatically.

"Thank you all!" said Remi. "You are very, very kind. But what can I do here?"

"My boy," said the gardener, "do not give way to discouragement. If you like, you may stay on here with us until Spring. You can help in the greenhouses, and later we shall see what can be done for you. Would you like to try it?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" answered Remi. "I should like it very much. I will do all I can to help in every way. I love flowers and all growing things."

"Very well, then: it is decided," said the gardener.

Thus in a few short moments Remi's fate was settled—for the present; and, at once, all his cares and fears seemed to fall from his shoulders with the decision. The children gathered around him. Lise made a sign that he should play for them. He took down his harp and began to play and sing. Etienette and Alexis joined in some of the songs, and hummed airs which Remi did not know, so that he might play them by ear. Soon they were all singing in chorus, in which the father joined.

It was a happy evening. Remi felt even more contented than when he had been with the Milligans; for while with them he was always conscious that the time of his stay must be short: here in the gardener's house, he imagined he had found a home for as long a time as he should deserve it.

The next morning his bed was re-

moved, or rather another was improvised for him on a lounge without legs, which had been placed, with two or three broken chairs, in a small room adjoining the kitchen. Etienette brought bedclothing, linen, and towels from her store; Alexis mended the chairs; Bennie emptied an old trunk in the attic, which he presented to Remi for a wardrobe; and the gardener screwed a few hooks in the sides of the wall. Lise dragged a sheepskin rug from the upper regions, and signed to Remi to lay it beside the bed.

The name of the gardener was Despard. His devoted wife had died two years before, but he had always kept his children together. Etienette and Alexis, the two oldest, were wise beyond their years. Despard was a kind father, thrifty, honest and pious; he felt it his duty to extend the hospitality of his home to the friendless boy.

The next day Remi, in company with Bennie, began his labors, which consisted of watering the plants, tending the fires in the conservatories, and sorting out seeds, putting them in packages and labelling them for the market.

The schoolmaster, whose name was Vauclaine, was a friend of Mr. Despard, and often spent an evening at the house. He soon saw that Remi had an unusually good mind, and asked Despard to allow him to attend school with the younger children. Permission was readily given, to Remi's great delight. He accomplished a good deal of work before going to and after coming from school, and while there gave great satisfaction to his teacher, who was also a musician. He gave Remi lessons on the violin, and often in the evenings played duets in the Despard kitchen,—Remi performing on the harp.

The parish priest, too, took a great interest in Remi. He instructed him in Catechism apart from the others, who knew a great deal more about their religion than Remi did. He soon caught up with them, however, was given a place in the regular class, and made his First Communion after he had been with the Despards a year.

One day while potting plants with Alexis in the garden—it was about six months after the death of Vitalis—he heard a scratching at the door of the conservatory. Opening it, he found Capi outside. The dog leaped upon him, licking his hands and barking joyfully. Remi's happiness was now complete,—though he could not understand where the dog had been so long, nor how he had found him at last.

"I will tell you," said Despard. "I never mentioned it before, because I did not want to bother you about something which could not be changed. Jean Parulle told me that the night after the death of Vitalis, one of the farm hands at Les Vigneaux, about forty miles from here, who was at Gentilly on business for his employer, was attracted by the intelligence and fidelity of the dog, who refused to leave the bier of his master. Thinking that the poor animal would be without a home, he forcibly bore him away, and took him back to the farm. Now, I do not know what has happened. The man may have tired of the dog and driven him from the farm, or the dog may have been unhappy at Les Vigneaux. Whatever the cause of his return, here he is; and he is welcome to stay, Remi. No one with a heart could send him away."

Capi soon became the pet of the household, performed all his old tricks, and seemed as much a member of the family as his young master.

Thus passed two years, when the happiness of Remi suddenly came to an end. An aunt of Despard, a resident of Picardy, had died, leaving him heir to her estate, which was considerable. He was removing to his native village. It was necessary for him to dispose of his property near Paris.

It had been taken for granted by the

children and by Remi himself that he would accompany them to their home, when one evening Remi overheard a conversation between Alexis and his father which completely changed everything in his regard. He was sitting under the long table which extended through one of the glass-houses, sorting seed, when the gardener and his son came in.

"Alexis," said Despard, "Remi will not accompany us to our new home."

"Father! why not?" inquired the boy. "Is he not one of ourselves? And we can better afford to keep him there than here."

"That is true," replied Despard. "It is your Aunt Catherine."

"What had she to say about it? She is dead now—"

"Everything. When she was here last year she said to me, 'Gabriel, when I die I intend to leave you my property. But I do not include among my heirs that strolling minstrel you have taken in; and, I enjoin you, when the time comes, to remember my wishes."

"She did not like Remi, I know," answered Alexis. "It was because one morning she called to him, 'Mountebank, take your dog out of the kitchen'; and he did not obey. Then she picked up Capi and threw him out herself; and Remi said to her, 'You are very cruel, Madame.' "

"Ah, I had never heard of that!" said Despard. "She *was* a cruel woman, but she had a deep love for all her relatives, and assisted me several times when I was in a pinch. I must respect her wishes, Alexis."

"But father, she is dead."

"That does not alter it. I could not fly in the face of her intentions as soon as she is under the ground. I must let Remi go."

"But where, father?"

"That I can not say; yet I suppose Breteuil, the new man, might keep him on. He is very useful. Or, failing that, I would be willing to pay his board to the schoolmaster for six months, or even a year, until something good can be found for him."

"But, father!" remonstrated Alexis.

"No more objections," answered Despard, sharply. "Do not make it any harder for me than it is already. I owe a duty to the dead. And, when all is said, I never intended to adopt Remi. That you must already know."

"I had not thought of it at all," said Alexis, sadly. "You have not spoken to him yet?" he continued.

"No: I have been putting it off from day to day. To-morrow, when Breteuil comes to take the inventory, I will mention it to him, and then tell Remi."

"What noise was that?" said Alexis, looking around.

"It sounded like Capi. I wonder that he is here at this hour. He is always with Remi."

"And where is Remi?"

Another sound under the far end of the long table. It was Remi stretching himself on the ground and pulling Capi's head to his knee. Feeling that the father and son would investigate the cause of the noise, he acted upon a sudden thought which showed him to be a boy of resourceful mind.

Despard took up a candle, lit it, and began to peer under the table. Alexis followed him. Suddenly he exclaimed in a whisper: "Alexis, look here!"

The boy lay with his back to them, one hand on Capi's head.

"He is asleep!" murmured Alexis. "Do you think he could have heard, father?"

"Not a word," replied Despard. "You see the packets of seed around him? He probably came in to finish sorting these, and fell asleep. I will wake him."

Alexis got up from his stooping posture and went to the other end of the conservatory. He felt that he could not bear to look at Remi just yet. Despard shook the apparently sleeping boy.

"Remi!" he called. "Remi!"

There was no reply. A good actor, our little Remi!

Despard struck him gently on the knee. Remi turned over slowly and gazed at his master.

"What is it?" he asked, rubbing his eyes as one awakened out of sleep.

"Why are you lying here, Remi? The ground is damp: you will take cold," said the gardener.

"I was sorting seeds," said Remi.

"And fell asleep," added Despard. "Get up now, and either go in with the others for a little music, or to bed. We have finished our work for to-night."

"And I," thought the stricken child, "have finished here—forever!"

He crept out from under the table, Capi following him, and walked slowly into the house, reaching his own little room by an outside door.

"Where is Remi?" asked Etienette, when her father and brother entered the kitchen.

"I think he has gone to bed," rejoined Alexis. "We found him asleep under the table in one of the glass-houses, where he had been sorting seed."

"I told him yesterday not to bother with the seeds any longer,—that father had sold them to Breteuil," said Bennie. "But he said he would go on doing the work as long as we were here."

Despard and Alexis looked at each other. There was deep regret in the hearts of both.

Remi sat in the darkness, on his bed, thinking. Never in his short but changeful life had he felt the anguish that now possessed his soul. Even the parting from Mother Barbarin paled beside it; for then, in the midst of his sorrows, he had the prospect of scenes and associations entirely new. Now it was not so. He had found a home, from which he was soon to be dismissed; brothers and sisters whom he loved; a second guardian, Despard, to whom, however, he had not grown as deeply attached as to the children.

His young mind had never contemplated the future. Like other children of his age, he lived from day to day. He very seldom thought of the Milligans; they seemed to have passed altogether out of his life. Vitalis had grown to be only a memory.

But deep in his affectionate heart he had always retained a love and longing for Mother Barbarin, who had been his first and constant friend. The thought of her was now uppermost in his mind. He would work his way back to Chavonis, even if Jerome were to threaten him again with the asylum. He would have a brief visit with his foster-mother, and could then, if need be, take to the road again.

Yes, it looked now as though he were destined always to be a wanderer, never to find a home. He did not blame Despard. He wanted only to get away without the sorrow and shame of being told to go. He could not bear the thought of saying good-bye to the friends he had so dearly loved.

For a long time he sat there, deciding what to do. The lights went out; there was silence in the kitchen. Remi got up, took the old bag Vitalis used to carry, and put in it a change of underwear,—that was all. He laid the violin which had belonged to Vitalis on the table; that would be for Bennie, who was learning to play very well.

Wrapping a woolen scarf about his neck, he took up the bag, opened the door into the kitchen, where the embers were still burning in the hearth, lifted his cap from one hook, his harp from another, and, swinging it across his shoulder, opened the door very softly and stepped out into the night. He would have forgotten Capi, but the dog, lying across the threshold, jumped up quickly and followed his little master.

(To be continued.)

The Lost Coin.

MRS. GERTRUDE LAURY, widow, was an excellent manager; and, accordingly, whenever she returned from market, her first care was to go over her accounts. She never discovered that she had too much money: on the contrary, there was always too little. And it was only after repeated trials, after going over and over her different purchases, that she recalled the disbursement that had not been taken note of; for instance, a franc due from the week before at the grocery store, a franc and fifty centimes to the shoemaker, and so forth.

Little Paul, Gertrude's son, declared that with slate and pencil he could solve all the arithmetical difficulties of his mother. But he took too much upon himself. It was not Gertrude's addition that was bad, but her memory; and Paul's schooling could not, of course, improve it. His grandmother was better able than he to do so; for she knew all the details of the housekeeping, and made out with Gertrude the list of commissions for the market, always asking on the return: "Did you buy that? Did you call at such a shop?"

One day in July, however, neither the mother, the grandmother, nor little Paul could discover what had become of a five-franc piece. Five francs,—that is quite an amount; and it was the first time that Gertrude's deficit had ever been so considerable.

"You must have lost it," said her mother at last; and she based her opinion on the fact that it was just the round sum of five francs that could not be accounted for. The centimes came out exactly as they should.

Gertrude went over the route again, calling on each of the merchants in whose shops she had been. None of them, however, remembered having given her five francs too little in making change; so she finally concluded that she really *had* lost the money.

She had a good deal of work to finish at home, and she could not spend all her time looking for a five-franc piece; and she had not a very pleasant day of it. Little Paul and his grandmother were not much better off.

Each regretted the five francs for a different reason. "To have lost them!" said Gertrude to herself. "If I had spent them, even on some foolishness; but to lose them!"

The grandmother reflected: "How often we have thought of getting such and such a thing, but have said, 'It costs five francs; 'tis too dear!' And yet she must go and lose that big amount!"

As for little Paul, he thought of a certain gun marked just five francs in the toyshop,—but, then, he consoled himself with the conviction that his mother would never have given him five francs to buy a gun, anyway.

In the meantime the money, of course, was not lost to everybody. At the moment when Gertrude had been paying the butcher for a goose, an old beggar man who stood in the market not far from the butcher's stall, heard a coin fall on the pavement. Not to attract attention, he did not approach the spot until after Gertrude's departure. Then he advanced, saw the five-franc piece, picked it up, put it in his pocket, and went off, feeling rich, doubtless; for the coin weighed his pocket down as if it were a lump of gold.

But why should it be so heavy, this silver piece worth only five francs, and weighing in reality but very little? And why, since he had pocketed it, did the beggar walk more slowly, more bowed down, and with a new wrinkle in his furrowed brow?

The reason is simple enough. This old man, whom idleness, misconduct perhaps, or misfortune, had reduced to the extremity of begging, had thus far never been dishonest. He had held out

his hand, but this was the first time he had *taken* money. What evil spirit had urged him to take this piece of money, which was of course a little fortune to him, but which already brought him a load of remorse? In vain he thought of the fine meal he could procure; he felt that he would not dare to offer the five-franc piece in payment. As if there were only one such coin in the world, the one he had stolen, he feared that his showing it would proclaim his theft.

He left the town without any further begging, but also without any thought of returning to the market and giving the coin to the butcher, or even placing it where he had found it. There would be no explanation to be made in the latter case; and as he did not know Gertrude personally, there would be no obligation to put the money in her hands. The idea of restitution had not, however, come to him as yet, and he slunk away like a thief.

As he walked along he saw two little boys running towards him, holding each other's hand, and looking behind them in a frightened way while they hid something in their blouses. On seeing the beggar, they stopped short; and their countenances took on a deeper appearance of terror. To their youthful imagination, the old beggar represented Justice; and whether the fear of having been seen made them believe all deceit impossible, or the thought of owning up seemed their only chance of safety, they let go of their blouses and there fell to the ground a number of apples which they had just pilfered from a neighboring orchard.

"We'll never do it again, Mister!" the boys cried. "We won't do it no more!"

It was very clearly fear that dictated their repentance; but, nevertheless, the repentance was there. Rather embarrassed by the rôle of judge which the children attributed to him in a case so like the one in which he himself was the culprit, the old beggar remained silent, looking from the apples on the road to the children.

"If they're your apples, Mister, take them back, but don't put us in jail," said the older of the two little fellows.

And deep down in his heart the old man heard a voice saying: "You have in your pocket a piece of money that shouldn't be there. Give it to the owner, even as these children wish to give back the apples they have stolen."

"The apples are not mine," he said to the boys. "But you are right in wishing to give them back; for they would weigh heavy on your hearts—and stomachs. Go, put them where you got them." He then retraced his steps towards the town, intent on making restitution.

Arrived at the butcher's stall in the market, he gave the proprietor the five-franc piece, with the remark that he had *found* it on the ground near by.

"'Tis one of my customers who lost it," said the butcher. "She was here a while ago asking me about it. But you are an honest man; many others in your place wouldn't have scrupled to keep the money."

The beggar blushed at the thought of how near he had been to belonging to the category of those others; but he walked off with upright head like an honorable man.

And so Mrs. Laury's dropping her five-franc piece proved the occasion of a double repentance, as well as the cause of little Paul's ultimate jubilation; for, having made up her mind that the money was gone for good, she felt so elated on getting it back that she bought Paul the longed-for gun. And so everyone was happy at last over the lost coin.

Stingers.

I DO not like the busy bumblebee,
Its sting's so very sharp and hot, you see;
But mamma says 'tis better to be stung
By *any* bee than by a lying tongue.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The index to the first volume of THE AVE MARIA, 1921, is now ready for those who bind their magazines.

—The current number of the *Catholic World* is appropriately devoted to Dante, all of the articles being about the world's great poet. "Everybody's Dante," by the editor, is the most popular and not the least excellent of the papers.

—Following John Ayscough's interesting "First Impressions in America," a new book of similar scope is being written by Gilbert K. Chesterton. The coming volume may be more brilliant but can scarcely be more kindly than the diary-like pages of Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew.

—The reading public is indebted to Mr. Thorstein Veblen, a writer on economics, for an exact definition of the word "sabotage"—slowing down, or obstruction. "It means going slow, with a dragging, clumsy movement, such as that manner of footgear [a *sabot*] may be expected to bring on." How this word came to denote forcible or destructive methods is not explained.

—Catholic year-books for 1922 have already begun to make their appearance—Benzigers' "Catholic Home Annual"; Pustet's "Marien-Kalender," for German readers; and "Manna Almanac," intended for young folk (Society of the Divine Saviour). Besides the calendar and information proper to year-books, they contain a variety of reading matter and pictures, more or less attractive.

—There should be many among priests, seminarians, and educated lay Catholics to welcome the new edition of De Ponte's "Dux Spiritualis," edited by P. Melchiore Trevinnio, S. J., which the Pustet Co. have issued in three volumes of pocket size. The print is clear and the binding durable and flexible. Each volume has a frontispiece picture and is provided with a marker. Price, in cloth, one dollar each.

—Dogmatic theology for the common people is a good descriptive general title for the recent works of the Rev. E. Hugon, O. P., of the Pontifical College, "Angelique," Rome. M. Pierre Téqui, Paris, has brought out new editions of two of Father Hugon's latest books: "Le Mystère de la Ste. Trinité" and "Le Mystère de l'Incarnation," brochures of 374 and 350 pages, respectively. The author's method is clear-cut and orderly, his style logical and lucid; and, while of course mysteries are avowedly incapable of being thoroughly understood by the finite intelligence, any reader of these brochures may learn as much as is either feasible or necessary about the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation.

—The appreciation in value which the lapse of years has brought to various literary masterpieces is paralleled in other arts, especially in painting. When Millais completed "The Carpenter Shop," he sold it willingly enough for $1250; but when the same painting was recently put on sale in England, the National Gallery purchased it for more than forty times that amount.

—"The Mirrors of Washington," the American counterpart of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," still remains anonymous. Its publisher, Mr. George Putnam, declares that the author "hasn't even come close to being identified," although no fewer than ten writers have been accused of being responsible for the very frank pen-portraits of the fourteen prominent Americans characterized, or caricatured, in the volume.

—"Reading for the Workers," a brochure of sixty pages, by the Rev. B. F. Page, S. J. (Benzigers), has for sub-title "An Undelivered Lecture"; and one is disposed to regret that it has not been delivered frequently in many places. It is as full, as is a nut of meat, of admirable matter for the consideration of all working people; and has lists of books, with indications as to how and where they may be secured. Price, 35 cents.

—"Supernatural Mysticism," by the Rev. Benedict Williamson, an octavo of 284 pages, comes to us with weighty credentials as to its doctrinal soundness and spiritual usefulness: the Introduction is by Cardinal Bourne; and the foreword, a valuable miniature treatise on "the call to contemplation," is from the pen of the Bishop of Plymouth. Even a cursory examination of the work—an examination facilitated by a good index—is sufficient to convince one that the volume is a genuine addition to Catholic devotional literature, as well as an important contribution to ascetic theology. It may be well to state that the book may be read with profit by lay Catholics; for, as the author declares in his prologue: "Those souls whom God calls to the life of

supreme union with Himself through the mystical way are found in every place and every age—in the cloister and the world,—no less in this twentieth century in which we live than in any former time; for His arm is not shortened...." Of the book's twenty-seven chapters, few are likely to be beyond the understanding of the ordinary Catholic; and the whole tendency of the volume is to make the good Catholic a better one,—to substitute love and fervor for lukewarmness and routinism. London: Kegan Paul & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. Price, $2.75.

—While Brander Matthews, who holds the chair of English Literature in Columbia University, is of the opinion that newspaper English is improving, and shows a marked advance on the English found in the papers of fifty years ago, he takes a fling at the eccentricities of headline writers. Judicious readers will agree with this indictment:

Then there are the freakish tricks played upon our unresisting language by the perpetrators of scare-heads, struggling to put infinite riches in a little room, and feeling themselves compelled to the use of abrupt words of the needful brevity in place of the more appropriate terms too long for the line of type. In their compressed vocabulary an investigation is a *probe*, a cross-examination is a *quiz*, and its victim is *grilled*. Stolen jewelry is entitled *gems;* and a treaty becomes a *pact*. If two politicians wrangle, we are told that they *clash*. This is bad enough, but worse remains behind. Men *protest* an action, instead of protesting against it; they *inquire* instead of inquiring about; and they *battle* the police instead of battling with the police.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Durbin, of the diocese of Louisville; and Rev. Clement Beckmeyer, archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Sister Seraphine, of the Little Sisters of the Poor; and Sister M. Evangelista, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. John Rosar, Mr. Louis Hilgrove, Dr. M. J. Coveny, Miss Amy Parkman, Mr. Duncan McDonald, Mrs. Mary Cotter, Mr. J. D. Walker, Mrs. Patrick Dulin, Mr. William Austin, Mrs. A. J. Carmonche, Miss Imelda O'Grady, Mr. George Myers, Mr. C. D. Wallace, Mrs. Elizabeth Ginnaty, Mr. O. L. Day, Mr. George Keith, Mr. S. B. Gregory, Mr. Charles Louis, and Mr. George Tesson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: R. M. C., "in honor of SS. Jude and Thaddeus," $5; Mrs. M. B., "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," $2.50. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. O. R., $5.



OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

(Sassoferrato)

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 1, 1921. NO. 14

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The Maid in the Dusk.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

AT twilight, Autumn breezes stir
Within Our Lady's garden close,
Wafting the scent of curving rows
Of asters white and lavender—
Exquisite fragrance as of myrrh,—
While every sighing wind that blows
Whispers of Mary's seven woes
That pierced the purest heart of her.

We meditate in this retreat
Upon Christ's Mother and our own,
Who folded once His winding sheet,—
As here she stands in sculptured stone
At dusk,—the Maid serenely sweet,
Guarding the silent hours alone.

Dante's Influence on Art.

BY P. L. CONNELLAN.

THE fact that his Holiness Benedict XV. has issued an Encyclical Letter concerning Dante Alighieri, the supreme poet of Christendom, "who over the others like an eagle soars," taking occasion of the universal celebration of this sixth centenary of the poet's death at Ravenna, is of great and far-reaching importance. When Benedict XV. had just been elected to the Pontifical throne, he sent a contribution to the Archbishop of Ravenna for the restoration of the Franciscan church of S. Francesco, within whose holy precincts repose the ashes of the great Christian poet, the poor and lonely exile from his beloved Florence.

In the letter recently issued, the Pontiff says: "Among the many illustrious and talented men who are the pride of the Catholic Faith—and who, besides, in other fields of their genius are well deserving of recognition by religion and civilization,—supreme arises Dante Alighieri, of whose death the sixth centenary is on the eve of being celebrated."

The Pope revindicates Dante to the Catholic Church, in spite of the many severe words which the fierce political passions induced him to utter against some of his contemporaries in the Pontificate. Dante had a ready habit of branding forever his antagonists, even when his own relatives were in this category. The words of Pope Benedict XV. declaring Dante as amongst those who are "the pride of the Catholic Faith" constitute the highest and surest testimony in his favor. And he mentions that this high reputation is to be found "particularly in literature and art." For this achievement he is among those well deserving recognition by religion and civilization. "Most ways in literature and art lead to Dante," wrote John Ruskin in "Ariadne Fiorentina," years ago.

Of all the men of his time—and that time (the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century) was fruitful in great minds and celebrated deeds—there was no one so many-sided and so all-embracing in his

knowledge as Dante. Poet and politician, he was a profound student of the higher learning of his epoch. A devoted, but anonymous, admirer of his in the last century, said he was the most difficult of poets; and that to comprehend him, love him, and know him, is the last reward of consummate scholarship. "Scholastic philosophy and theology in their deepest forms; the classical literature's Aristotle and Virgil; the long history of ancient and Mediæval Italy; the wondrous intricacies of old science, cosmography and astronomy; the details of Italian vernacular dialects; the political conceptions, the ecclesiastical traditions of the Holy Roman Church and Empire; the obscure facts and legends of Dante's external and internal life,—all this must you study would you know Dante."

This is rather a formidable preface to the "Divine Comedy," if one wishes to be familiar with its personages and to know their lives and haunts. Yes, this, and more too,—"the significance of St. Francis and of Giotto, of Boccaccio and of Petrarch; the dawn of the Renaissance"—that twilight of the art-gods; the influence of Dante upon Chaucer, upon Milton; the changes in thought which give us 'Faust' for our topical poem in place of the 'Divine Comedy.'" Such a substitute is a miserable decadence.

Dante was no serene and leisurely poet, bringing all his knowledge and imagination to the service of a smiling Muse, and pleasantly inventing a journey through the life to come. Rather he is the most practical of poets, most ethical, most doctrinal.

This severe master of words has no purple patches, no gratuitous felicities. "His work left him lean, gaunt, haggard, worn; the blood of his heart, the sweat of his brow, were spent upon it; soul and body labored at it together.... Dante is the type and image of all tragedy,—a man wasted with passionate emotion, passionate thought; all sense of sin, of suffering, of sorrow, is concentrated in him. For order was his one desire; symmetry, the beauty of law, were his dreams."

Dante, in the order of time, is the second of the three great monarchs of song that have filled the world with their voices. Like his predecessor Homer, he felt the sting of poverty, and the heart-sorrow of ascending and descending the stairs of unsympathizing hosts. The figure of Homer is familiar to the mind's eye—"the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," who carried his staff and wallet like any mendicant. So are we also familiar with the gaunt, dark-tinted countenance of the Italian, with sad, deep-set eyes, and such a sorrowful expression that the mothers in the street were wont to hush their noisy little ones by whispering to them: "Behold the man who has beheld Hell and has come back to tell us what it is like." And the next neighbor would reply: "It must be so; see his face is all brown with the fire, and his hair is singed."

The Italian poet, though of "that unbroken succession of kings of song whose thrones have been more permanent than those of the Pharaohs and the Cæsars," was intimately acquainted with poverty and misfortune. He longed with all his heart, and the leave of the citizens of Florence, to repose his wearied spirit in that city; and, as he says in a letter, to end the days allotted to him within its walls. He describes himself as "wandering as a stranger through almost every region to which our language reaches. I have been as a beggar, showing against my will the wound of fortune, which is often wonted to be imputed unjustly to the fault of him who is stricken. Verily I have been as a ship without sails and without rudder, driven to various harbors and shores by the dry wind which

blows from pinching poverty. And I have appeared vile in the eyes of many, who, perhaps from some report of me, had imagined me in a different guise."

Such were the conditions of the man who has exercised a truly unique and enduring influence on the literature and the art of the civilized world during six long centuries. What Dante was to Italian literature is beyond calculation. He consolidated, said Cardinal Wiseman in his undelivered lecture on Shakespeare, "the floating fragments of an indefinite language, and with them built, and thence himself fitted and adorned, that stately vessel which bears him through all the regions of life and death, of glory, of trial, and of perdition. A word found in Dante is classical to the Italian ear; a form, however strange in grammar, traced to him is considered justifiable if used by any modern sonneteer." As was the case with Homer's great epic, Dante became the standard of language and the model of poetical composition.

The domain of art is more widespread. The gentle St. Francis of Assisi, who in all probability was indifferent to art in itself, and regarded it solely as a means of raising the mind and heart to God, by his life and actions, became a most potent influence to its development. Dante, coming later, amongst his other acquirements, knew the art of design, and therefore sympathized with the work of painters and of sculptors. The poet himself, in the "Vita Nuova," reveals his tendency towards art when he tells of his attempt to draw a likeness of his beloved Beatrice. "On that day," he wrote, "which fulfilled the year since my lady had been made a citizen of eternal life, remembering her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel upon certain tablets. And while I did thus, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing beside me to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did; also I learned afterwards that they had been there some time before I perceived them. Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation, and said: 'Another was with me.' Afterwards, when they had left me, I set myself again to my occupation—to wit, to drawing figures of angels."

Dante shows that keen intellect for the clear and distinct narrative power which goes to make the describer of a complex work of art. In the standard guide-book—the Murray or Baedeker—of the more learned visitors to Rome from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, a very interesting legend about the Emperor Trajan is related. This guide-book was known as "Mirabilia Urbis Romæ" ("The Marvels of Rome, or a Picture of the Golden City"). "Its statements," says its translator, "claim the respect due to a work of authority, and their influence may be traced in the writings of many of the authors who flourished during that period." In the "Mirabilia's" account of the Triumphal Arches, "they were made for the emperor returning from a triumph, and thereunder he was led with reverence by the senators; and his victory was graven therein for a remembrance to posterity. There are, moreover, other arches, which are not triumphal but memorial arches, as is the Arch of Piety before Round St. Mary's."

And then the quaint book, about eight centuries old, tells that once upon a time when an emperor was ready in his chariot to go forth to war, a poor widow fell at his feet, weeping and crying: "O my lord, before thou goest, let me have justice!" And he promised her that on his return he would give her satisfaction; but she said: "Peradventure thou shalt die first." The emperor leapt from his chariot and held his consistory on the spot. And the woman said: "I had one only son, and a young man hath slain him."

Upon this saying, the emperor gave sentence: "The murderer shall die. "Thy son then," said she, "shall die; for it is he that, playing with my son, hath slain him." But when he was led to death, the woman sighed aloud, and said: "Let the young man that is to die be given unto me in the stead of my son; so shall I be recompensed; else shall I never confess that I have had full right." This, therefore, was done, and the woman departed with rich gifts from the emperor.

Such is the ancient legend as told in the "Mirabilia," but it increased in volume and in incident as the years rolled on. The Emperor is Trajan; the justice he displayed moved Pope St. Gregory the Great to pray for the release of Trajan's soul from Hell, and its admission into Paradise. This story is told by Paulus Diaconus four centuries earlier than the "Mirabilia," and was related in the English churches.

Dante met with this subject, "storied on the rock which whitely shone," in Purgatory:

> There the high glory of the Roman Prince
> Was chronicled, whose great beneficence
> Moved Gregory to his great victory.

"'Tis of the Emperor Trajan I am speaking," continues the poet as he relates the story of the widow.

This description of a bas-relief which Dante saw on marble set in the rocks of Purgatory (Canto X, line 73, etc.) seems to have been dear to artists and they made much use of it, and other legends attached to it. Ser Brunetto relates that, a long time afterwards, St. Gregory, hearing of this justice, saw his statue, and had him disinterred; and found that he was all turned to dust, except his bones and his tongue, which was like that of a living man. At this sight St. Gregory knew Trajan's justice, and then "he wept very piteously through compassion, praying God that He would take this soul out of Hell, knowing that he had been a pagan. Then God, because of these prayers, drew that soul from pain, and put it into glory." But St. Gregory received a penance which endured all his days, consisting of fever and side-ache. The saving of Trajan was Gregory's "great victory."

The story of Trajan's justice is carved on the angle of a capital of the Doges' Palace at Venice,—a marble relief with an inscription: "Trajan, Emperor, who does justice to the widow." It passed into Spanish romantic verse; and down to the later Renaissance it was represented over and over again in engraving, paintings, tapestries, wood-carving and bronze. Vincenzo Foppa, in 1460, painted it in the Medici Palace at Milan. It would be a long task to catalogue the artists who have painted it. A drawing of it assigned to Raphael is mentioned as belonging to Baron Letino. The Public Gallery of Bologna owns a quaint picture representing St. Gregory at the porch of a church, accompanied by clerics, kneeling in prayer before a sarcophagus on which is written: "*Sepulchrum Trajani Imperatoris.*" A Florentine plate of the fifteenth century repeats the story; and a Flemish tapestry in the Berne Museum shows it in grand style.

But it is with his contemporaries that Dante's immediate influence on art begins. In the eleventh Canto of the "Purgatorio" the poet makes mention of three artists, all painters and all contemporaries. It is Vasari, the biographer of the earlier Italian art, who says that at this time there lived at Rome a certain Oderigi of Gubbio, an excellent miniature painter of those times, with whom Giotto lived on terms of close friendship, and who was called by the Pope to illuminate books for the Library of the Palace. Dante, in Purgatory, met him, and preserved his name to the world for over six centuries.

"O," asked I him, "art thou not Oderigi,
Agobbio's honor, and honor of that art
Which is in Paris called illuminating?"

And Oderigi replies, with the true humility of a great artist:

"Brother,
more laughing are the leaves
Touched by the brush of Franco Bolognese.
All his the honor, and mine in part."

And now from Oderigi he passes to Cimabue, and to his shepherd boy pupil Giotto, whose genius illuminated all history, and created an epoch in the history of art unequalled since his day. Dante has placed him upon a pinnacle of glory, and those who know what great art really is have trumpeted his praises through the centuries.

In painting, Cimabue thought that he
Should hold the field; now Giotto has the cry,
So that the other's fame is growing dim.

Christian art did not begin with Giotto nor in Florence. In the Catacombs of Rome, amidst the tombs of the martyrs and the graves of the faithful, painters, who left no name, adorned sepulchres and delineated there the symbols that told of hope and devotion, and the scenes of Scripture which are so full of joy to the persecuted follower of Christ. The artist working in these subterranean galleries by the feeble light of a lamp could not rival the artistic qualities of the artist adorning the walls of palaces and dwellings above ground. And at any moment the artist might be called to give his life for his faith.

This was the state of affairs till the sixth century. Then disaster came. The Catacombs were deserted; and when a breath of peace descended upon the world, art, feeble and sad and uncertain in its methods, began to adorn the churches. Rude as these works were, they furnished God's people with instruction in the mysteries of the Faith, and taught them the symbols of the useful arts. The sternness of the Greek method—Byzantine as it was called,—especially in mosaic and sculpture, carried older traditions in mosaic figures down to the thirteenth century, when a new development, typified in Cavallini's Roman work, prepared the way for the new departure associated with the names of Cimabue, Duccio of Siena, and Giotto.

Art in its beginning served Religion; it was only later that it was called upon to supply to kings and princes and to delight the populace. But in Italy the instruction of man in his duties to God and to his neighbor was its chiefest aim. In that country its revival is synchronous with the Great Jubilee of 1300, proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII.,—an event which set the whole Christian world in movement. It was a notable event in the life of Giotto, the young Florentine, whose name has since been in the mouths of all men who love Christian art. Dante also came to Rome, and the "Divine Comedy" begins when Dante was thirty-five years old,—

Midway upon the journey of our life.

And Giovanni Villani, the historian, was also a pilgrim at the Great Jubilee, and records it with the Florentine keenness of vision.

A writer of the last century, Tullio Dandolo, in one of his letters has given a vivid picture of the change wrought in sacred art by Giotto, working under the influence and inspiration of Dante. In the fourteenth century, he tells us, when Rome was the City of Dogma, Florence was the City of Art: within its walls took place the espousals of pagan antiquity with Christian idealism, from which was born the architecture of Orcagna, the sculpture of the Pisani, the painting of Giotto.

The pious Byzantines had placed the Madonna motionless upon a sublime throne, with her brow in an eternal calm, surrounded by saints without joy or sadness, symmetrically arranged around her. The followers of Giotto pluck them from their contem-

plations; and there the soldiers, which Taddeo Gaddi placed as guardians of the sepulchre, are seen rudely awakened from sleep, dazzled by the light of the Triumpher over death. There—at Pisa—along the walls of the Campo Santo are seen the pallid virgins of Orcagna wandering among the tombs of the dead who have arisen. The time had come in which the angels of Benozzo Gozzoli, of Fra Angelico, of Crivelli, should breathe into their golden trumpets, and make their harps thrill sweetly.

"In the midst of that subdued harmony," wrote Tullio Dandolo, "the Madonna was seen to smile for the first time with a smile that captivated all Italy. From that day forth it pleased her to bear in her arms the Infant Jesus at the foot of the Alps, on the shores of the Mediterranean. It was the Golden Age of Art, if art we can call that which was an act of faith, a prayer, a vow. In those days all the hopes, all the beliefs of men were centered in the Infant Saviour, which the Italian Madonna held in her arms or nursed upon her knees; the artists, associated in pious confraternities, were familiarized by Dante with the hidden things of the spiritual world. Oh, how these admirable visions vanished! The fifteenth century became turbid when art was seen gaining in knowledge what it lost in innocence, smoothing the path to a flourishing revival of paganism.

"Mary, having descended from her sacerdotal throne, issued from the sacristy to sit, in the guise of a peasant girl of Urbino, in the shadow of a pine tree; or, under the semblance of a simple Florentine maiden, on the banks of a picturesque stream. Christ was represented as animated by the wrath of Julius II.; in the Sistine Chapel Sibyls and Prophets met; whilst at the other end of the Peninsula, in the School of Venetian Art—fallen to be the slave of sensualism—Paul Veronese was making preparations so that the wine should never cease to flow from the amphore of Cana; Titian contrived to cast the mantle of the Doges on the shoulders of the fishermen of Galilee; and Tintoretto took occasion to call together the assembly of all the saints as spectators of the grand Council of the Republic of Venice."

It is a commonplace of popular anti-Catholic history, especially in the early part of the nineteenth century, that Boniface VIII. concentrated in himself examples of all the crimes attributed to that frightful institution, the Papacy. Two poets, Dante and Jacopone da Todi, had doomed him to a fourteenth-century Florentine Hades,—the former being his accuser and judge. Cardinal Wiseman, when a student in Rome, saw this portrait of him in the Lateran; and in this picture Boniface appeared to him so different in character from the representations of modern history, that a peculiar interest in his mind regarding this poet-damned Pope grew up in him. The outcome of this interest was an essay in the *Dublin Review* for March, 1844, which aroused writers of history to make more accurate researches, which lifted the poet's opprobrium from the memory of Boniface.

Few visitors to Rome leave unvisited the Lateran—the "Mother and the Head of all the churches of the world." And there they see the genial and historic figure of the Pontiff standing before a balustrade reading the proclamation of the Universal Jubilee of 1300, with clerics of the Pontifical Court beside him.

The direct and intimate relation between the poetry of Dante and the painting of Giotto is displayed in the great church of St. Francis in Assisi. "The Marriage of St. Francis and Lady Poverty," by Giotto, represents the harmony between the poetry of Dante and the painting of Giotto. A recent writer on Assisi says that "Dante wrote

the eleventh Canto of the 'Paradiso' long after Giotto had left Assisi." No proof is furnished for such a statement. Both painter and poet, says the same writer, really followed the legends as recounted by St. Bonaventure. Nevertheless, the mass of men follow the old story. This eleventh Canto is almost all a song of glory to St. Francis and his immediate disciples.

Here, in Giotto's representation of this mystical marriage, St. Francis receives from the hands of Christ the Lady Poverty as his spouse, and places the marriage ring upon her finger. The bride is pale and winged as an angel ready to return to heaven,—for where else is Poverty welcome? Her robe, bound with a rough cord, is torn; her bare feet are bleeding from the thorns on which she stands; while around her head—which is surrounded by Giotto's favorite six-sided nimbus—are roses and lilies. A dog barks at her, as dogs do at sight of beggars. Children cast stones at her, and push the thorns against her; but above her float the angels. And yet she looks calm and joyous as she holds out her hand to Francis; while the Heavenly Father, accompanied by angels, assists at the marriage of the two mendicants. The grace and sensuous beauty of classical Greek art have no place here; a new spirit is manifested, inspired by Christian hope and glorified by suffering.

The other virtues of St. Francis and his Order are equally interpreted by elaborate and expressive symbolism. They are Chastity and Obedience. The reward of these virtues practised in their fulness, is expressed in the fourth spandrel of the vaulted arching over the great altar, which shows St. Francis in glory. The whole upper church of Assisi, a glorious Gothic structure, has the walls of its nave covered with frescoes from the hand and design of Giotto. A fairly complete history of the art of the early fourteenth century in Italy might be illustrated from this one building.

The impulse given to Christian Art by Giotto endured well over a century. The artists who followed him gradually put their own individuality into their works, and so preserved memories of Dante's inspiration. Of all these, perhaps the most conspicuous is Fra Angelico—the Beato, as he is also called,—whose devotional pictures are so lovely and so full of holiness as to fascinate all minds, even those who are not Christian. He is the painter of that joy which surpasseth understanding; and his figures of celestial happiness in the Garden of Paradise have such delight amidst the flowers and meadows, all aglow with color, that one feels on looking at them that he has been shown a glimpse of heaven. Fra Angelico may well be classed in the first rank with Giotto. The latter has an epitaph to him in the grand cathedral of Florence, Santa Maria dei Fiori, by Angelo Poliziano.

The Latin original of that epitaph was written a century and a half after the death of the painter. A more modest epitaph, in the Dominican church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva—the centre of the Order,—tells where the saintly Fra Angelico rests. This epitaph, attributed to Pope Nicholas V., states that here lies the venerable painter, Brother John of Florence, of the Order of Preachers; and it asks that no one should praise him for having been a second Apelles, but for having "distributed to Thy [poor], O Christ, all that which I earned." Of one kind are, indeed, the works of Heaven, of another those of earth. "I, John, was born in the city, which is the flower of Etruria [Florence]."

No great painter, after Giotto, ignored the large field of matter for Sacred Art to be found in the "Divine Comedy." In the beautiful cathedral of Orvieto, the walls of a large

chapel of St. Brizio are covered with Signorelli's "Last Judgment" and its accompanying episodes, such as the Preaching of Antichrist, his Fall, the Torments of the Reprobate; in fact, the several individual scenes of that dreadful day. The Resurrection of the Dead shows two angels standing upon the clouds, surrounded by cherubs, blowing their trumpets over the world. Men and women arise from their tombs, some with their bodies as in life, others as skeletons.

Signorelli, one of the greatest painters of his age, has painted his own likeness and that of his fellow-laborer, Fra Angelico, here in Orvieto. They both stand at the side of the Antichrist picture; and close to them are the "Fulminati," or lightning-stricken young sinners falling forward, head foremost as it were, out of the picture. The artist is not known outside of Italy so well as many lesser men, and his works are mostly met with in small towns.

Sandro Botticelli, a sad and serious painter of Florence, rose into universal popularity in the last century. He had a passion for Dante, and made a series of outline illustrations to the "Divine Comedy" of much power and expression. It is related of him that he was intolerant of any one who dared to speak slightingly of his idol Dante, and one day in a court of justice he asked that a poor ignorant man who spoke lightly of the great poem should be prosecuted for heresy!

Michael Angelo Buonarotti, whose name and fame are world-wide, and many of whose works are regarded as the greatest of their kind, came under the influence, intellectually and artistically, of the Florentine poet. The members of the Florentine Academy addressed a memorial to Pope Leo X., requesting him to authorize the translation of Dante Alighieri's remains from Ravenna to his native city. All the names attached to this document are written in Latin; Michael Angelo's alone is in Italian. "I, Michael Angelo, the sculptor, pray the like of your Holiness, offering my services to the divine poet for the erection of a befitting sepulchre to him in some honorable place in this city." The project failed. But the sculptor had a true devotion; and, besides composing two sonnets to his memory, he filled a book with drawings illustrative of the "Divine Comedy," as Botticelli had done; but Botticelli's work went to Berlin, and Michael Angelo's to the bottom of the sea. While in the possession of Antonio Montanti, the sculptor, it perished in the Mediterranean on a journey from Leghorn to Rome. Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," in the Sistine Chapel, is clearly influenced by Dante.

And now comes the prince of painters, the genial, beautiful young Raphael, who painted the young Dante. He also painted the worn, severe, solitary exile, in the company of the saints, doctors and theologians of the Church assembled together in the grandiose picture of the "Disputa" in the Stanze of the Vatican, under the very eyes of the Pope, as the poet-theologian, whose words are solemn and weighty. "Theologus Dantis" is the title justly given him by his contemporary, Giovanni del Virgilio.

From Giotto to Raphael, the world of art has frequently turned to Dante for themes and inspirations. The later artists also have turned to him, but with less success. Ary Scheffer's "Francesca di Rimini" struck popular fancy early in the last century; and Gustave Doré, later still, illustrated the whole "Divine Comedy" with keen feeling for the terrible and fantastic scenes. Even in this twentieth century, artists are still striving to picture the poet's words in line and color.

His message to the world is star-

tling to every man who looks forward to the future life. Dante gives his judgment on the crimes of his day, many of which still endure in equal intensity to-day. He describes so far as language can the joys and the rewards of a just life. Justice is the dominant note of his message. On the very gate of Hell, in words of "sombre color," he beheld these lines written:

> Justice incited my sublime Creator;
> Created me Divine Omnipotence,
> The highest Wisdom and the primal Love.

Although the message of the "Divine Comedy" is written in the Italian language, one may read it in his own tongue. "Dante Fuori d'Italia" ("Dante outside of Italy"), by Mario Besso, notes that the "Divine Comedy" has been translated into almost every language, beginning with the Latin. Fra Giovanni de Serravalle, of the Order of Friars Minors, Bishop and Prince of Fermo, seeing the necessity of making known this work to the learned of all nations, translated it into Latin. The Bishop and Friar Giovanni, then at the Council of Constance, at which were assembled Bishops and Fathers of the Church considered the occasion adapted to the spread of a knowledge of Dante. But the translation was no more heard of. Cary, the English translator of Dante, quotes Tiraboschi as observing that the Bishop of Fermo, though he lived a hundred years after Dante, may have known those who were contemporary with him. And the commentary of this prelate is described as inedited. Cary wrote before 1814. The great manuscript remained still inedited until 1901. Two Franciscan friars, Marcellino da Civezza and Leofilo Domenichelli, having heard of the rare manuscript, asked permission of his Holiness Leo XIII. to publish it. The Pontiff bore the expense of its appearance in a large and magnificent form.

Translation into numerous other languages followed. There have been twenty-two translations into French, thirty-six into English, and twenty-six into German. In 1913 Beso numbered no fewer than one hundred and eight complete printed translations of the entire "Commedia"; while in 1856 there were but twenty in four languages.

If the people of the various nations read and meditated on the work of Dante, it is probable that his influence might embrace many other qualities and sentiments than those which find their expression in Art alone.

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XIV.—LOST.

> True love's the gift which God has given
> To man alone beneath the heaven.
>
> —*Scott.*

ROME, in the thirties of the last century, was very much as elderly folk among us remember it before it was seized by the Italian Government in the year 1870. Modern improvements—if improvements they may be called—had not yet made their way within the walls of the city. Great suburbs of gaunt, ugly houses; monster public offices; kiosks selling more literary filth in an hour than entered Rome of the Popes stealthily in a whole year; long lines of barracks; tramways and motor-cars, had not yet come to modernize Rome.

It was a quiet, peaceful place, canopied day after day by celestial blue skies,—that Rome to which tourists came to slake their thirst for ancient lore, and pilgrims to satisfy their devotional cravings. The Capitol was still what it was when Gibbon stood on its steps and conceived the plan of his history, and it had not been disfigured by a monument to a usurper. Nor was the hill where Tasso died surmounted by the

equestrian statue of a freebooter insolently overlooking Rome. Nor had the Pantheon fallen from its high estate; the burial-place of Raphael had not descended to become the mausoleum of intruding kings. But then, as now, St. Peter's stood in all its glory, its noble dome raised aloft above the Tomb of the Fisherman, become the Prince of the Apostles.

It was to that Tomb, of course, that Walter and his companion first of all made their way,—the one to beg St. Peter to help him in the quest that had brought him to Rome; the other, his aid that his successor, then about to be elected, might look with favor on the mission to the Holy See that he had undertaken for the good of his country.

Walter was not of those who 'wear *their* heart upon *their* sleeve for daws to peck at.' What he felt most deeply, of that he spoke least. He had hardly once mentioned during the journey the names of the Hartleys even to his intimate friend and fellow-traveller. Nevertheless, he was full of hope. His love for Alice glowed none the less brightly because of being hidden.

While the Count hastened to the office of the Secretary of State, to hand over to an under-secretary—the Cardinal, his chief, being then in Conclave—the dispatches he brought from the Nuncio in Paris and the letters of recommendation that had been given to him by the committee of the Belgian National Congress, Walter began his search for the Hartleys. He made inquiries at all the inns at which travellers of their station might lodge; he visited bankers, tradesmen, and lodging-house keepers,—all from whom any information about his friends was likely to be obtained. He visited the English College, where he was courteously received by a prelate who was one day to become a Cardinal and first Archbishop of Westminster. He even made inquiries of the police. All in vain: nobody had heard of or seen his missing friends. He began to despair of his quest ending successfully.

Meanwhile the Conclave continued its deliberations. It was long before a new Pope was given to the world. The veto delayed this happy event. Cardinal Giustiniani had nearly obtained the requisite two-thirds of the votes when the representative of Spain, in Conclave, intimated that his election would be distasteful to the Spanish Government. At last Cardinal Cappellari was elected Pope, on Candlemas Day, 1831, and proclaimed by the title of Gregory XVI. He was a monk of the monastery of St. Gregory before he had been made Cardinal. According to custom, he had as Cardinal retained the white habit of the Camaldolese monk; so when he became Pope, Gregory XVI. had not to change the color of his cassock. Walter heard him proclaimed from the balcony of the Quirinal Palace, in which the Conclave had been held. A few days later he was present in St. Peter's when the Pope was crowned and, at the same time, consecrated bishop.

As soon as the ceremony in the Basilica was over, Walter and the Count hurried into the great square in front of the church, to receive the first blessing *urbi et orbi* of the new Pope. It was a bright day, full of sunshine and joy, as the Pope appeared in the *loggia*, or balcony, above the great doorway of St. Peter's. The immense square was filled with people and with horse and foot soldiers. As the Pope appeared, the troops saluted and the people loudly acclaimed their Pope and King. As he rose up to bless them, there was unbroken silence, the people and foot soldiers kneeling to receive the benediction. Then when all that vast multitude had heard the words of their Father blessing them, the military bands struck up, bugles and drums joining in the salute, as well as the people with their repeated *Evviva il Papa-Ré;* while above all could

be heard the booming of the cannons of the Castle of St. Angelo firing their first salute in honor of the new Pope. As the Pope retired from the balcony, the crowd dispersed.

"They look smart fellows enough," remarked Walter to the Count, as a battalion of infantry marched past them. They wore white coats and blue trousers. The Papal army then copied the uniforms of Austria.

"Yes, they look well enough; but I should not care to be a soldier merely for show," replied the Count. "The Pope does not make wars, you know."

"No, but these fellows might have to defend him from revolutions in these days, and they might perhaps be called upon to have a brush with brigands."

Walter spoke more truly than he guessed; for that very evening rumors were rife in Rome that the secret societies had begun a movement in Bologna. The rumors proved too true.

The insurrection spread rapidly. The police frustrated a plot to seize the Castle of St. Angelo. An attempt was made to disarm the guard at the post office. All orderly persons were warned to keep indoors. The Carnival was cut short. Soldiers patrolled the city. In order to allow the troops to march out against the insurrection, a volunteer force was enrolled to maintain order in Rome. Prince Altieri took command, and persons of all rank and nationality joined the force. The loyal people of the Trastevere all demanded arms, and were ready to lynch any revolutionist who might fall into their hands. Agents of the insurrection had spent much money trying to corrupt the people from across the Tiber; it found its way to their pockets, not to their hearts. The wine-shops profited by what the revolutionists wasted.

Being only birds of passage, our two friends did not offer their services. Besides, they did not think from what they saw or heard that Rome wanted a revolution. Unlike the Belgians, the Romans had no grievances under the mild sway of the Popes. The danger was only from outside, but Austria was alive to it. Metternich had said that "brigands have no right to object to gendarmes, nor incendiaries to fire-brigades." Austria intervened with its troops, and the Papal States enjoyed eighteen years of peace.

Gregory XVI. appointed Cardinal Bernetti to be his Secretary of State, and the latter received the Count de Vrye as the unofficial representative of the Belgian National Congress. He laid before the Cardinal a memorandum on the late revolution in Belgium, pointing out how largely it had been made to redress Catholic grievances in that country; and begging the Holy See to use its influence through its nuncios so that the great Powers would recognize the independence of Belgium, and the government that eventually the National Congress should select.

Roman diplomacy has ever been cautious, and the insurrection in the Papal States made Cardinal Bernetti more cautious than ever in regard to a Congress that issued from a revolution. He praised the zeal for religion which the Belgian Catholics displayed; warned them against the dangers of liberalism, and said that the memorandum would be duly considered; and that, when opportunity occurred to favor the interests of Belgium and its faithful Catholics, the Holy See would do all that it could to help them. This reply concluded the Count's mission.

"My mission is ended," he said to Walter. "I thought of returning home by Bologna and Venice; but all the country to the north is in so disturbed a state, I think that it will be best to go on to Naples and thence by sea back to France. What will *you* do?"

"As my quest here has utterly failed, I will complete my 'grand tour,' by going on with you to Naples and thence

home," answered Walter, resignedly.

On Monday, March 1, at half-past ten at night, the two friends left Rome by the mail-coach for Naples. They had the coach entirely to themselves. Just before leaving, they had called at the post office and received their letters and papers, and had hastily perused them. They now discussed such news as the mail contained.

"You don't seem very elated over what you've heard from home?" remarked the Count.

"No," replied Walter, who had just confided to his friend his feelings about Miss Hartley. "My father tries to make me renounce all thoughts about one day making Miss Hartley my wife, and seems to think my wish only a passing whim. But this does not matter; for the Hartleys seem to be lost—"

"Lost to sight, but to memory dear, isn't that the case?"

"Certainly, and that's why I am ever so grateful to father for trying to secure Mr. Hartley's freedom. He has put the case in the hands of Mr. Charles Butler, the ablest Catholic lawyer we have, who is in favor with the legal authorities; and, though an old man, he is an excellent choice."

"I have met the lawyer, and I know how well he worked for the emancipation of you Catholics in England."

"But what news have you from Belgium?" asked Walter.

"The Congress has been trying to find us a king,—no easy task with all the great Powers jealous of one another. On February 5, the Congress (by 97 votes out of 192 recorded) elected as king the Duc de Nemours, one of Louis Philippe's sons."

"For whom were the other votes given?" asked Walter.

"During the discussion all sorts of candidates were proposed, such as the Comte Felix de Mérode, Chateaubriand, Lafayette; one waggish scamp proposed the Pope! The Duc de Leuchtenberg, son of Eugéne de Beauharnais, got many votes; but the French Government would have vetoed his election as too Napoleonic. Archduke Charles of Austria was another favorite. The President and nine members of Congress went to Paris to offer the Belgian crown to the son of the French King, who, however, declined it. Louis Philippe, it is thought, would not allow him to accept, because your country would have objected. The crestfallen Belgian deputies returned to Brussels. The Congress elected its President, M. Surlet de Chokier, as Regent of Belgium, and M. de Gerlache to succeed him as its President. The Regent has appointed an entirely Liberal ministry. That's how matters stand in my country."

At daybreak they were awakened by stopping at Velletri, to change horses and their escort of Papal dragoons. They now crossed the Pontine marshes, then lately drained by Pius VII.'s orders. They teemed with wild duck, pidgeon, teal, snipe, and plover. Herds of oxen and horses found there rich pasturage, and seemed to thrive. Except at intervals when they came across guardhouses for the soldiers that patrolled the road, no human habitation was to be seen; for malaria, notwithstanding the draining, made these marshy lands uninhabitable by man. After passing Terracina by a road that ran close to the sea, they entered Neapolitan territory. Here their escort of Papal dragoons left them, very grateful to the two travellers for the *scudi* they gave the sergeant to divide among himself and his comrades.

Here they found that the roads were patrolled by some very soldierly Swiss linesmen in the service of King Ferdinand II. They were aided in putting down brigandage, then rife, by armed peasants, whose first appearance rather alarmed the two travellers.

(To be continued.)

A Martyr's Rosary.

ON the 10th of March, 1615, a Jesuit Father, John Ogilvy by name, was led to execution, in the city of Glasgow. An immense concourse of people was gathered together to witness the fearful spectacle. It was in the time of the sanguinary persecution under James I. Father Ogilvy, like so many courageous priests, religious, and laymen, had refused to deny the jurisdiction and authority of the Pope in the British Isles. This act was required by the King from every subject; and, on account of his refusal to submit, Father Ogilvy was now to suffer a shameful and terrible death. His crime was pronounced to be high treason; and, as guilty of treason, he was sentenced to be "hanged, drawn and quartered," according to the barbarous custom which obtained at the time.

With a triumphant air, the heroic confessor proceeded to his execution, his sole regret being that the true ground of his condemnation could not be shown clear as day in the sight of the assembled crowd. Far better truly would it have been if it had been proclaimed in no uncertain terms, alike to friend and foe, that he was not about to suffer as a traitor, but solely as a loyal son of Holy Church. Father Ogilvy, whom the appalling fate awaiting him failed to daunt or deprive of his presence of mind, contrived, however, to make an impressive statement.

On his way to the gallows, a preacher of the new doctrines joined the martyr, and expressed the liveliest sympathy with him, saying it was a pity that so distinguished a man should endure such an ignominious death on account of his obstinacy. Even at this supreme moment a means of escape was placed within his reach; for the (Protestant) archbishop offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage, together with the richest benefice in his archdiocese, provided he would only renounce his allegiance to the Pope and embrace the new teaching. (Father Ogilvy was held in high esteem by Protestants, on account of his eminent abilities and noble character.)

The martyr requested his tempter to repeat these proposals in a loud voice, so that everyone present might hear them. The preacher, in whose heart a secret hope had sprung up, expressed his willingness to do so. Meanwhile the procession had arrived at the place of execution.

"'Listen,'" said Father Ogilvy, addressing the crowds who were pressing forward around the gallows,—"listen to what this preacher is about to say!"

The man then repeated in clear, audible tones the proposals which he had made to the confessor.

"Have you all heard, and are you prepared to bear witness to the fact of these offers?" the latter inquired.

An affirmative shout was the response. The Catholics who were present were struck with consternation, while the Protestants anticipated a victory.

"Therefore," began the martyr once more, "I need no longer fear that I have been prosecuted as a traitor. I am in my present position only on account of my religion; that is my sole crime."

Again a loud assent rose from the crowd.

"Very good!" resumed Father Ogilvy. "That is exactly what I wished you to understand: I have been condemned to death because of my religion alone. For that I would gladly part with a hundred lives, if I had them to give. Now take my life, and be quick about it; for never can you deprive me of my faith."

Thus spoke the martyr, and the Catholics lifted up their heads with rejoicing; whereas the Protestants were filled with rage, seeing themselves caught in their own snare. The preacher in par-

ticular could not contain his wrath. But Father Ogilvy sternly interrupted him when he opened his lips to speak again, and bade the hangman perform his task without delay.

Before the latter began his gruesome work, he begged his victim to forgive him, as was customary in the case of those who were sentenced to death. Father Ogilvy spoke kindly to him; he then mounted the ladder at the foot of the gallows. At the last moment, before the ladder was removed, he took the only thing of which he could yet dispose—his Rosary—and flung it high in the air among the crowd, in order that his brethren in the faith who were there present might possess a memorial of him.

A hundred eyes followed the flight of the Rosary with eager attention; a hundred hands were stretched out in the hope of securing so coveted a prize. It fell upon the chest of a distinguished-looking, fashionably dressed individual who was standing where the crowd was thickest. He was a Hungarian nobleman, Baron Idus von Eckelsdorf by name, an adherent of the Calvinistic heresy. The martyr's Rosary was certainly by no means intended for him. Yet, Providence must have willed it so.

Many years later, when he had reached a ripe old age, had filled a post of distinction in the State, and had been honored with the intimate friendship of the Archduke Leopold, brother to the Emperor Ferdinand III., the Baron related the occurrence to an Austrian Jesuit, Father Balbinus, in the following terms:

"As is customary for young men of rank, I travelled in foreign lands, and in the course of my journeyings visited England and Scotland. During my sojourn in the latter country, Father Ogilvy was led out to execution. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the elevation of soul wherewith he looked Death in the face. I will speak only of what concerns myself. When Father Ogilvy, from the foot of the gallows, took leave of the Catholics who were present, he threw the Rosary of our Blessed Lady into the crowd as a legacy to them. The Rosary, apparently flung at haphazard, fell upon my chest, so that I could easily seize it with my hand. But at the same instant the Catholics, who were present in large numbers, eager to possess themselves of it, rushed upon me with such impetuosity that, in order to resist their assault, I was obliged to throw the coveted and hallowed object away.

"At that period nothing was farther from my thoughts than to change my religion; yet from that hour I felt an oppression of soul, my conscience left me no peace, and I began to doubt the truth of my creed. Day and night, destroying all my peace of mind, the thought pursued me, that it was not for nothing that the Rosary thrown by the heroic priest lighted on my breast. For years this idea dwelt with me; at length I could no longer resist the reproaches of my conscience: I renounced the errors of Calvin, and, after due preparation, embraced the Catholic Faith. To Father Ogilvy's Rosary I ascribe my conversion; and, were it possible to obtain possession of it, I should spare no expense to acquire it, and should reckon it as my most precious treasure."

FROM the holy virgin martyr who in the first ages of the Church invoked the aid of Mary against the demon of impurity, to the youth who kneels to-day before her shrine imploring the preservation of his innocence or the restoration of lost virtue, it has never been heard that any one who fled to her protection, implored her assistance, or asked her prayers was left unheeded.

—*Rev. Fr. Müller, C. SS. R.*

The Wheels.

BY SYDNEY SNELL.

CLAY of the commonplace about their rims,
Mire of fond hopes and heavy past despairs,
The wheels of life move slowly,—ah, how slow
Their turning when, impatient, I would press
In keenest flame of flight to gain the goal!

With lashing rains of Thy displeasure, God!
Cleanse Thou these wheels and smooth the rutted road,
That they may travel swiftly on the way
Of progress, which is Thy tremendous plan.

The Grey House of Indian Creek.

ALL through the mountains of Southern California, on arid, abandoned ranches, there are scattered deserted houses,—some well built, in anticipation of better days that never came to the discouraged owners. These were, for the most part, Englishmen, younger sons, "remittance men," adventurers, and others, who came, saw, were first enraptured, then disgusted with the loneliness and wild beauty of the mountains.

All these houses, if they could speak, would tell tales of baffled hopes, of poverty, discouragement, weariness, homesickness, and disillusion. Many of them have seen tragedies. It is a strange fact that not a few appear to have been abandoned suddenly, without premeditation; as though the inmates, unable to endure another day in the solitudes, had broken away in a kind of frenzy from the bonds that held them, leaving everything behind.

In these deserted dwellings may be found decent furniture slowly rotting away: beds unmade, as though the former occupants had but just arisen; china on the tables, and cooking utensils on the rusty stove. Seldom is a door or window fastened; often the house stands roofless to the winds of heaven. On the floor of one I found a number of letters torn into bits; they had been written on the finest cream-laid paper; and among them were dainty monograms and crests. Books, too, and magazines and papers by the dozen, and bottles of perfume, and good clothing hanging in the closets. Perhaps not many of these houses have a more strange or pathetic history than the one of which I shall tell.

We had been roaming through the mountains, in love with camp life, pitching our tents now here, now there, and passing ideal days in exploring the country. Whenever it was possible, we sought some ranch house at evening to lay in supplies of milk, fresh eggs, and an occasional chicken. But when night fell, finding us far afield, there was always the camping wagon if it rained, and the tent in the open when the weather was fair. For the autumn was upon us, the rainy season unusually early, and our progress was all the more delightful in consequence, because of the new growth of vegetation which had begun to spring up as under a magician's hand.

One evening the sun set in a bank of heavy clouds, which portended unfavorable weather. We were apparently far from any habitation, when we came suddenly upon a broken gateway, broad and imposing, whence a long avenue of eucalyptus trees led somewhere—we were certain. Following it, we soon reached a large, handsome house, built of stone, two stories in height, with a wide portico. What had once been a carefully tended and beautiful garden was overgrown with all kinds of flowers. The shutters were open, though the windows were closed. It was evident that no one had lived in the house for a long time.

It began to rain briskly. I tried the front door, and found it unlocked. Within, everything was coated with dust; but the place was very comfort-

ably, even luxuriously, furnished. A centre table covered with books stood in the middle of the room; lounges and easy-chairs were scattered invitingly about. A fire was laid in the grate, which I speedily lighted; and we sat in front of it, enjoying the blaze.

After some time we examined the dining-room. The furniture here was quite massive, the china plentiful and elegant. From there we passed to the kitchen, which contained everything in the way of cooking utensils necessary for a small family in good circumstances. We then ascended to the second floor, where we found all in good order, save for the inevitable dust. There were three bedrooms with dressing-rooms attached. Fine mattresses and pillows, soft blankets and coverlets, invited our weary limbs to repose. The linen closet was well stocked.

My wife removed her hat and cloak. I went downstairs, stabled and fed the horses, brought in some wood which I found in the shed, and provisions from our own stores, safely covered up from the rain in the camping wagon.

We mended the fire, by this time burnt low; put on the kettle, made tea, and at our supper off the drawing-room table, which I then observed was covered with English magazines. The meal over, we once more remounted the stairs, and were soon in bed and asleep. We rose early. The rain had ceased. It was a beautiful morning, as we resumed our journey after a substantial breakfast. The reader may be sure we indulged in many speculations as to the story belonging to the place we had just left.

Two miles farther on, we came to a little house, nestled in a hollow at the foot of a long stretch of hilly road. A man was standing in the door, in his bare feet.

"Tell me, my friend, what there is to be told of that grey stone house back yonder," said I.

"You've been there?" he answered, sententiously.

"We have just come from there. Slept in the house last night."

"You wouldn't if you knew," he said.

"Why not?"

"It's a cursed place."

"Haunted?"

"I don't say that, but no one hereabouts would put his foot across the threshold or even go up the avenue for any money."

"Why? What is the matter with it?"

"Cursed, I tell you."

"How?"

"You see, it was this way," he said, coming to the side of the wagon and placing his hand upon it. "One night people living in the house,—living fine, too: riding, dining, and all that. Next day nobody there,—gone, disappeared, swallowed up. No signs of murder or suicide or thieves—but completely gone!"

"Was there a search?"

"Not that I know of. They didn't owe anything."

"Who were they?" I asked. "How many persons?"

"English people. Man and wife. Very rich, people said. Anyway, they had that fine house built and lived in it for two years. Kept no servant,—couldn't get any up here. Wife did all the work. Cooked dinner every night, then went up and dressed, and they sat down and ate the dinner. Something happened in the night. No one ever saw or heard of them since."

"How long ago was that?"

"Five years or so."

"Very strange!" said I. "It seems a shame to see that good property going to ruin and decay. I wonder people haven't stolen the furniture."

"Honest folks hereabouts," rejoined the man. "Besides, no one would touch it. 'Tisn't lucky."

We left the old man shaking his head, as he shambled slowly back to his cabin.

We talked of the lonely house very often, my wife and I, almost resolved to return to the spot some day and take possession. But graver occurrences soon banished it from our minds. We were obliged to go abroad.

The next spring we were in England. May found us in Devonshire. We were very fond of driving about, and one evening lost our way. Twilight fell, and as we drove slowly along we met an old gentleman with a dog. He had a gun across his shoulder. He was a vigorous man, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and smiling countenance.

He answered my questions as to our whereabouts very pleasantly, and then asked:

"From America, aren't you?"

I replied that we were.

"What part?"

"California," I said.

"Northern or Southern?"

"Southern," I rejoined.

"Ever been to Indian Creek?"

"No longer ago than last summer," I replied.

"Can it be possible? Did you happen to pass a grey stone house on the Blue Mountain road, close to Murphy's Cañon?"

"What do you know of it?" I asked, answering him, like a Yankee, with another question.

"It is *my* house," he said.

"Yours!" I exclaimed. "Are you the man who left it so mysteriously?"

"I am the man. Now, what do *you* know of it?"

I told him. He seemed greatly interested. When I had finished, he said:

"I had thought there would hardly have been a stone left upon a stone by now."

"The settlers seem to think it is haunted," I remarked. "It is as good as ever for you, when you want it."

"I shall never want it," he replied sadly. "She for whom I built it, and for whom I left it, is no longer here."

For a moment there was silence. Then I asked:

"Would you mind telling me why you *did* leave it?"

"I will tell you," he answered after a pause. "My name is Grey. I am a retired naval officer. I married somewhat late in life. My wife was much younger than myself. She was the orphan daughter of a brother officer. She had a brother of whom she was very fond. He had gone to America, and was ranching it somewhere. He had not been heard of for a good while. My wife was somewhat whimsical, but I loved her. She was bound that we should go in search of him. We had a clue, and followed it. She fell in love with that wild place, where her brother had come and gone at intervals. I built that house, where we lived in isolation for two years, expecting him. Then one night we chanced to see in a San Francisco paper that the poor boy, living on a lonely ranch far off in Nevada, had committed suicide. 'Take me away from here!' cried my wife,—'take me away this very night, or I shall go mad!' So I took her away. We drove fifty miles in the wagon,—I had a pair of good horses. We got the train at a place called Hamlet. What became of the horses and the wagon I have often wondered. We returned to England, where she did go mad. She is dead now, thank God!"

His voice broke. He turned away without another word. We saw him waving his stick in the air for a long distance behind us, till he passed from our sight.

I do not know whether the lonely house is still lonely, or whether some one of a different calibre from the mountaineers around it has swept away the dust and cobwebs, and made it alive once more with human voices, and human occupations. As for us, we shall probably never pass that way again.

X. Y. Z.

Reunion among Protestants.

BY AN EX-ANGLICAN VICAR.

I HAVE watched for some years, both from within the Protestant Church of England and from outside, since I became a Catholic, the efforts made by members of the Established and Free Churches in England to bring about reunion, and I am led to believe that neither side really desires it.

The ideal of reunion presumably is that there should be only one organized Christian society in the same area; or, to put it in another way, if in a certain English village there is a church where Anglicans worship it should be impossible for a Congregational or a Baptist or a Wesleyan chapel to exist as a separate organization in that village. Certainly this "ideal" is not the Anglican Bishops' desire; on the contrary, they are quite obviously seeking only some kind of mutual recognition between the warring sects.

Free Churchmen, as the Nonconformists or Dissenters in England are generally styled, are no more anxious for reunion at the present time than are their Anglican brethren. Before they are willing to unite with the Established Church, they want Anglicans to set their house in order, which, in the first place, means getting rid of the Establishment. Further than this, they demand that Apostolic Succession, which the Ritualists believe in, shall be forsworn; that the Thirty-Nine Articles should be abolished; that objectionable doctrinal teaching—that is to say, doctrinal teaching which they themselves happen to dislike—shall be expunged; that prelatical episcopacy, whatever that may be, shall be relinquished in favor of what they term constitutional episcopacy; that the laity should be accorded their rightful place in the management of the Church, which, so far as one can gather, means the equivalent of a seat on the Board of Directors in a business company; that the Church's foundation should be laid on a sound Scriptural basis—to discover which basis, in view of the present Protestant attitude to Holy Scripture, should make an interesting study; and, lastly, that the High Churchman should be sent to his own place (the bosom of Papalism).

This is somewhat of a "tall order" for the Church of England as by law established, and will certainly not be accepted without a struggle. Many Anglicans would reply that Nonconformists are unreasonable in their claims, which amount to complete surrender on the part of the Established Church.

Lookers-on generally see most of the game; and, while one admits that the Free Church attitude to the question of reunion is rather in the nature of an ultimatum which in effect says, 'This is our position, which you must accept before we can discuss reunion with you,' yet it is also true that as long as Anglicans regard "episcopal ordination" as an exclusive channel of grace, they, too, are taking up a *non possumus* attitude. From the point of view of the High Churchmen, the question of episcopal ordination is vital. The rest of the Anglican Church is divided on the question. The Broad Churchmen and the Low Churchmen either regard it as a matter of indifference or would gladly see it abolished, but many Moderate Anglicans cling to what they term the "Historic Episcopate," though not to the doctrine of Apostolic Succession.

What is clear is that many members of the Established and Free Churches are agreed that the stumbling-block to reunion is this insistence on episcopal ordination; and that if concessions were made on this point, everything would be plain sailing. To give up episcopal ordination would mean that the Anglican Church would be rent from top to bottom. The question remains, would it

promote or hinder reunion? It must be borne in mind that Free Churchmen are in a numerically larger church fellowship than their Anglican brethren; that is to say, if a Congregationalist were to pass into the fellowship of the Church of England, he would, assuming it were held that he had cut himself off from his fellow Free Churchmen by this act, step into a smaller Church fellowship; for it must be remembered that at the present moment he is in fellowship not only with Congregationalists, but with Presbyterians, Baptists, etc.

If, therefore, English Nonconformists were to accept the proposals of the Anglican bishops with regard to the question of ordination, they would, to give one example, commit "schism" with all the non-Episcopal Churches of America. The Free Churchman is in a strong position when he says that episcopal ordination in its Anglican form is not accepted by the vast majority of Episcopalians throughout the world,—a point which we as Catholics can easily appreciate; added to which such ordination is regarded as unnecessary by a large part of the Church of England.

Two points, I think, stand out clearly: first, that the insistence on episcopal ordination creates an *impasse;* and, in the second place, most Protestants either prefer to go on as they are with their divisions or, as a concession to public opinion, to indulge in pulpit interchange and other harmless steps in the direction of reunion. They have no great longing to be joined together in one corporate Church.

Meanwhile Catholics must feel deep concern that so many who profess the name of Christ should be outside Catholic Unity, and must pray the prayer of their Divine Lord—"That they all may be one"; that God in His mercy would hasten the fulfilment of the promise of Jesus Christ: "There shall be one Fold and one Shepherd."

Mustard-Makers to the Pope.

POPE JOHN XXII. in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, was rather hard put to satisfy the demands of his numerous impecunious kindred. No sooner was he elected than his palace was besieged by nephews, grandnephews and cousins of every degree, from the first to the traditional forty-seventh.

Not being wealthy, his Holiness, while finding places for some of them, was forced to dismiss others with no gift more substantial than his blessing. One day, however, there came to him a distant cousin from Dijon who proved more than usually persistent.

"Well," said the Pope at last, "I must see if I can't find a place for you. What can you do?"

"Venerable cousin, at Dijon all we know how to do is to make mustard," was the respectful answer.

"All right, that will suffice. I name you forthwith, *Mustarder to the Pope.*"

The Dijon cousin was, of course, delighted with his office, and especially with the salary of one thousand ducats. An apple-green costume was invented for him, with a mustard-pot in relief, and the device, "I tickle the mouth and sting the nose."

Some weeks later, still another cousin made his appearance. Like all the rest of the family, he had his suit to plead, and had even secured the support of his other cousin, the Mustarder.

The Pope, who was discovering that his relatives were growing unduly numerous, endeavored to get rid of this latest applicant.

"My well-beloved cousin," said he, "there is at my disposal no post for which you are suited; but, as I wish to do something for you and for our other cousin who recommends you, I name you my Second Mustarder.

Knowing that the cousin from Dijon

was jealous of his dignity, his Holiness counted on his refusal of these terms, and hence on his own deliverance from the latest arrival.

Next day, however, both cousins presented themselves.

"Well," said the Pope to the man from Dijon, "I suppose you don't wish to share your authority with your cousin?"

"On the contrary," rejoined the new functionary, "your Holiness must perceive that, if you name my cousin Second Mustarder, I must advance a step and become *First* Mustarder to the Pope."

The Pontiff was caught, and accordingly gave his consent.

"And now, Holy Father," said the Second Mustarder, "what about the emoluments?"

"Emoluments!" rejoined the Pope. "I don't give any. You will receive something at my death."

"That, Holy Father, is like giving a man mustard after his dinner."

John XXII. enjoyed the retort, and promised his Second Mustarder a salary of five hundred ducats.

"Like mustard after dinner" became an adage in French; and no doubt it was borrowed from that language by Cervantes, in whose "Don Quixote" we find: "After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it."

ONE'S environment may be very disagreeable; it may bring constant hurts of heart, mortification, tears, angry rebellion, and wounded pride. But there is a reason for that environment. To become strong, the soul must needs fight something, overcome something. It can not gain muscle on a bed of eiderdown. A great part of the strength of life consists in the degree with which we get into harmony with our appointed environment.—*Anon.*

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin no Injury to the Honor of Christ.

MANY Protestant persons who would not dare to make unfounded assertions on secular subjects outside their own cognizance have no hesitancy in pronouncing upon matters pertaining to the doctrine and discipline of the Church; and this is often done with a confidence and an ignorance that is almost sublime in its effrontery. Nothing is more common, in fact, than to hear non-Catholics discussing points of doctrine, mooted questions of history, and the like, as if a word in favor of the Catholic position had never been written. They will admit that they have never read a book by a Catholic author, and that all they know about the Church has been learned from her opponents; yet they will talk on without a blush, and seemingly without a qualm. One can not feel sorry when such offenders are taken to task with some warmth, as in the following reply by Dr. Janssen, the celebrated German historian, to certain critics who had accused him of "extravagant expressions concerning devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

Any Catholic acquainted with the teachings of his religion will inform you that we honor the Blessed Virgin only because of the graces bestowed on her by the Lord. In the liturgy used in the first centuries of the Church, and attributed to St. James, we find these words: "When with all the saints and just we commemorate our most holy, unspotted, and most glorious Lady, Mary, the ever-intact Virgin and Mother of God, we are thereby recommending ourselves and our whole life to Christ, our God." "Let us celebrate the memory of our most holy, unspotted, most glorious and Blessed Lady, Mary, the Mother of God and the intact Virgin, in order that through her powerful intercession we

may obtain mercy from on high."

In almost the same words St. Chrysostom in his liturgy addresses the Blessed Virgin. St. Athanasius also, champion of the Catholic faith in the God-Man in opposition to the Arians, prayed and taught the people to pray thus: "We proclaim thee, O Mary! over and over again and at all times, blessed! To thee we cry out: Remember us, O Most Holy Virgin! who after being delivered didst still remain a virgin. Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee. All the hierarchies of angels and the inhabitants of the earth proclaim that thou art blessed amongst women, and that blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. Pray for us, O Mistress and Lady, Queen and Mother of God!"

No higher praise can be bestowed upon the Blessed Virgin than was spoken by the Angel at the Annunciation in the name and by the authority of God. When the Church invites us to say the Angelus three times a day, what does she desire but that we should call to mind the great and fundamental mystery of the Incarnation of Christ with immediate reference to His Mother, who out of all earthly beings was the only witness of this mystery? All the honor shown to Mary flows back to God. As Mary on earth was the guardian of her Divine Son, as she bore Him in her womb, clasped Him in her arms, nourished Him at her breast, so the praises and honors shown her by Catholics serve only to confirm and to proclaim aloud the right belief in Him as the God-Man. Every church and chapel dedicated to her, every confraternity instituted in her honor, every picture representing her, has for object to raise our minds to the One who, although happy from eternity with the Father, yet for the sake of sinners "had no horror of the Virgin's womb."

Human nature, which the Saviour actually and truly took from Mary, was united to the Divinity in one Person, the source of salvation and grace. And since it pleased God to bestow upon the world through Mary the Grace of all graces, the Author of grace, we honor and glorify Mary, and we cling to the belief that even yet God sends us gifts and graces through her who was full of grace, when with humble trust we pray for them. Every prayer addressed to Mary is a prayer for her influence as intercessor with God, the only Lord and dispenser of all good gifts.

When the Catholic prays thus he places no confidence thereby in Mary in opposition to the living God: no confidence in "merits" that she did not acquire solely through the grace of God,—other "merits" there are none, either for the Holy Virgin or for any other creature. Thus there is found therein no lack of confidence in God, but simply a distrust of the worthiness of one's own prayers. The Catholic knows from Holy Scripture that God prefers to hear the prayers of the just, and that He Himself has said: 'I will do the will of them that do My will.' Therefore, with the sense of his own unworthiness, the suppliant humbly asks the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints, who are worthier of being heard than he is.

I would like to address to every Protestant this question: If it be true that the cultus of the Blessed Virgin and of the saints in the Catholic Church is "an injury to the honor of Christ," and we, as is claimed, "detract from the mediatorship of Christ by this worship," whereas amongst Protestants "Christ alone is looked up to," how does it come to pass that in the Catholic Church, and in her alone, the belief in Jesus Christ the Lord, and His divine works of redemption, has remained unmoved and immovable in all times, whilst within the Protestant pale this belief has been lost or utterly abandoned by so many, even professed theologians and preachers?

Notes and Remarks.

The ofttimes expressed, and more frequently implied, charge that Catholics are unduly credulous in the matter of "so-called miracles" is as far from the real truth as the zenith from the nadir. It is notorious that the clergy and the physicians connected with the famous shrines throughout the world are anything but credulous as to the supernatural character of the numerous cures effected at such places. Where hundreds of pilgrims to these shrines are convinced that a given restoration to health is a miracle, the Church authorities are as critical as the most exacting scientists. In an account of the French National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, recently held, there is a passage which graphically depicts the procedure at Our Lady's most famous shrine:

"In the case of Marguerite Lassalle, Dr. Le Bec, president of the Bureau, explained to the bishops present that this girl, who had two dangerous maladies, might have been cured *in time* with proper care; but that the sudden way in which she had recovered the use of her limbs seemed to point to 'a supernatural intervention.' While the Doctor was still speaking, a sick woman was brought into the Bureau on a stretcher; she declared that she felt 'extraordinarily better' since the procession. Dr. Marchand, an eminent colleague of Dr. Le Bec, refused to examine her. 'My child,' he said kindly, 'when you are *quite cured* you may come back.' A paralyzed soldier, who, when bathed, recovered the use of his limbs, was also told to wait two days before the doctors could pass an opinion on his case."

A patriarch of the Church in the United States passed away last week in the person of the Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D. D., Bishop of the diocese of Sioux Falls, S. Dakota. He was born in Boston, Mass., May 1, 1843. Previous to his elevation to the episcopate in 1896, he had been president of St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, Minn., and professor of modern Church history at the Catholic University of America. He was the author of "A History of the Church in the United States." President Roosevelt appointed him a member of the Taft mission to Rome on ecclesiastical property in the Philippine Islands. Bishop O'Gorman thus became widely known, and by his simplicity and amiability won many fast friends among all classes of citizens.

If it be, ordinarily, more blessed to give than to receive—and assuredly it is,—then the benediction which rests upon the heads of those who have helped to save the famishing children of Austria must indeed be great. None the less, after reading some letters of thanks which have recently come to us from Salzburg, we are convinced also that the dire need which weighs upon the Austrians so heavily lifts them into a realm of spiritual beauty, where those who receive are likewise blessed above measure. If an occasional note of despondency creeps into the language of a priest whose daily task is to rescue and care for suffering children, one is not surprised, though edified, that he should say as well: "The horrible famine in Russia will induce the good Catholics of America to send help there also." Austria seems to have enjoyed a satisfactory grain crop; although the drought will have a most serious influence on the milk supply, and that is the final refuge of the little ones.

Without further comment, we quote the simple letter of a lady who helps to distribute the alms contributed by our charitable readers. "I was chosen," she writes, "to convey your alms to a poor family with ten children. The father having died from a disease resulting from war exposure, his family became the prey of boundless trouble.

As I entered the house, I was impressed by the children, who sat round the table munching bits of bread. The cleanliness of the place testified to the devotedness of the mother. The faces of the children were sunken, pale and thin; one saw at a glance that they had been crying from hunger. I felt happy to be permitted to bring your alms to them."

A little girl, a war orphan, in a home for children, writes: "If no gifts had come from America, the Sisters could not have kept us; and, of course, we like so greatly to be here. American food is ever so much better than ours. We are happy every time when the meal has come from America, and we should like to keep on eating [if there was more to eat]. Daily, after Mass is over, we ask the good God to bless all those who are so very good to us, and to give them eternal life."

We agree with a recent Catholic writer that the late Goldwin Smith, Regius professor of history at Oxford, was not a malicious opponent of the Catholic religion; he was a strongly prejudiced one, however; and, with all his learning, strangely ignorant of certain doctrines of the Church about which he seemed to take special pleasure in writing. But we must say, and are glad to say, he was always willing to be set right, and never hesitated to withdraw an erroneous statement when convinced of its falsity. We have known him to do this very publicly, and he once sent us an humble apology for a misquotation from these pages. He was a gentleman, but we are sorry to say he was not always gently treated by those who felt obliged to combat his printed errors.

An instance of Goldwin Smith's ignorance—of the ignorance of the educated—is afforded by Mr. Arnold Haultain, the Professor's Boswell ("Goldwin Smith, His Life and Letters," page 234): "My chief," as Mr. Haultain calls him, had been reading Parkman's "Jesuits in North America," and stopped to exclaim: "Isn't it astonishing, isn't it extraordinary, that there were men, intelligent men, who actually believed that Almighty God, the supreme Ruler of the Universe, had not only decreed but took the trouble to see to it that every Ojibway or Iroquois infant that had not had a drop of water sprinkled on his forehead by a Jesuit priest should be tortured for all eternity, and the infants that had were exempted from this?" Truly astonishing and extraordinary, both for ignorance and inanity.

Mr. Haultain records "a notable thing" which Mr. Smith said to him on Nov. 11, 1907: "You will live to see one thing—the downfall of the Papacy." (The Professor had been reading a letter addressed to the Pope by a small circle of Italian priests, and widely published in England—and now completely forgotten.) If Mr. Haultain has been waiting to see his chief's preposterous prophecy fulfilled, he must be very weary by this time.

"Hustlers to Heaven" is what Miss Annie Christitch calls us in a coruscating article contributed to the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle*. "If millions of dollars are being made in America," she writes, "millions are being dedicated to the glory of God. To the typical American Catholic, Religion is the biggest business proposition of all, and one to which he devotes himself with zest and enthusiasm. It has been our privilege to travel all over the United States, and to behold those magnificent Catholic cathedrals and churches which have leapt up into the air, forming an unbroken chain from coast to coast across this vast continent, hardly explored some fifty years ago. One talks of the future of the Church in America, but it would be more accurate to talk of the living,

effective power that she already is in this young country, where hierarchy, clergy, religious, and laity are full of energy and zeal, and of that mysterious quality called 'pep,' which can neither be translated nor transported to Europe, and which makes of the Americans 'hustlers to Heaven.' "

A glance at the Catholic Directory shows that Cleveland has some claim to the title of a polyglot diocese,—one of many in this country, which is called, with more or less appropriateness, the Melting Pot of the Nations. That the Church is more of a melting pot than the United States as a whole is a statement susceptible of convincing proof, were such proof necessary. As a concrete instance of the action of the Church on the foreign-born inhabitants of the United States, the following excerpt from the address of Bishop Schrembs, delivered at the banquet in honor of his recent installation as Ordinary of the Cleveland diocese, is particularly illuminative:

> I shall always respect the national aspirations that are so dear to the peoples who have come from other lands. I shall always love them and give them the best that is in me. I shall always want the priests who are laboring among the so-called foreign element—and they are foreign no longer the moment they have raised their hand and sworn allegiance to that flag—to do their utmost to bring these people into assimilation with Catholic American ideals. I will not touch their language; I will not touch their customs where they are lawful and right; but I do claim that it is our bounden duty towards those people to bring them to assimilate with the great Catholic body in this country. We must not have corners and patches in which certain peoples will say, "We will not play with you; we will not work with you; we will not live with you."

The capital importance of a vernacular Catholic literature as an aid in converting the natives of foreign mission lands is becoming more and more recognized. Of late years the Fathers of the Holy Cross in Eastern Bengal have been issuing occasional booklets in Bengali, and have discovered by experience the utility of the practice. Father Cyriacus Mattam, of Travancore, India, is an exceptionally ardent advocate of this particular form of mission service. His latest work is the establishment of the "St. Thomas Printing and Publishing Society." The objects to be attained are: "1. To start an Apostolate of the Press for the propagation of the Faith. 2. To print and publish newspapers, magazines, books and tracts on religion. 3. To start a vigilance bureau for defending the doctrines of the true religion. 4. To conduct an orphanage and an industrial school where boys may be trained for carrying on these objects. The society is started with the approval and blessing of the bishops of Malabar, and is moreover incorporated according to the laws of the State. The capital is ten thousand pounds sterling, one-half of which to be subscribed by the Catholics of India, and the other half to be realized by collecting funds from the charitable souls in Europe and throughout America."

Different charities appeal with varying force to different people; and it may well be that some of our readers will approve so thoroughly of his vernacular literature propaganda that they will be moved to send a contribution to Father Mattam, Palai, Travancore.

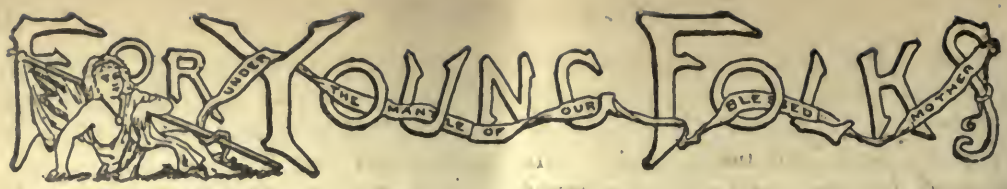
Unless we are greatly mistaken, the New Haven (Conn.) *Union's* evolution of opinion on the Irish question has been experienced by a great many others on both sides of the Atlantic. Sinn Fein has certainly won a great many converts of late. Says the *Union:* "Our opinion on the Irish question has been a progressive evolution from favoring Home Rule for Ireland within the British Empire, thence to a belief in a complete dominion status for Ireland, and finally to a sincere advocacy of her complete freedom and independ-

ence. We have come to favor this final solution of the question, because it has become increasingly evident to us that this is what the overwhelming majority of the Irish people want, and because no other solution of the matter, in our judgment, can secure an enduring peace or do complete justice to all parties."

Those "moderates" who urge compromise on the Irish people lose sight of the fact that principles are involved in their struggle for independence. And principles can not be affected by concessions and reservations. What the majority of the people of Ireland want is what they ought to have, and what they will never cease striving for. They have suffered too much and been deceived too often to be content with anything else. Dominion régime would be a mere makeshift, the postponement of inevitable strife. The day has passed when one country could refuse full liberty to another. The World War has at least established the principle that peoples must be permitted to determine their own destinies.

As a rule, zealous Catholic priests, no matter how remarkable the evidences of their devotedness, go to their graves before fitting tributes are paid to their works and their virtues. The funeral sermon, delivered above their bier, is the only panegyric of which they are normally the subject. Occasionally, however, circumstances lead to the anticipation of that panegyric, and the living man is cheered by the words of praise and appreciation that are ordinarily given only to the dead. The resignation (from the pastorate of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Michigan) of Mgr. Frank O'Brien has furnished his Ordinary, Bishop Gallagher, with an occasion for pronouncing a eulogy that honors both bishop and pastor. Two sentences from the letter addressed to the retiring Monsignor will suffice to give an idea of the whole epistle: "Only in the lives of the greater saints and the founders of our active religious Orders do we see such wonderful achievements as you have been privileged, under God, to accomplish during the years of your sacred ministry. In a city which does not yet count one thousand Catholic families, and where Catholics are outnumbered ten to one, you have succeeded in creating institutions which have excited the highest admiration of the greatest Church dignitaries in this country." The institutions mentioned comprise schools, hospitals, homes for the aged, orphan asylums, and a school for the feeble-minded. All who know Mgr. O'Brien will echo the notable tribute of his admiring bishop.

The excellent Dean of Canterbury would not have been so much disconcerted by the holding under Catholic auspices of a Bible Congress at Cambridge ("a somewhat startling phenomenon, that the Roman Church should come to Cambridge to proclaim the importance of the Bible") had he realized the imperative need of such proclamation,—had he stopped to consider how the Bible is now being used as a football outside of the Church. In that case he would have felt obliged to admit that it was only right and proper for the custodian and defender of the Scriptures to come to the rescue. Dr. Wace insists upon calling the Church of all lands, and of the first ages and the middle ages and the after ages, "the present Roman Church"; however, he is constrained to say that "it is certainly one of the great honors of the Middle Ages that not only our great churches, but our great educational institutions, our schools and colleges, are due to the devotion and the intelligence of the Church of that day." How in the world can Dr. Wace and so many like him doubt that "the Church of that day" is the Church of this day?



Corporal Works of Mercy.

BY ALAN CAMERON.

THE corporal works of mercy are but few
Which God expects each one of us to do;
And if we spend but just a moment's time,
We'll easily memorize this little rhyme:
"Give food and drink to him that asketh thee;
Cover the naked, whosoe'er they be;
Receive the homeless into thy abode;
Cheer up the sick man, help him bear his load;
Visit the prisoner in his house of gloom;
And carry the departed to the tomb."

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XIV.—Back in Paris.

REMI kept to the side of the road, not wishing to be recognized by the market gardeners of the neighborhood on their way to the city. Now and then, when he heard a wagon coming, he would seek shelter from observation under a tree or clump of bushes. He had not considered this possibility when he started, or he would have waited a while. But his one idea had been to get away; he thought of nothing else.

After he had walked for about two hours, he began to feel fatigued and sat under a tree overhanging a stone wall to rest. Presently a heavily-laden market wagon approached, and the driver stopped almost directly opposite to where Remi sat. The man did not see him, but got down and began to examine the front wheels, which were squeaking dreadfully. While he was thus engaged a thought occurred to Remi. He stole quietly over to the back of the wagon and saw that it was open, save for a wooden bar. A quantity of hay was piled up behind the trays of vegetables, over which it would be hardly possible or necessary for the driver to look.

"That wagon does not come from Gentilly, but beyond," thought Remi. "I'll jump up and ride as far as I can. The man can only put me off if he finds me; and I shall have covered some distance, whatever happens."

He lifted the bar, mounted the wagon, dragging Capi after him, fastened the bar, and stepped down with the bag and harp into the soft, sweet-smelling hay which the gardener had piled there for the horses. He was asleep almost as soon as the driver had finished his work in front and started the team.

A sudden roughness of motion and grinding of the wheels awakened him. He sat up and looked around. It was daylight and they were in Paris. He had slept several hours.

He was not altogether unacquainted with the city, having been there several times with Despard. He seized his bag and harp, descended quietly from the wagon,—Capi following him, of course. He crossed to the pavement; while the gardener, unaware that he had had a passenger, whipped up his tired horses and soon disappeared around a corner.

There were not many people astir—it was only six o'clock. The smell of hot coffee and baking rolls sent forth a delicious aroma, and Remi decided to enter one of the numerous small restaurants in the quarter and have some breakfast.

He had in his pocket ten francs which he had earned by doing odd little jobs between times for some of Despard's neighbors. He wondered if it would be possible for him to find the restaurant where he and Vitalis had taken supper

and slept that night more than two years ago. Not far away he observed a projecting corner, similar to that on which the shop had been located. He hastened forward, and was overjoyed to find it was the place he sought.

The same clean, pleasant-looking woman was dressing her window for the day. The floor had been freshly sanded, the table wiped clean. As Remi opened the door, he caught sight of a head that seemed familiar. It was that of a boy carrying away the implements with which he had been cleaning the shop. The woman looked up and recognized him immediately.

"Why," she exclaimed, leaving the half-arranged window, "it is the boy who was with Signor Carlo Bolzani!"

"No, Madame," replied Remi, placing his luggage on a chair, and bidding Capi be quiet. "My master was Signor Vitalis. And he is dead."

"Dead!" said the woman. "What a pity! Still, the poor old man is better dead than wandering about the country in his old age. Whatever he may have called himself, he was really Carlo Bolzani, the great tenor. Did you ever hear of that famous man?"

"No, Madame," said Remi. "In the village where I lived we never heard of such people. We were very ignorant, as I have learned since I have left it."

"If you had lived in Italy or France thirty years ago, you would have heard his praise on every tongue. He was the greatest singer of his time."

"What happened to him?" asked Remi.

"One day his voice broke: he could sing no more. He was quickly forgotten by those who had been wild in their applause of his wonderful singing. He was also a fine actor. He gave lessons, but was not successful. He went down, down, till at length he had no resource but to go about with a band of trained animals. He changed his name. When did he die?"

"The day after we left Paris. We were lost; we lay down inside a shed, and they found us after some hours. My master was dead."

"What a pitiful tale! And then what did you do?"

"It was near Gentilly, where there are many market gardeners, that it happened," said Remi. "It was in front of the house of one of them that we lay down. He was a kind man. He took me and treated me as one of his children. I was happy there. I have been with them ever since, until now."

"You look fine and well-cared for. And you have grown. But why did you leave such good friends?"

"I will tell you why, Madame," Remi answered. "My master inherited an estate in Picardy. He was removing there with his family. I thought I was to accompany them; but I overheard a conversation between the gardener and his oldest son, by which I learned I was to be left behind."

"I call that cruel!" exclaimed the woman.

"Oh, no!" Remi hastened to explain. "The aunt who left the inheritance had said that I, being a stranger, must not share in it. My master didn't like to tell me; and when I heard it I could not bear the thought of saying good-bye to those who had given me a home, and who had been so kind to me. So after all were asleep I stole away."

"When?" asked the woman.

"Last night, Madame."

"Only last night! But how did you get here?"

"I meant to walk, but after a while a wagon came along. I climbed in and lay down in the hay and fell asleep. I woke only when the wagon entered Paris. I dropped out, and, recognizing the neighborhood, looked for your shop."

"So you remembered me?"

"Yes, Madame,—you were so kind to us that time."

"I have always been glad of it. I would have done much more if I had known who was my guest. And *now* what will you do?"

"Play the harp and sing, perhaps join a troupe. I do not know. I was very glad to find you again. Perhaps you would let me stay here for a few days."

"You are welcome. I already have a boy, but there is room for another. In sheltering you I feel that I am also doing a favor to Carlo Bolzani. I can not blame you for leaving your friends, but they will think it strange. Did you leave a note?"

"No, Madame; but I will write one soon, to say what I did. They will believe me."

"Yes, that will be right. You owe them some gratitude."

"A great deal, Madame," replied Remi.

"You must be hungry," said the woman.

She struck her hand sharply on the table. A large, curly black head appeared through the half-open door of the kitchen.

"Mattia," she said, "a cup of *café au lait* and two *petits pains*, immediately."

The head and the name seemed strangely familiar to Remi. The woman placed his bag and harp on a shelf behind the counter, and returned to the dressing of the window.

Remi approached her.

"Madame," he inquired, "when did you learn that my master and the great singer were the same? Did you know it when we were here?"

"I half suspected it, but I would not have mortified him by letting him think so. I heard it a short time afterwards from a countryman of mine—Mercanti. He knew Signor Bolzani very well."

The door opened.

"Sit down now and take your breakfast," Madame said. "You must be half starved."

A boy came forward carrying a tray, which he placed on the table in front of Remi. They exchanged glances, and each recognized the other.

"I am Mattia," said the boy. "Do you remember me?"

"Yes, I do," replied Remi. "You are Signor Garifoli's boy. Did you run away?"

"No: Mercanti brought me here. Garifoli is in prison."

Madame had finished her window.

"Go now, Mattia, and get your own breakfast, and do anything else Mlle. Marucca has for you to do. Afterwards you two can talk together."

Madame went into the kitchen, and brought some bread and warm milk for Capi. The dog ate eagerly.

When Remi had finished, she called Mattia and said:

"Take him up now to your room. He can have the cot that Orlando used to occupy. You can talk till it is time to go out."

Remi followed Mattia up a long, dark stairway. At the end of a passage, they entered a room which looked quite comfortable. The roof sloped somewhat; there were two windows, two cots, two chairs, two tables, and two rugs,—one in front of each bed. Everything was very clean. One window had a broad seat. As if by mutual consent, each boy took a corner.

"Was it not strange, my coming here and finding you?" said Remi.

"Yes, it was," answered Mattia. "I did not think you would have remembered me, though I never forgot you. I was so glad to see you going away that night. I did not want you to suffer as the others had suffered. But it did not last long after that."

"Why did you not tell me when I asked you that evening if Garifoli was a bad man?"

"Because I thought he was my uncle. But I found out later that he was not,—only the brother of my mother's sister's husband; no relation at all."

"Tell me all about it," said Remi; and Mattia began:

"That night after you went away, while Garifoli was still in a rage, a boy named Vespucci came in. He was very late and brought only twenty sous. He was a little fellow. Garifoli began to beat him and throw him about. At last he knocked the boy's head against the wall so hard that he fell on the floor, senseless and bleeding. Mercanti, who had been a friend of Garifoli, came in. 'What was that noise I heard?' he asked.—'It was Vespucci's head knocking against the wall,' said Orlando, who is a brave little fellow. Garifoli ran to strike him, but Mercanti interfered. People ran up from downstairs, and at last the police came: some one had told them about the row. Vespucci was taken to the hospital, and the boys to the police station with Garifoli. Mercanti pushed me behind the stove, and when they had all gone he said: 'Come with me, Mattia. They will not mind about you, and we are sort of cousins. I will take you to a safe place.' "

"Did he bring you here?" asked Remi.

"Yes, he brought me here. Mercanti is a good man. He is not cruel. He told me that Garifoli was not really my uncle. I was glad. I should have been very sorry to have such an uncle."

"And did they put Garifoli in prison?"

"Yes. Vespucci died, and Garifoli will be in prison for six years."

"And what became of the other boys?"

"Some of them went with other *padrones*, and some to Italy—home to their parents."

"And Mercanti,—where is he?"

"He has gone to Marseilles."

"And you have remained here?"

"Yes, ever since. When I have earned five hundred francs I will return to my mother."

"Does she know?"

"Yes: Mercanti wrote to her. I can not read or write."

"I will teach you if you wish to learn."

"I should be very glad."

"And do you earn much, Mattia?"

"Yes, I do. I have already saved two hundred francs."

"What do you do?"

"I have a nice little monkey which Mercanti bought for me, and my guitar. I work around the house and shop till nine o'clock every morning. Then I go out with my monkey and stay till five. I help again when I come back, as there are always people to dinner. Madame keeps my money for me. Some good people she knows have given me clothing, and I have plenty to eat."

"You look like a different boy," said Remi. "Where is the monkey?"

"In a box outside that other window. I will show him to you in a moment. He is a cute little fellow. His name is Zulu; Mercanti named him. And now tell me about yourself, Remi."

When Remi had related his story, Mattia asked:

"What are you going to do?"

"The same as you are doing. Capi can perform his tricks. If I do not get along by myself I may join a troupe. I am crazy to get back to Chavonis, Mattia, to see my dear Mother Barbarin."

"Is it far from here?"

"Yes, quite a distance."

"Will you stay there?"

"I do not think so. She has a very cross husband."

"I should like to travel. Let me go with you. First stay here a while, and come out on the streets with me. We can do better together. Let us ask the Signora."

"Very well," answered Remi.

"Do you think you would like that?"

"I think I should like it very much."

Remi had been some days in Paris when, acting upon a reminder from the

Signora, he obtained some paper and ink in order to write to his late benefactors, who, when they discovered he had gone, would think him very ungrateful. He wrote to the gardener as follows:

DEAR FRIEND:—I ran away because I heard you talking to Alexis in the greenhouse, and I could not bear to say good-bye. I love everyone of you, and I am grateful. REMI.

He gave no address, which was thoughtless on his part, and so could not know whether or not the note had been received. And they, ignorant of where he was to be found, could not be blamed for not sending a reply. He never heard from them again.

(To be continued.)

What to Call the King.

UP to the time of Constantine no king, unless he had distinguished himself by some feat of arms or special act of bravery, was called "illustrious"; but at that period the name began to be hereditary and was bestowed upon everyone who enjoyed the sunshine of public approval. In Italy the people were not satisfied with calling their kings "illustrious," but gave them the title of "more than illustrious," which very much weakened a noble word. In Spain so many fulsome epithets were heaped upon the royal family that it became necessary to have a book in which to record them.

The title "highness" was once limited to the reigning sovereign, but is now common enough. Ferdinand and Isabella, that noble pair whose influence was world-wide, had no loftier form of address bestowed upon them than this.

Louis XI., of France, was the first to be called "your majesty," although he was by no means celebrated for the pomp and ceremony which usually surround a Court. Indeed "his majesty" was a thrifty and frugal man, and a bill exists in which he was charged for new sleeves to be sewed on one of his old doublets. "Your grace" was another form of address affected by French royalty, but is now chiefly given to English dukes and duchesses.

If we turn to the far East, we seem to leave the realms of reason and moderation as regards the estimation in which a sovereign was held and the names bestowed upon him. One of these monarchs was thought by his people to regulate the motion of the tides, the procession of the seasons, and to be brother to the sun; and they called him "king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas," and carried that number of umbrellas before him when he walked or drove abroad.

The King of Monomotapa rejoiced in such appellations as "lord of the sun and moon," "great magician," and "great thief." It is unnecessary to add that in his country it was no disgrace to be light-fingered. "Possessor of the white elephant and two earrings" was the rather quaint title bestowed upon the Emperor of Arracan.

But all these honors pale before those given to the early Roman emperors, who were addressed as divinities; and to Chinese rulers, in whose domain there is still a familiar proverb: "If the emperor says at noon, 'It is night,' you are to answer, 'Behold the moon and stars!' "

The State of Maine.

Why do people talk about the State of Maine instead of saying simply "Maine"? is a question often asked. Maine was from the beginning until 1827 just the District, or "Deestrict," of Maine. When it was made a State, the proud inhabitants began to talk of the State of Maine, and do so to this day. A man from Cincinnati speaks of Ohio; a Bangor citizen always proudly refers to his commonwealth as "the State of Maine."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An exceptionally clear and well-informed article on "Vatican Politics and Policies," contributed to the September *Atlantic Monthly* by L. J. S. Wood, the experienced Rome correspondent of the London *Tablet*, offsets "Philanthropic Doubts" which is dubious, if not positively inane.

—Having devoted some time to the examination of a certain "psychological, anthropological, and statistical study" published by the Open Court Co., we decline to proffer to our readers any further notice of the volume than the statement that it belongs to a class of books of which Carlyle once said: "They are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification; for building up or elevating in any shape. The sick heart will find no beating in them; the heroic that is in all men, no divine awakening voice."

—Benziger Brothers have issued Vol. III. of "Our Lord's Own Words," by the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O. S. B. The one hundred and six meditations contained in the volume take the form of commentaries on different texts from the Gospel of St. John, chapters xv to xxii inclusively. There is abundant material for very profitable spiritual reading and reflection in the book,—material that would be far more available if the author had supplied the volume with a table of contents and an index. Price, $1.75.

—"Dante's Mystical Love," by Marianne Kavanagh, is still another attempt to interpret allegorically the "Vita Nuova." Despite a certain heaviness of style and more than a little confusion in the arrangement of matter, the book is impressive. Personally, we do not believe that scholarship can wisely adopt the allegorical position taken up by Miss Kavanagh and others; the criticism of Benedetto Croce, with all its faults, has defended Dante's humanness altogether too well for that. Published in this country by the Herder Book Co.; price, $1.50,—almost a prohibitive one for a book of the size.

—We have found the article on "John Henry Newman," by Sir Robert A. Falconer, K. C. M. G., etc., President of the University of Toronto, in the current number of the *Constructive Quarterly*, the most readable contribution of all. It excited our surprise as well as our gratification, coming from a non-Catholic source. Indeed, we doubt if any one outside of the Church has ever got nearer to Newman than Sir Robert. How truly he says (with Principal Shairp) of that great father of souls, "It was the intensity of his spiritual ardor that gave Newman his commanding place among his contemporaries. It was his powerful realization of another world than the material, not his logical faculty, which made him a saint of the nineteenth century...." One need not agree with all of Sir Robert's views to admire his broad-mindedness and large-heartedness. The ease and grace of his style and his urbanity would have been admired by Newman himself.

—"The Works of Satan," by Richard Aumerle Maher (The Macmillan Company), is not what its title would seem to connote—a theological treatise, a discussion of the problem of evil, or even a brief against Spiritism. The "Satan" of the title is merely the nickname of the editor of a village newspaper; and the book contains the story of a succession of ludicrous incidents, more or less plausible, which transform a normally sedate community into sensation-gorged men and women. A comedy of life, it not infrequently trenches on the purely farcical; but it is safe to furnish entertainment to all readers fond of a laugh. Price, $1.75.

—The London *Tablet's* review of John Ayscough's "First Impressions in America" characterizes it as "a revelation of the multitudinous institutions and the social strength of the Church in America"; and closes with a passage of the book which we ourselves had marked for quotation, but were obliged to omit from our notice:

> It [the Catholic Church in America] is stronger than any other Christian faith, and rapidly progressive in its strength; and there seems abundant ground for belief that the progression will continue steadily. Though not a prophet in my own country or out of it, I will dare to prophesy that, in the not distant future, the faith of all in America who care to remain Christians will be that of the Catholic Church: not merely by force of Catholic immigration and intermarriage, but by force of something more spiritually significant and important—because the Catholic Church knows what she believes.

—A boys' book which deserves to be better known in this country than it is, and which would be sure to captivate them, is "Red Cloud," by Gen. Sir William Butler, G. C. B. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne, publishers, London.) Parents should be glad to have their young sons read all such story-books as this, on account of the lessons of fidelity,

bravery, hardihood, endurance, activity, energy, etc., which they contain. For Catholic boys, "Red Cloud" has a special appeal. Though entitled "A tale of the great prairie," Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, in a foreword, refers to it as a true story. It is brilliantly written one, like all of the author's books. We cordially recommend "Red Cloud" as a gift book. It is bound in bright cloth and has some attractive illustrations.

—"Ireland Unfreed" (John Lane, publisher) is the title of a little book of fine and moving verse, written by Sir William Watson during the early months of the year. Seldom has an Englishman of discernment put his sentiments on the subject of Erin into better form; and many of these stanzas are so sincere, so generous, that one should like to predict for them a life beyond these days of turmoil. They are a worthy reply to Pearse and MacDonagh. Here is one poem in particular which we admire strongly—

THE TWO PUISSANCES.

Ireland, two Puissances there are, that claim
 Untrammelled sovereign lordship and control,—
This o'er thy body, thy fair outward frame:
 That o'er the innermost places of thy soul.

One, by the Thames, of perishing clay and lime
 Built its chief seat, and of mere crumbling stone;
One beside Tiber, gazing beyond Time,
 Hath its unfrail, unmundane, mystic throne.

And great and mighty are both these Powers on earth,
 O Ireland! But all men that breathe can see—
Except the sightless who are blind from birth—
 Which of the twain doth verily reign in thee.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16*s*.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16*s*.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, bishop of Sioux Falls; Rev. William Harrington, diocese of Rochester; and Rev. Anastasius Kreidt, O.C.C.

Mr. James F. Hall, Dr. John Croston, Mr. Henry Picker, Mrs. Laura Grady, Miss Ann Cullen, Mr. Henry Boeke, Mr. James McGuire, Mr. John Cregan, Mr. Charles Anthony, Mr. George Thaler, Mrs. Mary Regan, Mr. John Cameron, Mr. J. H. Gardella, Miss Margaret Haley, Mr. Charles Stay, Mr. Joseph Gillespie, Mr. Michael Gillespie, Mr. Albert White, Mr. F. A. Schindler, Mr. William Wallace, Mrs. Agnes Wallace, Mrs. Winifred Lahey, and Mr. John Northcott.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Pietà.

(Rondeau.)

BY WILLIAM F. MCDONALD, S. J.

WITHIN her arms they laid His head,
And from her grief-dimmed eyes she shed
Those tears of sorrow,—tears that came
From all her pent-up spirit's grame;
And with His blood her hands were red.

The Light of all her life had fled;
But gentle Memory round Him shed
Another light, as He lay low
Within her arms.

The nails, the thorns, and all the dread,
Dark stain of blood was gone; instead
Upon her bosom, to and fro,
She rocked the Babe of long ago,—
The Babe of long ago, now dead
Within her arms.

An Oxford Friary.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

AMONGST the notable buildings of Mediæval Oxford which no longer exist are the friary and church of the Franciscans. The friary itself could have been a building of no mean dimensions, since it is said to have accommodated no fewer than eighty friars at one period in the thirteenth century. As to the church, its length, according to one who knew it, and took its measurement by the simple method of pacing it, was one hundred and fifty-eight "steps," or nearly two hundred and forty feet; whilst the width of nave and aisle was sixty feet. The friary stood behind the present Pembroke College, on the farther side of Church Street. But few visitors to Oxford will recognize the description; for the site lies off the beaten track, out of the way of the things of beauty and fame. Recent investigations have raised the hope that no inconsiderable portion of the foundations of the church may yet be unearthed in the raised ground which lies like an extended heap amidst the ugliness of this Oxford slum. The raised ground is still, for the greater part, not built upon. Perhaps here as elsewhere, a lingering tradition laid upon the site some superstitious spell. The position of the friary is not so exactly known. A rectangular alley to the south of the church is supposed to mark the site of the cloister.

To-day an air of depression hangs over this section of the modern city, with its hard, unsavory streets hidden away from the visitor's eye, as though ashamed of its very existence. It is indeed difficult, as one wanders through the narrow, dingy streets, to imagine that this spot was once the centre of an eager, intellectual and spiritual life, and that here dwelt men whose names illumine a long page of England's history. Adam Marsh, the pastor of the great Constitutional movement connected with the names of Grosseteste and Simon de Montfort, occupied a friar's cell where now one of these

squalid cottages stands. Here, too, Roger Bacon studied and wrote, and flung out his challenge to the Schoolmen of his time. And here Duns Scotus learned his theology, and looked out upon the spires of that Merton which now claims him as one of her own.

These men made history in their time; and they are but the outstanding figures in a crowd of their brethren who, severally, helped to build up England and the Catholic Church,—such men as John of Peckham, who became Archbishop of Canterbury under Edward I.; John Wallensis, theologian and trainer of preachers; William Woodford and John Iyssington, Wyclif's most strenuous opponents; and that Peter Philargi, the beggar boy who became Pope as Alexander V. Nor should we omit from the Oxford roll of friars that stormy genius, William of Ockham, who brought schism into the schools, and afterwards into the Church; though, by God's grace, on his deathbed he sought to be reconciled to Pope and Church. The memory of these men throws a glamour of fame over the Oxford friary.

Yet there is another whose name is written more gloriously in the calendar of the Church than in the history of the English people; though there, too, it is not unhonored. The founder of the Oxford friary was Blessed Agnellus of Pisa, who received the habit from St. Francis himself, and later, in the year 1224, brought the first Franciscans to England. The life-story of Blessed Agnellus might well have been told in the "Fioretti"; for about his memory there hangs the very atmosphere of the early Franciscan story in Umbria. He was a friar of uttermost simplicity of heart and mind, and of boundless charity, yet withal of no mean practical capacity, as is proved by his eleven years of administration of the English Province. Two stories will show what manner of man he was.

Shortly after the foundation of the Franciscan school at Oxford, he happened to enter the school whilst a disputation was being held. The question in dispute was: "Is there a God?" To Agnellus, with his simple faith, the question seemed like blasphemy. "Alas!" he cried out, "simple men know there is a God, and these men of learning ask if He be!" He would at once have closed the school, but here his practical good sense came to the rescue. If learned men have such doubts, or are so ignorant, it might be well the friars should learn to answer and teach them. So the school continued. Doubtless the known piety of Robert Grosseteste the lecturer, had not a little to do in preserving the school. Blessed Agnellus could recognize sincere piety, though he might not understand the vagaries of scholars.

The other story is similarly worthy of the "Fioretti." It concerns the troubled politics of the time. England was in the midst of a petty civil war, owing to the folly and falsity of the King. Richard, the Earl Marshal, being attacked by the King's forces, and too powerful to be overcome, nevertheless, surrendered his castle "to save the honor of the King," on the understanding that the castle should be restored. But Henry III., who seldom kept his word when he thought he might safely break it, refused to give back the castle; whereupon the Earl Marshal retook it by force, and entered into an alliance with the Welsh. War now broke out with increased violence, and the King met with a reverse. In this situation he called for Agnellus to go to the Earl with an offer of peace. It was midwinter: Agnellus met the Earl at the abbey of Margan in Wales, and urged upon him the King's offer. Earl Richard listened to the friar-envoy with all reverence, but he could not trust the King's word.

Agnellus' mission proved fruitless,

so far as peace with the King was concerned. For himself, it brought the martyrdom of a long illness contracted through the hardships of the journey. He died of it at length, after more than a year's suffering. They buried him in the church at Oxford. A few years later they translated his body to a "fair stone sepulchre" in the new church, which William of Worcester measured by walking it. But when they opened his coffin, previous to the translation, they found the coffin "full of the purest oil, and the body with its garments incorrupt, and smelling most sweetly." At once the new church became a place of pilgrimage, and miracles attested the sanctity of Agnellus.

And there in the "fair stone sepulchre" the body of Agnellus rested, honored by the people until Henry VIII. decreed the destruction of the friary. Probably the relics of Blessed Agnellus shared the fate meted out to other relics by the destroyer of the people's faith. Or are they still hidden under that mound amidst the slums? If so, they are not altogether unhonored, since each year, on March 13, the anniversary of his death, in the ten churches and chapels of modern Oxford, his name is invoked and Mass is offered in his praise; and, near by the site of his sepulchre, two houses of his Order keep his memory in benediction.

Henry VIII. did what was in his power to efface the Franciscan friary from the living records of the city and University. Yet the memory of what had once been can not be so easily destroyed. Place-names still tell of a long, lingering remembrance. Church Place, for instance, was built beside the site of the Franciscan church; Paradise Square marks the site of the garden, or "paradisus," of the friary.

Nor was the memory of the friars who inhabited the friary altogether forgotten. "Friar Bacon's Folly," by Folly Bridge, below Christchurch, for a long time kept alive in the memory of the city the fame of the friar-scientists: kept it alive in a distorted, fanciful way, since in the tower by the bridge he was popularly supposed to have practised black-magic and wizardry. To-day the Folly no longer exists, and Friar Bacon's fame is more truly recorded in the statue recently placed in the Natural History Museum; whilst near the spot where the church was, a tablet now tells the passer-by that in the neighborhood Roger Bacon died and "was buried amongst his own Franciscans." Thus has that pathetic genius come at last into a worthy fame in the city where he died.

More honorable to his reputation, though historically not more true than the tale of Roger Bacon's magic, is the tradition which places Duns Scotus amongst the scholars of Merton College. How the tradition arose it is impossible to say; but in the long line of pictures which adorn the college hall, and proclaim the famous sons of Merton, the picture of Scotus has, for time out of mind, had its honored place. Yet though Merton's connection with Duns Scotus is but a shadowy tradition, the founder of Merton had a helpful friend in Adam Marsh, whose personality made the friary in the great, troublous days of the thirteenth century a centre of national life. Thus a human link exists between the two institutions.

One passes from Merton to Balliol. Here no popular tradition links the College with the friary that once stood in the poor quarter of St. Ebbe's. Yet it was to a Franciscan friar that the College in part owes its foundation, and perhaps its first organization. Friar Richard de Slikeburne was confessor to the Lady Devorguila, widow of Sir John Balliol, and was the principal agent in carrying out Sir John's scheme of founding "a house of Balliol for poor scholars"; and from the time of its foundation until the Reformation,

one of the visitors, or "extern masters," was always a Franciscan friar.

As one looks back upon the olden days, and again turns one's thoughts to the actual present, when the friars, with members of other Orders, are once more established in the city and at the University, it is permissible to wonder how far the breach created between the far-off past and the present will be healed. In the church of the friars there stood, in the ancient days, a statue of Our Lady of Pity. Many churches had such statues, for Our Lady of Pity was a favorite English devotion in Mediæval times. And, remembering that, one hopes that, through Our Lady's intercession, the Oxford of the future may yet vie with the Oxford of the far past in the creative genius of the Catholic Faith.

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XV.—Found at Last.

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
—*Shakespeare.*

ABOUT this time there was much talk of the road to Naples being infested by a band of brigands under Gasperone, one of the most famous of his infamous trade. Our travellers had been warned in Rome that they might meet with this brigand, and they thought the meeting was about to take place when, after having changed carriages at Fondi, they entered a wild mountain pass, and came upon a band of as fierce, bandit-looking fellows as could well be imagined. They wore no uniforms. Their high, round, conical hats, long fowling pieces, brown cloaks, pistols in their girdles, their long, black curls around dark, uncouth faces, might easily excuse our travellers some feelings of fear. The men sprang up from the roadside as the carriage approached. One, who appeared to be their chief, called to the postilion, "Halt!" The order was quickly obeyed,—so quickly, that Walter said to the Count: "The man is surely in league with these brigands."

Having exchanged a few words, the chief withdrew to the side of the road, and civilly saluted as the carriage resumed its way. Walter then saw that the chief and all his band wore in their hats cockades of the Neapolitan colors; and he learned from the postilion that they were "Squadriglieri,"—peasants, who aided the regular troops in guarding the road against Gasperone and other brigands. By dawn of March 5 the travellers reached Naples without meeting with worse brigands than the officials of the three "Douanes" through which they had to pass before entering the city. At the first tollhouse, fourpence; at the second, eightpence; and at the third, twopence, were the bribes exacted from each traveller for allowing his luggage to pass unexamined. The scale of bribes was evidently moderate in Naples.

It seemed to the tourists the liveliest city they had ever seen, its streets and quays teeming with people of all sorts and conditions. They went in the afternoon to a beautiful terraced garden on the Chiavi, which was thronged by a brilliant company, to hear a military band play, and to enjoy, as they listened to the music, the view of the bay and city of Naples, stretching from Vesuvius to Capri. There were many English about the place, and out of compliment to them the band played "God save the King," whereat all who were seated loyally stood up, the gentlemen uncovering. Then the company began to disperse, when Walter suddenly clutched his friend's arm and with intense excitement cried: "Found,—found at last!" Releasing his astonished companion, he darted away, and was soon lost amid a group of ladies and gentle-

men who were crowding out of the main entrance to the garden. The Count did not attempt to follow his friend but he guessed what had happened.

Walter did not appear at his hotel until dinner time. He was in high spirits. Whatever had happened had not affected his appetite. All he told the Count, as they sat down at the crowded *table d'hôte*, was that he had found the Hartleys, and that all was for the best in this best of worlds; adding in a more subdued tone:

"This place is too public to say more now; but when we've dined, we can go for a stroll, and I'll tell you all."

As the two young men walked along the shore of the bay, Walter told his tale. He had caught sight of Mrs. Hartley as she left the garden, escorted by an officer in a brilliant uniform. When Walter accosted the little lady, she was much surprised and did not seem too pleased to see him.

"Mr. Walter! What has brought you here?"

"The hope, that I hardly dared entertain, of meeting you, Madame," replied Walter,—"and your daughter," he was about to add, but checked himself, seeing that the officer stood listening at her elbow; remarking aloud: "I hope Miss Hartley is well?"

"The air of Naples and its gay society have done her good," she answered. "The doctor advised us to come here instead of going, as we intended, directly to Rome. But let me introduce you to Colonel Fiori, Colonel of the King's Carabineers."

Walter shook hands with the Colonel, who was a handsome Italian, with piercing eyes and a formidable black mustache. He wore a gorgeous blue uniform with red facings, much laced with silver, and a cocked hat. Walter did not like the man; why, he could not say. Had he that instinctive jealousy lovers feel? The Colonel looked at him intently; and Walter felt that the man's demeanor, if outwardly courteous, was not friendly.

"You are anxious, Madame," he said, speaking fairly good English, "to regain your apartments. May I see you safely to them?"

"You must allow me to accompany you, too, Mrs. Hartley," interposed Walter. "And I must crave leave to speak to you at once, on a matter of great importance."

The officer did not take this hint to depart, but accompanied them to Mrs. Hartley's house; and he did not refuse that lady's invitation to enter it along with Walter. They went into a small sitting room with a tiled floor, rather scantily furnished. As they entered, some one left the room by another door, and Walter guessed that it was Miss Hartley.

"Excuse our poor surroundings," said her mother. "The journey here has been very expensive, and we could not have undertaken it had we not let our Bruges house to some English friends. As it is, we must live sparingly. We are not all rich bankers' children."

The Colonel was in no hurry to leave, and they talked about the thousand trifles travellers who are strangers to one another discuss when they chance to meet. At last the bells of a neighboring church rang the *Ave Maria*, whereat the Colonel rose, remembering that he had some military duty to perform.

"I believe it is Madame's supper hour?" he said. "Please pay my respects to your amiable daughter, and say how we missed her society at the band concert this afternoon. I am going near your hotel, sir; shall we walk together?" he added, seeing that Walter had stood up when he did.

"You must excuse me; for I am obliged to detain Mrs. Hartley for a few minutes to speak to her on urgent private business,—urgent and important," replied Walter.

The Colonel, evidently not too well pleased, departed. As the clatter of his spurs and sabre died away, Walter asked:

"I hope Miss Alice is not in ill health?"

"Her nerves have been much tried. That terrible scene when you were arrested recalled another sad episode in our family history, of which you are certainly ignorant, yet which makes me regret that we should have met you again. And now it is my painful duty to tell you that if anything that passed between my daughter and yourself at the time of your arrest in Bruges has given you hopes of a union between you and her, there is something in the history of my family which makes such a marriage impossible. Even if I consented, your father never would."

"Mrs. Hartley, I know to what you refer. It is to speak of it that I am here."

Walter told her of the repentant criminal's confession, and of what Mr. Gane was doing in London to have Mr. Hartley's innocence proclaimed and his sentence reversed. Mrs. Hartley wept with joy at these tidings. When she was calmer, Walter asked leave to press his suit.

"Alas! it can not be. I have promised her to another,—that officer who has just left us. He knows our story, yet he would marry my daughter. His position as Colonel secures for my dear child a fine position in society here."

"Has Alice consented—pardon, Miss Hartley?"

"She has always been too obedient a child not to do as her mother desires."

"May I not see Miss Hartley? May I not plead my cause, now that circumstances have so changed?"

"It is too late. Alice's hand is promised. It would only make you both unhappy to see each other."

Walter departed in despair. He wandered about like one lost in a desert. Just as those who are so lost roam round again and again, so did he find himself repeatedly in the near vicinity of the house where Mrs. Hartley lodged. At last the "Swiss," as its porter was called, came out and handed him a note and whispered to him in Italian, "Be off!" He hurried into a quiet street and eagerly tore open the note. He read it over and over with delight:

"God bless you, Walter, for clearing the memory of my dear father! Hope for the best. I am not betrothed to that Colonel whom you saw here. He is nothing to me. My mother in her distress has been infatuated with him. But be on your guard. He holds a powerful position in this city. A disappointed man, especially a Calabrian such as he is, may prove dangerous. Yours for better or worse until death do us part!

"ALICE."

No wonder that Walter was happy after receiving this message from the girl he loved! When he had communicated all this to his friend, the Count, the latter congratulated him warmly on the successful termination of his quest. But he added a warning:

"Miss Hartley is right in telling you to be on your guard. This fine Colonel is nothing else than what we should call in Belgium a gendarme. Therefore, he has to do with the police here; and perhaps there is not in all the world greater scoundrels than the police of Naples. It is they that have brought more discredit on the King of the Two Sicilies than anything he himself has said or done. If this Colonel is a villain —I don't say that he is—he could soon find ruffians who for a few pence would do away with you or, if he was too scrupulous to commit murder, well, there are dungeons handy in the Castle of St. Elmo."

"What an alarmist you are, Count! If such things are possible, there must be something rotten in the state of Naples!"

"What I've said, I meant very seriously. Be on your guard!"

"I will. But I say, Count, they ought to have a revolution here, and get rid of such a Government."

"A revolution here would not be justified," replied the Count.

"Are they only for home consumption?" asked Walter, dryly.

"No, I do not mean that; but circumstances here differ wholly from those surrounding our revolution. The Government here is as legitimate as yours in England; next, the people have not or at least do not feel that they have, any grievances; they are as those who live at ease on the slopes of Vesuvius, who never think about eruptions that might any moment overwhelm them. But we have before us a task more pressing than to discuss the ethics of revolution. We must get out of this place as quickly as possible."

"Leave the Hartleys behind?" exclaimed Walter.

"No: they must leave with us. But how? And when?"

"We must put that Colonel off the scent," said Walter.

"But will Mrs. Hartley consent to go with us? Can we open her eyes to the character of the man to whom she seems to have promised her daughter's hand? Perhaps were I to pay my respects to the lady, as out of civility I should do, I may be better able than yourself to plead your cause."

Mrs. Hartley was easier to persuade than they expected. After all, the only son of a substantial London banker was better than an officer of gendarmes. She agreed that they should all leave by the next steamer for Marseilles. Accordingly, they applied for their passports.

The Colonel quickly heard of this. Now, he had really been smitten by the charms of the English girl. How long he would have cared for her is a question. However, all the energy of a southerner was roused when he learned that Mrs. Hartley and her daughter were about to steal away from him. He was sharp enough to see that Alice did not like him, but what did that matter? The mother had been on his side until this conceited young Englishman had turned up. And in Naples, as in many foreign lands, marriages are arranged rather by the wishes of the parents than by consulting the inclinations of the children. Anyway, the Colonel thought that, if once he were married to Miss Hartley, he could break her in to be a dutiful wife with greater ease than he had broken in many a restive horse. So when he heard that the Hartleys and their friends had asked for passports, he set to work to upset their plans.

(To be continued.)

Consecration.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

WE wore, with proud humility,
The rich simplicities of life;
Though we were chained, yet we could flee
From smug stupidities of strife.
We courted blame, and scoffed at praise,
Knowing the jest of pride and power;
We craved the crown of peace-lit days,
Which is on earth high Heaven's dower.

For we had kissed each nail and thorn,
The bleeding spear that saw Him die;
We blessed the day that we were born
With hearts to sing love's ancient cry.
Shut out from joy that makes men blind
To sorrow, pity, pain and loss,
With gladdening zest our wills grew kind,
For that we clutched a living cross.

And in a land that burned with thirst
For gods of human mimicry,
With might and main, from last to first,
We cleaved to Christ's divinity.
We were not many, we who stood
Against the floodgates doubt made strong;
But One was of our brotherhood:
He raised our hands and blessed our song.

A New Candidate for Canonization.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

TWO French Capuchins have rescued from the partial oblivion into which it had lapsed, the memory of one of the most remarkable of their Italian brethren.* He was a seventeenth-century friar, the Ven. Mark of Aviano, whose association with the most momentous event of his epoch, the deliverance of Vienna from the menace of Moslemism, through the heroic chivalry of the Polish King, John Sobieski, has made him an historic personality. His secular name was Charles Dominic Cristofori, the son of Marco Cristofori, a leading citizen, and his wife, Rosa Zannone, a lady of patrician rank. The Cristoforis belonged to the enterprising middle class, then very numerous in the dominions of the Republic of Venice, who amassed wealth by their successful commercial ventures. Aviano, a little city picturesquely situated near the Tyrolese Alps, is still the chief place of a commune of the province of Udine in the Friuli, and has a population of about 11,000.

Born on November 17, 1631, the sanctity of the future Capuchin friar was foreshown by an extraordinary light which one Christmas night illumined the face of the sleeping infant. The happy mother of this child of predilection, when she assured herself that it was presumably supernatural, hastened to Pordenone to acquaint Marietta Zannone, her old mother, and her sister Elizabeth, widow of Count Francis Perro, both of whom have affirmed the fact on oath.

The story of Ven. Mark's life—a very active one, full of incidents and interest—is given in a volume of 582 pages. It is not merely the edifying biography of a zealous religious, to be read by pious people whose relish for such writing has not been spoiled by over-indulgence in fictional or sensational literature, but a work of historic value. His first biographer, Father Como, of Castelfranco, who for twenty years was his inseparable companion and the confidant of his most secret thoughts, says: "Piety was innate in that child, and forestalled the age of reason....I can bear witness that he never lost the grace of God, and passed into eternity with his baptismal innocence."

The memory of a Turkish invasion of Aviano, which had taken place a century and a half previous to Ven. Mark's birth, was still fresh in the minds of the people. It filled with dread the imaginations even of the children, impressed by the tales told of the atrocities of the Moslem hordes, who had left memorials of their passage in ruined churches, castles, and stately edifices. In such a social atmosphere and amid such surroundings grew up the future Capuchin, who was to meet and help to defeat the Turks under the walls of Vienna.

The Jesuits at Göritz were his first educators. While in their college he conceived the idea of going into the territory of the Turks, with the view of converting them to the Faith or suffering martyrdom at their hands. This project he endeavored to put into execution, and alarmed the whole college by his sudden disappearance. After two days' tramping he finally reached Capo d'Istria, and asked hospitality at the Capuchin convent in that town,—a weary and fatigued truant, or spiritual knight-errant. The guardian, Father Polycarp, of Vicenza, received him with open arms; for he knew his family, who appear to have been affiliated to the Franciscan Order as Tertiaries, and he hastened to reassure them and the Jesuits. Charles Dominic put on the

* Le Ven. P. Marc d'Aviano, Capucin, par les PP. Louis-Antoine de Povientruy et Ernest Marie de Beaulieu de même Ordre. Toulouse, 1921.

Capuchin habit two years afterwards, at Conegliano (November 21, 1648), when he took the name of Mark,—that of his father and of the Evangelist, the patron saint of the city and States of Venice.

He was not what is commonly called a brilliant student. His was one of those intellects that develop slowly. Not displaying an aptitude for study, one of the Fathers hastily concluded that he was unfit, and remarked: "You'll never be a religious." The novice master, Father Bernard, of Pordenone, judged better, and spoke words of encouragement. Father Fortunatus, of Cadore, who later became general of the Order, showed the same discernment. But the poor novice was the object of the gibes and epigrams of his fellow-students, one of whom was wont to say: "You'll never be fit for the ministry."—"We shall see, some day," Brother Mark replied. "Let us wait for the close of the studies."

After his ordination, his superiors, estimating at its true value his great piety, sent him, in the beginning of 1665, to preach his first Lenten course of sermons in a church that was at once parochial and conventual, and was attached to a convent of nuns. This was St. Michael's at the gates of Verona. It was marked by an incident which caused the young preacher to become celebrated.

He was preaching on impurity, and, wishing to inspire his lay auditors with a dread and horror of this sin, and to move them by reflections on the tortures Our Lord suffered during His Passion, he seized the crucifix and struck the pulpit with it. One of the arms detached itself and struck a man known to be leading a disorderly life, thus seemingly designating the guilty one. The congregation were greatly moved. But their emotions increased when the other arm became detached and struck a young girl who was known to be the copartner of his guilt. The whole town was edified by the unexpected conversions which took place, particularly that of the two persons so strikingly pointed out and who afterwards became model Christians. This incident led to Father Mark's being locally called "Spezza Christi" (the breaker of the Cross.)

Meanwhile, after filling the office of guardian at Belluno, he was assigned to the convent in Padua, one of the principal monasteries of the Order. It was a retreat quite to Father Mark's taste; for, though it fell to his lot to lead an active life, he was as great a lover of solitude as St. Bernard himself. His cell was the poorest of all, but he regarded it as a little paradise, and quitted it regretfully when duty called him elsewhere.

Father Mark's discourses were signalized by simplicity and directness and a careful avoidance of florid phrases. The Capuchins had inaugurated a reform in pulpit oratory, discarding "the persuasive words of human wisdom" in favor of that "showing forth of the spirit" which the Apostle commends. The opportunity came. In 1676 the nuns of San Prodoscino asked the guardian of the Padua convent to send a Father to preach on the feast of the Assumption. "The sermon had to be preached in a convent church, it is true," observes the latest biographer of Fra Marco, "but it was the rendezvous of high society, of people who prided themselves on their erudition and taste; the nuns who composed the community all came from the nobility and upper classes. To preach in this church was considered a great honor."

Father Mark did not aspire to this unusual honor: he urged his youth, his inexperience, his inaptitude, which his modesty exaggerated; and suggested that an eloquent preacher should be chosen. But the Guardian, unconvinced

by these arguments, stood by his choice, and Father Mark had to obey.

The sermon surpassed all expectations; no previous preacher had risen to such heights or so moved his hearers; and the tears he caused them to shed were the most striking tribute to his success, and his greatest reward. The nuns were deeply moved. At their request, he preached on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. It was the occasion of his miraculously restoring to health Sister Vincent Francesconi, who for thirteen years had been paralyzed.

The list of the prodigies he performed went on increasing until they passed enumeration. His life henceforward was a series of wondrous miracles. They were, so far as possible, recounted in a volume by Father Fidelis, of Zara, from the records of Father Como, of Villafranca, made by the authority of the Provincial of Venice during the life of Father Mark. Like miracles wrought in every age by privileged souls, they did not pass unquestioned. Incredulity found expression in pseudo-criticism, as in our time rationalists ascribe any manifestation of the supernatural to popular enthusiasm, etc. Marvels became the ordinary accompaniment of his missionary journeying in Italy, Switzerland, what were then called the Spanish Low Countries (now Belgium), Germany, and wherever he preached.

The miracle of the first Pentecost seems to have been partly renewed in his favor; for, though he could preach in Italian only, with which he intermingled some badly pronounced words of the local German or French idiom, he made himself understood, and succeeded in producing a powerful and lasting impression. All Germany was then infested with the errors of Luther and Calvin. Nuremberg, one of the strongholds of Lutheranism, dreading a visit from the popular Capuchin, barricaded its gates and fortified its towers, just as it would have done at the approach of an invading army.

But it fell to the Capuchin to proclaim Catholic truth in Augsburg, and with what success may be inferred from the fact that the throng was so great that in a single day 18,000 people came to hear him. They included many Protestants, who were much moved, and at the moment when he gave the blessing piously made the Sign of the Cross. Even their ministers did so; one of them declaring that if the Capuchin spoke German, he and the other pastors might shut up their temples; for they would soon have no congregations. At Neuburg a miraculous statue of Our Lady, which caused a great religious sensation by the movements of its eyes, heightened the impression Father Mark's preaching produced.

In 1689, a young Protestant prince, Christian Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Zeit, after some correspondence with Father Mark, who had gone to Italy, privately abjured heresy, and two years afterwards made his public profession of faith, and, to the astonishment of everybody, entered the service of the sanctuary, becoming later Bishop of Giavarino, Cardinal and Primate of Hungary. Another conversion Father Mark effected was that of Prince Alexander Sigismond, who likewise embraced the ecclesiastical state, was ordained in December, 1693, became a model priest, and was raised to the episcopate as Bishop of Augsburg.

Putting his trust in the prayer of faith, particularly the prayer of the humble which "pierces the clouds," one of Father Mark's methods of evangelization was what his biography styles "the miraculous benediction." He made his personal influence or sanctity secondary to this, just as the Blessed John Baptist Vianney, the Curé of Ars, effaced himself, attributing all the miracles he wrought to St. Philomena. Father Mark also professed his belief that, in virtue of the grace of

ordination, the benediction of the priest, who is *alter Christus* in a true sense, may produce divine effects and real miracles.

Everyone familiar with hagiography knows about the blessing of St. Francis of Assisi: how Brother Leo, the favorite companion of the founder of the Friars Minor—the "little sheep of the good God," as he so affectionately called him,—being one day tried by a certain temptation, asked the help of the Seraphic Father; and how the latter, taking a parchment leaf, wrote thereon the formula of the blessing given by the Lord to Moses, adding at the close, "May the Lord bless you, Brother Leo!" He traced, in addition, the letter T, symbolizing the Cross, with a human head rudely drawn at its feet; saying to him, "Keep this blessing. It will be a precious safeguard to thee." Brother Leo authenticated it with his own hand, adding in red ink, in beautiful Gothic characters, the affirmation that St. Francis had really written these lines for him; this valuable manuscript is now in the Sagro Convento in Assisi.

Thousands of copies of this formula have been made; it is impressed on the scapulars worn by Tertiaries; and, repeated by Franciscan religious, it has throughout the intervening ages renewed again and again the miraculous protection promised by the Poverello.

Father Mark became "the man of the miraculous blessing." Before imparting, it, he exhorted the people to say five *Paters* and *Aves* in honor of the Five Wounds, and three in honor of the Immaculate Conception.

The holy man had to encounter and overcome strong opposition to the practice at first; but things were set right mainly through the intervention of Cardinal Cibo, Secretary of State, acting on instructions from the Pope, and who, in a letter to Father Andrew, of Toscolano, highly praised the virtue of the Capuchin, thanking him for his zeal in the service of God and the Church.

The devotion became widespread. The number of graces and cures obtained, of conversions effected, and miracles wrought, was innumerable. One of the preliminary conditions for the reception of the blessing was the solemn public recital of an act of contrition, which Father Mark always prefaced with a touching exhortation that drew tears form all eyes, and was often sufficient to convert sinners.

It was not only by speech but by writing that Father Mark carried on his apostolate. One booklet, on the gravity of mortal sin, was translated into all the languages of Europe, the identity of the author being veiled under the name "By a devout Capuchin." Other works from the pen of Father Mark bore the titles "Flames of Love," a dialogue between God and a soul enamored of His goodness and perfections; and "Devout Meditation on the Blessed Virgin." His sermons, numbering one hundred and fifty, are preserved in the archives of the Venetian convent.

(To be continued.)

THE soul which remains attached to anything, even to the least thing, however many its virtues may be, will never arrive at the liberty of the divine union. It matters little whether a bird be fastened by a stout or a slender cord,—so long as he does not break it, slender as it may be, it will prevent him from flying freely. Oh, what a pity it is to see some souls, like rich ships, loaded with a precious freight of good works, that, for want of courage to make an end of some miserable little fancy or affection, can never arrive at the port of divine union, while it needs only one good, earnest effort to break asunder that thread of attachment!

—*St. John Chrysostom.*

A Roman Holiday.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

I.

IT was a somewhat curious friendship that united Hilary Bent and George Traynor. Antecedents, training, and character would all have seemed to separate them. More than one acquaintance had said, "I can't imagine what makes you two chaps see anything in each other." Yet as undergraduates at Cambridge they had, first of all, accidentally "foregathered" at a common lecture in their second year, had discovered that they were near neighbors on adjoining staircases in the new court of their college, and gradually drifted into something like intimacy, though their respective "sets" were wide apart.

Hilary came of an old south-country family, Tory and aristocratic by age-long tradition; as a matter of course, he had gone to Eton, and then to Trinity. He ended his Cambridge career with a fair degree, but his prowess had been greater on the river than in the schools. Now he was "eating his way to the Bar" by dutiful attendance at Lincoln's Inn dinners, and expected to be "called" in the following term.

George Traynor's traditions were the exact reverse of his. The son of a small business man in a northern town, George had received his education in the local grammar school, where his ability and hard work carried all before him. Radical and Nonconformist as his father was, Richard Traynor's pride in his son was intense; he was triumphant when the boy won an open scholarship at Trinity; and still more so when, four years later, he won the highest mathematical honors of his year and a First in classics besides. Election to a college fellowship followed almost as a matter of course.

The two friends were discussing coffee and cigarettes in Hilary's London rooms. Term was ended both at Cambridge and the Inns of Court. Easter would be here in another fortnight.

"What are you going to do, George, during the Vac?" asked Hilary. "My people are in Italy, and I don't feel particularly inclined either for a long journey alone, or a solitary three weeks at Holmhurst. The other boys are to stay with our uncle in London, and I have had enough of town."

"There is nothing to keep me at Trinity till term begins," said Traynor. "I am going down to Huddersfield to see my father and Mary for a couple of days, but that is my only plan."

"Then, old man, I want you to come with me to Rome. We have neither of us ever seen the Eternal City, and it will widen our lookout to get away. My parents will be there, though I don't think they will care much about antiquities and all that kind of thing."

"Right—though it is a bit sudden," said the young Fellow of Trinity. "Only give me time to run down to Yorkshire. I will leave all arrangements to you. When shall we start?"

"Thursday, night mail, Victoria. Come here for a snack at seven o'clock."

Maps, guide-books, and time-tables soon littered the table; and the rest of the evening was taken up with those delightful anticipations which form some of the very best part of every holiday.

II.

Eight o'clock the following Thursday evening found the two young men on the platform at Victoria station. Both were noticeable beyond the average. Hilary's figure was that of an athlete, his height average, while a singularly frank and boyish face was crowned by an abundance of light curly hair; his brown eyes could look serious enough, but they were generally lit up with

laughter. He looked what he was—an eldest son, and heir to a large estate, brought up not in luxury perhaps, but with an unfailing supply of the comforts of life. George Traynor was somewhat taller than his companion; spare, with a clean-shaven face, and dark hair already somewhat thin at the temples; he wore glasses, and an almost casual glance would have recognized him as a scholar.

A day in Paris, which included two hours in the Louvre and a visit to a mutual friend at the English Embassy, was followed by another evening departure, and Palm Sunday morning found the travellers at their destination. Mr. and Mrs. Bent had rooms at one of the well-known hotels in the Piazza di Spagna; but Hilary, knowing that his friend was wholly dependent on his Fellowship, had with excellent sense proposed a much more economical house not far from the Pantheon, recommended by an old college friend who was staying there.

They had left London in the typical chill of an English spring, which, as a rule, carries winter far on into the year. They found at Rome something like an English midsummer of the best kind. By eight o'clock they were discussing coffee and rolls in their hotel; and while thus engaged they were greeted heartily by another young man, clad in light tweeds and carrying a straw hat, whose somewhat stern and sunburned face lighted up with genuine pleasure at the meeting.

"Here you are, my dear chaps! You have come to the right place at the right time. May I have my coffee with you?"

"You have been out early," said Traynor. "I suppose this climate almost calls you out of bed."

"Partly that; but I have just come from the Gesù, and should have been here earlier but for the long service to-day."

"Good man!" said Hilary. "You will think us terrible pagans. Sit down and tell us what we shall do to-day. We know nothing of the place so far,—nothing whatever, but the station and this *salle-à-manger*."

Stanislaus Ballard smiled.

"I expect my programme would hardly suit you. I am going to the Blessing of the Palms at San Giovanni with an Italian friend, and we are to have *collazione* with the rector of one of the colleges. Why should you not start with the Forum or the Palatine, or both? Will you meet me at Aragno's in the Corso at four o'clock? We can get some coffee and then go to the Pincio. Your people have most kindly asked me to dine at the Russie to-night, and no doubt you will be there."

When their friend had left, the two young men set forth on their first Roman walk. While the feelings of a Catholic were, of course, impossible to them, both were sufficiently masters of European history to find the experience a thrilling one. They knew they were in the capital of the world, and to Traynor especially the day was one of sheer intellectual delight. It was, however, pagan Rome that so attracted the classical scholar; of Rome as the royal capital of Christendom he had not a thought. His idea of the Church was of the most marvellous organization of a religious kind that the human mind had conceived; while sincerely respecting the genuine followers of all beliefs, none appeared to claim his own allegiance.

Hilary had been raised in a parish where a High Church rector had tried to make his hearers share his own honest belief that the cleavage of the miscalled "Reformation" was a mere incident that had changed nothing essential, but unfortunately had suspended communion between the Holy See and the English Provinces. The theory had always seemed perilously

unhistorical to young Bent (who had "gone out" in the History Tripos), but his interests did not lie in the ecclesiastical direction. He had been heard to say that he "jolly well wished it *was* true; only if it is, why does the parson in the next parish say just the opposite?" So he let the puzzle alone and applied himself to the study of the Law.

It was not surprising, therefore, that, though they spent a few moments in S. Maria sopra Minerva and in the Gesù on their way to the Capitol and the Forum, these two young Englishmen did not "go to church" that Palm Sunday morning.

III.

Aragno's in the Corso, otherwise and officially known as the Caffè Nazionale, is a meeting-place for almost every race. The regular Roman *clientèle* is supplemented by visitors from every quarter of the globe, America and Great Britain being especially in evidence. Here, after some hours among the mighty relics of Republican and Imperial times, Hilary and George found Stanislaus Ballard. An hour soon passed over coffee, cigarettes, and ices of the most tempting description, all seasoned plentifully with old Cambridge reminiscences. Suddenly Ballard got up and went to a neighboring table, returning immediately with a man in early middle age, dark haired, and wearing a pointed beard, with singularly large and luminous eyes, and a quiet manner, almost English in its courteous reserve.

"I want you to know my friends who have just arrived in the City," said Stanislaus. "Mr. Bent and Mr. Traynor, Signor della Vista."

The Signore bowed and then shook hands cordially, and, in perfect English, hoped that their sojourn in Rome would be one of great pleasure.

"There are comparatively few," he said, "who do not feel, in some way or other, the spell of the Eternal City."

"Della Vista knows our Minister to the Vatican well," remarked Ballard; "and whatever you care to see of the ecclesiastical side of Rome—to us, of course, the greatest beyond compare—he can put you in the way of it. He is one of the Holy Father's chamberlains."

"I shall be delighted to do all that is in my power. And, as I was on duty at the Vatican last week, my time is now, except for some hours of journalistic work, entirely my own."

"It is extremely good of you," said George Traynor. "We have begun to revel in the relics of Rome's earliest centuries; but, though I am not a Catholic, I see clearly enough that to attempt to know the City apart from her Christian Faith would be quite absurd."

"You mustn't think Della Vista knows only the Christian side," put in Ballard. "He is learned on pagan antiquities as well. In fact, he is a Roman of the Romans."

"You and the Signore will be kindred spirits, George," laughed Hilary; "I shall have to take quite a back seat. You must know, Signor della Vista, that my friend is Fellow of one of our greatest colleges, and was about the best classic of his year."

"Don't talk such rubbish, Hilary. The Signore will expect me to be a well of knowledge, and he will soon find out how shallow the well is. But it will be a tremendous privilege to see something of Rome with one who really knows her history."

After more conversation, which resulted in an appointment with the Signore for the next day, the Roman gentleman took his leave, evidently prepossessed with his new acquaintances; and Stanislaus carried Hilary and George off to the Pincio, and thence to the Hotel Russie, where Mr. and Mrs. Bent welcomed their son with all affection, and his friends with real and approving friendship.

IV.

Dinner was over, and the party were gathered in the winter garden. Quite a group of English-speaking visitors had foregathered, and were comparing their experiences.

"We had a wonderful time in the Forum to-day," said Traynor. "Of course you know most of the great Roman remains, Mr. Bent."

"Well, I have been to most of them, and have spent a very interesting morning in the Forum. But my classics are more than a bit rusty, and I can't get what you can, George, out of these wonderful antiquities."

"Were you among the ancients too, Mrs. Greenhough?" asked Hilary of a lady who, with her husband, had made the acquaintance of his parents during their stay at the Russie. They were quite charming people, of middle age, hailing from New York.

"Well, no, Mr. Bent. The fact is we have been working hard for three weeks, and I said to my husband this morning we deserved a stay in the country. So we motored to Frascati and spent a most delightful day. The place should interest you British, as the last of your old line of kings was bishop there."

"Yes, I remember: 'Henry the Ninth, by the will of God, but not by the desires of men.' He was one of the best of his House."

"Hilary," asked his mother, "have any of you good people entered a church to-day? We need not ask Stanislaus, but I wonder how many of all you English-speaking folk here have taken any notice of Sunday."

"Well, mother, George and I looked into two churches this morning. There were a lot of people in both of them."

"I am afraid I shall seem a heathen to you, Mrs. Bent," said Traynor. "I am not a Catholic nor an Anglican, nor I think anything else in particular. I sometimes go to our college chapel; we think a good deal of our music at Trinity."

"We kept the day, anyhow," said Mrs. Greenhough, with a charming smile. "We were in time for the Palms and High Mass at Frascati. But, then, it is our religion, and it was just like being at home."

"Your father and I went to the morning service at All Saints', in the Via Babuino, not very far from here," Mrs. Bent informed Hilary.

An Anglican parson from the Midlands, who was sitting near, and had been talking with Mr. Bent, added his word:

"I was there, too, but did not care for it. Too much imitation of the Romish service. So I tried a Methodist church this afternoon, and liked it much better."

"I suppose," said Stanislaus, with all seeming innocence, "you can think and do as you like if you belong to the Church of England, so long as you keep clear of the Pope."

"Young gentleman," answered the clergyman, "you can do nothing of the kind. There are, unhappily, thousands of Anglican ministers who are traitorously eating the bread of the Protestant Establishment while teaching the religion of this unhappy City."

"But," murmured Ballard, "most of the bread was given to us, not to you."

The thrust and parry, such as it was, might have continued, but for the entrance of a young girl, whose somewhat tall figure was crowned by a face attractive rather than strictly beautiful, and whose mass of fair hair was still confined in a plait that hung to her waist. She came straight to Mrs. Bent, who took one of the girl's strong, rather large hands affectionately and asked:

"Rose, how is the mother to-night?"

"Ever so much better, thank you. Mrs. Bent! She sent me down to have some coffee, and said I was to give you her love."

"Rose dear, you don't know some of our party. Mr. Traynor, a Fellow of Trinity; Mr. Ballard, and our son Hilary—let me present you all to Miss Macpherson, from Inverness."

The young men all smiled and shook hands with the girl.

"We were describing how we had spent our Sunday," said Hilary. "Being from Scotland, I suppose you found your way to the Presbyterian church?"

Rose laughed heartily.

"We Scots are not all Presbyterians. No, I could not do much to-day, because my mother has been ill and still needs a good deal of care. I only got out at seven o'clock to S. Andrea delle Fratte. I love it, because it was once the church for my countrymen in Rome."

"We know you are nothing if not a Highland lassie, Rose," said Mr. Bent, patting her hand. "You must know, ladies and gentlemen, that Miss Macpherson is not only a rabid Papist, but an irreconcilable Jacobite. She will tell you that no king has lawfully reigned in Great Britain since James the Second."

"James the *Seventh,* Mr. Bent, as you are talking to a Scot!"

When Rose had returned to her invalid, Mrs. Bent said:

"That is one of the best girls I have met; as different as can be from the average twentieth-century 'flapper.' I happen to know that her mother, who has been laid up with influenza, has had a great struggle to give Rose a good convent education; and they are spending three months on the Continent through the generosity of Mrs. Macpherson's brother. She wishes this known to her acquaintances, or I should not have mentioned it."

Soon after this the last good-nights were said, and Hilary and his friends wended their way back to the Piazza della Minerva through the yet busy streets, over which brooded the magic softness of a Roman spring.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Workers' Summer School.

AMONGST the legacies left by the late Rev. Charles Plater, S. J., to the Church in England, not the least is the Workers' Summer School, which was held for the second year at Oxford last August. The idea of the Summer School grew in Father Plater's mind out of the Social Study Club. In some of the industrial centres of England, especially in the North, the Social Study Club has aroused keen interest in the study of industrial and social problems amongst the more intelligent Catholic workingmen and working-women; and for the first time numbers of Catholic workers have begun to realize that the Church has a definite message to the Labor world. The result has been that many who formerly were inclined to join some Socialist association, now find in Catholic teaching a more satisfying solution of the difficulties which bewildered them, and a saner outlook than they found in the Socialist propaganda. The interest thus aroused made some of them wishful for a more systematic education in social problems than the Social Study Club can give; and it was to meet this desire that Father Plater originated and planned the Social Study Summer School.

In planning the School, Father Plater had in mind that the Catholic worker finds himself in difficulties when facing his non-Catholic fellow-workers, not only on economic and political questions, but frequently on strictly religious questions. He is often puzzled to give an intelligent explanation of the Faith which is in him when talking with an atheistic or rationalist comrade, as well as when he tries to apply Catholic principles to the practical industrial or social situation in which he finds himself.

Hence in the scheme of lectures to be given in the Summer School, Catholic apologetics as well as economic and

political subjects were to be dealt with; and, with a true intuition, Father Plater also determined that some historical subjects of particular interest to Catholics should be included in the scheme. For, he argued, it would be a good thing to make the working-man realize what the Church had done in the past to help make this world a better world. So when the first Summer School was held in 1920, there were courses of lectures on economics, ethics and history. The place chosen for the School was Oxford, partly because of its academic seclusion and intellectual atmosphere, partly because of its teeming Catholic associations with the past.

The Summer School of 1920 fully justified its existence. Two-thirds of the students were working-men—miners, factory hands, railwaymen. The other third were of the educated class who take a practical interest in social problems. But in the Summer School all were simply "students," and fraternized as such; that in itself was a good thing. An atmosphere of earnestness and enthusiasm pervaded the whole School; and when, at the end of the eight days of intensive study, it came to farewells, the fervent wish of all was "to come again next year."

And they did come again next year, in slightly increased numbers—about one hundred of them—to study "The Christian Theory of the State," "Catholic Apologetics," and "The Story of Catholic Oxford." These were the set subjects for this year's Summer School. No keener band of students ever came to Oxford than those workers from the Lancashire mills and Yorkshire and South Wales mines, and from the railway unions. To them the Summer School is not a mere incident in the year's events: they come to the lectures to get ideas, and to learn methods of study, and to get direction for the coming year's reading and thought. The Summer School is to them the beginning of a further adventure into the realm of hard thinking and study; for these worker-students have come to learn, not for the luxury of knowledge, but to take their part in the grim battle of life which confronts them.

Most of them have come in the spirit of sacrifice. They have come to gain knowledge, not for themselves alone, but in order to teach and to work for their comrades. And they will return home in the spirit of apostles, anxious to share with others the knowledge they have gained, and to turn that knowledge to good account in the practical handling of affairs. The Summer School is, in fact, a quickening of thought and of earnest purpose, even more than a gaining of school-taught knowledge; and that is at once its main distinction and its complete justification.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the contribution of Oxford itself to this mental and moral quickening at which the Summer School aims. "To see Oxford itself is an education," one of these worker-students remarked. The hospitality generously extended to them enables the students to see the ancient university city in an intimate human quality. They meet men whom Oxford has reared and fostered, and in this human contact they come to understand something at least of what Oxford means to its own sons and to appraise the spirit which dwells in its historic buildings and traditions.

Very wisely the committee which arranged the scheme of studies, included tours of the city conducted by an Oxford graduate, imbued with "the spirit of the place." Under such guidance the colleges and churches of Oxford meant more than mere historic buildings. They witnessed to the seven centuries of the University's life, with its Catholic origins and its Reformation upheaval, and its Mediæval traditions enduring in spite of the Reformers and their successors. It was a lesson in

history which the worker-students understood and appreciated.

Undoubtedly the Catholic Workers' Summer School has come to stay; and as undoubtedly, I think, it will continue to meet at Oxford. For from the idea of the Summer School has emerged the yet more ambitious idea of a Catholic Workers' College, of which, in fact, a beginning will be made at Oxford this October. Father Plater founded the Study Club and the Summer School; he planned the Workers' College at Oxford, but did not live to see it begun. Yet his very death gave a new impetus to the scheme, and now the College will be instituted as a grateful homage to his memory. Thus we shall have the Study Club, the Summer School, and the College, all linked in one extended scheme for the education of the Catholic working-men of England.

And who can foretell what the result will be in bringing Catholic teaching to bear upon the future of the English labor movement—at least if the scheme as already started is supported as it should be? Granted the wisdom and sanity of Catholic principles, what might not a body of educated Catholic workers, imbued with the earnestness of purpose such as was manifested in the Summer School,—what might such a body not achieve in their influence upon their fellow-workers, both Catholic and non-Catholic? "It is the educated worker who counts in the labor world," somebody has said; and the history of the labor movement proves the truth of the saying. Add to education the spirit of unselfishness and service, and you have the needed worker-apostle such as Father Plater had in his mind's eye when he planned the Workers' College. F. C.

KEEP busy; activity is the law of the universe. There would be fewer empty hearts if there were more occupied minds and exercised bodies.—*Anon.*

Adventurers of the Harvest Field.

THAT the life of a missionary is not always sedate, unctuous and monochrome is proved beyond a doubt by the pages of a spirited diary which *Les Missions Catholiques* is now publishing for the benefit of its readers. The author is Mgr. Rossillon, coadjutor Bishop of Vizagapatam, and the subject is experiences in far-off Hindustan. We were reminded very frequently, while reading these pages, of Bishop Ullathorne's great, though apparently forgotten, "Autobiography," the delight of all its readers.

Fancy being a missionary under the following circumstances: "Some time ago, in a certain village, there appeared a tiger who wanted nothing for his meals except the flesh of infants. Eleven children had been snatched from the terrified villagers; and Sir Tiger, appearing again in broad daylight, managed to carry off the twelfth. In despair, all the inhabitants of the town ran to the missionary and requested him to get rid of the bloody beast. The priest was induced to act, and, having loaded his ancient rifle, mounted guard at the place from which the robber was accustomed to swoop down. He saw the tiger enter a clump of brush, and, without considering his own safety, followed. And, lo! there he was, four feet from the astonished brute. Without trembling, he aimed quickly and fired. When the smoke had cleared away he beheld the tiger writhing at his feet. The priest was now shaking as if from an attack of ague; for, if he had missed his aim, he would have been in the tiger's place."

This ought to be sufficiently stirring for any one. But perhaps one of the most fascinating characteristics of the Bishop's narrative is his account of mountain voyages. In a rude vehicle, fashioned of boards covered with rushes, he went up thousands of feet,

amidst the snow-capped heights of Hindustan, leaving civilization with all its pomps and comforts far behind. The scenery there is among the most superb in the world. "The landscape changes with every moment. Certain cliffs, certain mighty conglomerations of stone, are quite astonishing. Can it be that giants once fought out a grim battle in these places? The view upon the valley from the range of Ghats embraces the whole plain of Salur, which at this season is being reddened by the intense drought."

The object of these journeys was, of course, to reach some obscure mountain village where traces of the Faith had been left by the pioneer missionaries. No triumph attended these entries, but instead "clouds of reddish dust that seemed to get their color from the heat"; yet the village was sure to be agog with interest. Some of the methods employed in arousing attention were naïve indeed. Thus an electrical machine was set into operation. One end was fastened to a steel wire; the other was attached to an aluminum pan filled with water, in which rested a coin. The missionary would say: "The coin is his who can take it while keeping the wire in one hand." So long as the current remains weak, the natives are in a position to increase their earthly possessions; if it grows stronger, the most resolute among them are helpless against the current. Meanwhile a vast audience has assembled, and the missionary seizes the opportunity to make a religious appeal. It is a kind of comedy, but the Bishop remarks to the tireless priest: "All the same, you have an individual way of holding your audience spellbound."

No ancient troubadours could have gone their way more joyously among the sunny hills of France than these missionaries (probably their descendants) walk the primitive mountain passes of barbaric Hindustan. And yet every day of their lives is a chapter of an heroic chronicle written in the face of blinding odds and dedicated to the conquest of the Cross. Let us hope that the sole complaint which creeps into Mgr. Rossillon's diary will not prove prophetic: "We shall be fifty years too late." And yet, if the mission is to succeed, there must come more men and more resources from the treasury of Christendom.

A Saint's Parable.

THE frequency with which our Divine Lord made use of parables to convey religious truth to the minds of the multitude naturally made this method of instruction a favorite one with many of the saints. Here is a parable which we find in a sermon of St. Vincent Ferrer.

There was once a King who had in prison two men, each of whom owed him a large sum of money. Seeing that, possessing nothing, they were unable to pay, he threw at each of them a purse full of money; and threw the purses with such force as to cause the debtors not a little pain. One of the men, angry at the blow, showed his impatience plainly, but apparently made no account of the purse; the other, in his gratitude for the favor done him, forgot the pain, and, taking the purse, thanked the King, and paid his debt.

Now, precisely the same thing happens with us. We all owe heavy debts to God for the many benefits we have received from Him, and for the many sins we have committed against Him, and we have nothing of our own with which to pay them. Therefore, moved by pity for us, He sends us the gold of patience in the purse of tribulations, that we may use it to pay our debts. Whoever will not do this, only increases his debts and renders himself more displeasing to God.

Modes of Greeting.

EVERY nation has its own peculiar mode of greeting. Beginning with our own, the characteristic salutation, it appears, is "Hello!" The Irish say when meeting, "God bless you!" and on entering a dwelling, "God save all here!" Of similar religious import is the dignified Turk's "God grant you His blessings!" and the former national salutation of Naples, "Grow in grace!" The Arabs say on meeting, "A fine morning to you!" while the Persians frequently employ the form whose quaintness has led to its being generally known, "May your shadow never grow less!"

In low latitudes, where the laborer toils under a burning sun, one condition of good health is his free perspiration; so when an Egyptian meets his fellow, he asks, "How do you perspire?" The Chinaman, with a full sense of the importance of a good dinner, asks, "How do you digest?" The modern Greek is a pretty keen business man, a close bargainer; and this trait is shown in his inquiry, "How are you getting on?" The ordinary salutation with the Spaniards is, "How are you passing it?" The French ask, "How are you carrying yourself?" The Germans, "How does it go?" The Dutch, "How do you travel?" The Swedes, "How can you?"—the meaning being, "Are you able, vigorous?" The Russians say briefly, "Be well!" English and English-speaking people generally use, in addition to "Hello!" "How are you?" and "How do you do?" "How are you?" is the equivalent of the Italian phrase employed in greeting.

It will be noticed that the least expressive mode of all these mentioned is the telephonic "Hello!" which is purely an interjection, and neither wishes one well nor kindly inquires as to one's health, business, pleasure or prospects.

An Unceasing Duty.

THREE or four years ago, while the disastrous World War was still raging, the religious awakening of the peoples led an Edinburgh corporation to offer a somewhat unusual literary prize. One hundred pounds was promised to the writer of the best essay on "The Power of Prayer." Representatives of various creeds in all parts of the world competed, in nineteen different languages, for the coveted prize, which was finally won by an American Protestant clergyman. His essay and a number of others by some of the unsuccessful competitors have now been published in book form, with the title mentioned above; and the volume is being written about as representing "the best thought of the modern world on a subject of universal interest."

It need scarcely be said that such a book can have no particular attraction for the Catholic reader. The best thought of the modern world on the subject of prayer, in so far as it is of any value whatever, can scarcely differ from the best thought in the Middle Ages, or of the early centuries of Christianity; and with that thought in its essential significance every child of the Church is familiar.

An elevation of the soul to God: that is an essential of all prayer—vocal, mental, or contemplative. In real, genuine prayer we become for the time being separated from the world in which we live to fix ourselves on God. We momentarily forget our labor, our occupations, and all the sensible objects by which we are habitually surrounded. We extricate our minds from the hurly-burly of worldly affairs and material interests, to enter into ourselves so that we may commune with God, may occupy ourselves with Him and our eternal interests. In this sense prayer is a golden chain that joins earth to heaven and heaven to earth. It is another Jacob's

ladder on which we ascend to God. In its higher forms, it is a delightful intercourse, a heart-to-heart conversation with the King of Heaven. To obtain an interview or an audience with the potentates of earth is not always an easy matter; but by prayer we are accorded, as often as we desire it, an audience with the King of kings and Lord of lords.

It is well that prayer is wonderfully easy, is within the capability of the lowliest and least gifted of earth's children, because it is absolutely necessary as a means to the true end of the Christian's life, eternal salvation. Among all the duties rigorously imposed on us as Christians, there is not one more frequently insisted upon than this, not one that Christ has more solidly established by His orders or more highly consecrated by His example. So impressed was St. Paul by his divine Master's doctrine on this point that he seems to demand that prayer shall be not only the daily food of our soul, but its continual respiration. "Pray without ceasing," says the great Apostle of the Gentiles; and his words are merely a corollary of Our Lord's declaration, "Without Me, you can do nothing." It is to be noted that Christ, speaking of supernatural activities, of work available for merit and salvation, does not say, 'Without Me, you can do nothing great, remarkable, or heroic': He speaks absolutely, "Without Me, you can do nothing," little or great.

We have need, then, of God's grace to do good; without His assistance it is simply impossible for us to work in the order of our salvation. Hence the necessity of prayer; for, commonly, there is no grace without petition. According to the Gospel, it will be given to those only who ask; it will be opened to those only who knock. Hence, too, Christ's telling us that we must always pray and never desist. Prayer, in a word, is the channel appointed by God for the communication of His mercies.

Even if Christ and His Apostles had told us nothing of the necessity of prayer, the knowledge, the conviction of our misery and helplessness would force on us that important truth. To say nothing of the temporal wants which in a thousand and one different circumstances oblige us to recur to the power of the Almighty, how numerous are not the spiritual necessities that urge us to have recourse to His omnipotent aid! We are habitually attracted to evil by a substratum of corruption that sin has deposited in our hearts; we are drawn to sin by the flesh and its senses that are continually at war with the spirit; we are solicited to wrong-doing by the world with its false maxims, its unceasing scandals and its alluring pleasures, and by the never-ending attacks of the arch-enemy who, as St. Peter assures us, is always going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. In the midst of so many dangers to the soul, how else shall we be able to resist manfully and be assured of triumph than by having recourse to prayer? If it be a principle of faith, as we have seen, that without God's grace we can do nothing in the supernatural order, it is not less a dogma that, with that grace, we can do everything. "I can do all things," says St. Paul, "in Him who comforts me."

That the grace of God is promised to prayer can be doubted by none who are at all familiar with Holy Scripture. "For all who ask shall receive." "Whatsoever you stand in need of, ask for, and it shall be given you." With reason, therefore, are we advised to pray without ceasing; for, be our spiritual condition what it may—hot, cold, or lukewarm,—prayer is the unfailing key that will open for us the treasury of God's mercies. This is a truth, unaffected by the vagaries of modern thought, and luminous in every phase of an individual's or a nation's life.

Notes and Remarks.

Although it can not be truthfully said that there is any general decay of religion among Catholics, it is unquestionable that outside the Church there is an increasing indifference to Christian doctrine and a disregard of Christian law. Hatred of authority, above all of divine authority, is a characteristic of our times. Violation of law has become so great a menace in this country that our Attorney-General and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court are asking how it can be coped with. According to official reports, indictments against no fewer than 100,000 persons are now awaiting trial in Federal Courts; and criminal cases in States' tribunals are without number. There are more women engaging in crime throughout the country than ever before; and in not a few of our larger cities juvenile delinquency has increased to such an extent as to necessitate the appointment of additional judges. The crime wave is growing on all sides. Murderers, thieves, counterfeiters, forgers, etc., are becoming so numerous that prosecution is unavoidably delayed; and the trial of minor offenders, violators of the Volstead Law, and the like, indefinitely postponed. The effect of all this on the general public is demoralizing in a great many ways.

What will be done to stem the tide of iniquity? Nothing—nothing effectual,—for this reason: the world is trying to get on without religion, and has not yet come to the pass of realizing that, in default of it, peoples grow more and more vicious, and Governments become incompetent and insecure.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first deprive of reason" seems to be the appropriate comment on the latest activities and legislative vagaries of our American Prohibitionists. If any sober-minded citizen imagines that the great mass of the people of this country will quietly submit to such extravagant encroachments on their individual liberty as are embodied in the "Search and Seizure" programme, and the most recent interpretation of the law regulating the "home brew," we believe that such a citizen will eventually find himself altogether mistaken. Be the Eighteenth Amendment good or bad, a blessing or the opposite, one thing is certain: its passing did not abrogate all other amendments to the Constitution. The fourth of these amendments guarantees: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

The United States Government, be it noted, is just as stringently obligated to safeguard this Constitutional right of its citizens as it is to lend aid in enforcing the enactments of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Now that the Roman Question is again to the fore, it is well to have a clear statement of the position of the Holy See. This is afforded by the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, whose editor writes:

"The spiritual mission to the whole world, which was confided to the Roman Pontiff by the Divine Redeemer, confers on him in the exercise of that mission the right to the fullest liberty and independence as regards the civil Power. At the same time it imposes on him the duty of claiming that right. Therefore the Sovereign Pontiff would be failing in his mission if he were content to accept a subordinate position. This duty is made no less clear by another consideration. The Church is

extended among all nations. In many of these the Catholics form, if not the whole, at least a great majority of the population. In others they are a minority with no little importance. In these instances it is easy to understand that the different Governments would not take kindly to the idea, whether in actual fact or only in appearance, that the Supreme Pontiff who rules over the consciences of so many of their subjects should appear to be dependent on any civil Power....Nor is it sufficient that there be a *de facto* liberty and independence, which results from the kindly disposition of the dominant civil Power; that is, nothing more than a concession, so to speak. What is required is a juridical position that gives a guarantee *de jure;* and this is a matter which, under present circumstances, can not possibly be secured except upon a territorial basis."

It will be seen that the Vatican maintains its point of view unchanged. There is only one way in which the Roman Question can be settled. The Holy See must be independent,—the Holy Father must be free.

We notice that some of the denominations which were wont in the past to condemn the Church for constructive desecration of the Sabbath, because she did not prohibit recreation of all kinds on that day, are beginning to see the error of their own ways. A writer in the Methodist organ, the *Epworth Herald,* is not a little wrought up by the criticism evoked by the enforcement of Prohibition and the attempt to have Congress enact "Blue Sunday" laws. He sorrowfully remarks:

> We may as well admit that the Christian faith and its professors are disliked to-day, positively and definitely, by many Americans who heretofore have scarcely given a thought to religion. What troubles me is that we may be in danger of thinking that all the ends of the Gospel can be secured by law, and particularly by law which forever says, "Thou shalt not." Jesus, our Lord, did not always teach men so. He left something to persuasion, to forgiveness, to tolerance, to love. I do not plead for lowered standards, or for a church silent in the presence of grave evils. But there are churches with penal enactments in their own laws, and the success of those enactments has not been brilliant enough to arouse much faith in more laws to make people conform to churchly rules. If we could see the picture of the Christian Church in the mind of to-day's non-Christian American, the chances are that it would show a joy-killing, narrow-minded company of ignorant, bigoted meddlers in other people's affairs.

With all due respect to our Methodist friend, we doubt that any American, Christian or non-Christian, entertains so distorted an idea of what is, after all, *the* Christian Church.

It is plain from the report made by Msgr. Francis A. Rempe, of the Archdiocese of Chicago, to the archbishops and bishops appointed to appeal to the Catholics of the United States in behalf of their impoverished and suffering coreligionists in Germany and Austria, that no better distributor of the magnificent sum raised could have been chosen. Msgr. Rempe's service was admirably prompt, energetic, and wise. Arriving on the scene of the misery which he was empowered to relieve, he made a careful study of conditions, disregarding surface manifestations well calculated to deceive one less judicious; investigated the most pressing needs, sought out the chief sufferers, and then proceeded to distribute the abundant alms with which he had been entrusted. All this was done quickly, and as well done as quickly done. The apportionment was not arbitrary on Msgr. Rempe's part. Besides making personal visits to charity-centres and institutions of all kinds, he conferred with the bishops of both countries. Not a single penny of the immense sum was expended in red tape.

Not all the dioceses of the United States were represented in the collec-

tion, yet it amounted, all told, to $768,656.69. It is to be further noted that this magnificent total was the aggregation of small amounts, the usual alms of individuals and families. In the case of the diocese contributing by far the largest sum, there were no considerable offerings. Which shows what splendid results can be secured through organized effort. Some day, please God, we shall have a perfected, nation-wide organization for the support and extension of home and foreign missions, with a visitor-general like Msgr. Rempe. It will be such a manifestation of zeal and charity as the world has never yet witnessed, and prove an inspiration to the entire Church.

It is characteristic of enthusiasts in any cause that they accuse of indifference, if not opposition, all those whose enthusiasm does not equal their own. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has in its membership a goodly number of persons who are somewhat extravagant in their demands on other people. If one does not manifest as much sympathy for the pain endured by a dog, a cat, or a horse as for a sick child, one is apt to be characterized by them as wanting "the bowels of compassion." An Anglican clergyman (Dean Inge) recently took upon himself to state that "the Roman Catholic Church has done nothing whatever to help in the crusade against cruelty to animals." Whereupon the Bombay *Examiner* remarks:

"To say that the Catholic Church 'has done nothing whatever,' is simply another sample of what has been aptly called 'the ignorance of the educated.' The Holy See has more than once openly praised the movement for securing better treatment of animals, though not for the purely naturalist reasons which pass current among emotional persons. The teaching of the Church and of Catholic philosophy has a due sense of proportion, and does not regard an animal as a lower species of a man. Both appeal to our reason and not to the sloppy sentimentality now so prevalent. It is admitted that man has duties *in regard to* the animal creation, as towards all God's creatures under his control. But the *duty* is to the Creator Himself, and all creatures which He entrusts to man's care for his rational use, not for wanton abuse. The *right* in the case is God's, not the animal's, and the *duty* is to be paid to the Maker of all things. So far, then, from the Church having done 'nothing whatever' to secure better treatment for animals, she has, on the contrary, done more than all sentimentalizers over dogs, cats and dickey-birds by placing man's duty in regard to the lower creation on its solid religious and rational basis."

Only last month Benedict XV. sent an offering of 750 lire to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Rome; and it was not his first benefaction to the Society. Dean Inge has something to take back—like innumerable other persons.

In a fresh plea for Irish sovereignty —one of the strongest that have come under our notice—Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, emphasizes two things which many friends of Ireland in this country have either overlooked altogether, or to which they have not attached due importance. "Great Britain has been forced to recognize the status of Ireland as a nation," declares the Senator. "Let me direct your attention, for example, to the fact that Great Britain explicitly acknowledges in her 'proposals' of July 20 that the settlement finally arrived at must take the form of a 'treaty' between Great Britain and Ireland, 'to be ratified by their respective parliaments.' A great nation does not negotiate a treaty with a subject state, but only with another nation. In the same dis-

patch Great Britain asks as a condition for entering into this treaty that Ireland concede to the British Navy certain rights and privileges in Irish harbors and Irish waters. This again is an explicit recognition of Ireland's control over her own territory and the surrounding waters. If Ireland is not acknowledged to have full control over her country, how can she be asked to 'concede' to the British Navy and to the Royal Air Force these rights and privileges which Great Britain has hitherto exercised in Ireland and all of her colonies and dominions without asking leave?"

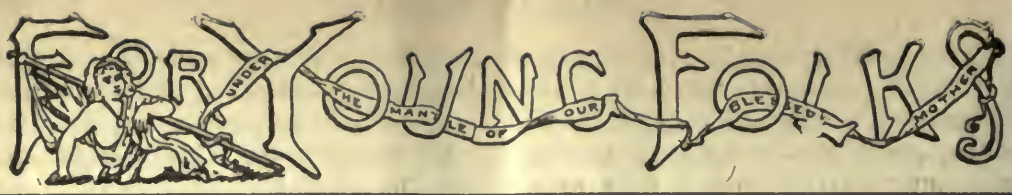
These points are well taken. Senator La Follette is among the ablest as well as the most enthusiastic champions of the Irish cause.

Readers who remember the letters sent from Africa by the late former President Roosevelt during his visit to the Dark Continent will recall his generous tribute to the Franciscan Sisters in Uganda, and more especially to their exceptionally capable superioress, Mother Paul. After nine years spent on the African mission, this devoted American religious returned to this country for a brief visit; and then, five years ago, accompanied a second band of Sisters to Uganda. Word was received last week that Mother Paul's beneficent activities have been brought to a close by death. A thoroughly devoted worker in the African vineyard, youthful at heart despite her more than threescore years, Mother Paul was an inspiration not only to her religious companions, but to evangelical workers everywhere. A notable loss to the Foreign Missions. May her soul rest in peace!

As an aftermath of the malodorous occurrences in the capital of "movieland," Los Angeles, Cal., the film industry is now being condemned and defended in extravagant terms. Without going to either extreme, thoughtful citizens will give due weight to the report made to the district attorney of San Francisco by a competent investigator, John H. Pelletier, and especially to these sentences from that report: "There is a great hue and cry now over the attack on the industry through the alleged action of one man. This assumption is erroneous. The attack is made because the industry has tolerated, since its inception, men and women who indulged in all manner of illegitimate and unsocial practices without restraint.... Until public sentiment has grown stronger against this class of misdeeds, the industry will not clean itself; and until that time comes, no one is justified in permitting a young woman to come to California to enter the movie business unless she is accompanied by her parents."

It is no infrequent occurrence to have some zealous brother inform me that we must be up and stirring as Protestants, or the Roman Catholic Church will seize the reins of government in America. Maybe this foolish statement accounts for the fact that the Church to which we belong, in common with other Protestant denominations, in an effort to prevent the union of Church and State, is (unconsciously, I hope) doing those things which look very like an attempt to unite the American Republican and the Protestant Churches of this country.

Commenting on these words of former Vice-President Marshall—*New Era* (Presbyterian) for September,—*America* remarks: "It is only the 'peanut' politician who finds, now and then, a temporary advantage in attacking the Catholic Church as the enemy of true allegiance. The real leaders know well that no danger threatens the United States from the Bishop of Rome, or from his children, here or abroad." Mr. Marshall has the credit of combating many foolish statements; and he doesn't seem to care who, or how many, may thus be offended.



The Surprise Tree.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

HORSECHESTNUTS are the trees I like
The very best of all;
They are so different from those
I see in Spring and Fall.
At first in Spring they always hold
Fat, shiny, sticky buds,
That glisten when the sun is bright,
Or rain comes down in floods.
And when the buds all burst for joy,
The tree spreads out its hands;
And you can count the fingers, too,
As each leaf-palm expands.
Like Christmas-candles blossom next,
All up and down the tree,
The stems of flowers that stand out white
For all the world to see.
For days the candles light the tree,
And then they disappear,
And you forget about the tree
For nearly all the year.
Then suddenly you find a gift
For you upon the ground:
The wrapping is a great green burr;
The gift is something round.
And when the days are crisp and bright,
The burrs no longer keep
Their gifts a secret, but at once
Burst wide and let you peep.

The Thimble.

The name of the thimble is said to have been derived from "thumbell," being shaped somewhat like a bell, and having been first worn on the thumb, as the sailor's thimble still is. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1605, by a man named Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XV.—Mattia. A Hidden Treasure.

THE Signora—or Madame, as she was called in Paris—thought very well of the plan the boys had arranged. They went out every morning together, and returned towards evening, never with empty pockets. They were a strange contrast. Remi, with his large, beautiful blue eyes and fair skin, looked like an English boy. He had such an intelligent countenance, and carried himself so well that people always noticed him, even before he had shown them how well he could play the harp, put Capi through his tricks, and keep Zulu in order. The monkey had an unusually large pair of whiskers, and a tuft of thick hair descending on his forehead, which had probably caused Mercanti to give him that name. He was a larger and more serious animal than Joli-Cœur, and, Remi thought, not nearly so attractive.

But there was something so comical in Zulu's seriousness, so solemn in his walk and gestures, that the Signora proposed dressing him in the garb of a professor,—a suggestion which the boys accepted. Marucca, the cook, a sister of the Signora, made him a pair of grey trousers, a long-tailed coat, and white Marseilles vest, in which he seemed to take great pride.

Mattia was not a pretty boy. His head was rather large for his body; his complexion was pallid, his hands and arms very long and thin. But his hair was glossy, curling and black; and his eyes large, brown and wistful. He

played the guitar very well, and sang a good alto to Remi's soprano. The Signora and her sister had taught them several Neapolitan songs, and were as much interested in their affairs as if they had been their own sons. On Sundays they all went to Mass to St. Sulpice, and once a month to Holy Communion. Marucca had instructed Mattia as well as she could, and had bought him a Rosary, which she showed him how to use. As both she and her sister could barely read and write, they were unable to teach Mattia; but Remi soon had him for a pupil; and, although he did not prove to be a prodigy, he certainly could not be called a failure.

All was going well, yet Remi found himself strangely dissatisfied. He performed his work mechanically, though this was not evident to those with whom he lived and associated. Sometimes at night, after he had gone to bed, he would try to analyze his own feelings, wondering why he was so vaguely discontented. Sometimes he would lay it to the fact that Vitalis was dead, that he had to depend upon his own musical resources, and had no master to whom he could look for information and guidance. He realized that his education was at a standstill; that while Vitalis had lived, and when he was with the Despard family, he was learning something every day. Again he thought that if he were back in the home of his childhood he would be as happy as he had always been under the roof of Mother Barbarin.

One night he said to Mattia as they lay awake in the darkness:

"Mattia, I am getting tired of being a street musician. I would like to be something else."

"What can you do?"

"That I don't know. I shall never get anywhere, the way I am living now."

"Where do you want to get, Remi?" asked Mattia.

"That I do not know, either."

"If you could afford to take some lessons on the harp or violin, and also singing lessons, you might, after a while, be a professor, and perhaps perform in concerts."

"That would be impossible. I have no money, and it would take years to become a professor. Besides, I am not sure that I should like it."

"I don't care about it, either," replied Mattia. "But I have no such talents as you have. All I want is to earn enough money to make a living."

"And when you are at home again—then what?"

"I think my mother will take a share in a vineyard; and in that way, with the help of the others, we shall be able to live comfortably."

"I see. You are different: you have a plan; you have a mother, a home, a family, something to look forward to. As for me, there is nothing."

"I am not sure about that, Remi," said Mattia. "The Signora is very fond of you. After a while, it would not surprise me if she were to adopt you, teach you the business, and make you her successor and heir. Would that satisfy you?"

To Mattia such a prospect seemed delightful. He had no doubt that Remi would consider it in the same light. But to his surprise, after a slight pause, Remi said:

"No, Mattia, I do not think it would. I do not wish to be always a wandering musician, but neither do I aim at being a baker or keeper of a restaurant."

"What more could you want?" asked Mattia. "You are a strange boy, Remi."

"Perhaps I am," replied Remi; "but I can not help the way I am made. Before I went with Vitalis, I was only a little boy, happy in our village with good, kind Mother Barbarin, who, I thought, was my mother. Afterwards, when I travelled about with my master, and

learned to read and write, I saw things in a different way. Vitalis was always teaching me something. He had a wonderful mind, Mattia."

"And were you happy then?"

"Yes—in a way I was, Mattia. But I think the happiest time I have ever known was the two months I spent with the Milligans."

"I do not doubt it," said Mattia, dryly. "Any one would be happy living on a fine boat, wearing fine clothes, eating fine food, and doing no hard work. You were born to be a gentleman, Remi."

Another pause ensued, when Remi said:

"No, Mattia, it was neither the fine food nor the fine boat nor the fine clothes. It was the fine people and what I learned from them."

"Pity your master did not leave you with them. Why don't you try to hunt them up?"

"I have never thought of doing that. Perhaps they have forgotten me. I do not see why they should remember me; and, to tell the truth, Mattia, I did not think of them often after Vitalis died; and I was happy with the Despards."

"Well, we are going back there pretty soon, aren't we? And maybe we can stay with the Barbarins."

"Not if Jerome is living," answered Remi, sadly. "He is a very cross, harsh man, and he doesn't like me."

"Will you return to Paris, then?" asked Mattia.

"I suppose so," answered Remi, with a sigh. "Mattia," he continued, after a considerable silence, "I believe that what I want, and have always wanted, is a home,—a real home, where I would have a right to live, with a father and mother, sisters and brothers of my own. O Mattia, it is sad to be a foundling!"

Mattia did not reply,—he had fallen asleep.

Shortly after this, Mercanti suddenly returned from Marseilles, from which city he had been recalled by Garifoli, who was dying in the prison hospital. Garifoli had mentioned a legacy, and Mercanti had an idea that perhaps his compatriot had somewhere secreted a little money, which he intended to bequeath to him; but his interview with the former *padrone* had not been very satisfactory.

"It was really you he wanted to see, Mattia, though he promised to reward me for my trouble. I believe he is half out of his senses. At any rate, he did not know what had become of you, and he thought I could tell him. We will go to-morrow to the prison."

"I wish I did not have to go," said Mattia. "I do not care to see Garifoli again."

"We are often obliged to do that which is distasteful to us," observed the Signora Marucca. "And to visit a dying man is an act of Christian charity, which everyone should perform, even at a great sacrifice."

"Especially if a possible legacy lies behind it," said Mercanti. "Tell me, Mattia," he went on, "did you ever hear Garifoli speak of money hidden away somewhere?"

"Yes, once when he had been drinking," answered Mattia. "But it was far from here."

"Probably a dream of his," said Mercanti. "However, we will humor the poor man, and hear what he has to say. But whom have we here?" he asked, turning, with a smile and a bow, to Remi, who had been a silent listener to the conversation.

"This is the boy whom Signor Carlo Bolzani left behind," replied the Signora. "He is staying with us and doing very well."

"In what way?" inquired Mercanti.

"The boys have a monkey and a dog, a guitar and a harp. They make their living by singing and showing the tricks of the animals."

"I see," replied Mercanti. "How much

have you earned, Mattia?" he asked, turning to the little Italian.

"About two hundred francs," was the reply. "In another year I shall have enough, and more than enough, to return to my mother."

"Yes, for you that will be best," said Mercanti; "particularly if there should be a legacy. You are not a musician. But for this one" (laying his hand on Remi's shoulder) "something might be done. I could place him with a decent *padrone*, who would give him lessons and make something out of him. That was the intention of Vitalis, I know."

"Yes," rejoined Remi; "but only for the winter, Monsieur. We were to go out in the spring together once more."

"Where have you been all the time?"

"Until a few months ago, with a family near Gentilly, where my master died," replied Remi.

The Signora then took up the conversation, and related the story of the death of Vitalis with the subsequent good fortune of Remi.

"Well, we shall see what can be done for him," said Mercanti when she had finished. "In the fall will be time enough, as I must return to Marseilles in a few days."

Remi said nothing, but his short experience with Garifoli had so alarmed him that he resolved never to place himself under the control of another *padrone*.

The next morning Mercanti and Mattia went to the prison. They found Garifoli much weaker than he had been the day before; but he seemed pleased to see Mattia, held his hand and said:

"I did not treat you very well, my boy, but I am going to try to make amends. Once, on the road to Toulouse, in a wood, I found a purse. Fearing that the owner—some traveller, perhaps—would have me arrested, if it was discovered on my person, I hid it in the hollow of an oak. I will confess that I was intoxicated at the time, and never could I find that oak again. It was near the hut of a charcoal-burner; but there are so many in that neighborhood that it is hard to tell exactly where to look."

"Yes, Master," said Mattia,—"very hard."

"You are still travelling with your guitar?" asked Garifoli.

"Yes, Master."

"Not alone? With a troupe, I suppose?"

"No: there is only one other boy and I,—Vitalis' boy. We are going soon to that neighborhood, and we shall look for the purse."

"Do not change your plans," said Garifoli. "It may mean six hundred francs for you, one hundred of which you will give to Mercanti. Do you promise?"

"Faithfully, Master," replied Mattia.

"It was in the Bois des Chênes, Mattia."

"Yes, I will remember."

"Well, that is all," said Garifoli. "Be a good boy and return to your own country. Work in the vineyards: you have no call to be a musician."

"I know that well," answered Mattia. "You remember, I did not want to come."

"I prefer to forget—now," said Garifoli. "That is all."

They left him, but he called Mattia back.

"An oak,—twin oak, remember!"

"I shall remember," replied the boy.

As they were passing through the ward, a sick man stretched out his hand.

"Mercanti," he said, "the doctor tells me I am dying,—can not possibly recover. I have been ten years in prison. Will you do me a favor?"

"If it is possible," replied Mercanti.

"In this hospital they will not call a priest for you, if they can help it," said the sick man. "God is not known here. But if one comes of his own accord, they can not refuse to admit him; they

dare not. Will you send me one, Monsieur?"

Mercanti scratched his head dubiously.

"I do not know any priests," he answered. "I must confess I am not a very good Christian."

"The Signora Marucca knows many," whispered Mattia. "She will be glad to send one, I am sure. She is always doing some good thing."

"Very well," replied Mercanti. "We can ask her. Your name, my friend?"

"James Galdon," said the sick man. "For twelve years I have carried a burthen which I now want to get rid of, and to do justice, if possible, to those who have suffered through me. No living person knows of it; I was convicted for another crime. I beseech you, do not neglect this request of mine. Tell the priest to ask for James Galdon, Ward No. 10."

"This boy will do what he promises," said Mercanti.

"Wait a minute," said Mattia, and he went back to Garifoli. "Would you like to see a priest?" he asked.

"No," answered Garifoli,—"no priest for me!"

"I think that is all a dream of Garifoli's," said Mercanti after they returned to the house,—"something he imagined when he had been drinking, and thought it real from having told it so often."

"Did he tell it often?" asked the matter-of-fact Mattia. "How do you know?"

"I fancy he did," said Mercanti. "People do things like that."

"I heard him only once," observed Mattia. "And he did not often drink."

"No, perhaps not of late years; but I do not believe his story, all the same."

"I know that forest and those charcoal-burners' huts," said Remi. "We lost our way there in the winter time, and stayed all night in one of the huts. It was snowing hard; and the dogs, Zerbino and Dulcie, went out and were eaten by wolves. It was then, for the first time, that Vitalis began to lose courage."

"No wonder, poor man!" said Mercanti. Then, turning laughingly to Mattia, he added: "Don't cheat me out of my share! Remember, I am to have a hundred francs."

"But shall we not have to look first for the owner?" asked Remi.

"A most extraordinary boy!" said Mercanti. "It will be time enough to think of that when the treasure comes to light."

(To be continued.)

How to Remember the Apostles' Names.

THERE has always been a tendency among people generally, and among students and professional men in particular, to devise methods of easy memorizing. Possibly some of our young readers may be interested in the following:

A contributor to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* gives, in Latin, a plan by which the names of the Twelve Apostles may readily be recalled when once they have been committed to memory. The plan works equally well in English, if one pays attention to the fact that the letter *j* is only another form of *i*, the two forms having once been used indifferently. Even nowadays we pronounce the *j* in *hallelujah* as if it were *i*. To recall the Twelve Apostles then, all we have to do is to think for a moment of the word "Baptism," which contains the initials of the twelve names, thus:

B.—Bartholomew.

A.—Andrew.

P.—Peter and Philip.

T.—Thomas.

I. (J).—James, John, James the son of Alpheus, Jude, and Judas Iscariot.

S.—Simon, "who is called Zelotes."

M.—Matthew.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Another collection of stories by Enid Dinnis, author of "God's Fairy Tales"; new novels by Constance E. Bishop and Mrs. G. J. Romanes; and a Life of St. Walburga, by Darley Dale, are announced.

—"The Formation of Character," the latest work by Fr. Ernest Hull, S. J., of Bombay, already noticed in these pages, is now on sale by the Herder Book Co. A well-printed brochure of 171 pages; price, 50 cents.

—The first lady of Canada, Her Excellency Lady Bing, wife of the Dominion's new Governor General, is the author of two successful books, "Barriers" and "Anne of the Marshlands," copyright editions of which are being issued in Canada.

—A new and cheaper edition of "The Christ the Son of God: A Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," by the Abbé Constant Fouard, has been issued by Longmans, Green & Co. Notes and appendices are omitted. The print is small and not always clear. Price, 75 cents.

—A correspondent of the London *Times Literary Supplement* calls attention to a forgotten, though not unpublished, letter of Dickens in which he wrote: "I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it."

—Social students will be glad to hear of a revised and enlarged edition of "The Church and Eugenics," by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. This is one of the most important of the manuals issued by the Catholic Social Guild of Oxford. The enlargement consists of an appendix "On Instruction in Matters of Sex." The work may be had of the B. Herder Book Co. Price, 50 cents.

—"The English Dominicans: 1221–1921," is the general title of twelve pamphlets published by the English Catholic Truth Society. All are by members of the Order, and are thus sub-entitled: "The Foundation," "In Public Life," "In Theology," "The Bible," "Their Ascetical Teaching," "As Preachers," "In Literature," "At the Reformation," "The Period of Eclipse," "Their Second Spring," "The Nuns," "The Third Order." We have found these pamphlets very interesting, and are hoping that they will have a host of readers. Of especial value are "The Bible," by Fr. Hugh Pope; "In Literature," by Fr. Edwin Essex; and "At the Reformation," by Fr. Bede Jarrett. The account of the nuns of St. Dominic, by Sister M. Benvenuta, is entertaining as well as informing.

—Confessing to a liking for serial stories, notwithstanding the weekly or monthly intervals between successive instalments, a Western editor voices a complaint that will be echoed by many of his readers. He condemns the practice, indulged in by some publishers, of bringing the completed story out in book-form before the expiration of the serial rights. And his point is well taken.

—A volume shortly to be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. will be safe to interest at least one class of Americans—editors and newspaper writers generally. It is Melville E. Stone's memoirs, "Fifty Years a Journalist." As head of the Associated Press for a lengthy period, Mr. Stone came in contact with the most famous men and most notable events of the past half century, and his reminiscences should be worth while.

—John Spargo, author of the brochure "The Jew and American Ideals," declares that his work is neither a defence of the Jew nor a pro-Jewish argument, but a defence of American ideals and institutions against anti-Semitism. Mr. Spargo fulminates against the London *Morning Post* and the *Dearborn Independent* for their attitude towards the Jew, and holds that American civilization needs co-operation of all men and women of good will, both Jews and Gentiles. Published by Harper & Brothers.

—"The Leather Pushers," by H. C. Witwer (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a novel of the present day. The author declares himself, in his prelude, a frank opponent of professional pugilism, though an advocate of amateur boxing. The prelude, by the way, is the only part of the book written in the English language; the story itself is told in the inelegant, if sometimes picturesque, slang of the "leather pushers," or prize-fighters. If this narrative should convince any of its readers that the average prize fight is "a good thing to keep away from," it will have served a very excellent purpose.

—"What is the most useless library in the world?" asks the *Westminster Gazette*, and it answers its own query by naming the Library of the Romantic Movement, of which the French Academy has charge at Chantilly. In

support of its statement, it recounts the recent experience of a French litterateur at the library in question. "He could not obtain permission to enter the door until he had explained exactly what he wanted to look at—a difficult task, since there is no catalogue. At the end of negotiations, which were spun out for six months, he obtained leave to spend one day in the library, which is open only from ten to three, with an interval for lunch. Then he encountered two cast-iron rules: the one, that any article based on his researches must be submitted to a committee before publication; the other, that he must copy nothing and take no notes."

—The Cornhill Co. (Boston) has just issued two plays in exquisite form. Printing and binding are so superior that we are reluctant to assert that "A Mediæval Hun," by John L. Carleton, seems to us little above mediocrity. The theme is the conflict between Henry IV. of Germany and St. Gregory; Canossa is introduced in the last act. Mr. Carleton's knowledge of history can not compensate for the absence of poetic verve and stirring diction.—"Body and Soul," by Elizabeth Marsh, is a very well-written drama of a lost soul's quest for Paradise. Having learned that no earthly power can aid it, the soul (which has taken possession of the body of a poor religious) casts itself at the feet of the Crucifix and is saved. Aside from the dogmatic error involved, this little volume seems to us both very powerful and spiritually effective. The price of each book is $1.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Berry, of the archdiocese of Liverpool; and Rev. Patrick Hickey, of the diocese of Leeds.

Sister M. Beatrice, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. of the Good Shepherd, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Thomas Rush, Mr. John Gardella, Miss Anna Casper, Mrs. Margaret Walsh, Mr. H. J. Gaupel, Mr. Charles Hunleth, Mr. James O'Reilly, Mr. Edward Dolan, Mr. J. B. Harrison, Mrs. Ellen Collins, Mrs. William Hatswell, Miss Annie Flew, Mr. Patrick Lawler, Mr. A. J. Glaser, Mr. Charles Maher, Mr. Albert Kraus, Mr. P. Nacey, Mr. John Mayer, Mr. Frederick Stange, Mr. Thomas Griffin, Mr. James Smith, Mr. John Dufour, Mrs. Andrew Buckley, Mr. J. P. Campbell, Mr. Roderick Campbell, Mr. Thomas Nelson, Mrs. Mary McGrath, Mr. Daniel Dunne, Mr. Joseph Gallipeau, Mr. Edmond Hynes, Mr. Anthony Culkin, Miss Ellen Kenney, Mrs. Ellen Keefe, Miss Frances Wolf, Mr. Richard Lash, and Mr. William Leggo.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions: C. F. Burling, $3. For the famine sufferers in Russia: friend (N. M. H., Kansas), $10.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 15, 1921. NO. 16

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Autumn.

BY S. M. M.

FOR that I dreamed the night long of my lover
I must be clad to-day most radiantly.
Come, earth and air and sky;
Put all my outworn Summer raiment by.
Gold I will wear
For all my golden dreams of him and fair;
And red,
The burning memory of one beauteous word he said.
Sky, earth, and air,
Think you my love is come, the importunate rover?
Quick, fetch me a mist of purple for my hair;
And for my hand
A single snowflake flower,
Sign of my passing hour.
See how all beautiful I stand
Waiting—ah! who could guess?—waiting for Death, my lover.

Mother of God.*

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

WHEN we affirm that our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, we do but follow Holy Church in most intimately linking together the sweet and blessed names of Jesus and Mary in one confession of faith. The truth which we thus maintain in the Creeds, we find set forth both in the Gospel narrative and in the formula of St. John the Divine—*Verbum caro factum est*,—"The Word was made flesh." The foundation of the doctrine of the Cross is the dogma of the divine maternity of Mary. To deny this latter is to deny the whole mystery of the Incarnation and to lose all reasonable hold of the Christian religion.

No definition nor further explanation regarding this doctrine has ever been put forth by Holy Church but what is a plain and simple defence of St. John's original formula. As he saw and regarded the doctrine, so does the Church still see and regard it; though, in like manner as the Gospel of St. John supplemented the previous Gospels, so does the Constantinopolitan symbol assert more emphatically, and detail more fully, that same unchanging and unchangeable faith, previously embodied in what is known as the Apostles' Creed. Now, in order rightly to comprehend the doctrine that Mary is the Mother of God, and her exalted position in the economy of grace, it will be necessary to point out expressly what errors bearing on the subject were brought to light and formally condemned by the undivided Church in bygone times.

1. In the fourth century Arius and his followers categorically denied the divinity of our Blessed Saviour,—maintaining that Jesus Christ, though the first and greatest of created beings, was *only* a created being, and not of one

* From a collection of twenty "Sermons, Parochial and Occasional." The following notes of passages from the Fathers and early writers testify to the true position of the Blessed Virgin in the economy of grace, and

substance with the Eternal Father; they refused to hold and believe that He was really and truly God. In thus denying the divinity of the Son of Mary, they denied the truth of St. John's assertion—"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God,"—and thus denied also the divine maternity of Mary. So, under the guidance of the Blessed Spirit, the Fathers of the Church met at Nicæa to refute the errors which were rife, and expressly and plainly to declare what was the faith. "We believe," they maintained, "in One Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of His Father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten, not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made." And the Church throughout the world—the whole Christian family—has accepted this definition.

2. Three generations passed, and then another error, from an opposite point of view, arose and called for fresh action on the part of authority. Nestorius, patriarch of Constantinople, likewise practically denied the Incarnation, maintaining that a personal union of the Divinity with the Humanity was degrading to the former. Hence he taught that Christ was divided—that in Him there was one person, the Son of God; and another person, the Son of Man. Thus the Divine Word was not made flesh: God was not born of Mary, and Mary was not the Mother of God. Now, formally to make this latter assertion is to deny that Jesus is the Son of God, and so to undermine the foundation of the Christian religion. Consequently a council was gathered in 431 at Ephesus, where this teaching of Nestorius was solemnly condemned; the title "Mother of God" was given to Mary, and those were anathematized who maintained that Christ was not verily and indeed both God and Man.

3. Soon after this, on the other hand, Eutyches, abbot of a monastery near Constantinople, being unable, as he thought, otherwise to frame an answer to the Nestorian heresy which had divided the person of Christ, went on to confuse and confound our Blessed Lord's two natures. He maintained that, through the Incarnation, the divine and human natures became confused into one; and that the latter, being totally absorbed by the former, lost its separate existence. This error was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, the judgment of which was accepted and ratified by the whole Church. For justice requires that the person atoning should be truly of the same nature as those who have offended; and at the same time that the act of atonement should be of infinite value, so that he who makes atonement must be God. In the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, therefore, there is unity of person, but two natures. Moreover, Jesus Christ being truly God, and Mary being the Mother of Jesus Christ, she is consequently the Mother of God.

Now, if we admit this most exalted title, and allow the claim which the possession of it advances—and no Catholic can refuse to do so,—it follows that Mary deserves, and ought to receive, our honor, respect, veneration, and love. For in the Gospels and in the

form the foundation of this discourse: St. Justin Martyr, Dial. cum Tryph., 100.—Tertullian, Lib. de Carn. Christ., cap. xvii.—Irenæus, Adv. Hæres., lib. iii.—St. Ambrose, Exhort. Virgin, lib. i, cap. v and Serm. iv, xxii and xlii.—St. Peter Chrysologus, Serm. cxliii and clx Patrol. lii.—St. Ephrem Syrus, tom. v, Orat. ad Dei Genit. and tom. iii, p. 210, ed. Rom., 1598.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Opera, lib. vi, in Joan. c. 15, and Homil. contra Nest.—St. Augustine, lib. de Nat. et Grat., cap. xxxiv.—St. Jerome, Ep. xxii ad Eustochium Opera, tom. i. Opera in Psal. lxxvii. Adv. Elvid., tom. ii, p. 69.—St. Basil in cap. ii Luc.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Serm. de Nat., xxxviii.—St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Catech., Lect., xvii, pp. 138 and 223 ed. Oxon., 1838.—St. Gregory of Nyssa, Hom. de Nat., Christ.—St. James of Nisibis, Sermones *in loco*.—Theodoret, lib. iv, De Hær., c. xii, sec. 4.—St. Athanasius, Serm. in Annunt. Opera, tom. ii, p. 401, ed. Ben.—Opera Omnia, S. Bernardi, Paris. These notes were furnished by Dr. Lee, who was a contributor to THE AVE MARIA while yet an Anglican.

Creeds, as well as in the writings of the Fathers of Holy Church, the name of Mary stands very near to that of Jesus. "I believe in Jesus Christ, His [God's] only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," is but St. Luke's simple record of the Incarnation, formulated in a confession of faith everywhere received. "The Angel came in unto her and said: Hail, thou that art highly favored! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women!...Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a Son, and shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the House of Jacob forever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end....And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word."

Here is the record of the union betwixt God and man. Here is set forth the mystery to which we owe all that we have of supernatural gifts. She, then, who was so intimately connected with this plan and work must have obtained, in a supereminent degree, of His fulness which we have all received, and grace for grace. When, therefore, Blessed Mary consented to participate in the work of the Incarnation, the mystery of God manifest in the flesh was accomplished. Her will and sufferings were thus united to the will and sufferings of her Son. In her pure and spotless womb the Author and Source of every grace enriched that virginal Mother with graces and gifts unparalleled.

> Thou wert happy, Blessed Mother,
> With the very bliss of heaven,
> Since the Angel's salutation
> In thy raptured ear was given.
> Since the *Ave* of that midnight
> When thou wert anointed Queen,
> Like a river overflowing
> Hath the grace within thee been.

From the Annunciation to the birth, grace was being added to grace during the months that Mary bore her precious Burden. So, too, throughout the sacred infancy and hidden life. The Prophets of old had been enriched with special blessings and fortified with divine privileges. Moses and Elijah, Malachi and John the Baptist, had been supereminently blessed: Mary alone—*Regina Prophetarum*—was the Mother of God. None other could have loved as she. Here she was unapproached. Hers alone were watchful care and maternal anxiety. She had brought forth her Lord. The child in swaddling clothes on Mary's lap was the very God whose voice, ere the dawn of creation, had broken the stillness of eternity. She tended and watched over Him; she sorrowed and suffered with Him and for Him; while He who had "emptied Himself" became in love subject and obedient unto her. O adorable mystery of God manifest in the flesh! O sweet and blessed names of Jesus and Mary! "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys."

Three points still remain for our pious consideration: (1) The martyrdom of the Blessed Virgin; (2) the fact that Mary is the Mother of the faithful; and (3) the veneration due to the Mother of God.

1. That the Blessed Virgin was to be in conflict and to suffer had been declared by the Almighty to the tempter after Eve had brought sin into the world. "I will put enmity between thee and the Woman, between thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." So when our Saviour was presented in the Temple in the substance of our flesh, after He had been delivered by Mary into the hands of the priest, and so was offered by anticipation as a perfect sacrifice and satisfaction for the sins of the world, the just and devout man of Jerusalem, who had waited for the

glory and consolation of God's people Israel, declared the future sufferings of our Blessed Lady. For we read that "Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary His Mother: Behold, this Child is set for the ruin and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; and thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

This prophecy was fulfilled in its fulness on Calvary. There were, however, foretastes of its woes before. The shadow of the cross fell on the Child Jesus, and therefore on His Mother Mary, at His Circumcision. It fell on her more deeply in the three days' loss, which typified the three hours of the Passion. Whenever, again, by taunt or unbelief, or malicious saying of His enemies, Jesus suffered, the Mother of Jesus suffered likewise. As the "better Eve," Mary, St. Ephrem tells us, was to participate by her deep interior sorrow in the adorable Passion of her Divine Son. For as His Mother she could not be passive when woe and suffering indescribable were His lot. Whatever was involved in becoming His mother, that she accepted by her immediate response to Gabriel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done unto me according to thy word." On this account she is looked upon as the chief, or Queen of Martyrs; for deep were her sufferings in witnessing constantly those of her Divine Son.

To the natural love of a mother for her child, so deep, so mysterious, so true, was added the most perfect supernatural love. If the sufferings of the patriarch Abraham were deep when he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, what must have been the anguish and woe of Mary when, standing beneath the cross, she gave up her Son to die? Moreover, her martyrdom, so to speak, was not like that of the martyrs in general—indescribably bitter but soon over: it was continual. She had suffered with Him at Bethlehem, in His helplessness and destitution; and continued to suffer until the bloody sacrifice of Calvary was consummated after the three hours' agony.

And her sorrow was without consolation. In the case of the martyrs of Christ, we know full well that divine love soothed the pain of the fires and the bitter torments of the arena and the wheel; for, in writing of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, St. Augustine, in his "Twenty-Seventh Tractate," declares that the fire of internal love by which he was inflamed was more active and potent than the external fire by which his body was consumed. Not so, however, with Mary. The divine love which ruled her heart augmented her woe and became the formal instrument by which her grief was increased; for it grew great in proportion to her great love. The more she loved Him—and who can penetrate the depths of her love!—the more bitter was the martyrdom she endured. Thus a sword keenly pierced her own soul, and the prophecy of Simeon was fulfilled.

2. We now proceed to consider the dogmatic fact that our Blessed Lady is the Mother of the faithful. "Behold thy Mother!" To the truth of this the great St. Augustine of Hippo plainly bore witness. "She is the spiritual Mother not of our Head, who is the Saviour"—for of Him she is the natural Mother,—"but of us, His members."* St. Ambrose, too, does but explain the commendation of St. John to Mary when he maintains that our adorable Saviour, by making His will on the cross, left all Christians to be the spiritual children of Mary—her children by grace; and, consequently, made Mary the spiritual Mother of all Christians.

St. Cyril of Alexandria, in his "Exposition of the Gospel," declares that Christ appears on Calvary not simply

* De Sanct. Virg., lib. i, cap. vi.

and mainly as the Son of Mary, but as the Second Man Adam. Mary appears not as the Mother of God, but as the Second Eve. The first Adam and Eve had ruined the whole race of mankind: the new Adam had, with the co-operation of the new Eve, restored that spiritual life which had been lost. "Eve," wrote St. Epiphanius, "was the pretext of death to mankind, inasmuch as by her acts death came into the world. But Mary, on the other hand, was the pretext of life; for by her co-operation the Life Himself was born for us men." St. Peter Chrysologus, in his "Sermons,"* consequently maintains that "woman, by grace, is now truly made the mother of the living, who had been by nature the mother of the dying." Mary, therefore, was made our spiritual Mother by our dying Master, Jesus Christ; and should be acknowledged as such by all Christians.

On Calvary, then, Mary was formally appointed the spiritual Mother of the faithful. "Behold thy Mother!" Not by nature was she the Mother of the Beloved Disciple, but through grace, by the divine grace and special disposition of our merciful Redeemer. There, at the foot of the cross, St. John represented the family of the new creation. He is a brother in grace of all who have received and co-operated with grace. The spiritual links which bind regenerate souls to one another make all members of the one family, of which Christ is the Head. What the prerogatives of the mother of a family are in the natural order, such, at least, are the prerogatives of Mary in the supernatural. And what our Blessed Saviour from His altar of suffering said to St. John on the first Good Friday, that Holy Church still declares continually to the faithful soul in his earthly pilgrimage: "Behold thy Mother!"

Side by side with the name of Jesus, our one Mediator of redemption, stands the name of Mary, our Mother by grace. We confess it in our Creeds: Christ was "born of the Virgin Mary." We acknowledge it in loving affection and profound veneration. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." The two names can never with safety be separated. Therefore, in deed as well as in word the Church daily shows forth Mary. When the sun sinks in the west and the day declines, when the evening star comes out, and round our earthly altars are lit up the symbols of the light of the new creation—Jesus, God of God and Light of Light,—Mary's sweet canticle of thanksgiving—*Magnificat!*—is the chief feature of our Vesper song. As Gabriel greeted her, so may we. Moreover, in honor of that Blessed Lady churches are solemnly dedicated, while five of her festivals are still observed by our national communion.* A love of the Mother consequently is thus authoritatively set forth as a collateral duty of the love of the Son. The two go together. This we may see when we note that those Christians who have ever scrupulously honored the Mother still worship the Son, while others who have avowedly ceased to confess and adore the Son began their descent into unbelief by first rudely scoffing at the Mother.

3. And now we pass on to consider the third point selected, being one of some practical importance—viz., the veneration due to Mary. If it be reasonable, then, to honor in the world those who have rendered great services to mankind; if the successful general, the public benefactor, the scientific discoverer, may be duly and properly venerated because of their noble public deeds, can it be otherwise than right to apply this principle in the order of grace to the saints and to the Queen of

* Serm. cxl, tom. ii.

* The Anglican Communion, of which Dr. Lee was a member when this sermon was written and sent to us. —Ed. A. M.

Saints? The inferior honor and veneration given to the saints not only interfere not with the honor rendered to God, but, when given to His saints in consideration of what His grace has made them, adds to the honor which we render to God Himself. The honor given to the saints is precisely the same in kind that we give to our fellow-creatures—to our parents, pastors and masters, tutors, governors, and king. But the honor offered to God is different in kind. This latter is supreme and absolute, of the highest character; due to Him for His own sake, resting in Him alone and not passing to another.

Now, it is quite evident that in ordinary language we constantly use terms bearing different meanings according as they are made use of or applied. The bearing of the context evidences our meaning. The terms "honor," "reverence," "veneration," and "worship," each expresses duties we owe to God; yet to certain living people, dignitaries in Church and State—putting aside the saints,—we formally apply the words "honorable," "reverend," "venerable," and "worshipful"; but no one could venture to maintain that in so doing we were dishonoring God. Now, let this argument be applied to the pious practices of Catholic Christians, both Eastern and Western, and the difficulties which some experience will soon appear not only baseless but of no importance....

We have already pointed out the peculiar and important part taken by Mary in the work of the Incarnation. It is of faith that she is the Mother of God. Of grace, the source of all blessing, we know that she was full. Our own term, "highly favored,"* most inadequately expresses the force of the Greek original. The address of Gabriel should rather run, "Hail, full of [or overflowing with] grace! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women!" Blessed amongst virgins, blessed amongst mothers, because the Mother ever-virgin of Him who is the only-begotten of the Father, the Lord of men and of angels, the great King of heaven and earth.

"Full of grace." To use grace well is to obtain more. For "to him that hath shall be given." Grace overflowing, duly co-operated with, can but merit glory. "Wherefore," wrote St. Peter, "give diligence to make your calling and election sure." The grace that Mary possessed expanded and deepened, both because of her divine maternity and of her constant co-operation with grace. To Jesus, her Divine Son, she continually ministered; with Him she sorrowed, with Him suffered. Now, if, as St. Paul declares, "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," what shall be her glory who was so near to Him both by nature and grace as to have been His Mother? For His faithful children and followers, for His obedient servants and sons, heart can not conceive the reward prepared in the eternal kingdom. What, then, has Mary, who carried Him in her virginal womb and brought Him forth in the stable at Bethlehem? What is there for her whose patience and obedience, whose fortitude and self-surrender, were so great and high and admirable?

Christ has promised that where He is there shall His servants be. And so it is with His Blessed Mother. True, she paid the debt of nature. Out of the sight of men she had lived, and she fittingly died in private. Throughout the Christian family there spread the sweet belief that grew up round her empty resting-place: that she is now body as well as soul with her Son in heaven, first of creatures in splendor and first in sanctity too,—a beautiful and acceptable tradition with those who venerate and love. "I am the Rose of

* St. Luke, i, 19.

Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." Jesus the Son and Mary the Mother are together once more. "Upon the right hand did stand the Queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colors."

Ever, therefore, while meditating on her high prerogatives, and learning more and more of the adorable mysteries of God manifest in the flesh, let us strive to love and venerate her whom all generations call "Blessed." For she is ours and we are hers. To repeat the Angelic Salutation, the "Memorial of the Incarnation," as the ancient Church of England so accurately termed it, is a salutary lesson, in thus learning to practise that love....

We look onward, therefore, in faith from this vale of tears, this parched wilderness, this treeless desert, to a garden of peaceful beauty, over which no cloud passes to dim the unchanging splendor of the Sun of Righteousness, and where flowers never fade. Memories of the Paradise of old help us to dream of that upon which our tearful eyes have not yet rested, and where sin shall hold no sway. Over our path the shadows lengthen and night comes on apace. But the stars are out, and the way, though narrow, is straight.

When the work of the new creation, all its mysteries made clear, is crowned by its Source and King, we shall know—but not until then—how the prayers of the saints in white and the intercession of the Mother of Mercy, as well as the ministration of angels, have aided us sojourners in our heavenward journey, and wrought out in mystery the perfect work of divine love. For that change may we prepare; so that to that garden we may be transplanted, where bloom in everlasting beauty the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of Eden.

"To know all is to forgive all,"—the truest of French proverbs.

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XVI.—PARTED.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
—*Shakespeare.*

IN due course, Walter and the Count received their passports and permission to leave Naples. They packed up and went on board the French steamer for Marseilles which lay quietly at anchor in the Bay. They fully expected to find the Hartleys, but they had not as yet embarked. The Count had seen them on the previous evening and found them quite ready for the journey. They had told him that the police had promised them their passports.

The two young men were leaning over the bulwarks of the steamer watching the port, expecting at every moment to see the ladies putting off in a small boat. Then a bell was rung to warn any one who chanced to be on board the steamer that it was time to leave her. In a very few minutes all the boats that had loitered around put off. Then the sailors began to work merrily at the capstan, and soon the anchor was weighed. No Hartleys had appeared!

"Let's go to the captain and tell him that there are two ladies who are yet to come," suggested the Count.

The captain was extremely civil, but regretted that he could not on any account delay his departure, having mails on board which he was bound by contract to deliver at a fixed time at Marseilles. He had already been delayed by a gale, and it would be all he could do to reach France on schedule.

"Under other circumstances, gentlemen," he said chivalrously, "I should have been happy to oblige these ladies."

"We have reasons to fear that they have been detained against their will," said Walter.

"May I ask what those reasons are?" said the captain.

Walter told him briefly why he feared that Colonel Fiori had put some obstacle in their way. The captain looked grave and suggested:

"Why not send a message to your Minister to ask him to protect these ladies?"

The steamer was now underway, and her powerful paddle-wheels were already churning the calm sea. No boat, not even a pilot's, was near the ship; so Walter asked with surprise how a message could be sent.

"There's one of your frigates at anchor in the Bay. I'll signal to her any message—make it short—you wish your ambassador to receive. I'm sure the frigate will transmit it."

Walter hastily pencilled these words:

"Inform British Minister two English ladies missed embarking. Fear foul play.—Walter Gane."

Quickly a number of small signal flags were run up and were fluttering in the gentle breeze.

The captain handed his telescope to Walter, saying:

"Watch the frigate and tell me what you see."

What seemed a long interval to the watcher—it was in reality a very short one—passed, when he exclaimed that there was hoisted to the masthead of the war vessel a long red and white pennant.

"That's all right," said the captain, after he had taken a look through his glass to verify Walter's observation. "That's the answering pennant. It means they've seen and understood our signal. But if you would like to stay here on the bridge until we are out of the Bay, you can keep a lookout on the frigate to see if she makes any further signal to us."

Walter gladly accepted the offer. But no signals were made, and he had reluctantly to abandon his post as the steamer doubled the island of Ischia and shaped her course northwards, the English frigate being then lost to sight.

"It was well, Count, that I took your advice," he said, "and paid my respects to our Minister. He received me most civilly; for it appears that he knew my father very well."

"What good fortune it is to be a well-known banker's son!"

"I hope it is; and that when the Minister gets my message he will remember me and act upon it. But it's terrible to think of the Hartleys being at the mercy of that Colonel."

"I'm not much of a judge of character, you may say," replied the Count; "but, unless I'm jolly well mistaken, that little Mrs. Hartley may prove more than a match for the swaggering Colonel."

"Pray God and the Madonna that it may be so," said Walter.

"We can't do better," the Count replied gravely. "There's a famous shrine of Our Lady outside Marseilles, called Notre Dame de la Garde. Let's vow that we'll make a pilgrimage to it, to obtain Our Lady's help for the Hartleys in their distress. Meanwhile, Walter, cheer up. Moaning and groaning won't help."

This made Walter laugh, and for the rest of the voyage he was calm, even cheerful. It was his deeply religious feeling that made him so in all the trials of life. He was not one to make much display of his religion. In this he was a thorough Englishman. Retiring to the privacy of his cabin, he quietly said his Beads, begging our Blessed Mother to help him in his present trouble.

The steamer made a quick run to Marseilles, whose busy port, full of shipping, and its quays covered with merchandise, interested Walter more than all the beauties of Naples with its lazy liveliness, its much a-do-about-nothing. The earnest energy of the

great French port was more to the taste of the strenuous young Englishman. He and the Count put up at a hotel in the Rue de la Cannebière, which, as we all know, is one of the great streets of Europe. It seems to be a thoroughfare for all the world. They sat sipping their after-dinner coffee at a small table set on the pavement in front of their hotel, and watching the kaleidoscopic procession of passers-by. Sturdy French merchants and their clerks, mostly in broadcloth and wearing high silk hats, discussed with many gesticulations the business of the day. And the gay scene was enlivened by the many soldiers who mingled with the passers-by,—dragoons in shining brass helmets, hardy linesmen, in blue and red uniforms, chasseurs in blue and grey, and Zouaves dressed like Mamelukes, just then recruited from the gamins of Paris and destined to fame on many a hard-fought field.

The Count meanwhile took little notice of the crowd. He was absorbed in reading the *Journal des Débats* freshly arrived from Paris. Presently he laid aside his paper and said:

"The news from Belgium make me long to get back there. We must leave here as soon as your friends the Hartleys arrive, or we get news of them."

"What's happened?" asked Walter.

"There have been two attempts—in which some of our soldiers were implicated—to place on the Belgian throne a member of the House of Orange. England is said to have favored these attempts. But on their failure, her representative in Brussels, Lord Ponsomby, has suggested that the crown should be offered to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, the widower of your Princess Charlotte."

"Would you Belgians accept him? You know that he is a Protestant?"

"I don't think that that would be an objection," replied the Count. "Congress is very liberal in its ideas, but it might require that if this prince became our king, he should wed a Catholic princess and that his children should be brought up Catholics. But, at all costs, we must have a king, and have him quickly. A continuation of the regency can lead only to fresh troubles."

Early next morning, the two friends made their pilgrimage on foot to the shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde. Here both prayed earnestly that Our Lady would obtain for them what they desired. Walter prayed that all might be speedily arranged for his marriage with Alice; the Count, that his country might quickly find a king to give it order and peace.

Having finished their devotions, they visited the church situated on a steep, stony hill, and were much touched at sight of all the *ex-voto* offerings that hung on its walls,—crutches, models of ships and boats, and quaint paintings of accidents by sea and land. They then mounted to the top of the tower of the church and enjoyed the view of the great commercial city, of the distant Alps, and of the great, dark-blue expanse of the waters of the Mediterranean, dotted with islets, and numberless white sails brightened by the sunshine of a fine winter's day. Every day for a week they visited the shrine. Just as they were about to descend from it on the seventh day, they saw a large frigate making for port.

"Let's go down and see her enter," suggested Walter.

They did so, and as they neared the port they heard the guns of the war vessel thundering out a salute, which was presently answered by the battery near the entrance of the harbor.

"She's probably not a French vessel. She would not fire a salute on entering one of her own ports, unless she had been long absent on foreign service. I believe that's the rule."

(To be continued.)

A New Candidate for Canonization.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONTINUED.)

FATHER MARK'S first journey into Germany brought him into intimate relations with the pious Duke Charles of Lorraine and his wife Eleanor, widow of Michael Koributh, King of Poland, and sister of the Emperor Leopold, who had confided to his brother-in-law the government of the Tyrol. Father Mark's passage through the Tyrol was a continuous triumph. No monarch visiting his States was received with such homage as the poor Capuchin friar. His presence at Innsbruck produced great fruit and led to the conversion of a Calvinist lady of high rank, Catherine Riswarmin. He was highly honored in Munich, which he reached on April 23, 1680.

The Duke Maximilian Philip, who then governed Bavaria in the capacity of Regent (the Elector, Maximilian-Emmanuel, his nephew, not having yet attained his majority), was profoundly attached to the Catholic Faith and of rare piety. The high hopes he founded on the coming of the man of God were not deceived; realization surpassed all that he had dreamed. During the ten days Father Mark spent in Munich, the Capuchin church was filled with an immense crowd, and the convent was besieged by visitors. "The good Father," records one of his contemporary brethren, "would surely have been stifled by the multitude, if soldiers had not been sent to maintain order in the church....Twice he had to renew his mantle, which the throng cut up to make relics. They brought us after his departure 150 crutches, 80 sticks and various other ex-votos of cures obtained. But more marvellous than all that was the example of humility, poverty, and penitence of our pious confrère." The Elector directed that a record of the miracles attributed to Father Mark should be drawn up. The pamphlet, published in Germany and then translated into Italian, enumerated no fewer than 117 graces and favors obtained. "He preaches in Italian," relates a Jesuit writer, "and makes even those who do not understand his words weep."

Pope Innocent XI. was kept well informed of the prodigious success of Father Mark's mission in Munich by Baron Scarlatti, the Bavarian *chargé-d'affaires* in Rome. At Salzburg, the Prince-Bishop, surrounded by his Chapter, awaited Father Mark's arrival at the Mullner Thor, one of the gates of the city. As soon as he saw the humble religious, he went straight to him, threw himself into his arms and pressed him to his heart as if he were a most intimate friend. He wrote to Cardinal Cibo: "By his exemplary life, not less than by his fervent prayers, preaching, exhortations and other marvellous works, Father Mark has done immense good in these regions. For my part, I have particularly to thank you, who, for the good of my subjects, have been pleased to send to my Capital this great servant of God."

His sojourn in Salzburg was prolonged on account of the plague which had just broken out. This pestilence was only the beginning of calamities which were to visit the Christian world in punishment of its sins. Father Mark had clearly predicted it. In his last sermon before leaving Munich, he had given utterance to menaces like another Savonarola. Alluding to the invasion of the Turks, which no one then foresaw, he said: "Another scourge greater than the plague will fall upon Germany. Ah, return to God; appease His anger!"

At the request of the Archbishop, he visited the ancient and celebrated Benedictine nunnery at Nomberg. The chronicles of the abbey have preserved the minutest particulars of his sojourn,

which left an ineffaceable memory. The nuns could not restrain their tears when they saw the angelic piety with which he said Mass. The Capuchin nuns, whom he also visited, preserve as a treasure his portrait in oil. They regard as miraculous its escaping destruction when, in 1818, a fire reduced to ashes the little convent of Our Lady of Loreto.

Father Mark was received at the imperial Court, then at Linz, with every mark of esteem and veneration. Leopold I., King of Hungary and Bohemia, Archduke of Austria, and invested with the shadowy but pompous title of Emperor, as successor of the Cæsars, made the humble Capuchin not only his confidant and spiritual director, but his counsellor in all difficult affairs of State. Strong in faith but not in character, he stood in need of guidance and support and of one in whom he could confidently put his trust. Such a one he found in the holy Capuchin.

For twenty years there was an uninterrupted correspondence between the humble Capuchin and the greatest monarch in Europe. The Emperor wrote to kings only with his own hand; all other communications were sent by his secretaries; and when he condescended to affix his signature or add a word or two in his own handwriting, it was considered as an exceptional favor. He put the friar on a level with kings in this regard; he looked up to him as more than on an equality, and wrote him long letters. So little did the good religious pride himself on them, however, that in the beginning he burned these letters, until his superiors put him under obedience to preserve them. They number 165 holographs in the archives of the Capuchin Convent in Venice. Along with those of Father Mark, they were published in 1887 at Gratz by Professor Onno Klopp. The originals of Father Mark's replies are in the State Archives in Vienna; while of those he wrote to his family, some are in the Venetian convent, and some are in the Vatican Archives.

"God," says a biographer, "seems to have chosen him to be not only the counsellor, but the assessor of the Emperor, his *alter ego*, a new Grey Eminence somewhat like what Père Joseph du Tremblay was to Richelieu, and still more effective in his action....It may be said that be bore the burden of all the Empire. He was perpetually weighed down, crucified by the immense responsibility; but it assured him, in the eyes of history, the honor of having participated in all the grand events of that time,—preparing, directing and bringing to a successful conclusion undertakings which were to issue in the salvation of Christendom."

The greatest of those events was the deliverance of Vienna, in which he played a very prominent part, sharing with Sobieski the glory of that triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, at a crisis in the history of Europe when the gravest dangers threatened the Church and Christian civilization. The Christian Powers, unheeding the menace, were disunited. Hungary, once the bulwark against Mohammedanism, seethed with revolt; France and Austria, hereditary antagonists, watchful and distrustful of each other, were at enmity; Louis XIV. dominated the West; the Emperor Leopold was weak and irresolute. Who was to arouse the Austrian Court from its torpor, to open the eyes of the indolent monarch to the dangers that threatened him, his empire and all Europe? The Nuncio and the Duke of Neuburg had tried and failed.

Mark of Aviano was the man of Providence to accomplish this momentous task. He was signally successful. Leopold wrote to him on September 5, 1682: "I have great need of your Paternity's prayers, the more so as it

concerns not my cause but that of God Himself; for it is Europe that suffers, and in consequence, the Catholic religion." This letter was the result of the Capuchin's admonitions. With deep humility, Leopold pleads: "Your Paternity knows well that it is not easy, that I am isolated, that I can not know everything. I must make my *culpa;* I am of a hesitating, irresolute disposition, and I never know how to come promptly to an energetic resolution."

Sobieski, the other man of Providence, likewise rose to the occasion; although Poland, a weak nation, had grievances against Austria. His great heroic soul found expression in the words: "It is the conqueror of the Turks my people have acclaimed. They have so pointed out to me my mission. I am a king, not as a representative but as a combatant." Pope Innocent XI. wanted to form a defensive league of all the Christian Powers, an indispensable preliminary to what was the conclusion of a peace between France and Austria. The nations were disturbed by forebodings of impending disasters; they recalled Father Mark's predictions, and there was talk of presages and supernatural signs, particularly of the appearance of the Holy Name miraculously traced in the centre of a beech tree sawn by woodcutters. The Empress, much impressed, sent facsimiles of it to Father Mark, who, at the first sign of the assault on Vienna, was to place them on the ark containing the relics of St. Anthony of Padua and send them to the Emperor as a pledge of the heavenly protection against his spiritual and temporal enemies. It was not forgotten that it was by virtue of the Holy Name that St. John Capistrano, the Franciscan, achieved his victories, having it impressed on the standard he put into the hands of John Hunyadi.

When the advance of 30,000 Turks forced the imperial troops to abandon an important position which they held, the old Duke of Neuburg wrote to Father Mark: "Your presence is really necessary, because I foresee that without you we shall accomplish nothing. In past wars against heretics it was the blessed Father Dominic* who gained for us the battle of Prague. Your Paternity must now help us to victory over the Turks."

The Capuchin, having received the most pressing orders from his superiors and been commissioned by the Pope chaplain of the armies, in less than a month made the long journey, organized resistance and saved Vienna. His first proceeding was to supplicate the blessing of Heaven upon the relieving forces, to counsel the Emperor to have recourse to the Blessed Virgin, confronting the enemy with her image upon the principal standard, and promising an annual solemn celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception. To Sobieski he said: "Sire, it is for God and Christendom you have come." The Polish King wrote to his wife: "We have passed in prayer the day of the 8th of September. Father Mark, whom the Pope sent here expressly, has given us his blessing; we have received Holy Communion from his hands. 'Have you confidence in God?' he asked us; and upon the unanimous response that our confidence was full and complete, he made us repeat with him several times, 'Jesus! Mary!' He is truly a man of God. I gladly gave him a half hour's audience before crossing the Danube." To his wife, the Duchess Eleanor, the Duke of Lorraine wrote: "To my great joy and satisfaction, Father Mark is with us. With him we surely have the help of God."

On September 6, the King of Poland as commander-in-chief, reviewed the

* A Carmelite. He held in his hand an image of the Blessed Virgin, now venerated in the church of Our Lady of Victories in Rome.

army, after which the generals assisted at Mass, celebrated by Father Mark in presence of a congregation of 80,000 soldiers. General Caprara having asked him if the Turks would be beaten, he replied: "Yes, and all their baggage will fall into our hands." He often repeated this prophecy.

His presence among the troops was an inspiration, a call to arms, a powerful influence in maintaining order and discipline and raising their *morale*. The soldiers idolized him. Says Count Bisanti, one of the Savoy dragoons: "His habit, his mantle were in pieces, despite the guard that surrounded him, and they had the greatest difficulty in the world in getting him into the chariot, from which he spoke in a deep, powerful voice. His venerable aspect inspired respect. When, crucifix in hand, he began to speak, there was profound silence. 'If you wish,' said he, 'that God should grant you victory and give those who fall in this holy Crusade the glory of Paradise, it is necessary that you should have sorrow for your sins.' In his peroration, he assured us that those who, their consciences purified by repentance, should fall under the scimitars of the infidels, would, in regard to eternal salvation, have the same security as if they had fallen after receiving priestly absolution. When the servant of God had finished reciting his beautiful act of contrition, officers and soldiers cried out with one accord, 'Grace! mercy!' "

On Sunday, September 12, 1683, a day memorable in the annals of Christendom, began a battle which was to decide the fate of Europe. Early on that morning, upon an improvised altar in the little church of St. Leopold, ruined and desecrated by the Turks and Tartars, Father Mark celebrated Mass, at which Sobieski, his son, the Duke of Lorraine, the princes and the generals received Holy Communion. The people of Vienna, from the summit of the walls, followed with anxious eyes the progress of the momentous conflict. Since morning the tocsin resounded from all the bells in the city. The women and the children took refuge in the churches, praying under the guardianship of Bishop Kolonitz. Soon their anxiety gave place to delirious joy when, in the afternoon, bells were rung and *Te Deums* were chaunted. Father Mark, mounted on his warhorse, with the hero of the day, had passed through all the ranks. He appeared to be ubiquitous, as, crucifix in hand, he never ceased to pray and to exhort and bless them, repeating triumphantly: "*Ecce Crucem Domini, fugite partes adversae!*"* Seeing the glittering cross on Father Mark's breast, Sobieski said to him: "Father, it is to your prayers and blessings we owe this glorious victory." "No, your Majesty," replied the humble religious: "it is Almighty God who has given it to us through the help of your bravery."

In the large painting at the Vatican representing Sobieski's triumphal entrance into Vienna, the masterpiece of the Polish artist, Mattejko, Mark of Aviano is shown with the crucifix on his breast and an image of the Blessed Virgin in his hand, close to the deliverer of Vienna.

Immediately after the battle he retired to his cell, there to give thanks to God. He told the Imperial Ambassador in Venice, Count de la Torre, that it was by the inspiration of God he went to Germany. "It was I," he said.

* This crucifix is at Cattaro in Dalmatia. It was given in 1684 by Father Sanctus, Provincial of the Capuchins, to Father Dominic Ferrari, a priest of St. Simeon's, at Zara, and found its way to Cattaro no one knows how. It is in the form of a reliquary, eleven and a half inches long. On one side in relief is the crucifix, on the other a representation of the Mother of Dolors. It is preserved, along with other relics, in a niche of the church, from which it is brought out only on Rogation Days to bless the fields and the sea.

"who exhorted the King of Poland and the other princes to pursue the enemy, and they were already on the way." The Duke of Lorraine wrote this message to the valiant Capuchin: "Father Mark, I shall never forget the day of Vienna and the mercy God has had upon us."

By Sobieski's order, the triumphal cortege directed its course to the Augustinian church of Our Lady of Loreto, in which was venerated a celebrated image of the Blessed Virgin, to whose help he attributed his glorious victory. During the Low Mass, the pious sovereign remained constantly kneeling. Then a sermon was delivered (not by Father Mark but by another preacher) from the appropriate text, *"Fuit homo missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Joannes."*—"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." In his powerful voice Sobieski led the *Te Deum*. The whole people formed one immense choir; adding at the close, *"Non nobis, Domine,—non nobis!"* to which the priests responded, *"Sed nomine tuo da gloriam."*

Sobieski sent to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Einsiedeln as an ex-voto the carpet of the Grand Vizier's tent. The Pope, agreeing with him in attributing the victory to the Blessed Virgin, instituted on November 25, 1683, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, to be celebrated on the second Sunday within the octave of the Nativity, which Pope Pius X. of happy memory transferred to September 12, the anniversary of the liberation of Vienna.

(To be continued.)

The Recognition.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

No outward sign heralds His Presence here,
Within this small white palace of the Host;
No, but around the silence seems to be
Filled with the hovering of the Holy Ghost.

A Roman Holiday.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

V.

HOLY Week was over, all but the last two sacred days. The two Englishmen, under the frequent guidance of Signor della Vista, and sometimes accompanied by Stanislaus Ballard, had seen much that was wonderful both of pagan and Christian Rome. They, especially Traynor, were anxious to see something of the solemnities of the Week; so on Holy Thursday the Signore had taken them to San Giovanni, and, after some consideration, to the Gesù on Good Friday morning. He had not ventured on Tenebræ. There was nothing of the mere tourist's curiosity about either of them; George treated with ever-growing respect what as yet seemed quite foreign to his nature and mode of thought; and Hilary said emphatically: "This kind of religion takes hold of a chap, somehow. I suppose we shall get it back at home some day."

Signor della Vista was no controversialist, but he was a Catholic of the most earnest type, so he replied to the young Englishman: "My dear friend, there is only one way to get it back to your great, but unhappy country. *'Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia.'* "

"You may be jolly, well right," said Hilary. "But our rector at home, who says Mass every day, and does most things as they do here, would be quite aghast if Holmhurst (that's our place) did not stick to him. Isn't that so, George?"

"Truth is greater than all," said Traynor. "Supposing—only supposing, for you know my mental attitude—that the Christian claim were true, there is only one form of it, both logically and historically, which can hold our allegiance. Rome has taught me this

much: that if there is indeed a divine Revelation, the Catholic Church is its custodian, and Benedict the Fifteenth its supreme teacher on earth. Those are happy, Della Vista, who, like you, have been nurtured and can live contentedly in such a faith."

They were walking in the Pincio gardens on Good Friday afternoon. The City was strangely silent, her bells unrung until the signal should be given next morning from San Giovanni that the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Holy Saturday Mass was bringing in another Paschaltide.

"There are your people, Hilary," George said. "Who is it with them in the chair? Oh, it must be Mrs. Macpherson; for there is Miss Rose by her side."

The late invalid was now far on the way to convalescence. Introductions were duly made, and Mr. Bent found much satisfaction in seeing that Hilary had attached himself to so desirable a friend as the Signore. Mrs. Bent begged the latter to call on them at the Russie; and, having heard that he had a sister many years younger than himself, made it a point that he should bring Signorina Francesca with him. Mrs. Macpherson, a gracious, motherly woman who had been a widow since Rose was a baby, was evidently delighted that her friendship with the squire of Holmhurst and his wife had brought her so many pleasant acquaintances. Rose and Hilary talked with much mutual enjoyment, and the young lawyer observed when they had parted:

"What a topping little sister that would have been for a man! I'm not so lucky as you, George: I never had a sister."

"My friend," said the Signore to Traynor when they happened to be sitting alone that evening, "our charming Miss Rose, even when she is a few years older, will never be the lady of Holmhurst."

VI.

Browning sang,

O to be in England
Now that April's here!

But in most years who would not exchange the northern cold and mists for the golden radiance of a Roman Easter? A day of sunshine and gentle breeze had melted into a strangely beautiful, if short, twilight as the *Ave Maria* rang in basilica and parish church and religious house from end to end of the ancient City.

It was Low Sunday evening, and most of those who had met at the Russie a fortnight before were gathered there to-night, with the addition of Mrs. Macpherson, now wholly restored to health; and the Signorina della Vista. Stanislaus Ballard was absent, to the great regret of his many friends. He had left Rome in Easter Week, in order to spend a short time in his Derbyshire home before entering the Benedictine Novitiate at Downside. "He looks as if he were born to be an abbot," Mrs. Greenhough remarked.

"So you are leaving Rome to-morrow, dear Mrs. Bent? We have still another week," observed Mrs. Macpherson.

"You and Rose must come to us at Holmhurst on your way north. You will be back in England by June, will you not?"

"We shall be only too glad. Your goodness to my little daughter (who is getting very big) I can never thank you for as I ought."

Mr. Greenhough was addressing a small crowd of his friends, giving each and all an invitation to cross the Atlantic at the first opportunity and to accept his hospitality in Fifth Avenue. He was warmly seconded by his wife.

"I never hoped to make such friends in Europe," she declared. "You, Mr. Hilary, and you, Mr. Traynor, can surely come before long. And, Signor della Vista, I am quite determined to have you as well."

So the delightful plans were formed. Who can say how many such are likely to materialize into delightful fact?

Signorina Francesca had been going about a good deal with Mr. and Mrs. Bent and the other young people during the last week, and both for her and her brother the acquaintance had already ripened into something like intimacy. She was really only half-sister to the Signore, and twenty years his junior. She had lost her parents in childhood, and, as she said, "Carlo has been father as well as brother to me ever since I can remember. He and our old nurse Annunziata have been everything to me."

Francesca was slender, though not short, with the dark hair and eyes typical of her country, and small hands and feet. She and Rose, as they stood chatting together, were a complete contrast, and might have stood for South and North respectively.

The social evening wore to its close. Half an hour later Hilary and George were having their smoke in the lounge of their hotel. They were staying yet another week.

"George, old man," began Hilary, "do you object to international marriages?"

"What?" said Traynor. "Oh, you mean two people of different nationalities? It all depends on the two people. I see what you are driving at. But she is only eighteen, and she is a Catholic of the real sort."

"How did you guess?" said his friend. "You clever people are terrible to deal with. But, George, eighteen in Italy is the same as two or three and twenty at home, isn't it? And as for the other objection—who knows what might happen?"

"You're quite right about the age, though I believe Della Vista, as head of the family, would have to give his consent. But no mere possibility will help you over the other difficulty—nor ought it to do so."

"Holloa, George! Are you coming out in the character of Catholic apologist?"

"Dear boy, I will return your confidence by another. I called to-day on Father Sargeant, the English Oratorian, at the Chiesa Nuova, and asked him to begin my instructions in preparation for entering the Catholic Church."

"Well, I'm—I'm just struck in a heap! But I'm awfully glad, too. What a blessing your Fellowship won't be affected in these days!"

"Yes, we have very little to give up compared to what our fathers had to relinquish. It will be something of a shock to my old parent, but he has an intense love of sincerity in everything. Besides, he would rather see me a Catholic than entirely non-religious."

"And, George—don't be offended,—may I ask you one more thing? Are you going to Scotland this summer?"

"If I can, yes. But, my dear Hilary, Rose is a child. I shall say nothing yet, only if she waits for me I shall be blest indeed. I think her mother understands."

The two friends shook hands, as they very seldom did.. It is a great privilege to be allowed to look into the heart of a true friend and learn something of its secrets.

VII.

"I should welcome you, indeed, my good Hilary, so far as I have any share in the matter, except for the impediment of *mixta religio*, which, as you know, our family could never sanction. But of this I have no great fear; for I believe you will, and not in the very distant future, be one of us in the embrace of our Holy Mother the Church. And in all other ways I should rejoice in the alliance. But there is an obstacle which neither you nor I can overcome. Will you hear it from my sister Francesca's own lips?"

So spoke Della Vista to his Eng-

lish friend on the morning of the day they were to leave Rome. Hilary was staggered by what he heard, but begged for a few minutes with Francesca before he left the Signore's house. The girl listened with gathering tears, and then said:

"Signor Hilary, if I could have given myself to any husband, it would have been to you. For I have learned to care for you and respect you as the truest of friends. But, *amico mio*, I am pledged already to Another. Ever since I was a child I have heard His voice. Carlo has given his consent, that next month I enter the Carmelite Order."

Hilary would have urged his suit with the eloquence of pure, strong, manly love. But Francesca checked him with a smile.

"Dear friend, you will always be in my prayers. And I think—though I do not know—that some day the call will come to you, too. You have a younger brother?"

"Three younger than myself, Francesca."

"Then good-bye, my dear friend! As your old English farewell has it: Good-bye,—God be with you!"

He could say no more, but lifted her hands reverently to his lips, and she was gone.

When he said his adieux to Carlo, he added:

"I understand, though it seems as if I was losing everything. You will let me come to see you when I am next in Rome?"

Carlo's words left no doubt that an enduring friendship was cemented between the older and the younger man.

Very briefly, Hilary told George Traynor how his wooing had sped. "I don't think," he said, "I could have borne it if she had been giving herself to any one less than the Bridegroom who has chosen her." And George understood, too.

At the station that night they said good-bye to Mrs. Macpherson and Rose, who were leaving for Naples by the evening train.

"I can not tell you how much both of you have helped to make our stay in Rome a happy time," said the mother; and the daughter echoed her words somewhat shyly. Hilary made the excuse that he must go to see after their sleeping berths, and George was left alone at the carriage door.

"You will come to Inverness this summer, will you not?" asked Mrs. Macpherson.

"Thank you many times! Do you join in your mother's wish, Miss Rose?"

"Indeed I do!" said the girl, simply. "We shall both be so glad."

"Thank you again!" said George Traynor, as he held Rose's firm hand for a trifle longer than the farewell actually needed. "Yes, I will gladly come to Inverness."

(The End.)

Prince Azgid's Motto.

IN a great city of the East lived Prince Azgid, who grew up to manhood beloved by everyone; for he was virtuous, intelligent, and accomplished, though somewhat of a timorous disposition, and this was indeed his chief fault. His father had died, and he had reached now the proper age to mount the throne; a time having been already fixed for the ceremony, to which the young man was looking forward with great interest.

A few days previous to the event, the old Vizier called upon the Prince, and, saying he wished to take a walk with him, led him out of the town to a mountain on one side of which was a wide staircase of white marble, with handsome balustrades. It had three broad landings, and on these the Vizier and Prince rested as they ascended the stairs; for it was of great height, and they were both sorely tired before they

reached the top. There was a small house on the summit, out of which came a black slave, who made a profound obeisance to the visitors, and, leading the way, took them a short distance to a kind of arena dug in the ground, and faced also with white marble. He then took out a key and opened a brazen door; whereupon the Prince drew near, and, looking down, saw a lion of fierce aspect and tremendous size. He wondered what it all meant, and gazed with a look of inquiry into the face of the Vizier, who, having ordered the servant to retire, thus spoke:

"My son, the day is now very near on which you are to ascend the throne; but before you can do so you must fulfil a custom which has been established for many ages, and which your father and all your ancestors submitted to; in short, you must descend into this den with a dagger, and fight yonder lion. This will test your courage and fortitude, and show whether you are really worthy of governing a kingdom."

When the young man heard this, he turned pale, and almost fell to the ground.

"This is a severe task," said he. "Is there no alternative, nor any method by which I may evade it?"

"None whatever," was the reply.

"Can I not have a few days granted me to think over the matter, and prepare for the sore trial?" asked the youth.

"Oh, yes," returned the other, "that you can have, of course!"

Whereupon he beckoned to the slave to lock the door, and the visitors descended the stairs and returned to the palace.

The joy of Azgid's life seemed now to have fled, and he was suddenly immersed in deep despair. The horrid combat he was to engage in was continually before him. He could neither eat nor drink, but wandered about the palace like one distracted, or sat moping for hours, with his head buried in his hands, speaking to no one. He was glad when night came, that he might hide himself from observation, and retired to his chamber in tears. But he found no comfort there. Sleep fled from him, and he lay tossing upon his bed, anxiously awaiting the return of day. During the tedious hours of darkness he had meditated what course he had best pursue, and at length came to the resolution that he would extricate himself from the dilemma he was in by bidding farewell to his home, and seeking safety in some far-distant land.

Accordingly, as soon as it was daylight, he hastily dressed himself, and, going to the stables, mounted a fleet horse and journeyed forward with a light heart. On the third day he came to a pleasant country overgrown with forest trees, intermingled with lawns and romantic vales. Proceeding a little farther on, he heard the sound of delicious music, and soon overtook a handsome youth of ruddy countenance, somewhat younger than himself, playing on a flute, and leading a few sheep.

The shepherd, on seeing the stranger, stopped playing, and saluted him very courteously; but Azgid begged him to go on, telling him what an admirer of music he was, and that he had never in his life heard such enchanting strains. The young man smiled at this compliment, and began playing some fresh tunes; and when he had finished he informed the Prince that he was slave to a rich shepherd named Oaxus, who lived near, and who would be rejoiced to see him and show him hospitality.

In a few moments they reached the abode of Oaxus. It was a low stone building of considerable size, with a porch surrounding it, overgrown with vines and flowers. Around it was a large yard, encircled with a high wall, in which were some flocks of sheep, with a number of men tending them.

On entering, the old shepherd came

forward and gave the stranger a hearty welcome, leading him into a neat apartment, and setting before him a bountiful repast. After Azgid had finished eating, he thought it his duty to give his kind host some information as to who he was, and thus spoke:

"My friend, you no doubt wonder at seeing a stranger of my appearance thus suddenly visiting you, and will naturally wish to inquire who I am. This wish I can only in part gratify. Suffice it to say that I am a Prince whom troubles at home have driven abroad; but my name I can not tell. That is a secret lodged in my own breast, to be imparted to no one. If no inconvenience to you, it would please me much to remain in this delightful spot. I have ample means at my disposal, and will remunerate you for whatever trouble I may put you to."

Oaxus replied to this speech in the kindest manner, begging the young man to say nothing about remuneration; for that the company of one so exalted and accomplished would more than repay him for any trouble he might be put to in entertaining him, and that nothing would give him more happiness than to have him remain there to the end of his days.

"Come, Asdril," said he, addressing the musician, "take the Prince and show him what is most worthy to be seen in this neighborhood. Lead him to the waterfalls, the fountains, the rocks and vales; for I perceive our guest is one able to appreciate Nature's beauties."

The young shepherd did as requested; and, taking up his flute, led the youth to all the pleasantest and most interesting spots. They wandered about the sloping hills and deep valleys, and over beautiful lawns sprinkled with trees of immense size. At one time they stood by the side of some gently murmuring stream, and then they were startled with a romantic cascade, whose waters tumbled from mossy cliffs and echoed far and wide. They now entered a shady vale, and, seating themselves on a rock, the shepherd began to play his flute. The Prince listened with delight; for, as was said before, he was passionately fond of music, and had never in his life heard any one who pleased him so much. Indeed, he made up his mind that, if ever he left the place, he would endeavor to purchase from Oaxus the accomplished slave, and have him as his constant companion as long as he lived.

Thus did Azgid enjoy himself amid these delicious scenes, congratulating himself that he had escaped from all his troubles, and had at last reached a spot where he might live in peace and tranquillity forever. But his joy was not to last long; for young Asdril on a sudden rose up, and, taking his companion by the hand, told him it was time for them to be gone.

"Why so?" asked the Prince. "Why should we so soon leave these enchanting scenes?"

"Alas!" answered the shepherd, "this place is infested with lions. They come out at a certain hour every day, and we all have to retire within the walls of our abode and close the gates. So let us lose no time, but make the best of our way home."

On hearing these words, the Prince turned pale; but he said nothing, and they silently returned to the house.

On reaching the gate, Azgid called for his horse; and, having mounted, told his host that he was about to leave, and thanked him for his kindness. "Farewell, Oaxus!" said he. "Farewell, Asdril! I thought I should have remained here forever; but fate decrees otherwise. I must seek another abode, another home." And, so saying, he put spurs to his horse and galloped away.

He journeyed on and on, and soon left the groves and green valleys. The country became more barren, trees began to disappear, and not long after,

scarcely any verdure was visible. He was soon in the midst of the desert. Far as the eye could reach, the vast plain spread before him. Not a shrub or blade of grass could be seen, and nothing met the view save, now and then, some low sand-hills, piled up by the wind like drifts of snow, among which, with much fatigue to his horse, he pursued his way. The sun blazed on him with great power; and it was with much satisfaction, on the third day, that he perceived in the distance a number of black tents, which he knew to be an encampment of Arabs.

As he drew near, a band of warriors, mounted on fine horses and brandishing their spears, rode forward to meet him. This was their usual mode of welcoming a stranger. They seemed struck with the appearance of Azgid, and showed him much respect, forming a sort of guard around him, and leading him to the tent of their encampment.

The chief was a person of dignified aspect, somewhat past the prime of life. His name was Sheik Hajaar. He sat smoking in front of his tent; and, when the youth approached, he rose up and cordially saluted him. He then took him inside the tent, and set before him a repast, of which when the young man had eaten he thought it his duty to inform his kind host who he was.

"My friend," said he, "you are no doubt surprised at seeing a stranger of my appearance thus suddenly visiting you, and will naturally wish to know who I am. This wish I can only in part gratify: suffice it, then, to say that I am a Prince whom troubles at home have driven abroad, but my name I can not tell; that is a secret lodged within my own breast, to be imparted to no one. If no inconvenience to you, it would please me much to remain here. I have ample means at my command, and will remunerate you for whatever trouble I may put you to."

The Sheik replied that the company of one so exalted and acomplished was remuneration enough, and that he would be rejoiced to have him as his guest forever. He then introduced him to a number of his friends, and, leading him out, presented him with a beautiful horse of great value. Azgid thought he had never in his life seen so fine an animal; and when he mounted him he found him so gentle and docile as scarcely to require any management, for the intelligent creature seemed to anticipate all his wishes.

"But come," said the Sheik, "it is time for us to be off. To-day we hunt the antelope; you, Prince, will of course accompany us."

Azgid, with a smile, replied in the affirmative, and they started off in pursuit of the game. They soon overtook a herd, and began chasing them. Spears flew, and the air resounded with cries. The Prince was exhilarated with the sport, and enjoyed himself exceedingly. "Ah!" thought he, "this is a happy life, and these children of the desert are happy people: I am resolved never to quit them." The hunt lasted nearly the whole day, and about sunset the company returned with the spoil, which consisted of more than a dozen antelopes. These sports were kept up nearly every day, and Azgid's time passed most agreeably.

A week had now elapsed, and the youth had one night retired to rest congratulating himself on the happy life he led, when the Sheik Hajaar quietly approached his couch.

"My son," said he, "I have come to say how much my people are pleased with you, and especially with the spirit you evince in the sports of the chase. But these sports do not comprise all our life: we have frequent wars with hostile tribes, where great valor is necessary. My men are all approved warriors, and, before they can have perfect confidence in you as a trusty comrade, desire to see some specimen of your prowess. Two

leagues south of here is a range of hills infested with lions; rise, then, early on the morrow, mount your horse, take your sword and spear, and slay and bring us the skin of one of these savage beasts. Then will we be assured of your courage, and have confidence in you in the day of battle."

Having thus spoken, the Sheik bid him good-night, and retired. His words disturbed Azgid extremely. "Ah!" thought he, "here are the lions again! Wherever I go I meet them. I thought I had found at last a quiet home, but I am mistaken; this is not the place for me." He then got out of bed, and, lifting up the covering of the tent, slipped out, and went first to see the horse the Sheik had given him. He found him tethered among the others, and, going up to him, threw his arms around him and said: "Farewell, kind creature! I grieve to leave you." The animal leaned his head on his shoulders, and seemed to return his good feelings. The youth then sought his own steed, and, having mounted him, started off.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Black Cap.

THE donning of the "black cap" by British judges when about to pronounce the death sentence upon a criminal is the survival of a custom dating back several hundred years. Originally, it was put on rather to hide the emotion of the judge, by partially concealing his features, than to strike terror into the hearts of the assistants at the trial, an effect which appears to be its only purpose at present.

In the seventeenth century, until wigs were generally adopted, the common-law judges invariably wore in court velvet caps, coifs, and cornered caps. Pictures preserve to us the appearance of justices, with their heads covered by one or two of these articles of dress, a mustache in many instances adorning the lip, and a well-trimmed beard giving point to a judicial chin. The more common headdress was the coif and coif-cap. This was a head-covering made of white lawn or silk. It was a sign that the wearer was a member of the learned Brotherhood of Sergeants. In Sir John Fortescue's "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," first printed in 1537, we find this paragraph concerning the brotherhood in question:

"Wherefore to this state and degree hath no man beene hitherto admitted, except he hath first continued by the space of sixteene years in the said generall studie of the law; and in token or signe, that all justices are thus graduat, every one of them alwaies, while he sitteth in the Kinge's Courts, weareth a white quoyfe [coife] of silk; which is the principal and chiefe insignment of habite, wherewith sergeants-at-lawe in their creation are decked. And neither the justice nor yet the serjeant shall ever put off the quoyfe, no not in the Kinge's presence, though he be in talk with his majestie's highnesse."

In olden times the judge, on making ready to deliver the sentence that was to consign a fellow-creature to the horrible punishment of being "hanged, drawn, and quartered," was accustomed to cover his coif and partially hide his face by drawing up the flat, square, dark cap that sometimes hung at the nape of his neck or the upper part of his shoulder. The black cap of to-day in English law courts takes the place of this sable covering; and, while it altogether fails to conceal any emotion on the part of the judge, it is of traditional effect in adding to the solemnity of the occasion and the awfulness of the doom pronounced.

A GOOD Christian man is a preacher of righteousness without opening his lips, a missionary without stirring a foot from his own door.

—*Bishop Moberly.*

In Answer to a Frequent Question.

A QUESTION often put to priests by zealous Catholics is this: "What books should I recommend to a Protestant friend who is interested in the Church?" Our own answer would be: Don't recommend any unless your friend has asked for some. When people are in earnest in the quest of truth, they are sure to seek information; and until they are thus disposed, intervention, instead of being a help, may prove a hindrance. The interest of a great many non-Catholics in the Church is of an academic kind, which really amounts to nothing; they are interested in our religion as in a hundred and one other matters to which they attach no very high importance.

It is well to remember that, as Newman somewhere observes, philosophy and history—logic and fact—do not come natural to Protestantism; it can not bear either; it does not reason out any point; it does not survey steadily any course of facts. It dips into reason, it dips into history, but breathes more freely when it emerges again. Much of what we say and write in explanation or defence of our religion is lost on Protestants, for the simple reason that they have little or no faith in the supernatural order. "There is nothing in the divine order as conceived and presented by Protestant theologians," says Dr. Brownson, "that can not be explained *without* as well as *with* the assertion of the mystery of the Trinity or the mystery of the Incarnation. What better, according to the Protestant presentment of it, is Christianity than Greek and Roman philosophy? Or why should sensible men trouble their heads about it, except to get rid of it?" It should be realized that an ever-increasing number of "Protestants" are in reality agnostics or pagans. Much of our controversial literature makes no appeal whatever to them. It supposes what has largely ceased to exist.

The way to get outsiders seriously interested in the Church is to show the worth of its teaching by our conduct. It is an erroneous notion—as general as false—to suppose that converts are made by holding arguments or reading books. The grace of conversion is often given to Protestants who had never spoken to a Catholic or opened a Catholic book. If we were as fully persuaded of the power of prayer and of the influence of example as we ought to be, our first thought for a well-disposed non-Catholic friend would be to offer prayers for him, not to burden him with books.

It is one thing to be convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, but quite another to embrace it. It should be no surprise that so many outsiders remain in error, when so many who have the Faith fail to live up to its teachings. A recent convert declared that he was for a long time held back from joining the Church by the bad example of Catholics with whom he was thrown into contact. It was plain to him that the faith which they professed—at least did not deny—exerted no appreciable influence over their lives; and at times it seemed impossible that their religion could be the true one, their daily walk and conversation was so much like that of other worldlings. Strange to say, this difficulty was overcome by recalling the XXVIth Article of the Church of England: "Although in the Visible Church the evil be ever mingled with the good, etc."

Our best resolution would be to illustrate the teaching of the Church in our lives. This is what is meant by letting one's light shine. We shall thus remove the greatest stumbling-blocks in the path of honest inquirers, and do vastly more to spread the faith among them than by loading books on listless readers.

Notes and Remarks.

Like Viscount Bryce, who sees the wisdom of omitting in his public speeches all that now seems out of scale, and of including much that for diplomatic reasons was *sub rosa* during the progress of the Great War, the Rev. Dr. Hibben, president of Princeton University, pleads for reduction of armament by the great Powers and relief from the staggering burden of taxation. The peace and prosperity of the world, he declares, hang upon the decisions of the coming international conference at Washington. "The power of Christianity and the progress of civilization are at stake....The strained economic conditions such as we face at present not only retard industrial progress, but have a very vital effect as well upon the intellectual, moral and spiritual life of the nation,—constitute a permanent obstacle to progress, which is the flower and fruit of civilization and the cherished consummation of Christ's mission upon the earth. What would it mean at this particular period of our history if some small fraction even of the enormous appropriation for armaments could be diverted to the purpose of aiding education, to scientific research, to missionary enterprises, and benevolent institutions of all kinds?"

In a speech delivered at a luncheon in his honor, on the eve of his return to England, the Viscount said: "Armaments are not only a tremendous burden, but a cause of war; and it is for the common interest of the world to reduce expenditures....War is like a hurricane. Sometimes the hurricane is followed by a season of fair weather, but sometimes one hurricane is the prelude to another. Nothing is more settled than it was before the war. Sometimes we think the peace we have now is worse than the war itself."

Good talk like this, as the Indians call it, of which there was very little before or during the World War, and of which there has been very much since its end, ought to have the effect of opening the eyes of all peoples and of awakening the conscience of all rulers. If the coming conference at Washington ends in another chapter of diplomatic futility, the result will be a very rapid spread of anarchy. The times are evil, and the powers-that-be should be noting the portends.

Emphatic repudiation of un-Christian doctrine by a clergyman of the Church of England is a gratifying circumstance, all things considered. One has become accustomed to heterodoxy on the part of worthies of the Establishment. Having been quoted by the London *Tablet* as saying that "whatever Christ may have been, He was certainly not God"—as denying Our Lord's divinity,—the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, in a letter to our contemporary, declares that he said "precisely the contrary,—that Christ is God and man, as the Catholic creeds assert." Dr. Rashdall's gratification in making this declaration was doubtless quite as great as that of the editor of the *Tablet* in publishing it. He says: "In view of this definite assurance, to which we gladly give what publicity we can, we readily withdraw the statement complained of, and offer our sincerest regrets to Dr. Rashdall for publishing what unconsciously misrepresented his position, and must therefore have caused him so much pain."

Judge Lindsey, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, a personality of national reputation, asserts that, judging from his personal experience with youthful offenders, ten per cent of the boys and girls of high-school age have been guilty of immorality. The Judge's estimate is low. A Commission appointed a few years ago by the Mayor of Philadelphia reported that "sixty per cent of the

schoolgirls interrogated turned out to have learned, before they were ten or eleven years old, a variety of bad habits"; and added that vice is first taught to the Philadelphia child in the schoolroom. As for the sole effective preventive of youthful immorality, the Denver investigator is absolutely right in saying: "Religion and education are the basic remedies for the conditions which exist. Schools which are under direct religious influences have the fewest number of sex cases."

With their kinsmen across the ocean, the people of Quebec believe that water is good to put out fires, flow under bridges, wash dishes, and the like, but no thing to drink. They are not, however, at all opposed to "dry" legislation in the United States, for reasons set forth by Mr. Oliver M. Hueffer in a communication to the London *Spectator*. A candid, practical-minded person is Mr. Hueffer, as will be seen. After stating that great numbers of thirsty Americans regard Montreal as their Mecca, their own country being uncomfortably dry, he goes on to say: "To vast numbers of rich Americans, the Montreal week-end habit has now become a second nature. Nor, of course, do they stop short at week-ends. This year the Adirondacks and other American seaside and watering places have had the worst year in their history, which they attribute to the number of their former patrons who have been holiday-making in Canada. The Laurentian Mountains and the St. Lawrence River resorts have never been so prosperous. You can not get a bed in a Montreal hotel for love or money; you can scarcely rent a house in the rich residential districts above Sherbrooke Street or at Westmount. They have all been bought or leased by rich Americans. Already Montreal looks forward to becoming the great pleasure centre of the American continent, and is preparing accordingly. For you must remember that not only the United States as a whole, but various individual Canadian provinces have gone 'dry.' Ontario 'verted only this summer, and incidentally thereby made the fortunes of the Quebec city of Hull, just across the river from Ottawa."

No, the French-Canadians do not believe in Prohibition for themselves; they contend that interference with the liberty of the individual to drink where and when and how he will is to be fought against, tooth and nail. But interference with such liberty in "the States" they view with kindly eye, for reasons which Mr. Hueffer evidently sees no good in concealing.

With the laudable intention of pouring oil on the troubled waters, a Catholic correspondent of the Anglican *Church Times* submits that there is no reason for the excitement among Low Churchmen over the "Mass" to be sung in the Minster at York during the forthcoming conference of the English Church. He gives the assurance that the proposed service would not be a Mass at all. Anglo-Catholics, as they call themselves, who hold that a High Church Eucharist is a Mass, will, of course, spurn this assurance; while other members of the Establishment will still squirm over the prospect of "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits" being revived in their midst, and in one of the Minsters which were purged of them at "the blessed Reformation." Still is the Mass the bone of contention among Anglicans,—to many of them a stumbling-block.

In the course of an able article on the Negro and a native clergy, Father Markoe, S. J., writes, in *America:* "Those opposed to a colored clergy often express themselves as sympathetic towards the Negro and as most eager for the conversion of the race; but they

inform you that they do not believe that the Negro should be admitted to the sacred ministry. They simply lay it down as a general rule that the colored man should not be ordained."

We should think that the honors conferred by the Church on the Uganda Martyrs might reasonably lead to a change of that belief. If the black man of benighted Africa is of martyr-like calibre, it is quite permissible to believe that his American brother is of sacerdotal availability. In fact, has not the Pope settled the point? Is there any evidence that he excludes the American Negro when he says, "The main care of those who rule the missions should be to raise and train a clergy from amidst the nations among which they dwell; for on this are founded the best hopes for the Church of the future. Linked to his brethren by the bonds of origin, character, feelings, and inclinations, the native priest possesses extraordinary facilities for introducing the Faith to their minds, and is endowed with powers of persuasion far superior to those of any other man. It thus frequently happens that the native priest has access where a foreign priest could not set foot"?

That some cases of so-called insanity are instances of diabolical obsession, or possession, is not a novel theory; but of late years it is being held with increasing frequency by specialists on mental disorders. Perhaps the latest authority to discuss the matter is the famous London alienist, Dr. Montague Lomax, who makes the assertion that "in many cases, especially of epilepsy, acute, mania, and melancholia, the subconscious mind of the madman is not uncontrolled, as most persons think, but is controlled by an evil, obsessing, a discarnate entity, or 'demoniacal' possession. If this entity is exorcised by solemn prayer, we shall have a healing and remedial factor of great and unsuspected potency in those mental emotional diseases we call insanity, as well as in those diseases of the soul which theologians call sin."

An eighteenth-century writer, Bourne, gave this distinction: "Obsession of the devil is distinguished from possession in this: in possession, the Evil One was said to enter into the body of the man; in obsession, without entering into the body of the person, he was thought to besiege and torment from without." Dr. Lomax's statement connotes an agreement with the Church's practice of the exorcism of evil spirits, and is so far interesting to Catholics and Spiritists.

In a noteworthy sermon on the "triple alliance" of Science, Philosophy, and Religion, preached in connection with the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, Fr. Bernard Vaughan told of a conversation he once had with an old navvy on the Derbyshire moors,—a conversation well worth remembering and recalling. The navvy said that he had started life, when ten years old, "fatting wheels." He earned a shilling a week. He had had no schooling and no religion. He had never entered a church or chapel in his life. When he passed out of his "teens," he joined a gang of navvies. "In them days no minister of religion ever came near a navvy; he was put down as a hell-bound devil." "Yet," declared Father Vaughan, "that navvy was a really religious man. He told me that he could neither read nor write; that Nature was his library. As he travelled north and south of England seeking work, he noted how the flowers of the field came round in orderly succession, how the crops grew and ripened, and how the seasons followed each other. 'No mistake about it,' he said, 'there is a somebody at the back of all this, and 'im I calls God.' Then my old friend told me that no show he

had ever seen could beat the starry heavens. He asked himself who could have hung out so many lights up in the sky without a blaze and a fire which might have burned up the earth? Turning to me, this rough man of the soil said: 'Sir, am I not right to believe there is a God, and an almighty clever one, to do all these jobs without a fault or a mistake?'

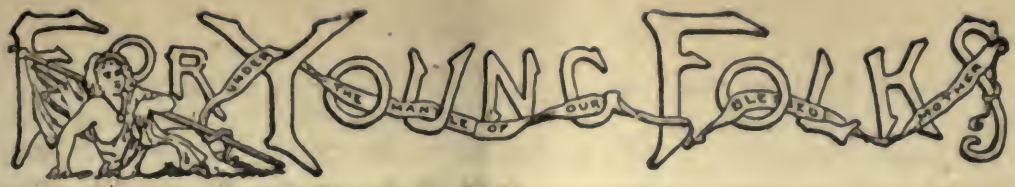
"But what enchanted me most in my friend," continued Fr. Vaughan, "came last. I ventured to ask him if we ought not to be intensely grateful to God for making the world so beautifully fair. Did he know what was meant by sin? He answered that he had made out all about it in his own way. He told me that when he slept out in the cold and damp he got crippled with rheumatism; and he said to himself, 'It serves you right,' and that was the end of it. But when he did a pal a wrong, he felt that there would have to be a reckoning up, and that he could not make wrong right unless the Almighty God said He would overlook it. In that illiterate navvy, who could neither read nor write," concluded the preacher, "I found Science, Philosophy and Religion united in a triple alliance. He put to shame many a man with a University scientific education."

Sixteen years ago Pope Pius X. confirmed and ratified the decree in which the Sacred Congregation of the Council declared frequent and daily Communion a practice "most earnestly desired by Christ our Lord and by the Church." Since that time the practice has grown with gratifying rapidity in all parts of the world, and is daily becoming more and more general. In order that it may be available to persons of every description, conditions for the reception of the Blessed Eucharist have been made comparatively easy; but it may be well to call attention to one injunction of the foregoing decree,—an injunction sometimes apparently forgotten or neglected. "Care is to be taken that Holy Communion be preceded by serious preparation and followed by a suitable thanksgiving, according to each one's strength, circumstances, and duties." Since familiarity, if it does not always breed contempt, assuredly tends to lessen proper reverence for even the most sublime functions, it is incumbent on the frequent or daily communicant to ask himself from time to time whether his preparation for the Sacrament and his thanksgiving are as serious and as lengthy as they should be.

Among Christian duties that are less frequently than is advisable brought to the notice of ordinary Catholics, there is one which, while rather of negligible concern to the poor, is of very practical import to the well-to-do and the rich. Bishop Drumm, of Des Moines, emphasizes this duty in the following forthright statement:

> Every Catholic man or woman who makes a will ought to leave something proportional to the estate to build up the living Church,—for a college, the priesthood, missions, or the orphans. Otherwise they are not dealing honestly with God, who allowed them an extra share of the world's goods. I desire pastors to refer to this matter frequently, as it is their duty to instruct their people on this as on other important matters.

To proclaim its adherence to Christianity, and also, perhaps, in protest against half-clad figures of the Goddess of Liberty and of Mercury, the unclad god of gain, now so commonly represented on medals, coins, postage stamps, etc., the Government of Bavaria has placed an image of the Blessed Virgin on its new mark stamp. Some of its bills of higher value bear the same devise. The excellence of German engraving and printing is well known, and, if only from an artistic point, the new mark postage stamp is greatly superior to most others.



The Guardian Angel.

BY IVY GREEN.

LITTLE boy, astir all day,
Let no fears alarm you;
While my wings are o'er you spread,
Danger can not harm you.

And when gathering shadows fall,
I will be beside you;
From the terrors of the night
Safely will I hide you.

Little boy, you fancied that
Scarce a person knew you;
But the Master of us all,
God, has sent me to you.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XVI.—THE TRAVELLERS.

IT was spring in Paris, and the Luxembourg Gardens were beautiful. One Sunday afternoon Remi sat alone on a bench, watching the crowds of people, enjoying the fresh, green foliage, the blue sky, and the fragrant air, in which there was a note of joyousness and freedom that found no echo in his heart.

He felt lonely and sad. Every day he realized more and more that he was without any real ties except that, perhaps, which still bound him to Mother Barbarin and the village where he had spent more than eight years of his short life. Outwardly he appeared cheerful; he had always been quiet and not given to moods. But in the depths of his soul there was an intense longing.

"What do you think, Signora," he asked that evening at table, "of our starting for Chavonis?"

"You are still determined to go back?" inquired Marucca, who had grown very fond of Remi, and had already discussed with her sister a plan by which they could persuade him to stay with them.

"Yes," replied Remi, rather surprised. "I have always intended to do that. I have a little money; we can easily earn our way there; and, then, there is the purse to be searched for."

"You said something about staying at Chavonis, didn't you, Remi?" asked the Signora.

"Yes—if they want me, and everything is agreeable. I said 'they,' but I meant Mother Barbarin. Jerome would not have me, and I could not bear to remain in Chavonis and not live with Mother Barbarin."

"In that case you would return?" said Marucca.

"I suppose so," answered Remi.

"We had a plan," the Signora went on; "but we shall say nothing about it until we know what you decide to do. Be assured, Remi, that you will always be welcome here."

"Thank you,—I know it, Signora," replied the boy.

"And what of you, Mattia?" asked Marucca.

"I have promised Remi to go with him," replied Mattia. "And I want to go,—indeed, I must go to look for the purse. I think we shall have a good deal of fun finding it. If we *do* find it, I shall return to Italy at once. If not, I hope to come back to Paris and work as I have been doing until I have earned more. If Remi returns with me, it will be fine; if not, I can make my way back alone. Or I might meet some other nice boy."

"Yes," replied the Signora. "You might and you might not, Mattia. There are few boys as nice as Remi."

"You needn't tell me that," answered Mattia. "I know it already. You are all too good," he said. "I shall never forget you."

It was on a bright Monday morning that the boys bade good-bye to their gentle hostess and began their journey, followed by the regrets and good wishes of the two women who had been so kind to them.

"We shall be quite lost without them," said the Signora.

"The blessing of God must fall on any roof that shelters that boy," added Marucca, solemnly, as, wiping her eyes on her apron, she returned to her kitchen.

"Let us go through the Luxembourg Gardens," said Remi after they had walked some distance. "It will be just as short a way, and I want to have a last look at them."

"As you like," answered Mattia. "It's all the same to me: one green tree is just like another."

Remi said nothing, but he wondered, as he had sometimes done before, how Mattia's mind could be so dull. The boy's indifference to Nature and all beautiful objects often jarred upon him; but the amiability of his disposition and unfailing efforts to please his companion made amends for these defects.

They walked steadily on, and the gardens began to fill up with early promenaders, and nurse-maids wheeling perambulators or escorting their little charges by the hands.

"I love little children, don't you, Mattia?" asked Remi as he watched the neatly-dressed boys and girls. "How lively they are, and how sweet and clean they look!"

"I can't say I care a great deal about them," answered Mattia, in his slow, drawling tone. "You might not like them so well if you were the oldest of seven, as I am."

"Perhaps not," said Remi, his eyes on a beautiful little boy with crisp golden curls, who was rolling a hoop on the grass.

At that moment a private carriage, driven by a coachman in smart livery, turned into the driveway, narrowly missing the child, whom Remi hurriedly pulled back into safety. The driver did not stop, but a lady sitting on the back seat turned her head and glanced at the little group. In an instant the carriage had disappeared. Remi gazed after it.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mattia. "You look so strange."

"I am sure,—I am quite sure that was Mrs. Milligan. I saw her face as she looked back."

"She must have seen you, too, then," said Mattia. "Why did she not stop? I thought she was a good friend."

"She was," replied Remi, sadly. "It is one of two things: either she did not recognize me or she no longer cares about me. And I had so hoped to meet them again. Now I shall never hope for it any more."

"But, Remi," objected Mattia, "you must have grown a lot since the time you lived on the boat; and, looking out suddenly that way, not thinking of you, she could hardly recognize you in a moment."

"Yes, that is true," said Remi. "But just to get a glimpse and have her disappear in a flash,—that is the hard part of it, Mattia, especially as we are leaving Paris. If we were not, we might see her again."

"Do you know what I think?" asked Mattia, with a shrewdness he sometimes manifested.

"What do you think?" replied Remi.

"That they were leaving Paris and were in a hurry to catch a train. That is why, I believe, the driver was going so fast. There were several large valises strapped on behind. Didn't you notice them?"

"No," answered Remi, "I did not.

But you may be right, Mattia,—I think you are. It was an accident—our meeting them,—and nothing might have come of it, if they had seen us."

The boys were walking rapidly. Remi, in his excitement, had turned mechanically into a bypath which gave them a short cut into the avenue. The gardens had no longer any charm for him; he had seldom felt so sad and disappointed, and never before had he realized how near the Milligans were to his heart.

"I will think of them no more," he murmured, after a long silence. "Perhaps Vitalis was right when he said that rich people take fancies and soon get over them."

"But, Remi," answered Mattia, "how could you have expected those people to remember you as you remember them? That was one bright time for you, and all their days are bright."

"If Vitalis were here, he would call you a philosopher, Mattia," said Remi. "And what you say is right."

"A philosopher!" exclaimed Mattia. "I do not even know what the word means. I hope it is nothing bad."

"Nothing bad, of course. Vitalis himself was one."

"I would rather be a great singer like he was once," replied Mattia. "But to lose one's voice,—that is a calamity. It is better to play the guitar or violin. If you lose your instrument, you can get another; but not so with the voice."

As they got away from Paris, Remi recovered his usual cheerfulness, and dismissed the thought of the Milligans from his mind. They played and sang in several of the suburbs, had their lunch under a large oak tree, and spent the night in a village not far from Gentilly, where they found a clean and comfortable inn. And so they went on, following the Spring day after day; sometimes plucking the daisies and putting them on their hats; admiring the willow buds, so silky and hairy, like little kittens; and wondering at the beautiful, golden flowers of the furze, that grows best in stony ground, and seems of no use but to put forth its lovely bunches of flowering gold.

It was the day before Easter when they reached Cette, where Remi had parted with the Milligans and resumed his wanderings with Vitalis. They went to Mass in a church near the water; but this time Remi did not look for the "Cygne" nor its owners: he had decided not to turn over that leaf in his book of life.

And so, by easy stages, they were nearing that part of the country where Vitalis had lost his way in the snow,—nearing the woods of Bois des Chênes, where Mattia hoped to find the hidden treasure of which his uncle had told him.

"We ought to be there in two or three days," Remi replied to Mattia, who had begun to fear they might not be going the right road, it took so long a time to reach the forest. "I know we are right," continued Remi. "I remember all these villages. The trouble will be when we come to the forest to find the right place. For there are many oak trees and charcoal-burners' huts; and I think at this time of year, Mattia, we shall not find them vacant."

One afternoon, rather late, as they entered a small town they saw two boys approaching them; they carried harps and a monkey. Remi had sold Zulu before leaving Paris; he did not wish on this journey to be bothered with so troublesome a little animal.

When Capi saw the monkey jumping along in front of its master, who held it by a string, he began to frisk about, remembering, no doubt, Joli-Cœur and his successor, Zulu.

"That is Ricardo," whispered Mattia, as the pair came nearer; and at the same moment Remi recognized the boy who had used the whip so cruelly at Garifoli's.

"Hello!" cried Ricardo, stopping in

front of them. "This is little Mattia, isn't it? And there's the boy that Signor Vitalis would not leave with us. How do you two come to be so far away from home?"

"We might ask you the same question," said Mattia. "Remi is returning to his home at Chavonis, and I am keeping him company."

"I'm just out of jail," said Ricardo, with a grin. "They put us in for stealing."

"But why did you steal?" asked Mattia.

"We didn't. At least, I thought we had as good a right as any one to what we found."

"What was it?" asked Remi.

Ricardo turned to Mattia.

"Do you remember how once Garifoli told of a purse he had found and hidden in an oak tree?"

"Yes, I remember it," replied Mattia.

"Well, I had already heard him tell that story several times. After the house was cleared and Garifoli in jail, I often thought of it and wondered about it. Two months ago I persuaded this fellow, Arturo Bianchi, to come and look for it, and after a long search we found it."

"You found it?" exclaimed Remi and Mattia together.

"Yes, but little good did it do us. We were so full of the news that we told the innkeeper, who told the butcher who had lost the purse years ago. And then, instead of sharing with us, he had us put in jail. The judge came only yesterday,—we had been lying there nearly a month. He said there was no case against us, and set us free. But they told us to get out of the town; and here we are, making tracks for Paris as fast as we can. Have you any money?"

"How much was in the purse?" asked Mattia.

"Six hundred francs,—a pretty sum. Have you any money, you two?"

"See here a moment," said his companion, drawing Ricardo aside. "They have money,—I know they have. They look sleek, those fellows. We'll get them to join us. We can easily get it away from them. They're hardly more than babies—and a pair of cowards, I'll bet you."

They turned once more to the younger boys, and proposed travelling together.

"What do you say?" asked Ricardo.

"That will be all right," replied Mattia, much to the surprise of Remi. "But we are not going back to Paris now," he expostulated.

"We're not in a hurry to get there," said Arturo. "We'll take the same road, at any rate."

"All right," replied Mattia once more; but this time he nudged Remi in the back with his stick, and Remi kept silence.

(To be continued.)

The Birds, the Beasts, and the Bat.

Once upon a time there was a fierce war between the Birds and the Beasts. For a long time the issue of the contest was uncertain; and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature—part Bird and part Beast—kept aloof, and remained neutral. At length, when the Beasts seemed to be getting the better of it, the Bat joined their forces, and appeared active in the fight; but, a successful rally being made by the Birds, the Bat was found at the end of the long, eventful day among the ranks of the winning party.

A peace being speedily concluded, the Bat's conduct was condemned alike by both parties; and, being acknowledged by neither, and so excluded by the terms of the truce, he was obliged to skulk off as best he could; and has ever since lived in holes and corners, never daring to show his face except in the duskiness of twilight.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A study of "Mediæval Music," by Dr. R. R. Terry, is to form the initial volume of "The International Library of Music," announced by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co., London.

—A volume of reprinted essays by Mrs. Meynell, entitled "The Second Person Singular," has just appeared in England. The very title should prove an attraction.

—"Language Busy Work—Grade I.," by the Sisters of Loretto, is an attractive illustrated booklet of 100 pages. It is the first of a series of five (The Loretto Series), the major aim of which is to give a thorough and systematic treatment of the English sentence. The Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago.

—"Great Penitents" is the title of a new book by the Rev. Dr. Hugh F. Blunt, soon to be published by the Macmillan Co. The author does not confine himself to the traditional penitents in the Lives of the Saints: he includes numerous others more commonly classed as converts than penitents.

—Among new and forthcoming English publications we note: "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph," a volume of reminiscences, by Lieut.-Gen. Albert Baron von Margutti; "Venetian Lovers, and Other Stories," by Sir Philip Gibbs; and "What Timmy Did," by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

—In a pamphlet recently published by the S. P. C. K., the argument is made that the existence and the spread of Christianity can be accounted for only by the fact of the Resurrection. "The Reason of the Christian Hope; or, Why I am a Christian," by the Rev. E. H. Archer-Shepherd, Vicar of Avenbury, Herefordshire, England.

—There will be a host of friends of the late Louise Imogen Guiney, on both sides of the Atlantic, to welcome the memoir of her by Alice Brown, announced by the Macmillan Co. Miss Brown knew Miss Guiney from childhood, and tells her story with the insight of a friend and fellow-artist, who appreciated this "limpid and valiant soul."

—The Catholic Book Company, of Wheeling, W. Va., has added to its useful publications the "Archeology Series," by Prof. Orazio Marucchi and the Rev. E. Sylvester Berry. The series, edited by the Rev. Dr. MacEachen, contains five volumes, 24mo, with from 175 to 220 pages each. The titles, in order, are: "The Roman Catacombs," "Faith of the Early Christians," "The First Popes," "The Ancient Christian Basilicas," and "The Early Martyrs." Each volume contains a number of illustrations that greatly enhance the interest of the text; and at the end of Vol. V. there is an excellent index. The series should prove popular among others besides Catholics, and its publishers are to be congratulated on their enterprise. Price not stated.

—Among the curiosities lately placed on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institute were two books made, in every sense of the word, by one man, the late David Hunter, of Chillicothe, Ohio. Mr. Hunter not only wrote the contents of the volumes, but manufactured the paper; designed, cast, and set the type; printed the contents with a hand-press, and finally did the binding. The books are assuredly exceptional, if not unique.

—The late E. Pauline Johnson, a princess of the Mohawk Tribe of Indians, daughter of a chief of the Six Nations, and niece of the novelist, William Dean Howells, was among the most popular of Canadian poets. Another Indian maiden, Frances Nickawa, a full-blooded Cree, has had great success in reciting Miss Johnson's poems throughout Canada, and is now making a tour of England, where her appearance on the lecture platform is said to be exciting considerable interest.

—There will be many readers to welcome "The Religion of the Scriptures," a 12mo brochure, issued in this country by the B. Herder Book Co. It is a collection, edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J., of seven papers read at the Catholic Bible Congress held recently at Cambridge. The mere mention of the titles of the papers and the names of their authors will suffice to stimulate the desire to secure this exceptionally valuable and attractive little work. They are: "Inspiration," by the Rev. Doctors Arendizen and Downey; "The Mosaic Law," by the Rev. Dr. Bird; "The Prophets," by Father Lattey, S. J.; "Christ in the New Testament," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.; "The Organized Church in the New Testament," by the Rev. R. A. Knox, M. A.; "St. Jerome the Interpreter," by Canon Barry, D. D.; and "The Genesis of a Myth," by Mgr. Casartelli. This last-mentioned paper is a brief note on the supposed origin of Tobit (Tobias). Price, 75 cts.

—Mr. George Russell, writing in the *Irish Homestead* of "The Principles of Freedom,"

by Terence MacSwiney, the famous Mayor of Cork, pays this fine tribute to him:

One of the most extraordinary manifestations of the human will in history was the effort, long continued, moment by moment, hour by hour, week after week, in which a prisoner in Brixton last year dragged himself nearer and nearer to death for the sake of an idea. In "The Principles of Freedom" we find the spiritual root of that long-enduring will; and it must always be of interest, not only because of its intrinsic literary value, but because it is one of the rare cases in literature where one who has written about the Secret of Strength proved in his own life that practice was equal to precept,—nay, went beyond previous imaginable tests. In this volume Terence MacSwiney reveals his character, very high-minded, conscience working all the time, intellect very considerable...."I say you must have the whole truth out for your own salvation." "Two thousand years after the preaching of the Sermon on the Mount we are to go about whispering to one another what is wise." "Our enemies are brothers from whom we are estranged." "We shall receive every provocation to acknowledge ancient bitterness; but then is the time to stand firm; then we shall need to practise the divine forbearance that is the secret of strength." "Every act of personal discipline is contributing to a subconscious reservoir whence our nobler energies are supplied forever, and so little things lead to great."

We recommend this book to those who want to understand the new Irish psychology. There is not an ignoble thought in it; and there is often a real wisdom, springing less, perhaps, out of a great intellect than out of a deep being. But what springs out of a deep being is more valuable than the complexities through which the finest intellect steers to its end. The transcendentalist arrives there by wings, while the other plods and rarely comes to so high a palace chamber in the soul. It is a fine book and will have many readers. Those who read it closely will admire it most, and we do not think any who read it can rise from its perusal without feeling the most profound respect for the character of the writer.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Swarbreck, of the archdiocese of Liverpool; and Rev. James Smits, of the diocese of Hexam.

Sister M. Jolanda, O. S. D.

Mr. Theodore Masterman, Mr. Robert Bayer, Mr. George Healy, Mrs. James Harding, Mr. Andrew Lapka, Mr. John McDonald, Mrs. Edward Gauthier, Mr. James Bowles, Mrs. John Roseberry, Mr. Henry Stolle, Mr. H. W. Moss, Mr. J. L. Smith, Miss Gertrude Hinschberger, Miss Mary Stephens, and Mr. Sheldon Smith.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Russia: E. P., $10. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M. K., "in thanksgiving," $10. For the sufferers in Central Europe: Mrs. A. Martin, "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," $10. For the Foreign Missions: B. J. M., $14; Mrs. A. Martin, $5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, i., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 22,. 1921. NO. 17

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Juxta Crucem.

BY ELISABETH MAYER.

HIS body lies in Argonne Field,—
O Mother Mary, pity me!
To thy one Son my grief I yield;
I hold my heart's hurt to be healed.
It seems impossible my dread
Is realized,—that he is dead.

Aghast, I searched the attic through.
(O Mother Mary, pity me!)
It showed a baby's half-worn shoe,
A rocking-horse, a toy or two,
His text-books and the trophies won
In contests,—his last course is run.

And, then, this Rosary of wood,—
(O Mother Mary, pity me!)
The first small manual he could
Read at the Mass. How straight he stood
Swinging the censer, reverent, slow,
Beneath the arching altar's glow!

He won, indeed, an honored name.
(O Mother Mary, pity me!)
I clasp the crosses that proclaim
His tributary rights to fame;
And yet—he lies in Argonne Field....
To thy one Son my grief I yield!

O thou who buried Christ, didst thou
As other women voice thy pain?
Didst thou cry then as I do now,
"Could I but touch His Hand again!"

GIVE no credit to yourself for anything; if you do so, you are stealing from God, to whom alone every good thing is due.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Memories of Juilly.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE personal association, generally, seems the one that determines our interest in a given place. Even in regard to spots of historic importance, this appears to be the case; for where we do not know the facts or personages involved, the locality means little to us. The name of Juilly, which during the Great War was to have so many connections for Americans, came first to our notice at the time of a long-ago holiday in France. At a chateau we were to visit, the grandson of the house, a handsome boy of fourteen, was deputed to meet the guests. He stood, a living picture, in that setting of the old hall where the full-length portraits of James II. and his Queen, Marie of Modena (once entertained there), hung upon the walls; and the verses of Alain Chartier, the fifteenth-century poet, in praise of this very hearth and fireside, are engraved at either side of it.

In the midst of these memories, and himself worthy of a great painter's brush, the lad was standing, his fine head outlined against the tapestry, his large, intelligent eyes dark in the olive-rose of his face. He was dressed for dinner: a short Eton jacket, knee-breeches of black satin, [illegible]s,—almost a court costume; and his charming manliness and courtesy, the admirable finish of his manners, and his un-

affected, simple dignity, set us wondering what kind of an education had produced this flower of French race and breeding. We waited for the first opportunity to speak of school, and he answered with great seriousness and politeness: "I am at the College of Juilly." It was the first time we heard of the famous institution.

After that came a day when, in one of those great victory parades for which New York was famous, we fell into conversation with a young soldier on crutches. He turned his pale face to tell the story of his wounds. 'Yes, at Chateau Thierry, in the thigh. The doctors had promised him that he should walk again before long. A great surgeon had operated on him in the hospital of Juilly—that saved his life.' The name brought recollections. 'Juilly, where the school is!'—'Sure; the American hospital was in the school.'

And we remembered Guy, twenty-one years old and an officer in the cuirassiers. "We were the first French troops to enter the village; the Mayor came out to meet us, and the girls with bouquets surrounded us. I led my horse to the brink of the river that he might drink of that water." Guy was looking across the frontiers of France. Somehow, Guy and Juilly and the boy in olive-drab and America, are all mingled in the memory now.

Juilly, near Bois-Belleau! You can look at it calmly once more, for the tides of war have passed. A tourist, standing at gaze, you recognize the groups of grey-white buildings in the midst of their own grounds; the flanking woods which are known as "Le Parc"; the natural lake or pond where the boys swim and row; and the chapel, towering above the court of honor, in size and stateliness a genuine church. Avenues of fine trees form shady walks in all directions; and, near the entrance to the gardens, a tiny oratory with a genuine thirteenth-century statue of St. Genevieve, and a fountain called by the saint's name, remind the visitor of the first and most ancient consecration of this spot. What are the annals of Juilly? What memories of long ago are linked with its history? The land of France is so rich everywhere with the fruits of its early chronicles; but here the golden chain of events in successive centuries is unbroken to our own day.

When you look at the map of France, you will find Juilly, a straggling village grown up around a Medieval abbey, toward the northeast, but indeed almost at the centre, and close to Paris, between the two rivers that give that department its name: the Seine, that flows past Notre Dame in Paris; the Marne, of which we know so much. And the name of the hamlet, to begin by that, dates from one of the earliest conquerors of the province, Julius, surnamed Cæsar, who, it is thought, passed through this countryside with his legions during the Gallic wars (into which so many unwilling school-children have been dragged since); and a Roman settlement of some importance, under the name Juliacum, sprang up, no doubt around a camp or garrison quarters; for enough Roman pottery has been unearthed in the fields to form a museum section at the College. At the beginning of the recent struggle, when the warlike games of the students led them to dig trenches at the end of the playground, they found a number of Roman coins, silver and bronze, bearing the effigies of heathen gods or of leaders great in the beginnings of the Roman Empire. So Juilly proves the certainty of what was tradition anent its origin. And no doubt the province remained a Roman one, under Roman governors, for four hundred years and more.

The next figure to pass across this stage is that of an humble, saintly woman. She had been consecrated to God since childhood by the Bishop lay-

ing hands upon her head and praying long over her. She wore incessantly the medal he placed around her neck to mark this dedication of her to the Lord Jesus Christ; and her life, which was spent in great retirement, prayer and penance, was marked by many miracles. Only when some calamity threatened her people did the woman of solitude come forth to speak and act as by inspiration, wholly free from timidity or fear. St. Genevieve, now the patroness of the great city of Paris, passed frequently along this way as she came to and from Meaux. On one occasion she was accompanied by a young girl named Celine, who was taken ill on the road, and the saint allowed her little companion to rest under the trees at the edge of the Juilly woods. She was much distressed because she could find no water with which to refresh the sufferer, and prayed most earnestly to Christ her Lord to succor them in this necessity. Immediately a spring gushed from the obedient soil; and from that day to this, in a district where the water supply is rather meagre, the well of St. Genevieve has copiously poured its full stream.

Many a wounded American boy was solaced by the long, pure draught at St. Genevieve's Fountain; and the prayer of the saint is efficacious still in that it is helping the needy and suffering many hundreds of years after Celine's trifling indisposition. As a matter of fact, the centuries of faith believed La Fontaine S. Geneviève to have miraculous powers of healing, and the inscription at the spot recalls how the afflicted and infirm were brought hither for healing. It seems quite certain that it was around the spring that the first oratory was erected. Repeated cures wrought at the well drew pilgrims even from long distances, and it became necessary to have some kind of a chapel to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, and some kind of an edifice to protect visitors from sun and rain. This was the beginning of the foundation of Juilly. The miracle of St. Genevieve is said to have occurred in A. D. 451, the year of the defeat of Attila and of his retreat to the other side of the Rhine.

Hermits or local priests seem to have had charge of the shrine until in 1182, Foucauld de St. Denis, Count of Dammartin, of his bounty, erected a church at the spot. Whether he also founded the Abbey is not quite certain, but it seems probable. There are magnificent remnants of twelfth-century stone walls on the way to the lake, also a vaulted stone structure in the ancient kitchens below the present earth level; and a section of the actual College, incorporated between two comparatively modern buildings, still goes by the title of "The Abbey." The occupants of the Abbey at that time were designated as Canons Regular; whether Augustinians or Premonstratensians, or of whatever Order, they tilled the soil, founded a library, and opened a school. Monasticism was the synonym of cultivation of letters and of cultivation of the soil. It meant the furrow in the field, vines on the slope; and, within, it meant the Divine Office solemnly chanted, illuminated manuscripts made in the Abbey scriptorium, and bread doled to the needy,—material bread at the gate, the bread of truth in the school. In the twelfth century the educational history of Juilly began.

In the thirteenth century Blanche of Castile, the noble mother of St. Louis the King, was much troubled, after the beginning of the Crusade and the reverses of the Christian armies, as to what was to become of the war orphans. Many lads, of noble family and small means, were left fatherless. The Queen herself determined to assume the care of their education. She founded and endowed the School of Juilly for the orphans of Crusaders, and placed in charge of the monks of the Abbey these

gentle youths whose fathers had died in defence of the Holy Sepulchre, and whom she wished to see trained under her eye, as she had trained her own little Prince Louis, in the fear of God and in all knightly accomplishments. This was the foundress and patroness of the College of Juilly. A stained glass window of a later date is a touching memorial of the original institution. The Queen Mother stands with her arms upon the shoulders of the group of tender lads in front of her, the air of loving protection clearly showing her maternal care and interest in them.

Many times war raged around the ancient Abbey, and many times in the course of history it was damaged and pillaged. But it is probable that it still stood, and no doubt the youth of France were still being trained within its walls, when, about 1420, the French, then being at war with England, a young girl in armor known as Jeanne la Pucelle rode past as she returned victoriously from Orleans. At Tremblay-les-Gonesse, four miles from Juilly, the heroine stopped to rest. At the little church of Thieux, close to the College, she alighted to adore her Lord in the Blessed Sacrament upon the altar; and the memory of the door by which she entered has been treasured, so that it is called still La Porte Jeanne d'Arc.

It was no doubt the ravages of war, as well as the gradual decay of time, that made a complete restoration of the Abbey necessary in the sixteenth century. This restoration was made under the Abbé Danju in 1552. The ancient sanctuary was at this time under the protection of the House of Albret. Henry of Albret, father of that Jeanne who was mother to the most chivalrous King Henry IV. of France, loved the spot singularly, and bequeathed his heart to the Abbey, where it is preserved as an historic relic. Louis XIII. (1610–1643), son of Henry IV., continued to protect the Abbey. He may be remembered incidentally as the King who consecrated his kingdom solemnly to "Notre Dame Sainte Marie," and decreed that both the clergy and nobility should take part, according to their different rank, in the great procession of the feast of the Assumption.

It was during the reign of this sovereign that the Abbey passed from the hands of the Canons to those of a more modern religious Congregation. St. Philip Neri had founded in Rome the society of the Fathers of the Oratory, which was approved in 1575; and Urban VIII. decided in 1630 to unite the Canons of Juilly to the Fathers of the Oratory. The Abbey seems to have passed to the Oratory by a grant of the Crown, and the King petitioned the superior, a very distinguished religious, Père de Coudren, to open there a school for youths of the French nobility. This was known as the Académie de l'Oratoire, and was under the high patronage of the King.

With this new organization and fresh impetus given to Juilly as an educational establishment, an era of intense life and vigorous growth begins. The standard of studies is very high; the knowledge and practice of religion are sedulously fostered by the holy religious who direct the school; the favor of the Court brings the golden youth of France from every part of the country; ideals are splendid; and, as a large number of these young men are intended for the army, certain studies preparatory for their future career are introduced into the curriculum. One may see still, in the archives of the library, vast collections of copy-books, note-books, exercises, and examination papers, gathered there during successive centuries, and bearing witness to the thoroughness with which these favored lads were taught, and to the broadness and scholarly character of the education imparted to them. In the long lists of the students of Juilly, innumerable names

appear of men afterwards noted in letters, science, and statesmanship; and the playgrounds, and those long corridors of wide proportion and classic vaulting, seem full of the memory of them.

In 1718 it became necessary to enlarge the Academy, which had grown too small for the ever-increasing registration. A new wing was added, with large dining-rooms, kitchens, and dormitories accommodating two hundred pupils. The top floor was reserved for the library. At the present writing, eighty thousand volumes compose the collection, which is divided into ancient, foreign and French sections, all of the greatest value; but it is probably by the "incunables," the rare first editions and admirable examples of artistic printing and workmanship, that the library is known to bibliophiles. And still in that flourishing eighteenth century when Juilly was at its zenith of popularity, another addition was made: Le Petit Collège (the Little College), with its clock tower and mansard roofs (named after Louis XIV.'s famous architect Mansard). One of the several historic rooms of which the College is so proud is in this building; it is the Louis XV. room, dating from 1734, a gem of the refined, ultra-delicate art of that period, with its elegant furniture and wall panelling of rare woods. Other rooms of interest are the Chambre de Bossuet, the famous Bishop, the Eagle of Meaux (1627–1704), who sometimes visited the College, and pronounced here one of his famous orations on the death of the superior, Father Bourgoing. The manuscript remains in the library. This room is in the Old College. So also is the Chambre de la Fontaine, on the second floor overlooking a court.

Jean de la Fontaine, the friend of our schooldays, the delightful maker of fables in which animals and men speak with equal wisdom for our instruction, was at Juilly, in the pious hope of becoming a member of the Oratory. But it was observed that he spent most of the time when in his own room, hanging out of the window to watch the fowls in the yard beneath. Jean was good, but delicately and delightfully satiric; and the barnyard was more interesting to him than dry folios. Not unnaturally, the successor of Æsop was invited to go make his observations on animal life elsewhere, and the Oratory, no doubt wisely, dismissed the aspirant.

The breaking of the French Revolution, that terrible hurricane of unleashed passions, worked havoc and destruction at Juilly. The pupils were returned to their homes, save twenty youths who, not being able to reach their parents, remained in the almost abandoned school. The Fathers of the Oratory were compelled to flee in disguise, and to remain in concealment. Many, innocent of the smallest fault, suffered the death penalty like martyrs; others, either at large or in prison, ministered incessantly to their unfortunate companions, and went in disguise to the very foot of the scaffold to pronounce absolution over the unhappy victims of the Terror. It is strange, though not inexplicable, that two of the many lay-masters at Juilly turned out demagogues imbued with false philosophy. Rousseau was a popular idol, and many educators to our own day are led away by his theories. Billaud-Varennes and Fouché, woefully conspicuous in the Revolutionary turmoil, had been assistant teachers in the aristocratic Academy of Juilly. In the meantime the College hands had been confiscated and declared *Biens Nationaux* (the property of the nation).

The school was able to open its doors again in the lull which succeeded the storm; and Napoleon recognized its prestige and excellence by choosing it for his younger brother Jerome, whom he placed there as a boarder. An auto-

graph letter of the boy Jerome, addressed to the conqueror on his return from the campaign in Italy, is preserved in the library, begging that he will "come and see him." Napoleon acceded to the request; and it is said that the entire school, fired with the inevitable enthusiasm of the young for a great military chief and victorious soldier, followed his every step as he visited the house and grounds. He had no reason to complain of the reception he received at Juilly: the shouts of applause and the rounds of cheering are remembered there still. Jerome apparently left when he was about sixteen to enter the Navy, and his visit to the United States soon after led to his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore. The room occupied by Jerome at Juilly remains as when he used it: the bed he slept in, and the clock which marked the brief hours of his slumber, are just as they were at the time.

Frequently have the tides of battle raged disastrously around this spot. Even in the days of St. Louis the King, the armies of his enemies are said to have assembled "at Juilly." During the Hundred Years' War with England, beginning in 1338, the Abbey was often in imminent danger; the religious wars between Catholics and Huguenots sometimes bent that way; it was used as a shelter for the wounded in 1790, when France stood against almost the whole of Europe; in 1814, when Napoleon, defeated and in retreat, was backing along the course of the Marne, the injured Cossacks were carried to Juilly for aid; and once more in 1870 the Academy became a military hospital. Eventually the village, as well as all the surrounding country, fell into the hands of the Prussians.

In 1914, during the Great War, the German troops occupied St. Soupplets, about seven miles distant, and intense fighting occurred throughout the countryside. At Monthyon, Barcy, Villeroy, mounds, over which to-day the grass waves, mark where the soldiers of France fell, literally in defence of their homes. French troops occupied the grounds of Juilly and placed guns along the outer walls to make a stand there; they had done the same at Iverny, five and a half miles away, and from that battlefield the wounded were carried to the College. They came so fast that soon all the beds were filled; then straw was laid in the corridors, and the wounded placed upon it, until over five hundred bleeding, shattered bodies had been gathered beneath the old scholastic roofs. The Sisters who were in charge of the domestic arrangements of the Juniorate multiplied their efforts, and, with the most complete self-devotion and a heroism equal to that of the soldiers, gave themselves up altogether to the care of the wounded, waiting on them day and night without rest or intermission. They were the only nurses on hand, and only the supreme call of the men's utter need could have carried them through the superhuman task of caring for them all.

The superintendent of the College harnessed the one horse left on the place—a poor, broken-down old specimen which the Army Commissioners had refused—to a large furniture van and went out to help bring in the wounded. Thus, to the limits of its power, Juilly took care of the soldiers of France. The thing that brought tears was that among the wrecked bodies laid upon the straw of the corridors, more than one returned,—mere lads wearing officers' uniforms, and brave still under mutilation and the imminence of death, who had played in the Juilly fields, and struggled with Latin verbs within these walls. It was from the chapel where they made their first Holy Communion that the Viaticum of the Adorable Eucharist was brought to them for the last time.

One more page was to be added to the annals of Juilly. Most of the French wounded had been distributed to military hospitals farther away, and only a small group remained in a wing of the building when in January, 1915, the French Government placed a considerable portion of the College at the disposal of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, of New York, as headquarters for the unit of American doctors and nurses whom she was offering to the service of France. Madame Whitney made vast improvements in the equipment and sanitation, and had a large number of baths installed upon the premises. All the drinking water, analyzed by the army experts and found to be of extreme purity, came from the Well of St. Genevieve. For three and a half years, the Whitney unit, composed of admirable surgeons and the best nurses, did splendid work at Juilly, caring for the wounded French in the American way. And they did not stint their services. They were there to help France; and the slightest request brought the American doctors and nurses to the lowliest hovel in the village, when some sick woman or child expressed a wish for "Les Américains."

The day came when, amid roars of greeting from the Americans already there, the first transport landed the first American contingent on French soil. "I shall never forget as long as I live," wrote one on the spot, "the tense excitement, turmoil of emotion, when they arrived. I thought I was too far away to know anything about it, but of a sudden such a roar broke on the air that I knew some tremendous thing had happened down there by the sea. I ran out and met one of our own officers. 'What has happened?' I cried to him, and all the time the roaring kept sending chills down my spine. He answered as though he had some trouble in speaking: 'Our boys are landing.'"

Back of the lines their training was completed; then they were brought to the northeasterly section of France. A general attack upon the French lines north of the Aisne seems to have been somewhat unexpected; for the enemy was able to break through on an eighteen-mile front and to reach the Marne once more. In Flanders the British were fighting "with their backs to the wall," and Haig's magnificent message to his dying army kept the thin line unbroken, although it was depleted and bent. The heroic French line, wavering in the terrific drive from the east, broke at one point near Chateau Thierry; a desperate call went back to stop the onrush, to hold the line at all costs, to close the gap at whatever sacrifice. The Americans had been held back before: they received their baptism of fire that day. Into the gap, under the Stars and Stripes, went the mass of olive drab, and history will say how the continuous line of the allies was reformed. In the American counter attack at Bois-Belleau, so much bravery was shown, so much gallantry, and so great was the cost in life, that the wood has been renamed for those who fought there: no longer Bois-Belleau but the Wood of the Marines.*

Juilly had been bombed repeatedly. And, strange to say, through all these vicissitudes, a considerable number of the pupils had remained. Some could

* The troops had been keeping Memorial Day in Paris when, at the end of the exercises, orders came to rush them to the Front. Trains were not available, so they were pressed into motor trucks and hurried away. They had had no sleep for thirty-six hours, when, arriving at Chateau Thierry on the evening of the 31st of May, they found the French Colonials fighting in the streets in the supreme effort to keep the enemy from the Marne, which flowed through the historic town. For ninety-six mortal hours more, without rest and almost without food, our men fought side by side with the French, until no more remained of Chateau Thierry; and the Americans protected the bridges while the exhausted Colonials crossed the river under fire. From the

not reach their distant homes; the homes of others had perished in the devastation. And again and again at night the signal was given, and those of the wounded who could move, and all the nurses not immediately needed, and all the students were ordered to the ancient kitchen underground, where the splendid old walls, two meters thick and of squared stone, were a vaulted, bomb-proof protection. The air raids and explosions had grown so terrific that it was decided the children must remain no longer. The nurses had packed their satchels; and before many hours had elapsed, Juilly became, on June 2, 1918, the first American Evacuation Hospital.

From Chateau Thierry, from Bois-Belleau they came on foot, on stretchers, in ambulances; some limping, some unconscious; bleeding, mutilated, lacerated—and always men. The line of the Allies was continuous from north to south. And still, and only from Bois-Belleau now, they kept coming, in increasing numbers. Two hundred, five hundred, seven hundred,—the old school had never seen such a spectacle as this. The dormitories, the Hall of Festivals, the corridors,—Juilly was adding something to its history that will never be forgotten. And over all the place—with the blood on the floors, the odor of anæsthetics, the hurrying of doctors and nurses—the Stars and Stripes floated in languid folds upon the summer air.

When the days grew more quiet around Juilly, when convalescents (the few who had not been removed to points beyond the danger zone) were able to sit under the fine old trees, or to make little excursions to the Fountain of St. Genevieve and the Medieval remnants on the way to the lake, they found many objects, especially in the library that spoke of far-away America, and of contacts between their native land and the Royal Academy of the Oratory in centuries long past. There is, first, the memory of a young man who came from New Orleans, Louisiana, when Louis XV. was King of France (1735), to enter the Congregation of the Oratory, and who taught here for sixty whole years, until his death; he was called "Le Père Viel." In the Hall of Busts, where all famous pupils of the school are assembled, the Comte de Vaudreuil, the associate of Lafayette and Rochambeau, is not far from the Admiral de Montcabrié, one of the four

southern bank, the Americans renewed the attack, and drove the enemy back.

While the Third Division thus distinguished itself, the Second Division was ordered, in the night of June 3, to take over the French lines between Bois-Belleau and Bouresches. The morning of the 4th found them face to the enemy. At dawn on the 5th they were ordered to advance. They did it with such irresistible gallantry that by seven o'clock they had taken the outskirts of Belleau Wood and the crest of the hills. But Belleau Wood was their objective. And every rock, every tree, had to be taken in turn. The wood was full of machine-gun nests, and alive with men throwing grenades. The Americans, in the face of appalling casualties, held on by their teeth. Some companies that went in two hundred and fifty strong were reduced to fifty men. Battered but unbeaten, these came on again. They had to resort to the bayonet, and the fighting was hand to hand. They had to tread on their own wounded and dead, but nothing must stop them as they came on step by step. It took twelve days to clear the Bois-Belleau, and officers kept sending messages that the men were exhausted and could not keep it up much longer; the order came back to take the wood. And it was taken—by men who had been without water, with scant food and no rest for days, so that they fell asleep on their feet and under shell fire; and still they held and incessantly pushed on. On the 25th of June, at six in the evening, after thirteen hours of appalling bombardment, the brigade made its last drive, and by nine virtually held the whole wood.

The day after Chateau Thierry, Foch was able to say: "We had seen the sword of America unsheathed: now we have seen it strike." The French General who wrote the order of the day after Belleau praised unstintedly the courage, the tenacity, the heroic valor displayed by the Americans.

French Admirals who fought in the War of Independence.

Something in the atmosphere of Juilly seems to have incessantly inspired largeness of views, a strong sense of justice, and an attitude of mind which, in a most aristocratic institution, was, nevertheless, democratic in its conception of freedom and its respect for man as man. One of the most distinguished scholars was Montesquieu, Charles-Louis de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, the author of "L'Esprit des Lois," who, by his influence upon Washington and the Congress of Philadelphia in 1787, contributed not a little of his own to the Constitution of the United States. Most cherished among the memorials of the College is a portrait of the Marquis de Lafayette. He does not seem to have been a pupil, but his estate of La Grange was in the vicinity, and he was a frequent visitor at the Academy. He was sincerely attached to Juilly, and on his return from America brought with him to the College, and left to the library, a facsimile of the "Declaration of Independence of the Thirteen States of America in Congress on July 4, 1776." The ancient document is there now, enshrined among the treasures.*

While our Americans temporarily took possession of Juilly, the fates of war scattered, driving them far apart,—the professors and students who had resided there. The conscription caught many: lads of eighteen, pupils, and priests of the Oratory, and lay teachers who had not turned forty-five. At Saloniki, the French troops knew well a private who was raised to the rank of sergeant, simply on his merits, and who did more to sustain the morale of his own and other regiments than any organized activity in the field. He was always ready, always patient, always brave, always kind,—a miracle when things went wrong. It finally became known that he was a priest and a religious. He was allowed to minister to his companions, and he obtained the privilege of carrying a Mass kit in addition to the heavy equipment already on his back.

A superior officer, riding along the marching column one day, observed an oldish man who seemed overcome by the heat and the long distance. "*Mon ami,*" he called, "put your baggage on the wagon for a while." The man saluted and laid down his double pack and rifle with a: "*Merci, mon Colonel!*" Not ten minutes later, a very young subaltern, recently attached to the regiment, passed along the line and noted the irregularity. He did not note the pallor of the sweat-streaked face. "Whose equipment is that? Take it up immediately." And as the man obeyed in silence, he continued: "Have you not learned that your arms should never be laid down in presence of the enemy?"—"*Mon Lieutenant,*" came the respectful answer, "we are not in presence of the enemy, and my arms had not been laid down." The officer gave one glance at the intelligent, dignified countenance

* Two noted historic characters among the youths of foreign birth who were pupils at Juilly were James, Duke of Monmouth, whose miniature shows a comely lad of about fourteen, with hair worn long in the cavalier style, fine eyes, a pleasant, genial expression, and a broad Vandyke collar. He was a natural son of Charles II. of England, and ended his life on the scaffold, owing to the rebellion of Sedgemore, which he headed in 1685. Some years later another James, the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. of England, was educated here. He rose to be a great soldier and Marshal of France, was a close friend of Montesquieu, and died at the siege of Phillipsburg in 1734. Other distinguished Frenchmen educated at Juilly were the Duc de Villars (1653–1734), who saved France by the victory of Denain in 1712 over Prince Eugene of Savoy, in command of the imperial forces; and the Vicomte de Bonald, a philosophic writer of great worth, a defender of the Church and Crown, who became an *emigré* in 1791, and died in 1840. Their portraits, too, are in the Salle des Bustes.

and moved away uncomfortably. Finding a brother officer higher up the line, he accosted him: "Who is that elderly chap walking beside the wagon on this side?"—"That! *Mon cher,* he is a *savant* of the first order, and a well-known author. A rare good soldier, too, which seems strange. Before the conscription caught him he was superior of the College of Juilly."

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XVII.—THE KING.

Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!
—*Shakespeare.*

WHEN Walter and his companion reached the quay, the frigate they had seen was just entering the port under shortened sails. Then the shrill whistle of her boatswain sounded, and her sailors, springing like cats, climbed the rigging to furl the sails. As the vessel reached the centre of the harbor, her anchor was let go.

"See, Count! She's a British ship: she flies the white ensign of St. George. And see her figurehead!"

"What of it?" asked the Count. "It looks like the head of Arethusa?"

"Exactly; and she's the very same 'Arethusa' that we signalled to when our steamer was leaving Naples."

Presently a gig was lowered from the frigate, and they saw an officer and two ladies descend the companion-ladder into it; then the boat's crew let fall their oars, and soon the boat was heading for some steps near which Walter stood. As the boat drew near, he suddenly began to wave his hat.

"Look, Count! It's the Hartleys who are seated in the stern-sheets beside the officer who holds the tiller."

He was right; and soon the friends were greeting the ladies, who introduced them to the lieutenant. The sailors had landed the ladies' luggage; and, after it and their passports had been examined, and they had taken leave of the officer, they proceeded with the two young men to the hotel. There lunch was ordered in a private room.

A sort of council was held. It was decided that they should all travel together to Paris by the diligence that was to leave that evening. Thence the Count was to escort the ladies to Bruges, while Walter was to go on directly by Calais and Dover to London.

"Now let's hear how you got away from Naples?" said Walter.

"It was the greatest fun in the world—at least now that we are out of the lion's den," replied Alice. "Well, we were all ready to start on that steamer with you. Our luggage was piled on a hackney carriage, and in it we drove to the police office to get our promised passports. Mother was furious when an official, with many a bow, smile and waving of hands, made us understand that the Minister of Police had bid him say that the passports would not be ready before midday. As the steamer was due to sail two hours earlier, that was, of course, too late. We then drove to the Ministry of Police. There everybody was most despairingly polite, but knew nothing of our passports. Unfortunately, the Minister of Police had gone out on a shooting expedition and would not be back until about midday. That unlucky midday! 'Certainly this mistake,' said the official, 'is much to be regretted, and nobody will regret it more than his Excellency.'—'But we shall leave without passports!' declared my mother stoutly.—'Signora will find that impossible,' answered the official.

"Then we drove to the British Embassy. We asked to see our Minister. 'That, ladies, is impossible,' replied a languid young secretary, who spoke with a lisp. 'Office hours, you see, are from ten to twelve. It's not nine o'clock yet. His Excellency is breakfasting.'

" 'Hours were made for slaves, not for British subjects,' said my mother hotly. 'Take my card up to the Minister, or I'll report you all when I get home.'

" 'Madame, I dare not—'

"Just then a naval officer (the one you met a moment ago) came in. 'Excuse me, ladies,' he said, saluting us politely, 'if I interrupt your conversation; but I have a pressing message from my captain for the Minister. FitzHenry,' he added, speaking to the young secretary, 'please deliver it at once to the Minister. On his Majesty's Service, you know. No delays, mind; for our ship is under orders to sail at once; it concerns some ladies—the Hartleys—do you know them?'

" 'These are the ladies, lieutenant. Please be seated, ladies, while I am seeing my chief.'

"He returned in a very short time, and asked us to accompany him to his chief. The latter was a type of the elderly English gentleman, and the breakfast he was at was altogether English: tea, eggs, and bacon, and buttered toast. A copy of the *Times* was spread before him, propped up by the teapot. His Excellency rose as we entered, and apologized for receiving us in his flowered dressing-gown and carpet slippers. He listened attentively to my mother's story.

" 'Madame, the steamer has started, so that can't be remedied. May I ask is there any one in Naples who has an interest in keeping you ladies here?'

"My mother then told him that she thought Colonel di Fiori might be at the bottom of the business.

" 'The biggest scoundrel in Naples, Madame!' remarked the Minister, hotly. 'May I ask if Mr. Walter Gane, whom I know, and who signalled from the steamer, is a relative of yours?'

" 'A friend, sir!' I hastened to interpose, thinking to stop my mother from saying more than was necessary.

" 'I happen to know the captain of the "Arethusa," which is sailing for home, calling on her way at Genoa and Marseilles. He has his wife on board,—a charming person. Well, I'll send you on board this frigate with the lieutenant who is waiting. Leave your luggage here. If the captain can take you on to France in his ship, he can then send for your things, and I defy all the rascally police and their colonels to stop either it or you from leaving. I'll give you passports to enable you to go through France.'

"Of course we thanked his Excellency, and went on board, where the captain and his wife insisted on our making the voyage with them. We started that evening. Just as our vessel was off, a big four-oared boat containing the Colonel and some of his soldiers came off to the 'Arethusa,' which hove to in answer to their shouts. The Colonel had the impudence to come on board and ask the captain to allow him to take ashore the two ladies, named Hartley, who had left Naples without leave of the police. The captain took out his watch and said: 'Colonel, you have just sixty seconds to get back to your boat! If you delay another second, my men will pitch you overboard.'

"The Colonel was in such a hurry to get down the ladder into his boat that his spurs or his sword—I don't know which—tripped him up and he slipped into the water. I gave a scream, thinking that he would be drowned; but one of his men had caught hold of him and dragged him, all dripping, into his boat, to the great amusement of all our officers and sailors, who witnessed the mishap. We had a most pleasant voyage after that; and my mother and I are deeply grateful to the gallant 'Arethusa,' her captain and his wife."

The journey to Paris passed off without incident, and allowed Walter and Alice to know each other better. Travelling often brings out failings in a

person's character that would not under ordinary circumstances be detected. Walter and Alice happily made no such discoveries. They only learned to love each other more strongly.

Walter was still at home when he learned that the Belgian National Congress, after seven days of heated discussion, had, on June 4, proclaimed his Royal Highness Leopold George Christian Frederick, Prince of Saxe-Coburg, King of the Belgians by 152 votes out of 196 recorded. A few days later, Walter unexpectedly met his old friend the Count walking down Piccadilly.

"What good wind has brought you here?" he asked.

"The best of all winds, if it goes on blowing in our favor and gives us a king. A deputation has come over from Brussels to offer our crown to Prince Leopold," replied the Count.

"Are you one of the deputies?"

"No, but I've been asked to act as its *cicerone* in London on account of my knowledge of the city and of your language. The deputation is a very representative one. At its head is the president of the Congress, M. de Gerlache; and with him are the Comte de Mérode, a Catholic; the Abbé de Foere, a priest; M. van der Weyer, a Liberal, but promising diplomatist, and six others. I must leave you; for I have to meet the party which is now being received by the Prince."

"Do come and dine with us at six this evening. My parents wish to know you personally. You know where we live—in Hyde Park Place?"

"I'll do my best to come; but, mind, if I fail to appear it will be because my duties detain me."

The Ganes were in their drawing-room awaiting the Count and three other guests. Who they were, Walter had not been told, and all his mother would say about them was, "You'll see in due time who they are."

The Count arrived first, and Walter presented him to his parents. Then the door was thrown open and the butler announced Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hartley. Walter looked astonished at seeing the talkative little lady he knew so well enter, leaning on the arm of a tall, thin, pale-faced, gentleman, followed by Miss Alice. Was this indeed the ex-convict? Had he been set free? Happily it proved true. In accordance to our absurd custom, this guiltless man had received the royal pardon. It was the only legal method that could restore him to society.

The dinner passed off well. The Count told them that the deputation had been favorably received by the Prince, who had charmed them all, but that no official offer of the Belgian crown had yet been made. On leaving the Prince, the President dé Gerlache had declared: "The Prince is exactly the sort of man whom Belgium needs for its king."

Six days of diplomatic dallying and dining kept the Belgian deputies in London. They dined with the Prince, who was affably wise; with Lord Palmerston, who was bluff, caustic, almost impertinent; with Talleyrand, then French Ambassador in London, who spoke, as M. de Gerlache remarked, in monosyllables, with the air of an old man bored to death by the world. At last one evening, Palmerston informed the deputies that the Conference of the Powers had signed a treaty in eighteen articles concerning the affairs of Holland and Belgium, and that they were now quite free to offer the crown to Prince Leopold. The latter received them at night, accepted the crown decreed to him by the Congress, and handed to its president a letter for the Regent of Belgium, announcing his intention of going to that country the moment Congress had accepted the treaty made by the Powers. Two hours later the deputies were hurrying back to Brussels.

"I don't envy them their task," remarked the Count, who was staying on for a few days in London, and was breakfasting next morning with the Ganes. "You must admit that by this treaty between Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia and Russia, much that we thought secured to us by our revolution is in jeopardy. By it we may be deprived of the whole of Luxembourg, if we fail in our negotiations with the Dutch King and the German Confederation."

"The treaty seems fair enough," argued Mr. Gane, "as regards the division of the debt between Belgium and Holland. Our papers say, too, that Belgium has secured some territories about Liège and Bouillon that in reality never until now were Belgic possessions."

"That is so, sir; but I am sure that, in regard to Luxembourg, Belgians will feel very sore. And they don't want to have any such negotiations with Holland. As to the territories to which you refer, I know that it was only Prince Leopold's influence that secured them to us."

"Then you ought in gratitude hasten to acclaim him as king by ratifying that treaty."

But Congress debated the treaty for nine days before accepting it. Then, on July 16, Leopold left England and reached Ostend the same day. As a contemporary historian remarks, "the coming of the Prince typified the triumph of our Revolution."

Before this the Hartleys had returned to Bruges, and with them travelled the Count and the Ganes. The Count had insisted that the Ganes should spend a month with him at his chateau, "to see," he said, "how we shall welcome our King."

They all went up to Brussels for the entry of the King into his capital on July 21, 1831. The Count had secured for his friends, the Ganes and Hartleys, a window from which to see the pageant on the Place Royale. The streets were strewn with flowers and evergreens all along the way the cortege was to pass; every house was crowded from top to bottom with gaily dressed people, while the streets were filled with peasants, all in holiday attire. Everywhere the black, yellow and red flag of Belgium was displayed.

Leopold rode in by the Laeken Gate at ten in the morning, and, though the distance is not great, it was half-past eleven before he reached the Place Royale where he was to be made king. He was escorted by lancers, cuirassiers, civic guards, volunteers, and by some of those who had been wounded in the revolution. Among the mounted corps rode the Count and Walter.

On the steps leading up to the church of St. Jacques-sur-Coudenburg, an amphitheatre of seats had been erected, on which the two hundred members of the National Congress, with high civil and military officials and deputations from the provinces, awaited the King's coming. The square itself was filled with people, as well as the windows of all the houses around it; while on their roofs many spectators found places to see the historic spectacle.

When the King appeared, the members of Congress rose to greet him. Long and loud cheers from the crowd broke the stillness of that bright July day, and mingled with the roll of drums, the clash of military bands, and the roar of artillery, while in all the churches joy bells rang out. The King, dismounting, ascended the steps and took a seat in front of the throne that awaited him, amid ceaseless cries of *Vive le Roi*. After speeches from the president of the Congress and the Regent, the latter resigned his office into the hands of the Congress. The Constitution, as voted by the Congress, was read, and the King in clear tones swore to observe it. The president then,

pointing to the throne, said: "Sire, ascend the throne!" Having taken possession of it, the King rose and made a very tactful speech. "Belgian by adoption," he said, "I will ever be Belgian in my policy."

The members of Congress then returned to the Palace of the Nation, and the Congress was dissolved. The Belgian Revolution was ended, and Belgium was a kingdom under Leopold I. But the independence of the country had yet to be secured. The Dutch General Chassé still held the citadel of Antwerp, and very soon news came that Dutch troops were threatening to recommence hostilities.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Fall of the Year.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

BROWN leaves close clinging to the sunburned hills,
Or lying sodden in the sluggish rills;
And woodlands vast with canopies all rent,
Showing the gnarled trunks, and bare limbs bent;
And stubble, glowing golden, specked with rust,
And twined with sickly vines o'ercast with dust.
The quail's clear challenge rings out bold and true
From leafy covert drenched with diamond dew.
The forest's front a vast kaleidoscope
Of brown and crimson, gold and heliotrope:
And deep within some densely wooded dell
A wood-bird summons, like a silver bell.
And, oh! the glorious pageant of the Fall,
Marching in solemn state to Winter's thrall;
A spectacle of grandeur which the eye
Can not behold, save in rich ecstasy.
The Master Painter here has touched His world
With splendor, as of countless flags unfurled.
And day by day the gorgeous retinue
Changes and passes, and is ever new,—
A masque of color on the earth's great stage,
Enacted year by year, from age to age.

A New Candidate for Canonization.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONTINUED.)

THIS humble Capuchin friar, this member of an austere religious Order, whose great desire was to live in the peaceful retirement of his convent, far from courts and camps and battlefields, was, at the call of duty, whether that call came from Rome or from his immediate religious superiors, constrained to come out of his cloister and mix in spheres of mundane activity quite foreign to his taste or temperament. We find him acting as the trusted adviser of the Emperor Leopold I., immersed in state affairs; as an astute diplomatist, drawing the Republic of Venice into the Holy Alliance against the Turks, or arranging a *modus vivendi* between the Austrian Civil Power and the Holy See, when the former was encroaching on the rights of the Church in matters ecclesiastical; as a pacificator, bringing about harmony and united action among princes jealous and suspicious of one another, and appeasing the recalcitrant Hungarians; as a skilful strategist, drawing out a plan of campaign which ensured important victories, spurring on the irresolute sovereign and dilatory generals who were risking defeat at the hands of a more alert and active foe.

He went into action almost as often as the soldiers. During the siege of Visegrad, captured by the Imperial troops, a bomb grazed his head. He was present at all the battles. The Turks said he did them more damage than the soldiers,—"that giant sent by Allah to the Christians to chastise the children of the prophet for their infidelities."

During the prolonged campaign that followed the liberation of Vienna, when the fortunes of war were fluctuating, he strongly deprecated the premature

conclusion of peace with the Porte, and outlined in a letter to the Emperor a plan of action which was to lead to victory.

It was by an encircling movement, adopted on his advice, that Buda was taken by assault,—"a real miracle from Heaven," he wrote; "for I believe not a hundred of our men fell." Maximilian Philip, of Bavaria, attributed this happy event in great part to the presence of the Capuchin. Buda, now Buda-Pesth—the name of two cities separated by the Danube, but at present connected by a long bridge spanning the great waterway—was the first step towards the capture of Belgrade. It was necessary at all costs to secure it. Father Mark unceasingly urged its conquest; for he saw the immense advantages to the Church by the previous successes of the Imperial Eagles.

But all was not triumph. With the sweets of success was mingled the bitterness of failure. As he had failed to get into France and reach Louis XIV., upon whom he would have exercised a beneficial influence, he was sometimes prevented from going to Rome and having an audience with the Pope.

"My heart is so afflicted," he wrote to the Emperor, "that if I were not well fortified by the thought of the divine will, I think I should die." His advice despised, and reproached by the chiefs for his importunities, he withdrew for a time from the camp to his monastery. But high influence induced the Minister General to order his return; that was to him a manifestation of the will of God. "I had formed the resolution," he wrote to Count de la Torre, "of retiring into a poor and distant place, absolutely sequestered from the society of men, to devote myself solely to contemplation."

Work and sacrifice was all that he had garnered in the past, and all that awaited him in the future. "Already," he confided to the Emperor, "it seems to me that hell is let loose, and has forged the most skilful inventions to abase me, stirring up the cruelest of all persecutions. Satan leaves me no respite, but wages a ferocious and merciless war against me. I do not decline it; I accept it, for I am strong with the help of God."

The capture of Belgrade, the much-desired and necessary complement of the relief of Vienna, was the closing of the campaign and seemed to assure Europe of tranquillity and peace, and deliverance from that dread of the domination of the Crescent which for centuries had overshadowed all Christendom. Its important strategical position at the confluence of the Save and the Danube then, as now, made it a prize worth winning.

To be now free to return to his dear solitude in Padua, when all those campaigns in which, through obedience, he had borne a part had reached their glorious culmination, to have done with courts and camps and armies, was a source of unalloyed pleasure.

Father Mark was not long to enjoy his repose. Public events soon again claimed his close attention. The Emperor, threatened on the one hand by Louis XIV., who, not content with acting indirectly through diplomacy, was preparing to attack Germany; and, on the other, by the Porte, stood in need of his chief counsellor, the Capuchin. The latter, confirmed in his belief that God willed the destruction of Mohammedanism, prevailed upon him to continue the campaign on the Danube; reminding him of the devise which Rudolph of Hapsburg had inscribed on his standards, "*Adsit,*" which meant, *Auxilio Dei superabo Imperatorem Turcarum.*—"With the help of God I shall overcome the Emperor of the Turks."

Confounding or identifying the interests of the Empire with those of Christendom, and seeing in Austria the only support of Catholicism in Europe,

Father Mark favored the election of Leopold's eldest son as King of the Romans, which secured his succession to the headship of the Empire, in opposition to that of the French Dauphin. "The elevation of the King of France to the Imperial throne," he said, "would be a misfortune to Christendom." But a greater misfortune was Austria's official recognition of the petty Marquis of Brandenburg as King of Prussia, the self-assumed title of the first of the Hohenzollerns, in the expectation of securing his vote in the Diet in favor of making the imperial dignity hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. He little thought that in the future those same Hohenzollerns would wrest from Austria the leadership of the Teutonic States of Europe and become a great military Power.

Pope Alexander VIII. (Ottoboni), foreseeing the calamities that would ensue upon the Emperor's recognition of this Lutheran Power, anathematized the usurper in the Consistory of April 17, 1701, and renewed the solemn protest in that of January 21, 1715, after the Congress of Baden.

Father Mark, of his own motion and in conformity with the views and wishes of Rome, brought all his influence to bear upon Leopold to put the interests of religion in the forefront. "Now, all good inspirations, or all directed to what is good, come from God," he wrote. "All that I have said to your Imperial Majesty, all that I say to you still, is for the glory of God, the salvation of souls and the interests of Christendom. That comes, then, from God: He speaks to you in these good inspirations." To this end he exhorted him to promote devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians, assuring him that, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, he would experience the effects of the divine goodness beyond all that he hoped for.

It must not be thought that, being involved in worldly affairs so foreign to his character and office as a religious, Father Mark neglected his apostolic work. He was always the zealous missionary. To pass from a military to an apostolic campaign was his way of resting. The most important cities continually sought to have the privilege of his ministrations.

Writing to Cardinal Colloredo in response to an invitation to preach in the Chiesa Nuova, he said: "I must confess to you in sincerity of heart that I know myself to be a poor creature, a nobody, very ignorant, destitute of virtue and talent, unworthy of announcing the word of God even in the humblest village. If I was not obliged through obedience to exercise this function, I would long ago have resigned it. So I should regard it as the greatest mistake, an imprudence and rashness on my part, to undertake to preach in the capital of the world and in one of the first pulpits in Christendom." Yet cardinals and bishops highly extolled his preaching, all ratifying the judgment of the Bishop of Brixen, who called him *Verum Evangelistam Marcum*. People crowded to hear him. At Oderzo he preached to 60,000; the human torrent that overflowed the church, in its eagerness, breaking down the iron railings as if they were made of straw.

His renown and his miracles and marvels went on increasing to such an extent that, at a Lenten course which he preached at Brescia in 1688, Father Como wrote to the Provincial: "They have conceived so high an opinion of him that they are canonizing him during his lifetime, calling him a *Beato*, an elect of the good God. When he appears in the pulpit, all the people raise their hands to heaven and give utterance to exclamations of admiration as if it were Our Lord Himself appearing to them."

(Conclusion next week)

Prince Azgid's Motto.

(Conclusion.)

AZGID rode over the trackless sands, with the stars glittering above him, a homeless wanderer, not knowing whither he was going. At length morning began to appear, and soon the sun rose and beat upon his head with its fierce rays. By the middle of the day he was rejoiced to perceive that he was leaving the desert; and late in the afternoon he came to one of the most beautiful palaces he had ever seen. It was built of porphyry, and stood in the midst of an immense garden, where grew every plant and flower that could delight the sight. Trees loaded with fruits, some trimmed and cut into the most curious shapes, were seen on all sides. Statues of exquisite forms stood among them. From many of these, fountains spouted upwards to a vast height, whose waters fell murmuring into large basins, where goldfish, swans and other water-fowl were swimming about. So many objects met the young man's eye, as he slowly rode up the broad avenue, that he stopped almost every moment to gaze and admire. At last he reached the portico, which was raised twenty steps, and adorned with twelve columns of jasper.

The owner of the palace, who was an Emir of great wealth, was seated on the portico, in company with his daughter, the golden-haired Perizide. On seeing a stranger of such dignified mien approaching, he rose up and went to welcome him. He led him up the steps, and introduced him to the young lady, who became at once interested in the looks and demeanor of the handsome youth. The Emir then took his guest inside the palace.

Azgid looked round with wonder. If the exterior of the building delighted him, how much more was he pleased with its interior! The hall was of vast size, with a noble staircase in the middle; the apartments were spacious, and shone with gold; the walls and ceilings were covered with the most exquisite paintings in fresco; and vases of precious stones, statues, and all kinds of rare curiosities were ranged around: the windows were of something that resembled pearl, and were stained with different colors, so that, as the sun shone through them, the tessellated floor received the rays, and glittered with all the tints of the rainbow. Azgid gazed with astonishment. The Emir now set before him a collation composed of the most delicate viands, delicious fruits, and wines.

After he had finished eating, the Prince thought it his duty to inform his kind host who he was.

"Sir," said he, "you no doubt wonder at one of my appearance thus suddenly visiting you, and will naturally wish to inquire who I am. This wish I can only in part gratify. Suffice it, then, to say that I am a Prince whom troubles at home have driven abroad, but my name I can not tell: that is a secret. If no inconvenience to you, it would delight me much to remain with you for a time; and at some future day, if fortune should again smile upon me, I shall be happy to return the favor, and reciprocate your hospitality."

The Emir replied to this speech in the kindest manner, telling the youth that he did him a great honor in making him a visit, and that he hoped he would remain to the end of his days. He further informed him that he expected that night a number of his friends to favor him with their company; and, wishing to look after the preparations for the banquet, he begged his guest to excuse him for a short time.

When the time came for the banquet, the guests having all arrived and been welcomed, Perizide led the youth into the grand saloon, and seated him on one of the divans. The attendants now served a splendid supper, brought in

on gold and silver trays. It consisted of every delicacy, was made up of many courses, and lasted a considerable time.

After the banquet was over and the Prince and the Emir were left alone, they passed nearly an hour smoking and conversing very pleasantly. At length the host arose, and, telling his guest it was bedtime, took him by the hand to lead him to his chamber. They proceeded to the hall, and soon reached the great staircase, which was of white marble, with a handsome balustrade on each side. When they came to the foot of it, Azgid gazed for a moment admiring its beauty; but what was his horror when, on looking up, he spied a black lion of immense size lying stretched on the topmost landing. He trembled and turned pale.

"What is that?" said he, pointing with his finger.

"Oh," returned the Emir, "that is Boulak, our black porter! He is tame, and will not hurt you if you are not afraid of him; but he can tell when any one fears him, and then he becomes ferocious."

"I fear him," whispered the Prince, "and fear him greatly."

"You must cast aside your fear, my son," replied the other, "and then there is not the slightest danger."

"That is easier said than done," answered the youth. "I try to cast it aside, but do not succeed. No, I believe I will not go to my chamber, but will sleep somewhere else, where there is no need of approaching this terrible beast."

"Just as you like," replied the Emir. "You can return to the saloon, and repose on one of those divans."

The Prince accordingly took up his lodgings in the saloon; and, having bid his friend "Good-night," he carefully locked the door and windows, making everything as secure as possible. He then lay down on the cushions, listening eagerly if he might perchance hear any sound. But all was silent; for every soul had retired, and the vast mansion presented a striking contrast to the noisy merriment which a little while before had reigned everywhere.

The young man now composed himself to rest, thinking that the lion was most probably fast asleep and would not disturb him. But he was mistaken; for in less than an hour he heard a soft, heavy tread coming downstairs. The beast, on reaching the hall, seemed for a moment to pause; then his steps were heard moving along the vast corridor, till they could be no longer distinguished.

Azgid now breathed more freely, and was in hopes that his tormentor had retired to some secluded part of the building, and had gone to sleep; but he was doomed to be disappointed; for in a short time he heard the faint steps approaching nearer and nearer, and perceived that the beast stopped every now and then, sniffing. At last he came to the door, putting his nose at the lower part, and sniffing louder than ever; then he sprang with his fore feet against it, giving it such a push as almost to burst it open, and at the same time uttering a tremendous roar, which echoed through the palace.

Azgid jumped from his couch in dismay, and retreated to the farthest corner of the room; his hair stood on end and the cold perspiration rolled from his body. He believed for a certainty that the door would fly open, and then the lion would rush in and devour him. But nothing of the kind occurred; for in a few moments the beast again went upstairs, and nothing more was heard of him.

The Prince then lay down on his couch—but not to sleep: he revolved in his mind all that had happened to him since his departure from his own city; and, thinking that Providence would not afflict him in such a manner for nought, but that there must be some design in

it, he came to the determination that he would instantly return home, and fulfil the law and custom of his country by fighting the lion.

Early on the morrow, the Emir came to wake his guest and bid him "Good-morning." He found the young man in tears, and, putting his arm round him, thus spoke:

"My son, your behavior last night, when about to retire, surprised me greatly, and my amazement is increased now at seeing you in this unhappy state. What ails you, my son? Tell me all, and hide nothing from me; and first let me know frankly who you are?"

"I am one," replied the youth, "who has fled from duty. I am Azgid, son of the renowned King Almamoun. I fled from a work Providence assigned to me to perform, but my sin has followed me. I searched far and wide for comfort, but in vain: trouble and disaster pursued me wherever I went. I have repented, however, and am now going back to retrieve my error, and meet the trial from which I once endeavored to escape."

"I am rejoiced to hear you thus speak," said the Emir. "I was well acquainted with your father, and think I know now from what duty it was you tried to escape. Go back, then, to your home, my son; and may Heaven grant you strength to perform your excellent resolution!"

He then ordered his guest's horse to be brought, which when the youth had mounted, he asked his host to remember him to the beautiful Perizide, and beg her to excuse him for leaving her in so strange and abrupt a manner.

"I will do as you desire," replied the other; "and when my daughter learns the cause of your departure, she will think more of you than ever."

Thus, with mutual good wishes the two friends separated, and Azgid rode away. He pursued the same route he had travelled before, and in due time reached his own city. He hastened to the palace, and sought out the old Vizier, to whom he related all that had happened, and all that he intended to do, without concealing anything.

"And now," said he, "lead me at once to the lion, and let me fight him and fulfil the law, as all my ancestors have done before me."

The old man heard this speech with great pleasure, and almost wept for joy. He then embraced his young friend, and, smiling, told him not to run into extremes nor to be in too great a hurry; that his encounter with the lion had better be put off for a week at least, and that in the meantime he needed rest and refreshment. To this suggestion Azgid acceded, and waited till the day his friend had fixed upon.

It at length arrived, and very early in the morning the Prince arose and prepared for the combat. He clad himself in a light garment, tying around it a sash, in which he stuck a sharp dagger, took a spear in his hand, and, accompanied by the Vizier, left the palace and proceeded to the mountain. They climbed up the high steps and reached the top; whereupon the slave met them, and, going before, unlocked the gate. The young man looked down and saw the lion, sitting on his haunches, at one end of the arena. He then shook hands with his companions, and, committing himself to the care of Heaven, sprang in. The beast gave a loud roar when he saw him, and, crouching down, drew himself slowly toward his opponent, glaring fiercely on him all the while. The Prince quailed not, but gazed steadily on the animal, and advanced on him, spear in hand. The lion now gave another loud roar, and, bounding forward, sprang over the youth's head. He then returned, and began licking his hands and rubbing himself against his body.

The Vizier now called out joyfully to his young friend, telling him he had conquered, and begging him to ap-

proach; and, with the assistance of the slave, he lifted him out of the den, the lion following like a dog.

"Yes, Azgid," continued the old man, embracing the Prince, "the beast is tame and will injure no one; but, ignorant of this, you encountered him, and the proof of your valor is complete. Come, then, and ascend your throne; for you are worthy of it."

They then began to ascend the stairs, and Azgid, observing two figures on the landing, asked the Vizier who they were.

"I know not," replied he. "I can see them, but the height is too great for me to distinguish who they are."

In a little while they reached the platform, when the newcomers proved to be Oaxus and Asdril.

"Azgid," said the old shepherd, "I have come to congratulate you on your good fortune and happy deliverance. And here, too, is young Asdril, whose music you so much admired, and whom I now present to you as your own."

"Oaxus," replied the Prince, "I heartily thank you. And as for you, Asdril, you are no longer a slave: from this moment you are free. You shall be the companion of my leisure hours, and entertain me with your delightful strains."

They now began to descend again; and Azgid, observing a group on the second landing, asked the Vizier who they were.

"I know not," replied he. "I can see them, but the height is too great for me to distinguish who they are."

In a little while they reached the platform, when the newcomers proved to be the Sheik Hajaar, with a group of Arabs, leading the beautiful horse with which the Prince had been so much pleased.

"Azgid," said the Sheik, "I have come to congratulate you on your good fortune and happy deliverance. I have brought you as a present the horse you used to ride when you honored me with a visit. Will your Highness deign to accept of it as a slight testimonial of my loyal regard?"

"Valiant Sheik," answered the young man, "I am rejoiced to see you again, and receive with gratitude your noble gift; you could not have given me anything more acceptable."

They then began to descend; and the Prince, observing at the bottom of the stairs quite a concourse of people, inquired of the Vizier who they were.

"I know not," replied he. "I can see them, but the height is too great for me to distinguish who they are."

In a little while they reached the end of the staircase, when the newcomers proved to be the Emir, with a large retinue of his guards, with music and banners.

"Azgid," said the Emir, "I am come to congratulate you on your good fortune and happy deliverance. I have brought no present; that I considered needless, since myself and all that I have are yours."

"Noble Emir," cried the youth, "I am rejoiced to see you! Tell me, how is Perizide? As soon as I have been crowned I intend to visit her with the speed of lightning."

"There is no need of that," returned the other: "come with me. She is willing to be your wife." So saying, he led the young man to a splendid white steed, on which sat a lady, covered with a long veil. The Emir lifted the veil, and Azgid beheld her smiling face.

Their meeting, as may be imagined, was most tender and affectionate; and, the Vizier having ordered the music to strike up, the whole procession moved toward the palace.

"How strange it seems!" said the Prince. "When I fled from my duty, everything went wrong with me; but now, after fulfilling it, good fortune meets me at every step."

Azgid was crowned the same day, and

his nuptials with the fair Perizide were afterwards celebrated. They lived long and happily. And the Prince ordered the story of his life to be written in the annals of the kingdom, and an inscription in gold letters to be placed over the main entrance of the palace, "Never run from the lion."

Degenerate Words.

A CURIOUS fact that is safe to surprise and interest any student of the history of English words is the number of those words that in the course of time have suffered deterioration. From having once possessed only an honorable meaning, they have come to be significant of things discreditable, vicious or degrading,—the primary meaning being lost sight of.

To illustrate by a few examples, "knave" once meant simply a lad or boy; "villain," a farmer; "minion," a favorite; "pedant," a tutor; "crafty," skilful; "cunning," having unusual knowledge; "swindler," a daring mercantile speculator without thought of cheating or defrauding.

The word "maudlin," derived from Magdalen, meant originally nothing more than tearful, penitent, weeping. Afterward it implied sentimentalism and foolish demonstrations, in which sense it is still sometimes used; and, finally, it has become so degraded as to signify tipsy, confused, foolish, especially from intoxicating drink.

A waiting-maid who, when asked by her mistress to perform a certain service, briskly remarked, "Certainly, madam, with the greatest of pleasure and animosity," employed "animosity" in an obsolete sense, as it used to mean simply courage, spiritedness, or animation. Two centuries earlier the remark would have been excellent English. There are many surprises always awaiting the explorer who enters the field of old English.

Sectarian Activities among Catholic Foreigners.

GREAT publicity has been given to the announcement that the Knights of Columbus are to expend a million dollars for social and religious work in the city of Rome, as an offset to the anti-Catholic work done or attempted there by the American Methodists. It seems quite fitting that an American Catholic organization should take up the work, since it is from this country the men and the money go which keep the Methodist anti-Catholic machine in Rome operating.

The Methodists of America seem to have a special affinity for proselytizing Italians. Boston University, a Methodist institution, which in other respects makes a great show of broad-mindedness and friendliness towards Catholics, is a great centre of active work among the Italians, and other foreigners as well. The institution has recently established a "School of Religious Education and Social Service"; and under the auspices of the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church a department for bi-lingual students has been started with the avowed purpose of "Americanizing" foreigners, but really for separating them from their ancestral belief. Here is the way the thing is set forth in the pages of the Boston *Transcript* of Oct. 1:

> The students therein have been selected carefully from a large group of young people, because of their earnestness of purpose and possibility of development. Most of them have had already a fair amount of education in their own countries. They represent all that is fine in their own peoples. The originators of this course of training do not believe in throwing away all the culture and development brought across the sea simply because it was not "made in America." They believe in training the foreign student to select that which is best from his own traditions and environment in the light of American ideals. After he is taught the best that America has to offer, he is sent out to mould, with inborn

tact and a new understanding, the lives of his fellow-countrymen.

In other words, the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having gathered together a group of young foreign people who are eager for an education, will proceed to indoctrinate them in Methodism and send them forth to lead their brethren also into the Methodist fold.

First of all, the young proselytizers will make a "survey" of conditions among the foreign groups—Italians, Portuguese, etc.,—and then, the University tells us through the *Transcript*, "the second semester will be spent by the students in working among their own people, and in perfecting themselves to meet the needs of their people in this vicinity." What "to meet the needs of their people" may mean we can guess from the further statement: "The course of study and training which these students are taking will be adapted to their needs, but will be sufficiently academic to lead to the degree of Bachelor of Religious Education or Bachelor of Social Science."

After a lot of jargon about courses in "foreign backgrounds," "immigrant languages and literature," etc., we get this information: "Ideals and principles of church work and evangelistic work will be interpreted in the light of immigrant churches. It is the belief of the department, however, that the non-English-speaking people must be brought into closer fellowship with the American churches. In the words of the announcement of the new work for bi-lingual students: 'We must remove existing prejudice by closer acquaintance.' The establishment of this bond of fellowship between the foreign-speaking citizen, or alien and the American churches can best be done through trained bi-lingual workers."

The names and personalities of the faculty give some idea of what may be expected from this school. There is a man who was forty years a proselytizer among the Portuguese. He is to be the instructor in the Portuguese language—and other things beside, we can well imagine. A lady who worked for years among the Italians in Rome (one may judge from this what her spirit will be) will "take care of" the Italians; and they have found for the Lithuanians a man who is known as "the new Luther." So far, they do not seem to have been able to find any one for the Armenians and Greeks; and the Jews appear to be left severely alone by the new department of bi-lingual work. This makes the affair seem all the more a direct attack upon the Catholic peoples.

One of the interesting features announced by the new school, by the way, is a Department of Fine Arts in Religion. And this department, we are informed, will have for its aim and object the "modification of the Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic rituals for use in the Protestant churches."

All this indicates to what lengths the Methodists will go to compass the defection of a Catholic Italian or Portuguese from the Church. The old-fashioned Protestant pulpiteer who denounced the "errors of Rome" and the "iniquity of the Papacy," and to whom all attempts to imitate the Church would seem treason to the pure gospel, was a fair and frank, if mistaken, antagonist. But this sort of pseudo-patriotic, pseudo-scientific, pseudo-artistic and pseudo-religious propaganda against the Faith of Catholics has not the merit of being either fair or frank. Meanwhile it must be offset; and it is to be hoped that the Knights of Columbus, or some other Catholic organization (for we do not believe in loading all the responsibility on the Knights), will energetically take up the cause of the Italian here among ourselves. His faith is in much greater danger from the proselytizer than that of his brother in Rome.

Notes and Remarks.

Concluding an article on "The American Spirit" in the current number of the *Catholic World*—an unusually well-written article, full of acute observations,—Mr. George N. Shuster remarks: "The great struggle now is between disillusionment and hope, between reaction that is too gray and revolution that is too red. Men realize that some rule must be found to believe in and go by. Thought is critical, brilliant with journalistic satire, uproariously egoistic. As for ourselves, we feel that never has the opportunity or the need of the Catholic spirit been so very great. After all, the tradition of Christendom has long been disillusioned from the makeshifts of modern culture: for four hundred years it has been a mute sermon on the subject of Return. After all, too, it has long been magnificently hopeful. When, in the darkest days of Amiens, Marshal Fayolle heard whispers of despair, he said with splendid firmness: 'We shall sing *Alleluia* in the Cathedral.' And, from the beginning, the pledge of Catholic belief to the despondent individual or the broken society has been ultimate rejoicing in the edifice of God.

"May the words ring loud! Our task here and now is to engraft upon the expression of American life, as we have heard it, the words that are the timeless testament of Christendom. Build up the best that our fathers have said with the wisdom of Augustine, Bernard, Thomas and Dante, to make a living tree of guidance that shall bring forth the fruit of peace. Steer the 'Mayflower' into better seas, having resolved that Democracy shall be more than even 'normalcy'; that it must be, not a signpost, but a maker of signs."

The same moral, more briefly stated, has been drawn from somewhat different premises by Mr. Belloc—that the one hope for the salvation of civilized society from some sort of anarchical disruption lies in a return to the Catholic Faith. There is no other rule to believe in and go by.

The Knights of Columbus who recently gathered at Joliet, Ill., for their State convention heard some good advice from Bishop Muldoon, of the diocese of Rockford. Commenting on the matter of drives for an increase of membership, he emphasized the point that quality is preferable to numbers. The organization is not a reformatory society: candidates for entrance to its ranks should be already reformed—thoroughly practical Catholics. Another matter: in order to hold young members in the society's ranks, the activities of the council chambers must be attractive enough to draw them away from harmful occupations outside the chambers. As to this point, we remember that a few years before the war, one of the most persistent criticisms of the Knights was that they gave altogether too much time to entertainments. It is to be hoped that they will not now go to the other extreme. All work and no play is as bad for Jack who is a Knight as for Jack who isn't.

Bishop Thomas Nicholson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has had his eyes opened. In an address before a meeting of the ministers of the persuasion in Chicago a week or two ago, he solemnly asseverated that "danger exists in the fact that for the first time we are beginning to work with a generation which has grown up without instruction in religion in its educational system." Pleading for "larger vitality in the churches," he declared that "revival meetings merely to increase church membership will not save this generation." Warming up to his subject, as Methodist divines are wont to do, Dr. Nicholson added: "I have no time to waste on a revival or any evangelistic

movement which simply aims to increase church membership! I have no disposition to try to get any more baptized pagans into the Christian Church! Only that kind of revival which produces genuine reformation of life and spirit is worth our while."

It is pleasant to have the assurance that frequent, fervent and prolonged Amens testified to the entire approval of these sentiments by the brethren present. The more emotional among them could hardly refrain from waving their umbrellas.

An address delivered at Lichfield, England, on the 212th anniversary of the birth there of Dr. Johnson afforded Sir Norman Moore an opportunity—which, as a Catholic, he was doubtless glad to have—of showing from passages of the great Doctor's table-talk, etc., how far in advance of his time he was in perception and appreciation of the Catholic religion. Most of these passages—about the Mass, praying for the dead, the religious Orders of the Church, etc,—are familiar to our readers; but perhaps we have never recorded that on hearing of the submission to the Church of the Rev. George Chamberlaine (an early Cambridge convert), and of the sacrifices he had made for conscience' sake, the good Doctor exclaimed "God bless him!" Like many another, Dr. Johnson was geographically, not culpably, outside of the Church. His heart matched his big body, and it was a heart of gold.

The following passage of an article in *La Revue Française,* signed René Johannet, throws light on the amazing performances of Mr. Lloyd George:

"It is not only at home that he disposes of a domesticated or tractable press: he owns, in every sense of the word, both journals and journalists in France and in the United States. Sometimes, even, his skill in handling them becomes too great. Thus, the other day, in order to convince the House of Commons most thoroughly of the incomparable benignity, the marvellous generosity of spirit, with which the Ministers of the Crown have been conducting the Irish negotiations, he cited extracts from French and American newspapers relative to the latest British proposals: all commending the charity, the conciliatory spirit, and the sovereign political mastery of David Lloyd George. The Irish, who have their own reasons for frowning upon these matters, verified the references. They were most accurate. The papers cited did express themselves in the terminology he attributed to them, but—at the moment when the Premier brandished these dispatches from New York and Paris, which brought him such laudatory and impartial views from editorial rooms, none of the journals involved had as yet appeared! How shall any one do battle with a man so rarely gifted with prescience and second sight?" To which nothing whatever need be added.

The folly of abandoning the certain truths of Revelation for the changing theories put forward by scientists, was illustrated in a sermon preached by Fr. Cortie, S. J., F. R. A. S., director of Stonyhurst Observatory, during the meeting of the British Association last month. From a summary of this notable sermon in the London *Tablet* (Sept. 24) we reproduce these extracts:

He said that the processes of natural science were dependent upon the senses, by observation and by experiment; and upon the reasoning faculties for the formulation of the laws of Nature. Those laws were, by their very nature, ephemeral and temporary; for they were the expression and codification of our present knowledge, and at the same time indicated the road and method for further experiments and observations for the elucidation of any particular branch of natural knowledge. They were but partially true and inadequate, and were constantly being modified to suit the advance of observational and ex-

perimental knowledge. In physical science, for instance, the Newtonian or corpuscular theory of the propagation of light was supplanted by the wave-theory. But at present what was known as the Quantum Theory of radiation was at least a partial return to the corpuscular hypothesis of Newton. Not so very long ago the chemical atoms were supposed to be the bricks from which Nature built up various substances, and on this supposition laws of valency were enunciated. But for the modern chemist and physicist, atoms themselves were built up of positive and negative electricity, and fundamentally all matter seemed to be one, which is a return to the conception of Aristotle and the Mediæval Schoolmen. Even the universal law of gravitation, which reigned supreme in the celestial spaces, had had to be modified according to the modern theory of relativity. Similarly in biological science, Darwinism was being supplanted, or at least presented in an entirely new light, by Mendelism; the laws of Nature are but generalizations of our present knowledge. As the edifice of scientific truth is raised, the scaffolding so useful and necessary in the building must needs be removed.

Preaching on the same subject, Msgr. Miley said that, while the Church does not directly concern itself with facts of the natural order, not being a society for the advancement of science, it was compelled to take an interest in whatever concerns its members.

Such persons as thought that the advent of Prohibition spelled the discontinuance of total abstinence societies and other temperance organizations are discovering their mistake. The fiftieth annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was held a few weeks ago in Boston; and it was made very clear that the Eighteenth Amendment has not rendered the Union's activities negligible. Discussing the convention, the *Missionary* says: "An effort is being made by national temperance organizations to gather from unquestioned sources statistics both as to the enforcement of Prohibitory legislation and as to the effects of Prohibition, whether wholly or only partially enforced. Already a great quantity of indisputable evidence has been gathered. A library of such evidence will be created, which will be a permanent bureau of useful information. This will be indeed of the highest value, not only for an ultimate judgment on Prohibition, but for combating irresponsible generalizations from inconsequential facts."

The statistics will be welcomed by many citizens besides those directly interested in the "Wet" and "Dry" activities. Meantime all Catholics will agree with this statement from our Paulist contemporary: "Irrespective of the success or failure of Prohibition, the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has a mission which is as necessary now as ever. It was organized for a purpose distinctly religious, and it has kept that holy purpose before it from the beginning. By example and persuasion it has aimed to cultivate a personal love of the virtue of temperance. By the frequentation of the Sacraments and by the use of every aid that religion can offer, its members have persevered in sober living. By encouraging these means in others, it has rescued thousands from drunkards' graves and made innumerable homes happy."

To prove his contention that there exists throughout the country a great deal more of good feeling and good will than would be thought from reading about Ku Klux Klan and similar activities, Mr. Denis A. McCarthy, in a letter to the Boston *Herald*, gives this instance: "Not long ago, in a Cape Cod town, the Catholics enlarged their church. When the process was completed there was need for more seats. Through some mistake, the pews ordered did not arrive on time. Whereupon the local Masonic lodge, learning of this, offered to lend, without money or price, several hundred chairs to the Catholic pastor to accommodate his people. The priest gladly accepted the

offer, and took occasion the following Sunday to tell his parishioners about it, speaking in the highest terms of the kindness and generosity of the non-Catholics who had thus come to the aid of the congregation."

It is well to remember, as Mr. McCarthy points out in the course of his letter, that "it is the abnormal things that get into the press: the daily deeds of kindness and neighborliness are passed over without chronicle,"—for other reasons, however, than that they are of such frequent occurrence. Too often is the daily newspaper a crow calling to carrion.

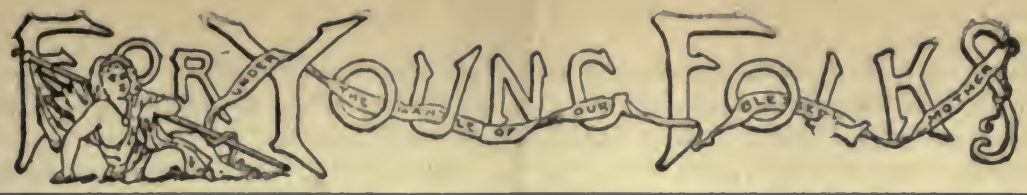
Addressing the delegates to the World Congress of the Third Order of St. Francis lately held in Rome, the Holy Father took as his theme St. Francis' love of peace and concord, so much needed for the Christian reconstruction of society. Only the spirit of St. Francis, said his Holiness, could heal the ills of present-day society, which is deeply infected with civil discord. The roots of this discord the Pope found in excessive egoism, the refusal to acknowledge the inevitable differences in social classes, and the idea among many people that material good was the only thing to be aimed at. Growing out of all this discord and these fundamental causes, Pope Benedict declared, was the fact that, although the nations had signed treaties of peace, there were fellowmen who continued to indulge in violent hate and to engage in bloody conflict.

Theories about the Red Indian have varied considerably during the past four or five decades. Fifty years ago, we were told that the aborigines of our country were rapidly dying out, and that in less than a century the red man would be extinct. Ten or twelve years ago statisticians declared that, on the contrary, the Indians were increasing in number. And now comes a writer in the New York *Herald Magazine* who suggests that, irrespective of the increase or decrease of our Indians, they and their distinctive traits may be reincarnated in Americans. Many writers, he tells us, think that we are coming to resemble the Indians; and he mentions numerous points of resemblance between the product of America's melting pot and the original denizens of our forests and prairies. Here are two specimen paragraphs:

> In our fondness for secret societies we frankly imitate our aborigines. The number and the vogue of secret societies in America is a source of never-failing wonder to the European. We have our Orders of the Badger, Snake, Wolf, Catfish, Bear, Gopher, et cetera, et cetera, in ever-increasing numbers, following the example of the clan and totem, and the various false-face, masking and dancing societies, and other secret organizations among the Indians....
>
> The ideals of peace, comity between nations and tribes, and justice and good will among the people, find eloquent expression in the constitution of the Iroquois Indians, adopted early in the sixteenth century, and attributed to the Mohawk statesman, Dekanawida. Dekanawida could have made some of our modern spokesmen of Democracy blush for themselves. His constitution of the league of nations, made up of the Iroquois tribes, is, if anything, a more enlightened document than that of our own league.

The Rev. Francis Finn, S. J., has been visiting Ireland; and, like all good tourists, is giving his friends the benefit of his visiting. Speaking of the faith of the Irish people, as he witnessed it, he relates this pretty incident:

> Right below me, in one of the nooks in which this cozy church abounds, was mounted on a pedestal a beautiful statue of Christ. They call it "The Agonizing Christ." One by one worshippers came and pleaded their cause before it. One by one, on completing their petitions, they would arise and tenderly kiss the sacred foot which projected. Finally, a dear little girl approached in her unsullied faith, and, no doubt, with her own agony. At the end she got upon her toes, reached forth her tiny hand, touched the foot, then kissed the part of the hand that had made the contact. Was there ever such faith in Israel?



Somebody's Birthday.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

EVERY day is some one's birthday;
And, because I love mine so,
Every day I ask dear Jesus
To see especially here below
The ones who call it birthday,
And to bless and make them grow,
And to give them cake and candles,—
Things that make me love mine so.

Every day is some one's birthday;
And, because God's good to me,
Every day I ask our Mother
To make happy as can be
Each of those who call it birthday,
And to love them tenderly,
And to give them all their wishes,
Just as God has done to me.

Every day is some one's birthday;
"Happy birthday" (so I pray
When I've said my prayers at morning)
"To you all who keep to-day!
Happy day and many of them,
And may Jesus bless your way!"—
Perhaps to-day it is your birthday?
Then may God bless you, I pray!

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XVII.—A MEETING.

THE two elder boys again retired for a talk between themselves; and presently Ricardo approached Remi and Mattia, saying:

"Suppose we turn back till we find another road that does not lead into Cette, but towards Chavonis? If the people were to see us passing through the town again, they might stop us. Then when we strike another road we shall be safe."

"For my part," said Arturo, "I think it will be better for you fellows not to go through Cette, either; they may be suspicious of you because you are musicians. What do you say?"

"That will be all right," replied Mattia, to whom Remi was leaving the adjustment of affairs, according to Mattia's request. Usually it was Mattia who deferred to his judgment, but Remi recognized that his companion had some definite plan which he was contented to follow.

"Well, then," said Ricardo, "shall we jog along together?"

Remi looked at Mattia, who closed one eye, shuffled from one foot to another, and then replied with his finger on his lip, as one who had suddenly bethought him of something forgotten:

"I think we shall go to Cette first, as Remi may get news there of a friend of his. We shall not stay there long. We also have to get some provisions,—sausage and cheese and a loaf of bread. Our bag is nearly empty."

"When and where will you rejoin us?" asked Ricardo, who would never have thought of suspecting any evasions from so stolid a boy as Mattia,—one whom he remembered as having undergone very hard treatment at the hands of Garifoli.

"When and where you please," answered Mattia, promptly; "so that it is not under two hours' time."

"See that tree over yonder," said Ricardo,—"the one with the crooked limbs and the branches hanging down behind?"

"Yes," replied the two younger boys.

"We are about a mile from Cette now," said Ricardo. "Arturo and I are both tired and sleepy and hungry. If you will give us a snack from your bag,

which I can see is not so very empty, we will hide behind those thick, overhanging branches and have a nap. By the time you return from Cette with your provisions, it will be evening. Then we can go on together till we reach some abandoned hut, spend the night there, and travel in company till we come to the place where the roads part. What do you say?"

"All right!" again responded Mattia. "A very good plan. It is time Remi and I were on our way, if we want to get back here before dark. Come, Remi."

"*A reverdici!*" said Ricardo, turning with his friend Arturo in the opposite direction. "Hurry up, boys!"

"We will," replied Remi, smiling in a most friendly manner; while Mattia, shouldering his luggage, muttered under his breath, "When you see us again you will know us."

"Come, Capi!" said Remi, and the dog bounded before them. "Why, Mattia, did you promise to meet them? We are much better without them."

"That is what I think," answered Mattia. "And that is why we are going to get as far away from them as we can before evening."

"Then you told them a story."

"I did that, and I am not sorry for it either."

"We could just as well have told them we did not want to travel with them."

"And perhaps have that brute Ricardo knock us down and make off with our money."

"Do you think that, Mattia?"

"I think that! They were whispering about it, Remi. They would beat us when they got us in a lonely place, and take our money. I believe that Ricardo would kill us for a few francs. And his friend Arturo looks like a very bad egg himself."

"You are right, there. He is even worse looking than Ricardo."

"Let us hurry on," said Mattia, "get what provisions we need in Cette, and then continue on our way. They may wait till dark, but by that time we shall have left them far behind."

"I wondered, Mattia," observed Remi after a pause, "that you were so easy about the purse."

"About the purse? It was not mine, to start with. I always feared we might have trouble if we found it; and it was not worth while talking about, after the thing was over and done. I only hope they will not think, in Cette, that we are like those other two boys."

"I do not believe we shall have any trouble," answered Remi. "Musicians are passing through the town every day. I know a house by the water-side where I sometimes went when I was with the Milligans. We will go there."

The light was fast falling when they reached the town. There were several house-boats moored along the canal, but the "Cygne" was not among them. When they came to the house where Remi had formerly gone on errands for Mrs. Milligan, a woman standing in the door hailed them and said:

"Hello, boys! Though much taller, it seems to me that smaller one is the same who spent some time with Madame Milligan two or three years ago."

"Yes," replied Remi, "I am the same boy. Do the Milligans ever come here now?"

"They have been here twice, I think," said the woman. "But they have sold the boat. M. Plançon, a rich man here, bought it. He and his family are away in it now."

"Did little Arthur get better?" asked Remi.

"Oh, yes! He can walk as well as you or I. But I do not believe he will ever be strong. They asked me last year if you ever came this way with your master."

"He is dead," said Remi. "I have to shift for myself now. This is my friend Mattia. Could you tell us where we may find lodging for the night?"

"Right here, in my house," was the reply. "I always liked you, little boy. My attic is clean and cool. You are welcome."

"That will be nice," said Remi.

"And supper? You will want supper. It will cost you nothing if you will give us a few songs."

"Gladly," answered Remi.

Madame Beaudry led the way into an arbor covered with grapevines, on which hung heavy clusters of fruit just beginning to form. There were several tables in the place. The boys sat down, and the woman brought them bread, cheese, sausage, salad, and milk. Her husband came in, smoking his pipe, and chatted with them while they ate.

When they had finished, Remi said:

"We would like to go down to the water-side before it gets quite dark. I want to show my friend Mattia where the 'Cygne' used to anchor. When we come back we will play for you."

"Very well," replied the hospitable pair, and the boys went out.

After walking about forty yards, Remi began to climb down the bank. Mattia followed him. They sat down on a large stanchion, close to the water's edge.

"It was here—right here," said Remi, sadly, "that the boat was anchored. I can almost see it now, with its bright paint and pretty awnings; and Mrs. Milligan and Arthur sitting on deck, smiling as I came down the bank with cheese or milk or a chicken that I had been sent to buy. It seems like a dream to me now, Mattia."

"And it's no good to fret over it," replied Mattia. "You will always have friends, Remi, wherever you go. There is something about you that wins people; you are a lucky boy."

"But what difference if I can not have any *real* friends,—a *real* home? That is what I long for, Mattia."

"Some day that will come, too. I often feel lonely myself, thinking of my mother and the others whom I cherish."

"But you have the thought always before you that you are going home. I have no such hope to encourage me."

"True enough,—true enough," said Mattia. "How would you like to come along with me, Remi, if that old woman is dead or has moved away?"

Remi shook his head. "England or Ireland is where I want to go some day," he answered.

"England or Ireland! What a strange boy you are! The very thought makes me shiver."

While they sat by the canal, Capi ran up and down, now gazing into the water, now looking up into Remi's thoughtful face.

"I believe he remembers the place," said the boy. "Good Capi! If anything were to happen to him I don't know what I should do. Let us go up. It's getting a little cool."

"With all my heart," answered Mattia. "It is like a funeral here,—like that day in Paris, Remi. I hope we may be able to get away very early from Cette; it is a gloomy place for you. And, after all, what is the use of lamenting over spilled milk?"

To which Remi, with a sad smile, gave his assent.

They played and sang for the Beaudrys, and Capi danced. Then they went to sleep on two clean cots, in a big, bare, roomy attic, to which Madame Beaudry led them with a homemade candle in her hand.

Early next morning they were afoot. Madame loaded their bag with provisions and wished them *bon voyage*. When they were well on the road again Remi said:

"Mattia, I am not going to take the road through Brinville, which we had intended to follow when we thought we might find the money. It has too many sad memories for me. There we were caught in a snowstorm, and Vitalis lost his way; there Zerbino and Dulcie were

devoured by wolves. I never want to see the place again."

"Yet you were perfectly willing to go that way with me," said Mattia.

"In my heart I was not willing; I dreaded it; but what else could I do?"

And Mattia thought, "What a fine fellow is Remi!" But he did not utter this thought aloud. He said:

"Any way you like, Remi, if there be another. I'm sure I don't like travelling through dark woods myself."

"Our host told me of another road," said Remi. "We are not far from it; we will take it."

For several days longer they travelled almost without incident, earning a couple of francs here and there. One evening they came upon a camp of young musicians at the edge of a small wood, not far from a village. They had built a fire and were preparing their supper. There were about a dozen boys, under the control of a *padrone,* who, though not as old, reminded Remi of Vitalis. He seemed a kind man; the boys were not afraid of him. He was very lame and travelled in a little cart drawn by a donkey. He would lead the way, the boys following, each taking his turn to ride with the *padrone.*

The latter, whose name was Mancino, asked Remi and Mattia a great many questions, and invited them to join his troupe.

"If you were going the other way, I might," answered Mattia, "after I had made a visit to the home of my friend. But we shall stay at Chavonis, I think. He does not want to travel, for a while at least."

"At Chavonis!" exclaimed the *padrone.* "We pass through there to reach Vesey-sur-l'eau, where my sister lives. I have not seen her for several years. I am a Frenchman; these boys are all Savoyards. They are apprenticed to me for three years. At the end of that time many of them will return to their homes."

They had a jolly evening, but went to bed early, as they had all walked far that day. When they separated next morning, Mancino said to Remi:

"You have talent, boy. You ought to develop it. And, Mattia, if you should wish to join us, or your friend either, we shall pass through Chavonis on our return, in about ten days. Look out for us. You will find it much pleasanter to join us than to travel back to Paris alone."

(To be continued.)

Significant Gestures.

Thought may be communicated not only by speech but by bodily movements or gestures. Considered as a form of language, or rather an equivalent for it, gestures are manifestive, demonstrative, and imitative. Striking the breast to denote grief, or turning up the nose to express contempt, is an example of the first kind; laying a finger on one's own lip to enjoin silence on others, or tapping one's forehead with the finger-tip to denote that a person is deranged, belongs to the second class; while the Neapolitan's custom of expressing the idea of weariness by wiping his forehead with his thumb to indicate the removal of sweat, is an instance of the third category. To this last class, the imitative, belongs the American Indian's fashion of indicating that a man is a liar by placing his hand to his lips and distending two fingers, in imitation of the forked tongue of a venomous snake.

It Might be Worse.

Boys and girls who think it hard to have to learn the Multiplication Table up to twelve times twelve, ought to be glad that they are not in East India; for there pupils have to learn it up to forty times forty.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The outstanding lesson to be learned from "Russia from the American Embassy," by ex-Ambassador David R. Francis (Scribners), is that Bolshevism, if it dominates the world, will lead us back to barbarism.

—Longmans, Green & Co. announce for early publication "Pages from the Past," by John Ayscough; and "Catholicism and Criticism," by Père Etienne Hugueny, O. P., sometime professor in the Ecole Biblique, Jerusalem; translated from the fourth French edition by Fr. S. M. Hogan, O. P.

—"More that Must be Told" is the title of a new book by Sir Philip Gibbs, just published by Harper & Brothers. It is, in a way, a sequel to the author's other book, "Now It Can be Told." Censors and secret influence have kept from the public some facts which Sir Philip thinks it is now time to disclose.

—"The Church and Her Members," by the Rev. George Bishop, a neat sixteenmo brochure of 84 pages, is a series of sixteen brief talks to young folks—or folks of any age whose knowledge of the Church is hazy rather than definite. It should have a wide circulation. Benziger Brothers. Price, 45 cents.

—"England's Breach with Rome," by his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., an especially neat brochure of 58 pages, is issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London. It is a reprint of the lectures delivered by the Cardinal during the Advent of 1913, in New York, and published at the time under the title "Breaking with the Past." Price, 1s., net.

—The persistent rumors heard of late years about the disaffection of the natives of British India, and the Ghandi movement actually in progress in that part of Great Britain's empire, give a note of unusual timeliness to "The Elephant God," by Gordon Casserly (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Not that the book is in any sense a history, or even a historical novel; but the story is so permeated with the East Indian atmosphere, and the descriptions of not only forest and jungle but of Rajahs and Brahmins and Coolies are so realistic, that one can not but sense the actuality of the treachery and plots and uprisings incidentally discussed. That the author, a lieut.-colonel of the Indian Army, has lived for a quarter of a century in the Terai Forest, fighting elephants and giant snakes on the northeast frontier of India, is a fact which helps to explain his exceptionally thrilling jungle romance; and the reader is likely to learn a good deal about elephants. Price, $1.90.

—The author of the biography of Geneviève Hennet de Goutel, a devoted member of the first French Red Cross mission to Rumania, who died in her thirty-first year, of typhus contracted in nursing infectious cases under conditions of extreme hardship, says truly that the story of every sanctified life belongs of right to the whole Catholic world. That is why "A Life's Oblation" was written. It will appeal to all generous souls, and be of especial benefit to kindred ones who have experienced the anguish of doubt, or whose faith has been eclipsed by guides who were themselves groping in darkness. Because this is a needed book, we regret that the price of it is not a popular one. Two dollars for a twelvemo of only 199 pages, bound in boards, will be prohibitive for many readers. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—"Human Destiny and the New Psychology," by J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly), a twelvemo of 138 pages, with a table of contents and an index, is a volume well worth the attentive perusal of all who are interested in either religious truth or the findings of real science. The author states that the new psychology, and more especially the subconscious mind, is new only to the modern scientific researcher; it is not new to the Catholic philosopher and theologian. Without being a treatise on eschatology, or an attempt to expound the Church's teaching on the Last Things, the book supplements that teaching by viewing it in the light of psychological facts, and showing the reasonableness of this teaching when so considered. God and man, Judgment Day, Purgatory, Hell, and Heaven are discussed in the light of the newest psychological laws; and readers inclined to believe that there is a certain antagonism between science and religious truth will be surprised to discover that the latest researches in psychology fortify that truth, instead of contravening it. The chapter on spiritual enemies and that on the way of salvation are particularly excellent and timely, and the whole work well merits the *imprimatur* given to it by Cardinal Dougherty. May it have a wide sale. Price, $1.25.

—One of the most interesting fruits of the Dante celebration, it seems to us, is Paul

Claudel's poem, the prose Introduction to which has recently been published by *Le Correspondant*. The following paragraph is especially worth noting:

"The object of poetry is not at all, as is so frequently declared, dreams, illusions, or ideas. It is the blessed reality, established once for all, at the center of which we are placed. It is the universe of visible things, to which Faith adds the invisible world. It is everything that concerns us, and about which we are concerned. All of it is the handiwork of God, Creator of the inexhaustible material from which are drawn the songs and stories of the greatest poet as well as of the smallest, the simplest bird. And just as the *philosophia perennis* is not inventive, after the fashion of the great fictions constructed by Spinoza or Leibnitz—those unworldly creations seen by no one before their authors,—but is content with the terms supplied by the common reality, and draws from the definition of substantive, adjective, and verb the character of the beings round about us: so, indeed, is there a *poesis perennis* which does not invent its themes, but which handles with eternal repetition those supplied by creation, in the manner of our Catholic liturgy, which is as varied, as unwearying as the spectacle of the seasons. The object of poetry is not, as Baudelaire says, to plunge 'into the bosom of the Infinite in search of the new,' but to plumb the finite in order to discover the inexhaustible. It is this poetry which is the work of Dante."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. H. Bathe, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Father Fidelis (Kent Stone), C. P., and Rev. Gustave Ruebsaat, S. J.

Mother M. Aloysius, of the Order of St. Bridget; and Mother M. Beatrice, Sisters of Mercy.

Dr. Merwin P. Snell, Mr. B. S. Drew, Mr. P. J. Bugden, Mrs. James Murphy, Mrs. Maria Jutias, Mr. J. A. Boggiano, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, Miss Mary Clark, Mr. Daniel Hogan, Mr. Charles Goedde, Mr. Joseph Delany, Mr. A. J. Ruhr, Mr. E. Murphy, Mr. L. J. Frommeyer, Miss Catherine Daly, Mr. C. R. Heinrich, Miss Victoria McCarthy, Mr. A. J. Rohlman, Miss M. C. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. F. McNaughton, Mrs. Margaret Sutton, Mr. D. R. Beedlow, Mrs. Norah Foley, Mr. F. W. Lance, Miss Margaret Halloran, Mr. George Levis, and Mr. Paul Perry.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the war orphans of Central Europe: friend, $20. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: F. M., $6; J. M., $100. For the famine sufferers in Russia: E. de M., in honor of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady, $5.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I., 48

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Christ's Servants.

(Inclytos Christi famulos canamus.)

BY ALAN G. MCDOUGALL.

SING we Christ's servants, holy and far-famèd,
Mighty in faith and great in deeds of wonder,
Whom on this day the earth doth greet with praises,
Joining with angels.

For that they, faithful, meek and chaste and humble,
Lived free from fault, in innocent behavior,
Till from the earth their spirits soared in glory
Free to the heavens.

Now from their thrones rejoicing, aid they the wretched:
Wipe away tears from mourners, heal the ailing,
Help the sin-stricken, bring to pain-racked bodies
Health and restoring.

Therefore our hymns, their clemency declaring,
Pour them full praise for patronage and succor,
While they stretch forth their loving hands to aid us,
Lone and despairing.

Praise be to Him and glory and salvation,
Sunlike One, shining on the throne of heaven;
He the world's order governeth and guideth,
One in Three Persons.

THE face is the mirror of the mind; silent eyes may speak the secrets of the heart.—*St. Jerome.*

The Spirits in Prison.

THE dead are pleading with us for remembrance from still graves in quiet churchyards, where their sacred dust peacefully awaits the Resurrection. Their voices rise in the mournful chords of the wind; they are recalled by the whirling of the withered leaves, the decay and dissolution of Nature, the longing of the heart that surges upward in tender memories of other days. "Intercede for us," they cry, "that we may hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth even as Lazarus from the prison-house!" Having beheld at the hour of death the beauty of Christ's countenance, these "pallid mendicants who ask for heaven" are consumed with an intense desire to attain to the highest beatitude; and they beg for our prayers and suffrages and for Masses, to aid them upon their way.

Their bodies are under the shadow of the Cross; but the active, vital spirit lives—intensely lives—and loves and suffers. It is the natural instinct of the human heart to follow those who have embarked

> In the dark passage boat which comes back
> To the sweet native land never more.

And when this instinct is Christianized, it discovers them in the vast, silent kingdom of purgatory, whereof the familiar poet writes:

> The love of God whate'er
> Wanted of just proportion here fulfils,
> Here plies afresh the oar that loitered ill.

The idea of purgatory is traditional in the history of mankind; and traces of this belief, however distorted, are to be found amongst the various pagan nations. This tradition is, of course, entirely in harmony with the authoritative teaching of the Church and of all her doctors and theologians. There is a purgatory, and souls may be delivered by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful. In the Jewish times, prayer and sacrifice for the dead was an accepted custom. Nor did Our Lord when He came upon earth ever rebuke this custom or declare it unavailing, as He would most certainly have done had such been the case.

It is recorded of the valiant leader in Israel, Judas Maccabeus, that, after his great victory, "making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the Resurrection. (For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead.) And because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins."

Here is the sanction of antiquity for the custom. It is, of course, testimony in two ways: by the inspiration of Scripture, which is the revealed word of God; and by the historical fact that this was an established custom amongst the children of the Covenant.

For they 'who have fallen asleep with godliness' are precisely those for whom we pray. Our prayer would, unhappily, be idle in the case of all dying at enmity with God. For them, indeed, is come the night upon which the light perpetual may never shine. In behalf of the friends of God, we who linger in their familiar places, and toil and suffer, ask light and rest in the bosom of Abraham,—

O Father, give them rest!
Their day of toil is o'er,
Whose weary feet shall wander never more
On earth's unquiet breast.

"Prayer for the dead," says a modern writer, "is utterly opposed to that mercenary or commercial spirit which exists among men of the world, who like to see practical results even in matters of devotion. We pray, and we are sensible of no return; we give money for a Requiem Mass, and there is nothing but God's word and God's fidelity to assure us that the money is not thrown away. Every *De Profundis* that we say is as much an act of faith as it is of charity; and it has its reward. We do not speak merely of the benefits reaped by the faithful departed. Who can measure the effects of this devotion upon a man's own soul, bringing him as it does into communion with the world of spirits, and realizing to him the worth of suffering and the awful purity of God?"

The eternal reward will, moreover, be unfailing, since the just Judge so highly recompenses the slightest alleviation of human misery. Our Divine Lord assured St. Gertrude "that for all eternity the souls whom she had aided would acknowledge that they had been delivered by her prayers, and that she would be honored and glorified therefor." Revelations to numberless saints attest this same fact; while it is also, as the eminent theologian Suarez declares, at least "a pious and probable opinion" that the suffering souls can, even before reaching heaven, impetrate for their benefactors on earth; can secure them against many dangers, and obtain for them favors even in the temporal order.

This belief is likewise confirmed by the experience of innumerable devout persons upon earth, and unquestionably offers another and most forcible

incentive to the practice of devotion to the suffering souls. That devotion means simply that our suffrages, our satisfactions, our penances for the departed, assist in their direst need those whom we have tenderly loved, and accelerate their possession of a happiness inconceivable to human imagination. Besides helping those of our immediate kindred, it enables us to come to the relief of benefactors who in the spiritual or temporal order have done us good.

Or, again, we may

Cast alms of prayers upon an alien grave,

and pray for strangers, the victims of war or great disasters of any sort; for the destitute and the forsaken; for the heretic, the Jew, or the infidel, who, through God's mercy, may in some manner have reached that port of safety and who have none upon earth to pray for them. We can, in pursuance of the divine precept, return evil for good to our enemies, and plead for those who have injured us; for souls rich in merit; for those who were devout to the Sacred Heart, to Mary Immaculate, to the angels and saints,—for those who have injured us; for these and for many more we may exclaim with the Tuscan:

Ah, may mercy-tempered Justice rid
Your burdens speedily!

That our help is efficacious none may deny, since it is a dogma of the Church, supported by the unanimous concurrence of her theologians. The lives of the saints contain numberless revelations concerning this consoling truth; and, though we are not bound to believe all that rests upon private testimony alone, nevertheless, as Cardinal Newman declares, it would be rash and presumptuous to reject such testimony when it is in harmony with the spirit of the Church, perfectly credible, and, in the light of faith, probable.

Indulgences strike off one by one the links of those chains which bind the blessed dead far from the source of light and joy. To change the figure, they lend them wings to fly upward into the everlasting beatitude. And indulgences—"heavenly treasures," as they are designated by the Council of Trent—are most abundant, and can be gained upon very easy conditions. "Our Lord Jesus Christ," declares the saintly Pontiff, Clement VI., "did by His superabundant holy Passion, bequeath to His Church militant here on earth infinite treasures, not laid up in a napkin or hidden in a field, but committed, to be dispensed for the welfare of the faithful, to blessed Peter, who has the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and to his successors here on earth, the Vicars of Jesus Christ. In this treasure are amassed also the merits of the Holy Mother of God and of all the blessed, from the first just man even to the last."

It is this treasure of indulgences that we bestow upon our friends, kinsfolk, and benefactors, as well as upon the friends of Christ, to His greater honor and glory. "Purgatory," says Father Faber, "is simply a field white for the harvest of God's glory. Not a prayer can be said for the dead but God is at once glorified by the faith and charity of the mere prayer." And the work of helping these souls is left chiefly to earth, since the Church triumphant can not satisfy, because there is no place for penal works in the court of heaven, whence all grief and pain are eternally banished.

Almsgiving is likewise an exceedingly efficacious means of relieving the sufferings of purgatory; and certainly the opportunities for its exercise in the spiritual and temporal order are manifold. The poor are, indeed, always with us. Charitable institutions of every description abound everywhere and are dependent upon public support. Their increased utility—nay, their very existence—depends upon almsgiving,

So of those good works which relate to the moral order,—the maintenance of churches, the endowing of schools, the propagation of Catholic literature, the support of the religious press. All these are means both of spreading Christ's kingdom and of assisting the departed. A very beautiful and spiritual means of attaining this latter purpose is to contribute to the education of priests, who will remember the dead in the Sacrifice of the Altar. Another is to subscribe to the missions, and, while promoting the propagation of the faith, free the "prisoners of the King."

The infallible, the supreme means of quenching the purgatorial flames is the Mass. All saints, doctors, and theologians are at one in declaring this great truth. It is the unbloody Sacrifice which, repeating the awful mystery of Calvary to all time, is the perpetual mediation of the God-Man between His brethren and their Creator. Therefore must it be all powerful as an atonement for the sins committed by man which are being expiated in penal fire. However sinful or unworthy we may be, or however imperfect our prayers, the procuring of Masses for the dead will accomplish in their behalf all that the most ardent love could desire.

The month of November, which is specially devoted to the service of the dead, is an appropriate time to procure Masses for them. It is surely a profitable investment for the living, and a consolation for their bereaved hearts that they are doing their utmost for the beloved dead. The voice of Nature itself pleads in their behalf; for who would not hasten to the relief of a dear one upon earth who was suffering hunger, thirst or excruciating torments? To those who harden themselves toward this appeal St. Vincent Ferrer applies the words of Holy Writ: "He who stoppeth his ears against the cry of the poor shall also cry himself and shall not be heard."

For Faith and Freedom.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

XVIII.—VICTORY.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!

—*Shakespeare.*

MORE than a year has elapsed since the scene described in our last chapter. Sorrows, both public and private, had filled that year for all concerned in this story. The Ganes were still at the Count's chateau when, one morning, the Count informed his guests that, because Holland had refused to accept the Treaty of Eighteen Articles which the Powers wished to impose on Holland and Belgium, the Dutch had decided to have recourse to arms.

"So much the better," replied Walter. "You Belgians will have to give them another beating."

"I fear that will now be very much harder," said the Count, gravely. "Last year we were a united people, aflame with the desire to defend our faith and freedom. We dared in such a cause to do or to die. Now the struggle will seem to many to be merely over a political question. Some even whisper that if the Dutch were again to become our masters, having grown wise by experience, they would respect our faith and our freedom."

"Is your army sufficiently organized to face the enemy?" asked Mr. Gane.

"I doubt it. From information I have received, the Dutch are prepared to march thirty-six thousand men with seventy-two cannons against us. Tieken, who commands our army of the Scheldt, has thirteen thousand men; our other general, Daine, has ten thousand between Liège and Venloo, forming our army of the Meuse. Between these two corps, we should have a third army to cover the road to Brussels; but this army does not exist even on paper. The King, who has had a military training

in the Russian army during its last campaigns against Bonaparte, has wisely ordered our two feeble corps to concentrate about Louvain. It is a pity that the Congress was in such a hurry to break up our patriot corps; it might have strengthened our forces and given them heart. Worse, the soldiers have little confidence in their chiefs; and there are sinister rumors that the generals are not loyal to our cause."

"Perhaps the Dutch army is also disorganized by the late revolution."

"Their army lost, by the separation of the two countries, a very large proportion of its private soldiers who were Belgians. But, as very few of my countrymen held commissions in the Dutch service, the 'cadres' of their regiments remained complete; their ranks have been rapidly filled by veteran Swiss and German infantrymen and Hanoverian troopers. The Dutch, with great patriotism, have subscribed all the funds needful to secure these veterans; while the youth of Holland have joined the colors as volunteers in great numbers. Alas! the Prince of Orange, who was our friend, has been alienated from us by our giving—I do not say wrongly—our throne to another prince."

All at the chateau anxiously awaited news from the Front. It trickled through more slowly and became alarming. At last there came a day, which Walter, in telling the story of his early years to his children and his grandchildren, was wont to call his "Black Monday."

On that day came the news that General Daine was in retreat towards Liège. The King, with such troops as he could assemble, was trying to cover Louvain and bar the road to his capital against the enemy. But the Belgians were beaten; their King had to regain his capital in haste, and request the intervention of France. Marshal Gérard, at the head of fifty thousand French troops, entered Belgium and steadily pushed back, without bloodshed, the Dutch across their frontier. That object attained, the French withdrew.

On the morning that the Count heard of his country's defeat, Mr. Gane received two alarming pieces of news. From Bruges he heard that the unfortunate Mr. Hartley, worn out by the physical and moral torture he had endured, had been stricken with paralysis; that he was in a speechless state, needing all the care that his wife and daughter could bestow on him. Of course this sad news postponed for a time the marriage of Alice and Walter.

The other letter came from the Bank in London. The bellicose conduct of the Dutch, and the French acts of intervention, had caused what became almost a panic in the money market; the position of the Bank was no easy one, and it was desired that Mr. Gane, as senior partner, should return to London without delay. This he did, with his wife and son; they only stayed on their way at Bruges to see the unfortunate Hartleys. Happily, the business of the Bank was soon again flourishing. In the course of the year Walter became a junior partner, and his father retired from any active share in the concern.

To Walter's delight, the Count de Vrye was again in London, as secretary to M. van de Weyer, Belgium's first Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James.

"We've no easy task here," he explained to Walter. "Holland refuses to accept the old treaty which we ourselves most unwillingly agreed to accept. The Powers have handed us the draft of a new one in twenty-four articles. Our parliament is utterly opposed to this new treaty, but we diplomatists know that we must accept it."

Finally the Belgians gave way under protest. But even then the Dutch Government continued a passive diplo-

matic resistance to the treaty, and did not accept it fully until a later date. This opened the eyes of the Powers to the game Holland was playing, and it determined them to use more active measures. They decided that compulsion should be used against Holland.

"How?" was now the question. Austria, Prussia and Russia hesitated; but, on being appealed to by King Leopold, England and France signed a convention. Belgium and Holland were summoned to evacuate the territories held contrary to the new treaty of Twenty-four Articles. Russia withdrew from the conference, while the representatives of Austria and Prussia said they must refer the matter to their respective Governments. England and France resolutely went their way. On November 5, 1832, England laid an embargo on all Dutch ships and sent its war-vessels to blockade the Dutch ports. Ten days later, a French army marched into Belgium to force General Chassé to surrender the citadel of Antwerp. The city and its garrison and all other Belgian troops were to remain neutral unless attacked by the Dutch.

After a terrific bombardment during twenty days, a breach was made in the citadel's walls, and General Chassé capitulated. Thus the Dutch flag ceased to float over any part of Belgian territory. From that moment the Belgian battle for faith and freedom was practically won.

Earlier than this, King Leopold had, on August 9, married the Princess Louise Marie, daughter of King Louis Philippe. A saintly Catholic, she thus became the first Queen of the Belgians, and lived and died beloved of all.

The same day a wedding was celebrated in the church of St. James at Bruges. Walter Gane, banker of the city of London, was there united in holy matrimony to Alice, only daughter of George Hartley. The best man was the Count de Vrye. Mr. and Mrs. Gane and Mrs. Hartley were among those present. The newly married couple went at once from the church to see Mr. Hartley, who, though a confirmed invalid, had recovered from the worst effects of his seizure. The marriage feast was held in the Fleur de Blé Inn at Bruges, which was then and long afterwards one of the best inns in Europe.

That ancient hostelry has since given place to a hideous popular theatre, that is a standing disgrace to a city whose architecture is the delight of all art-loving souls. It has gone, as have all the actors in the story that here ends. But the good work done by those among them who risked their lives and liberties in the cause of faith and freedom still endures. They helped to make Belgium what it is to-day.

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"Where have you been spending your holidays?" I asked a friend last year when I met him in London.

"In Belgium," he replied.

"Not much of unusual interest there, eh?"

"Come to my rooms," he made answer. "I'll prove to you that there's no country in Europe that is more interesting than Belgium. But," he added, speaking rather to himself than to me, "I may be a prejudiced witness."

I accepted my young friend's invitation. He took me to his comfortable bachelor's quarters. It was a chilly evening. We placed our easy-chairs by the fireside. My host produced a box of cigars.

"You're a good judge of the weed. Try these?"

"They're capital!" I replied, after having enjoyed one in silence.

"Glad you like them. They are not dear—in their own country, which is Belgium. Point one in favor of that country!"

I admitted it. Then he went on to show me how Belgium was among the most

flourishing countries of the European Continent.

"It is intensely modern in its methods of trade, in its industries, and in its political institutions. For those interested in social work—the fad of the day—it stands unrivalled. Its hospitals, institutions for the deaf, dumb, blind, infirm, indigent, even its prisons, are models to other countries. In art, it keeps up fairly well the traditions of the Low Countries. In literature, it is handicapped by being a bi-lingual country, and its French writers have difficulty in competing with their French neighbors, though some have won praise from the French Academy. But, except in England, I know of no European country where men enjoy greater freedom. And you, as a Catholic, must rejoice that all this belongs to a nation which, if we put aside a noisy minority, is intensely Catholic, even—what I believe was called a few years ago—Ultramontane."

"Bravo! I think you hold a good brief for your case and will win it. But why did you say you were a prejudiced witness?"

"Because my grandfather helped to make Belgium,—helped to secure its faith and freedom!"

He then told me the story I have set down in the foregoing chapters.

(The End.)

REVIEW the years from Adam's time up to this day. It is almost yesterday that he fell from Paradise! So many ages have been measured out and unrolled! Where are they now? Even so shall the few which remain pass away also. Hadst thou been living throughout the time since Adam was banished from Paradise up to this present day, thou wouldst certainly see that the life which had thus flown away had been short. Add any number of years to any one's life, and what is it? It is as a morning breeze.—*St. Augustine.*

A New Candidate for Canonization.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

FATHER MARK had been stricken with illness from time to time, and on one occasion he thought he was dying. At the time of which we write, an abscess in the head made him likewise apprehensive; but, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and St. Gabriel, as he firmly believed, he was miraculously relieved. Certain persons having thought to turn his recovery to their personal profit by collecting alms on the pretext of getting his prayers, he announced: "I am not better, I am not holier than other priests, and, for that reason, my prayers have not greater power. He who stands before you is a poor sinner, an unworthy priest. He will pray for you, however, and for all who commend themselves to him, because it is his duty and also the desire of his heart; but he warns you that he means to pray without interest or profit to himself, and condemns any collection of alms made under pretext."

Although he had a horror of politics, and notwithstanding that the Capuchin Order had produced a long line of diplomatists, legates, and ambassadors, his biographers claim that none of his predecessors in that field exercised an influence so direct, so efficacious, and above all so lasting, as Mark of Aviano. It was because he based his action on Christian ethics.

"In the times of the primitive Church," wrote the holy Capuchin, "the faithful lived with uprightness and simplicity, and peopled heaven. The demon then, full of rage, to prevent the destruction of his empire, invented politics and court ambitions. The great founders of Orders were raised up to remedy this evil and to restore holy living. But the demon opposed his

efforts to theirs, and introduced, with more refinement, interests and craftiness even into the ecclesiastical phalanx." This he ascribed to a decadence of faith. "High-placed personages," he says, "would like to make me a political agent, which I dread more than death; but that will not be." He consented to be the Emperor's spiritual director; and if he sometimes mixed in administrative affairs and concerned himself with material interests, he never did it except in view of spiritual interests to be subserved. To promote the welfare of Christendom—in other words, of the Church—was the main object of his external action.

Leopold was deeply attached to the Capuchins. Remembering all that they had done in the time of St. Lawrence of Brindisi, he never ceased to give them testimonials of his good will, assisting at their feasts, and on great occasions, such as the Portiuncula, dining with the community. Father Mark secured his influence with Rome in favor of the canonization of St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, the protomartyr of the Propaganda; thus affording the Emperor an opportunity of performing an act of justice and gratitude towards the heroic Capuchin.

Austria, Poland, and Russia had concluded peace with Turkey; the once formidable enemy of Christendom had been vanquished, and Europe breathed freely, when Mark of Aviano, worn out physically by the great labors and fatigues imposed upon him, was nearing his end,—suffering acutely from a cancerous tumor in the stomach. Although his strength was completely sapped by this wasting malady, he preached a Lenten discourse in Ceneda in 1699; but the violence of the effort drew tears from his eyes. Still he was called upon to make another effort, despite his extreme debility. The Emperor, wishful of seeing his "dear Father Mark" and consulting him on an important affair, bade him come to Vienna. It was his last journey, performed as an act of obedience. He had a presentiment that he was revisiting the Austrian capital only to enter on his eternal rest. The thought of death had long been familiar to him. He had written his last testament, which gives touching expression to his humility and in which he lays bare his soul.

He found things in Vienna in a sad state. When he met the Emperor and learned from him that he had given a Catholic church to the Protestants as a concession, he had the courage, with no faltering voice, to denounce the act. "Your Majesty has done wrong," he declared, "and God is angry with you." His manner caused the pusillanimous sovereign to tremble; for the Capuchin spoke not only fearlessly and frankly, but with severity. It seemed as if, on the verge of eternity, the priest was inspired by God to administer a stern rebuke. The humble friar told the proud Emperor that, in punishment for his fatal negligence and condescension, the sceptre would pass from his House, and that his son Charles would be the last of his direct descendants to wear the imperial crown.*

On July 25 he was obliged to take to the poor pallet from which he never rose. The Emperor deputed the most skilful court physicians to attend him, and news of the progress of his malady was brought to him twice a day. He still received visits from Cardinals Kolonitz and Grimani and the principal nobility of Vienna, but soon the doctors forbade any further recourse to his cell. An exception was made in favor of John Baptist Zuana, who visited him three days before his death. The next day it was seen that only a few

* The male line of the Hapsburghs became extinct when the so-called King of the Romans became Emperor; and was replaced by the female line, issue of Maria Teresa, represented by Charles of Bavaria.

hours of life remained. An Italian Brother said to Zuana: "If you wish to see Father Mark alive, go quickly to the convent." Fearing to fatigue him in his agonized state, he went instead to the church of St. Stephen to pray. When he visited the convent, the guardian greeted him with the words: "Father Mark is dead! Where were you? He asked for you repeatedly in his last hours."

Father Mark had received the last Sacraments and renewed his religious profession, humbly begging pardon of the Fathers present and those absent in a way that drew tears from all eyes. A few moments before his death he asked for the crucifix, kissed it lovingly, and, fixing his eyes on the sacred image, peacefully passed away. Two days afterwards, the Feast of the Assumption, Zuana was awakened by a harmonious blending of angelic voices which chaunted *"Surrexit."* Raising his eyes he saw Father Mark environed with a vivid light.

The venerated remains were first deposited in a domestic chapel near the infirmary; but, by the imperial orders, they were transferred to the large church, in which the obsequies were celebrated. While the body lay in state, immense multitudes, many of whom came from a distance, filled the spacious edifice day and night; while the streets resounded with the cry, "The saint is dead!" Before the coffin was closed and placed in the vault, the Emperor and Empress wished to kiss again the hand that had so often blessed them; they found it light and flexible, with the ruddy veins distinctly visible.

By the Emperor's orders, on April 29, 1703, the venerated remains were deposited in the crypt of the Capuchin church, the last resting place of Austrian royalties, being separated from them only by a portion of a wall, the entrance to which is in the Chapel of the Cross, alongside the magnificent "Mater Dolorosa" of Strudel. When the two wooden coffins were opened, and the body was exposed to view, it was found to be well preserved after the lapse of three years and eight months; the feet were still white, and the clasped hands flexible, the remains exhaling no cadaverous odor. The coffins, sealed by the Bishop of Vienna, were then enclosed in a third one of copper.

Among the witnesses was Father Ernest Uberacker, a professor at Krems and a native of Salzburg, who told those present on that solemn occasion how he himself, when a child, had been restored to life by Father Mark. "It was in gratitude for this grace that I consecrated myself to God; and it is not the only favor our family received through his intercession."

The world was not so grateful as this priest. It allowed the memory of the illustrious Capuchin to pass into oblivion for two centuries. Not even the second centenary of the deliverance of Vienna, celebrated in 1883, recalled one of the foremost figures in that historic episode. The press made some amends for this culpable negligence. The Jesuit review, *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, and also the Roman journal, *La Voce*, published numerous and deeply interesting details of the Capuchin's career; and special studies or abridged biographies appeared in Germany, Italy, Belgium, and France. Among the volumes issued was one by Philip Lancellotti, which, in a gallery of portraits and notices, assigned to Mark of Aviano the place that was rightfully his, between Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine.

At the Catholic Congress in Vienna, in 1889, Dr. Porzer recalled the name of the Capuchin friar to whom Austria largely owed its preservation, even its existence; he demanded, amid the applause of all the delegates, that steps should promptly be taken for his beatification. The resumption of the project

of the introduction of his Cause dates from that time. Father Augustin, of Tisana, Provincial of Venice in 1866, had directed his subjects to gather relations of the miracles they had seen wrought through the virtue of their holy confrère. If miracles seem to have ceased after his death, his biographers suggest that it is perhaps due to the fact that Father Como was not there to keep a record; with him and Father Augustin disappeared the two zealous champions of the Cause.

The saintly Pius X., mindful of the fact that they were both natives of the Italian province of Venetia, took a personal interest in the subject, and did what his predecessors had not done: he instituted the canonical process and brought it to a happy conclusion. The highest personages interposed their mediation, petitioning the Holy See to pursue the procedure for his beatification,—the late Emperor Francis Joseph, the Archduke Charles, the Archduchess Zita of Bourbon, Cardinal Nagi, Archbishop of Vienna; also princes and bishops of every country, but particularly of Germany and Italy; cathedral chapters, and the superiors of religious Orders,—with the result that on the 10th of December, 1912, the decree for the introduction of the Cause was published.

In his desire to have it brought to an end as soon as possible, the Sovereign Pontiff had confided its promotion, like that of the canonization of Joan of Arc, to one of the most active and influential Cardinals in Rome, whom Benedict XV. chose as his Secretary of State,—Cardinal Ferrata. But the protector of the Cause of Mark of Aviano suddenly fell ill, and soon followed Pius X. to the tomb.

It is noteworthy here to mention that Benedict XV. placed the chaplains who served during the Great War under the protection of this heroic Capuchin, several of whose brethren were often seen ministering to the combatants in the thick of the fight, solacing as well as inspiriting them, as he had done during the deliverance of Vienna.

The examination of Father Mark's virtues is meanwhile being pursued by the Sacred Congregation, pending the miracles, which it is believed the servant of God will not fail to work at the opportune time; so that it is permissible to hope that the day is not far off when the Venerable Mark of Aviano will be included among the Beati.

The Fairy Fields.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

OCH, the fields beyant the city, they are full
o' golden corn,
But they strike no fire within me as I gaze
into the morn.
Yet they mind me o' my own fields that lie
across the sea,—
Sure, there myself was happy an' there myself was free!

Och, the fields of ould Kildare with their glint
o' tender green,
They'd spoil the peace o' Eden with their
beauty's lovely sheen;
When the pleasant day was ended you could
hear in every bush
A fairy Rory fiddlin' for the May dance in
the hush.

You could see the bobbins flyin' in the mists o'
twilight wan,
Where the fairies 'neath the moonlight wove
the weddin' veil o' dawn;
You could hear the silvery rattle of a fairy
jaunting car,
Where a fairy lover hurried to his trystin'
with the star.

Och, the fields of ould Kildare, with the stone
seat wet with dew,
An' star-shine sleepin' on the stile, there's
ne'er a change in you;
But I am ould an' weary, an' I am full o'
care,—
How I wish my feet were dancin' in the fields
of ould Kildare!

How Mrs. Turner's Diplomacy Failed.

BY MARY CROSS.

HIS friends said of Brian L'Estrange that, along with being a trifle eccentric, he was so mistakenly good-natured he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain; and that there was some ground for the accusation was shown by his action one sunshiny afternoon in Harrogate, in which gay town he had elected to spend a summer holiday, chiefly in order to be near a certain fair neighbor of his from Liverpool.

He had been loitering about, amused and interested in watching the fashionable throng invading the pump room, and the varying expressions of those clustered on the pavement, sipping the famous waters and inhaling their far-reaching—fragrance. Brakes with scarlet-coated drivers swept by to Ripon or Fountains Abbey; carriages and motors dashed to and fro; all was life and light, color and brightness, from the baskets of lobelia and geranium dangling before every door to the dainty dames with be-ribboned poodles.

Brian strolled out of the glare and bustle to the shadier, quieter region of York Road. On a bench, in the overhanging coolness of the great trees, sat a man whose tattered coat and bursting boots indicated that he had seen better days. He was nursing a basket of carnations and sweet peas withered by the heat, and, as he gave a furtive glance at Mr. L'Estrange, coughed a hollow cough, and opened the campaign. "Asking your pardon for the liberty, sir, but would you be so kind as to tell me the way to the nearest work'us?" he began. "I'm beat. I've stood at that there corner trying to sell these 'ere flowers till I'm fit to drop. It's starvation for me wife and little uns—seven of 'em, sir, and two down with measles,—just because nobody'll buy of me."

Brian rose nobly to the occasion.

"I'll sell the whole lot for you in a jiffy," said he. "Give me the basket, and wait here until I come back—"

"Best gi'me the price of it first, sir, 'adn't you? You might be run over, or took with a fit, and that'd be orkard for all parties," the man interrupted.

Brian smiled, and, producing a coin, handed it to his new protégé.

"That's for your wife," he said. "You shall have the proceeds of the flowers for yourself."

"Well, it's a fair enough offer," the other conceded, after due deliberation; and as soon as Brian had turned his back, he made off with what speed he could.

Brian took up his position near the Valley Gardens, in and out of which a continuous stream of people flowed all day long. Beholding a new competitor, the adjacent flower-girls indulged in personalities of an uncomplimentary nature; and a severe-looking female on her way to the pump room with a green glass bottle paused to administer a rebuke.

"A strong young man as can afford to dress so well ought to be ashamed of taking the bread out of poor girls' mouths," said she.

"You're quite right, ma'am. But that's 'ow the working classes is kept down in this country," chimed in another. And Brian discerned that his efforts in the cause of charity were exposing him to a good deal of misunderstanding.

Then a smart shop-girl came along, stared, passed, returned, and exclaimed:

"Well, I never! Such impudence! That basket of flowers was stolen from our door this very morning! There's our name on it!"

"What is the matter?" came a softer, sweeter voice.

And Brian, becoming aware of a dimpled chin, a rosy mouth, and soft brown eyes shaded by sunny tresses, endeavored to bow, and dropped all the flowers at the lady's feet. It struck him that that was their appropriate place.

"I know this gentleman, Alice," she said to the girl. "It is quite impossible that he has stolen your flowers. There's a mistake somewhere."

"If *you* say so, Miss Turner, it's all right, I'm sure," declared the girl, recognizing a customer. She accepted Mr. L'Estrange's explanation with praiseworthy gravity; remarking that he had been "taken in," but otherwise no harm was done,—which closed the incident.

"My endeavors to earn an honest penny for another can't be accounted a success," said Brian, turning with his fair champion from the spot where he had achieved distinction; he had speedily recovered from the sensation of a trust betrayed, the experience not being a new one. "But for you, Miss Turner, I should be perhaps in a prison cell. The lion thanks the mouse. Is Mrs. Turner with you?"

"She and Ted are coming to-morrow," answered Ethel, who was always sent in advance with the luggage to get the house in order for her rich relation-by-marriage, who rewarded her many services with food, shelter, and discarded wearing apparel.

Mrs. Turner was a widow, less youthful than her "make-up" led casual observers to suppose. She intended that her brother Ted should marry Ethel Turner, and thus remove any obstacle in the way of her own capturing of good-looking, well-to-do, easy-to-manage Brian L'Estrange, in whom her quest for a second husband had ended.

Unconscious of the destiny thus arranged for him, Brian proposed a walk to Harlow Car; and, as Miss Turner had presented herself with a holiday, they strolled along the wide, white road that rises and falls between fine residences and flowery gardens to the grey Observatory Tower. From its summit a lovely picture could be seen of open moor and deep-massed wood, smooth green pasturage and fields of yellowing grain, with villages clustered round stately spires. But Brian found the prospect less attractive than Ethel's eyelashes, and at length it became impossible for her to ignore his contemplation of them.

"I am glad you admire my hat," she remarked.

"I wasn't looking at your hat," he protested.

"I know; that is why I had recourse to violent measures to compel you to do so. For by that hat there hangs a tale. It is at once a hat, an evidence of Mrs. Turner's thoughtful kindness, and a rebuke to my complaining spirit. To-day is my birthday; and I thought everybody had forgotten it, and was silly enough to cry. Then by parcel post came a box addressed to me, and in it was this treasure. Wasn't it kind of Ada to send it?"

"I hope you won't shed any tears at all on your next birthday. Still, even without Mrs. Turner's present, this one hasn't been really unhappy, has it?"

He had possession of her hand, and a rose she had been wearing, and he was on the point of telling her how much he loved her; but there were others waiting to see the view from Harlow Car, and his tender words were suppressed by the arrival of a family party, and the ejaculation: "Laws, what a climb!" He was certain, however, that Ethel understood him; her blush, her hand lingering for a moment in his, had been sufficiently eloquent. He felt as if life were only just beginning, as side by side they walked homeward through the soft radiance of late afternoon,—he, at least, too happy for speech.

Mrs. Turner's house overlooked The

Stray, that expanse of grass and trees that is to Harrogate what shore and sands are to seaside towns. As they approached it, a stranger asked Mr. L'Estrange to direct him to the station, and Ethel walked on, entering the garden, where, to her surprise, she found Mrs. Turner and Ted strolling to and fro with the usual retinue of pugs and spaniels. Ada's stony stare forced upon Ethel the consciousness of having committed some iniquity,—what, she did not know.

"O Ada, I didn't expect you until to-morrow!" she said.

"Evidently, or you would not be wearing my new hat," answered Ada, cuttingly.

"*Your* hat? I—I—thought—" Poor Ethel stammered an explanation, which sounded hopelessly feeble and inadequate. The light and joyousness faded from her face, along with the hope of a kindlier understanding between herself and Ada, and her gratitude for what she had believed to be her relative's sympathy with a girl's natural liking for pretty things.

"Oh, don't tell me!" returned Ada, as Ethel concluded her apology. "You must have known that the parcel was wrongly addressed. As if I would give you a three-guinea hat! You are too well used to getting things in charity, it strikes me; but you can keep the hat. I shall not wear it after you have been seen in it. Where have you been?"

"To Harlow Car, with Mr. Brian L'Estrange," replied Ethel; and Ada galloped full speed along the road of wrath to say:

"Upon my word, you are pursuing Mr. L'Estrange pretty openly, it strikes me! Of course you know that he is easily led, and so you think you can get him to propose whether he wants to or not."

"Hush-sh!" warned Ted, seeing Brian's approaching figure. "Why so much fuss over a misdirected parcel? You don't hear *me* moaning, though I've broken a bootlace, lost sixpence, and left my razors behind."

The progressive catalogue of calamity, invented on the spur of the moment to relieve the situation, had the desired effect. Ada composed herself sufficiently to smile sweetly on Mr. L'Estrange, and Ethel subdued a longing to weep. He had heard those cruel words; hearing, had he believed them? His placid exterior revealed nothing.

"I propose that we drive to Knaresborough on Thursday," he was saying. "We four,—'not Lancelot, not another.' If you don't approve, Mrs. Turner, I shall become a lapsed mass, or something equally unmanageable."

But Ada fully approved, reading a meaning into the proposition that Brian had not intended. To her ears his "we four" was full of tender suggestion; it seemed to imply acquiescence in her plans for "pairing-off" for life. The arrangements made, Ted sauntered to the gate with Brian.

"Anything between you and Ethel?" he asked.

"I hope to win her for my wife."

"She has neither father nor brother; that's why I step in," explained Ted. "Good luck to you!"

"Not a bad sort, old Ted." Brian told himself.

Long and dull were the hours when he did not see Ethel, and they became many. He did not meet her in town; and when he called at the house, he was told that she was out or engaged. He did not know that Ada's diplomacy was at work, and he reproached himself for his folly in not having asked the girl of his heart to marry him when he had had the chance. What a goose he had been to let the golden opportunity slip!

On the evening before the proposed visit to Knaresborough, he passed and repassed the house; but finding it impossible to be content with gazing at "the bricks that contained her," he went

boldly to the door and asked for her. There was no one at home, the maid said; she thought they had all gone to the opera.

Through the dewy darkness big white moths flickered; the scent of wet leaves and flowers filled the air; every step wakened the fragrance of roses and mignonette. In the half-deserted road wandering minstrels with harp and violin were playing "The Choristers," and the lovely melody added to the magic and mystery of the hour. Why was not Ethel with him? As if in answer to his question, he heard a slight rustle, and he discerned, on a seat at a little distance, a white-robed figure crowned by the memorable hat. Filled with exultation, he strode toward her, saying as he drew near:

"Ethel!"

She started, and, keeping her face averted, covered it with both hands.

"What is the matter, dear? Surely Mrs. Turner's foolish words are not distressing you? Forget them, and trust yourself to my care, and you will never hear a syllable that will pain you. I can't express how I love you and long to call you wife!"

The impassioned speech went down like a stone in a pond, and the chill waters of inappreciative silence closed over it.

"Don't you care for me?" he asked.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

"Is there no chance at all for me?"

In the faintest of whispers the knell of his happiness sounded.

"There is some one else."

He turned pale under the blow. Some one else! It was his fate to be imposed on, to be "taken in," he thought, the first drop of bitterness entering the mellow vintage of his nature.

"Please go!" she whispered; and he obeyed the scarcely audible request in rigid silence.

He all but prayed for rain to fall on the morrow. But the sun beamed from an absolutely cloudless sky, and no reasonable excuse for not carrying out his plan of visiting Knaresborough occurred to him. Possibly Miss Turner would have the grace to absent herself from the party, he thought. However, she appeared, rosy, smiling, dainty, and saluted him as if her conduct toward him had been irreproachable. Try as he would, he could not be otherwise than cold and distant to her; the wound was too new, too recent for him to feign that he did not feel it. He avoided meeting her eyes, and feigned absorbed interest in the scenery, until they reached quaint Knaresborough, like a page from the past, with its queer old shops and narrow streets, the red roofs of its houses reflected in the glassy river over which they were ferried in order to reach Mother Shipton's Cave and the Dropping Well; those they were in duty bound to see. A narrow path winding up and down through a wood led thither.

Ted, less dense than he sometimes affected to be for the safeguarding of his own peace, had discerned that something was wrong where he wished everything to be right, and he carried out a series of adroit manœuvres which left him as escort to Ada, whilst Brian went on in front with Ethel. The scaling of a rough bit of rock achieved, Mrs. Turner quickened her pace. She had no intention of leaving "those two" together; she and Ted would soon have overtaken them had he not suddenly sunk down on a boulder, pressing his hand to his side with a groan, and bending double.

"What in the name of patience is the matter?" she asked, rather snappishly.

"I hope it may not be appendicitis," groaned he.

"Good gracious, Ted! I'll call Mr. L'Estrange!"

"No, don't. He'll make such a fuss.

Don't leave me. Stay with me. I'll be all right presently."

He did recover to some extent, though he continued to clutch his side and roll his eyes.

"I can't walk to the Cave, that's certain," he said feebly. "We'll just wait here for the others. The rest will put me all right. Lend me your smelling-salts, there's a dear!"

It was not with the best grace in the world that Ada ministered to her afflicted brother. He might have chosen a more convenient time to be ill, she thought; and tartly expressed the opinion that he should have stayed at home if he did not feel well.

"So I should," he meekly assented.

Meanwhile Ethel and Brian had gone onward with scarce a word exchanged, each supposing Ada and Ted were following. The girl wondered what lay behind that dead wall of silence. How unlike the quiet, happy walk from Harlow was this frigid progress! She had looked forward to this day as a certain oasis in the desert of Ada's fault-findings; had counted the intervening minutes, and thrilled over the possibility of again being alone with Brian. Sadly different from her dreams was the reality. The only explanation of his altered demeanor was too humiliating to be contemplated.

They arrived at the Cave, once the residence of the famous sibyl, now a refuge for brooms and spades and spiders. Close by was the well, its waters dripping from the rock over petrified and petrifying gloves, baskets, and birds' nests.

Turning from a pretended study of these curiosities, Brian caught a glimpse of Ethel's pale, dejected face, and pity crested the wave of resentment and wounded love surging through his breast. Still, she need not look so hopelessly miserable just because she was with him. She might have known that he would not persist in his wooing, or offend with unwelcome attentions.

Becoming aware of his unconscious scrutiny, Ethel looked quickly round.

"Where are the others?" she asked; and he resented her visible annoyance.

"I am not at all responsible for this arrangement," he observed stiffly. "I thought it could be avoided, but there is not always safety in numbers."

"How many more affronts must I bear?" he heard her sob.

"I am incapable of deliberately affronting any one," he replied warmly,—"you least of all, I hope."

"Yet you have just done so. I know that you heard what Ada said the other evening," Ethel told him, and her voice failed. After a moment or two she added, her head very erect: "It was unnecessary for you to defend yourself with the assurance that you are not responsible for being alone with me. So far as I am concerned, you don't require the protection of numbers."

"I certainly don't require that assurance from you after what you told me last night."

"I told you *nothing* last night; I did not see you," she returned listlessly.

"Have you so soon forgotten? Truly I have been less than nothing to you! I—"

"I did not see you last night," she repeated. "I was at the opera with Ted. I don't understand you at all."

Her tone was convincing, and he stood in a bewildered silence. Yes, he saw it all again—the garden, the dusk, the hidden face; and he heard the muffled whispers,—but with a suspicion that came to him hand in hand with a relief that was almost pain.

"Was Mrs. Turner with you?" he asked.

"She stayed at home because of a headache."

"You wore that hat?"

"No. I was in evening dress, since you demand details."

Ethel now made an attempt to pass him, but he caught her hands.

"I'll run no more risks," said he. "Forgive me, Ethel. Leave explanations until later. There has been treachery toward us both, but what matters now is this—that I love you, and, blunderer though I am, will do my best to make you happy. Will you marry me?"

Her answer was inaudible; but when they rejoined Mrs. Turner and Ted, that demure benefactor knew by their radiant faces that his stratagem had been successful; and, pronouncing himself out of danger, he clamored for lunch. Ada, conscious of defeat and detection, with some difficulty warded off an attack of hysterics.

A National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis.

BY WILLIAM F. MARKOE.

ON the second of October, feast of the Holy Guardian Angels and Rosary Sunday, was held in Chicago our first national convention of the Third Order of St. Francis, "the greatest lay organization in the world." Never has "everybody's St. Francis" been more highly honored,—certainly not in the United States. As many as 7000 local Tertiaries and hundreds of delegates from abroad assembled in the great Western city to commemorate the seventh centenary of the birth of the Order to which the world owes so much.

By a coincidence, Chicago was celebrating the semi-centennial of the great fire which practically destroyed it half a century ago; and the presence of these hosts of Tertiaries within its gates seemed to bring the assurance that it would never be overtaken by the tragic fate from which even Sodom and Gomorrah might have been saved by the presence of only "ten just men."

At the Hotel La Salle, where the Stars and Stripes and the Papal colors were entwined, a large placard announced the Convention, with the dates "1221–1921." Seeing this, an inquisitive "bell-hop" was prompted to ask what it was about, when the Tertiaries started, and what their objects were. He knew all about the Ku Klux Klan, but had never heard of the Third Order, and showed much interest on being informed that it originated seven centuries ago; that Columbus, Joan of Arc, Dante, Daniel O'Connell, Garcia Moreno, Gounod, Palestrina, and thousands of other distinguished characters in all walks of life were members; and that its chief object, in the parlance of the day, was to help to restore America and the world to "normalcy"; or, in the words of Pope Pius X., "To restore all things in Christ." In this herculean task it ought to mean more to America and the world than even the coming Disarmament Conference; for, while that may restrict armaments, only such an organization as the Third Order can, like the Good Samaritan, pour oil into the wounds of humanity, and restore peace, justice, charity and brotherly love, which follow from the recognition of the fatherhood of God.

"My social reform," declared Leo XIII., "is the Third Order. Domestic peace and public tranquillity, integrity of life and kindness, the right use and management of property—the best foundations of civilization and security—spring from the Third Order of St. Francis as from their root; and it is to St. Francis that Europe is largely indebted for the preservation of these blessings." Benedict XV., another great Tertiary Pope, in a special Encyclical Letter calling on all societies of men and women everywhere to join the Third Order, declares: "Man needs not the sort of peace that is built up on the laborious deliberations of worldly prudence, but that peace which was brought to us by Christ when He declared: 'My

peace I give unto you; not as the world gives do I give unto you.' A man-made treaty, whether of States or of classes among themselves, can neither endure nor have the value of real peace, unless it rests on a peaceful disposition; and this disposition can exist only where duty, as it were, puts the bridle on the passions, for it is human passions that give rise to discord of whatever kind."

Now, what the Order of St. Francis did for the world in the thirteenth century it can do once again in the twentieth century; and it is right and proper that the crusade should have its origin in America, for no other country owes so much to St. Francis. It was Christopher Columbus, a Franciscan Tertiary, who discovered this wonderful land; a Franciscan Tertiary, Queen Isabella, who furnished the funds; a Franciscan friar, Juan Perez, who induced her to undertake the enterprise, and who himself accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, and offered the first Mass in this virgin land, as his spiritual confrères first preached the Gospel to its inhabitants. That America should take the lead in restoring "normalcy" to the world seems to be the consensus of opinion everywhere. Hence it was not surprising that, besides the letters endorsing the Convention from the American hierarchy, scores of letters should have been received and read at the first meeting, from the Philippines, Guam, Hawaii, Brazil, Paraguay, Equador, Chile, Uraguay, Peru, British Honduras, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and other countries. The whole world is looking to America to inaugurate a movement that will insure real peace for the human family in an association of the "brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God."

The Convention opened most appropriately in the beautiful Gothic Cathedral of the Holy Name, with its glorious stained-glass windows, its slender columns like sheaves of lances,—all brilliantly illuminated with countless electric bulbs. It was the first gathering of the three Orders founded by St. Francis; and they formed a long procession, which was followed by St. Anthony's church choir from St. Louis, consisting of twenty men and forty boys; then a train of distinguished members of the hierarchy; and lastly his Grace Archbishop Mundelein, bestowing blessings right and left on the kneeling multitudes as he passed.

Among the lay speakers at the mass meeting which filled the big Auditorium to its utmost capacity was the Hon. Bourke Cockran, who, after painting a terrible picture of the threatened collapse of civilization and the impotence of all human efforts to avert it, made an earnest and impassioned plea for Daily Communion, or, in lieu of this, a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament,—a plea that would have done credit to any prelate on the platform. Would there be any crime, any labor disturbances, strikes, or lockouts, with such a general practice? He declared that Governments were powerless to meet the situation, and a return to the methods of St. Francis alone could save society.

The Rev. Father Fish read a cablegram received from the Franciscan Provincial at Sagro Convento, Italy, where the tomb containing the mortal remains of St. Francis now stands. It appears that the Italian Government "sequestered" this holy spot like so many others, and still claims title to it (although the highest Italian Court has decided that the title is in the Pope), and refuses to restore it to its rightful owners until a ransom is paid for it. Although several red-blooded Americans expressed themselves opposed to compromising with thieves and robbers, all agreed that the highest honor that could fall to American Tertiaries would be to become the instrument for the re-

demption of the tomb of St. Francis for his spiritual children, as the Crusades were fought to rescue the tomb of the Redeemer of mankind from the infidels and Turks. It was announced a little later that several contributions for this purpose, including one from an unnamed donor of $5000, had been received; and the Convention adopted a unanimous resolution, deploring the fact that the title of the true owners of the Sagro Convento was not recognized by the Italian Government; pledging financial and moral support to any efforts to obtain the return of the property to its rightful owners; and hoping that this would be accomplished in time for the celebration of the seventh centenary of the death of St. Francis.

Some excellent papers were read by clerical and lay members of the three Franciscan Orders, including both men and women; and one of the many means suggested for spreading the Third Order came from San Francisco, where the custom prevails of reciting a short Office of the Dead at the bier of a deceased Tertiary,—a custom which almost invariably leads others to join the Order.

The general conviction of all attending the Convention, though unheralded and even studiously ignored by the secular press, was that it meant great things for Chicago, America, and the whole world. Coming so shortly before the Disarmament Conference, which it warmly endorsed, it should prepare the soil for that great effort to sow the seeds of world peace. It should mark a milestone in history, and the ushering in of a new epoch. 7000 Tertiaries in Chicago, 75,000 in the United States, and 3,000,000 throughout the world can "leaven the whole mass" and secure "Peace on earth to men of good will."

HE is worthy of honor who willeth the good of every man.—*Cicero.*

Monticello.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

MONTICELLO, the beautiful old home of Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, is offered for sale; and Representative Harrison, of Virginia, has introduced a Bill into Congress for the purchase of the house and grounds as Government property. Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, the present owner, came into possession of Monticello in 1882, through the contested will of Commodore Levy, who had left it as a gift to the United States Government; but the title was not maintained, and Commodore Levy's wishes were not respected.

Monticello occupies a beautiful site. The mansion stands on the summit of a mountain, one side of which abruptly slopes to the valleys below; while on another, a little distance away, flows the placid Rivanna. In the distance, the Blue Ridge, true to its name, can, on a clear day, be followed southward for more than a hundred miles. The old Virginia town of Charlottesville is only a few miles away.

The house is a charming old mansion, with its dome and pillared porticoes, clock and weather-dial on its front porch; with its large, beautiful rooms and its rare views. The building was begun before the Revolution, and was made of brick which was manufactured on the place, the timber being cut and shaped from trees on the ground. Jefferson himself planned the house, and from designs of his much of the furniture was made.

Halfway up the private driveway, winding between the picturesque little lodge at the gates and the big house, is the cemetery where Jefferson and many members of his family are buried. How this particular spot was chosen as the last resting-place of the family is a romance in itself.

While Thomas Jefferson was at William and Mary College, in Williamsburg, he grew to be very fond of one of his classmates, Dabney Carr, a brilliant young lawyer, who possessed a most lovable personality. They read law together, and so strong did the friendship become that people often referred to them as David and Jonathan. How glad Jefferson must have been when, in the summer of 1765, his young sister, Martha, became the wife of Dabney, and thus they were made brothers indeed! They were always together, and their favorite haunt was "Little Mountain," on whose summit Monticello was afterward built. "Little Mountain" was covered with trees, and some distance up its side grew a great oak, under whose shade they made a rustic seat; and here they sat and talked and studied and dreamed youth's golden dreams. It was these hours which made this spot famous in history; for here, the two friends entered into the compact that he who died first should be buried under the old oak. A few years later and while yet a young man, Dabney Carr died. Jefferson kept his word; for the grave was made in the chosen spot beneath the very soil on which they had sat and studied.

Monticello was the paradise to Jefferson that Mount Vernon was to Washington, and he would not have exchanged it for the palace of a king. It was from here that he fled before Tarleton's raiders; here that he came to rest betimes while President; it was the place for which he longed when abroad. No matter where he went, his heart was at Monticello; for the philosopher, the statesman, the man of lofty ideas and high hopes was always fond of quiet. And when, in his old age and his greatness, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, the noble life went out, they laid him to rest by the side of Dabney Carr.

The Wisdom of Hobbies.

ALTHOUGH a good many decades have passed since Lord Brougham fathered a non-Biblical beatitude, "Blessed is the man that hath a hobby," the majority of mankind have been slow to admit the truth of his statement. It is not so long ago indeed that the phrase, "a man with a hobby," connoted an insufferable bore; a person who, however estimable he might be in the main, was on some subject or subjects eccentric. Within the past three or four decades, however, the wisdom of having a hobby has been more generally recognized; and nowadays the most prominent men in the professional and business worlds feel that their possession of a hobby is so far from needing an apology that it merits a compliment.

Needless to say, our word "hobby" is the modern equivalent of the old-time "hobby-horse," which term, in its literal sense, meant either a wooden figure of a horse, usually provided with rockers, for children to ride on, or one of the principal performers in a morris-dance,—having a figure of a horse made of wicker-work supported about his waist, and his feet concealed by a housing. The identity of meaning in the older and the more recent word is clear from the idea of equestrianism common to both. In our day we ride hobbies; whereas in "Tristam Shandy's" time, "my Uncle Toby rode a hobby-horse."

In present-day literary usage, a hobby is any favorite object, pursuit, or topic; that which a person persistently pursues or dwells upon with zeal or delight; a subject upon which one is constantly setting off; or, most satisfactory of all the definitions, a "favorite subject or occupation that is not one's main business." A hobby, in other words, bears the same relation to one's regular business or occupation as an avocation does to one's vocation; it is a subordinate or occasional occupa-

tion, a diversion or distraction. Now, that the possession of hobbies, thus understood, is something to be deprecated or apologized for, is a contention which was never capable of being made good, and one which at the present day comparatively few intelligent persons are inclined to put forward. Any orderly discussion of the matter is apt to resolve itself into the centuried distinction between the use of a thing and its abuse. A hobby may be ridden too furiously, too frequently, or too long, just as may the horse from which the word first derived its meaning; but the mere mounting of a hobby and leisurely putting it through its paces is no more blameworthy than is moderate exercise in real equestrianism.

By far the great majority of hobbies are at least negatively harmless, if not positively useful; and, this much being granted, it needs no special training in psychology to understand that hobby-riding may be an excellent thing for any professional worker or man of affairs. Unremitting attention to one's vocational duties; allowing one's business not only to engross all one's faculties during ordinary business hours, but to encroach on time which in a well-ordered life is given to recreation and sleep; burning the candle at both ends, in a word,—such a course is undoubtedly injurious to the health of body, mind, and soul. So, too, is the opposite extreme—the idleness of those (comparatively few in number) whom an already acquired competence relieves from the necessity of daily labor of any kind. As a remedy for both excessive work and the absence of all work, a hobby is a blessing.

In the matter of variety, hobbies are as numerous and as different one from another as are the characters and tastes of men and the physical and mental recreations to which men are inclined. One large class of hobbyists, recruited for the most part from the ranks of the well-to-do, are generically known as "collectors," those who make it a pursuit of their leisure to accumulate such objects of interest as paintings, ceramics, plants, minerals, shells, stamps, etc. Books furnish the basis for very many hobbies, and music offers a wide field for many others.

Any one of the hundred varieties of indoor and outdoor games may be chosen as a hobby; and it depends altogether upon individual taste whether this or that game is the better for this or that person. True, the English essayist, Smiles, declares that "the best hobbies are intellectual ones"; but it is doubtful that any considerable number of present-day hobbyists accept his conclusion. That intellectual hobbies are best for persons whose main business is *not* intellectual is probably true; that they are most expedient for those who are habitually engaged in the exertion of their mental powers is at least open to question. Perhaps a sounder principle than that of Smiles would be: the best hobbies are those which differ most from one's regular, wonted occupation. Gladstone's hobby of walking two hours after every parliamentary sitting was a much wiser one than would have been his devoting the time to religious controversy, which was another of his hobbies.

Writers of "feature stories" in the metropolitan press have recently been describing the favorite hobbies of the most prominent personages in Washington, and of the leading members of the flourishing Hobby Club of New York. More interesting, however, than the specific fancies of this, that, or the other statesman, banker, captain of industry, popular actor or author, is the fact that a hobby of some kind is looked upon nowadays as a thoroughly sensible addition to one's vocational activities. More persons now than ever before say with Brougham: "Blessed is the man that hath a hobby!"

Notes and Remarks.

The movement of the Knights of Columbus to prepare some accounts of American history has drawn attention to a few of the amazingly inexact as well as grossly unpatriotic histories which have recently been published. These productions seem to be among the literary activities of British propaganda, for they studiously ignore certain fundamental facts in regard to the relations of England and the United States in the early days of this nation's formation. Not only suppression of truth, but positive misrepresentation thereof, may be found lurking in many of the books in question,—such statements as: "To this day it is not easy to see just why the Colonists felt so dissatisfied: they were as well off as any people in the world"; "In all the unfairness that had been shown, it was not England that oppressed the Colonies"; "We can afford now to laugh at our forefathers." These extracts show what distorted ideas are being served up to the students in our high schools and colleges. R. C. Gleaner, writing in the *Catholic Columbian*, mentions three histories widely used as text-books in our schools: "A School History of the United States," by A. B. Hart; "A History of the United States for Schools," compiled by C. H. Van Tyne, of the University of Michigan; a new edition of the well-known Barnes' "School History of the United States." These are the particularly offensive books. In the words of R. C. Gleaner: "Here are three school histories published by such well-known firms as D. Appleton & Co., The American Book Co., and D. C. Heath & Co.,—books intended for schools! No wonder patriotic Americans are demanding a cessation of such a burlesque upon American history. What a furor would be raised if such history was taught in Catholic schools anywhere! Whither are we drifting? These iconoclasts of American patriotism ought to be heralded to the world as such, and compelled to take a solemn oath of allegiance, as their loyalty is questionable."

Nothing could be more groundless, it seems to us, than the complaint of a representative of the Government of Austria that discrimination in favor of Germany was shown in the distribution of the alms collected in the United States for the relief of the suffering Catholics of those countries. $335,536 went to Germany and $165,000 to Austria, although the Catholic population of the latter country is less than one-third of the former's. The apportionment was made after consultation with both the Austrian and German bishops, and in accordance with their own formulated plan. It was well understood by Msgr. Rempe that the greater need existed in Austria, and there he also left one-half of the 870 cases and bales of clothing collected in Chicago. Had the complaint to which we refer come from any but an official source, we should not have noticed it. If the gentleman were to read Msgr. Rempe's report to the American bishops' committee, we feel certain he would admit that the requirements of equity were strictly observed.

In the matter of education, the Protestant minority in the Province of Quebec, and the Catholic minority in the Province of Ontario, are theoretically on the same footing. Each has a Constitutional right to schools of its own, supported by its own share of school taxes. When paying these taxes, each property-owner may declare which school system, separate or public, he wishes his taxes to support. In Quebec the practice is in strict accord with the theory, and the Protestant minority have no grounds for complaint. Not so in Ontario. The Catholic minority in

that Province have two grievances against which they are very properly protesting. The first of these is that school taxes on large corporations, public utilities, etc., now go in their entirety to the public schools, instead of being righteously divided between public and separate schools. The second is that, whereas in Quebec the Protestant high schools receive official recognition, in Ontario such recognition is refused to the Catholic high schools. Canadian Protestants should be willing, one would think, to do unto others as others do unto them.

Thanks to the production of books like that of Dr. F. De Grandmaison de Bruno, the miracles of Lourdes are now attracting greater attention than ever, not only on the part of the general public, but on that of medical scientists as well. Formerly these marvels were treated with incredulity by all classes of non-Catholics. The *New York Herald* of the 15th inst. published on its first page, at the top of a column, the following special cable from Paris:

> The sacred grottos at Lourdes have added twenty-five authentic miracles to their list of more than a thousand which have been investigated by physicians and priests during the last twenty years. According to official figures, more than 600,000 pilgrims have visited Lourdes this year, which is only 100,000 below the record of 1912, when a hundred miracles were reported.

The time has evidently passed when the cures at Lourdes could be ignored; and not a few physicians who have investigated them have been forced to admit that they are not to be explained in terms of ordinary clinical experience. The authorized translation of Dr. De Grandmaison's work ("Twenty Cures at Lourdes Medically Discussed") has a preface by Sir Bertram Windle, M. D., Sc. D., F. R. S., in which he says, in reference to suggestion, the most common way of explaining the occurrences: "No medical man will argue that a cancer of the tongue or breast, or a broken bone, or a severe case of varicose veins, could be suddenly and completely cured by suggestion, or indeed could be in any way amenable to suggestion. And in cures like that of Gabriel Gargam, or the varicose veins case described by Doctor Le Bec, it is abundantly clear that there was no kind of suggestion; for the patients in both cases went unwillingly to Lourdes, and purely for the sake of satisfying and pleasing their relatives."

Mr. W. O. Broyles, "a successful business man" of Birmingham, Ala., a candidate for the presidency of the City Commission, having been called upon by the League of Women Voters to declare his stand on the question of employing Catholic and Jewish teachers in the public schools, replied: "In so far as Protestant teachers are excluded from the Catholic schools, I favor the exclusion of Catholic teachers from Protestant schools." In the first place, Protestant teachers are *not* excluded from all Catholic schools—there are several non-Catholics on the faculty of the University of Notre Dame, for instance; and even if they were excluded, there would be no injustice, as Catholics alone support their schools. In the second place, Mr. Broyles' calling the public school Protestant is an impertinence. These schools, supported by the people at large, are in law and equity not a particle more Protestant than they are Jewish or Catholic. Mr. Broyles is prejudiced and uninformed—not to call him bigoted and ignorant.

In an age overflowing with publications of all kinds—books, pamphlets, reviews, magazines, and newspapers—the important question presenting itself to the judicious person may easily be, What shall I read? Important as it certainly is, it is of scarcely greater import than this other question, How

shall I read it? The manner of one's reading is indeed of almost equal significance to the matter. It is quite possible to read even the best books for four or five hours daily without deriving from the exercise any appreciable profit, or at least a profit at all proportioned to the time expended. If our reading is to prove of real benefit, if it is to build up and strengthen the mental fabric and conduce to the healthful development of moral character, it must be accompanied by certain indispensable conditions. One such condition is that it must be methodical. Habitual desultoriness in reading is not merely unprofitable: it is positively injurious. Another condition is that we must give to the matter read attentive consideration. To concentrate one's mental faculties on the author's train of thought, to the utter exclusion of other musings, conceits, or fancies, is a habit as necessary to acquire as it is difficult of acquisition. The attention which the trained scholar gives to any subject, however dry and uninteresting, is possible to the undisciplined thinker only when the theme is wholly congenial to his tastes, or when it strongly appeals to his interest.

Like all other habits, this of attention is formed by the constant repetition of single acts. The reader who resolutely turns away from distractions as soon as he notices their presence, and repeatedly brings his mind back to the full meaning of the lines which his eyes are traversing, will eventually acquire facility in concentrating the powers of his intellect on whatsoever subject he wills. And, until he does so, much of the time he spends in reading will be wasted.

To what profound infamy the acceptance of pagan standards may lead us is foreshadowed almost daily; but, perhaps, only the sharp and sudden revelation of Oriental inhumanity can make us realize the situation. In a recent letter to *Les Missions Catholiques*, a Franciscan nun describes the pagan orphanage of Shasi, Africa, a great institution maintained by wealthy pagans. To this place are brought children whose parents are eager to get rid of them,—children born out of wedlock, children deformed, children who appeared under an unlucky star, children whose care is a burden to their parents. When these unfortunates have reached the age of two years, they are sold without formality. A boy costs four francs, a girl considerably less. Having been purchased, they go through life in virtual slavery, without any hope either temporal or eternal. It is not surprising that our missionaries in the district should be appealing for aid to enlarge their orphan asylums and to purchase souls for God at a price so exorbitantly low.

Numerous friends and admirers, in many parts of the world, of Father Fidelis, C. P. (Dr. James Kent Stone), will grieve to hear of his death, at San Mateo, Calif., on the 14th inst. He was among the most distinguished converts to the Church in this country, and for many years had been a leading figure of the Congregation of the Passion. He was remarkable for ability, virtue, and accomplishments. So great was the influence which he exerted while still a young clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church that it was confidently predicted he would win its highest honors. But he heeded the voice of Christ's Vicar, ringing around the world in 1870, calling upon those outside of the Church to return to their Mother, and in tender words telling of her yearning to welcome them.

Some of our readers will remember the sensation caused by the announcement of the conversion of that brilliant and beloved Episcopalian clergyman, with a record of honorable service in

the Civil War, and a high reputation as an orator and educator; they will remember also with what eagerness was read the book in which he clearly explained and ably defended his action. No book of its kind in our language has had more deeply interested readers, and few have been productive of more beneficial results. The new edition of it, under the title "An Awakening and What Followed," in which Father Fidelis tells something about his life in the Church for upwards of fifty years, will long continue to light the homeward way for those seeking it, and to afford encouragement and consolation to those walking therein.

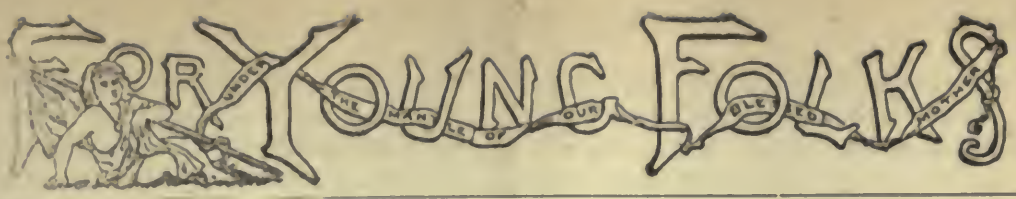
A man of noble character and charming personality, a priest whose virtues recalled the great St. Augustine, to whom he was singularly devoted, Fr. Fidelis was admired by all who came into contact with him, venerated and beloved by those who were privileged to know him intimately. The influence of his example will long endure, and the results of his labors will continue to develop. The world and the Church have been benefited by him. What riches, rest and glory must have been awaiting one who so generously renounced all that the world could offer, who labored so faithfully, and lived so self-sacrificingly!

While the history of the Church of England during recent years has prepared us to hear of somewhat extraordinary latitude allowed in the matter of belief or disbelief in certain doctrines, we are unfeignedly surprised to learn that so staunchly strict and orthodox a body as the Presbyterians here in America used to be is becoming equally lax. Of a young minister lately authorized by a New York Presbytery to preach the Gospel, another Presbyterian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Snyder, declares: "While Mr. White is truly a very remarkable young man, his views on the deity of Christ are not as our Church preaches. He denies the deity of the Son, although he venerates Him as a wonderful man. Another instance of his unorthodoxy is that he does not believe in the Resurrection as an actual fact. He maintains Christ rose in spirit but not in the flesh. 'His body, he believes, remained in the sepulchre, as all bodies do.'" Another instance of the progressive disintegration of Protestantism of every description.

Those Americans—and there were very many—whose sympathy went out to Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt when the news came that their son Quentin had been killed in the war, will feel inclined to envy the mother, who has since become a widow, the proud and grateful memories which she treasures of her gallant and amiable boy. Just how gallant and amiable he was, is disclosed in "Quentin Roosevelt: A Sketch with Letters," edited by Kermit Roosevelt. There is much in these letters to admire and praise; and this paragraph is especially worth reproducing:

> I wonder if I ever told you my pet prayer—almost the only one I care for? It was written, I think, by Bishop Potter: "O Lord, protect us all the day long of our troublous life on earth, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over and our work is done! Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging place and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord." I've always loved it; and now, when life is hard, and all that is dearest to me is far away, it is a comfort to think that sometime all this will be past, and that we shall have peace.

Many of our readers will recognize the prayer as being a slight amplification of Cardinal Newman's: "May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last."



I'm Sure.

BY ERIC WEST.

LONG years ago, so I have heard,
Whenever Christ drew nigh,
There was a hope in every heart,
A light in every eye.

The sick were brought into the streets
That He might look on them;
They felt their wounds would heal, if they
Might touch His garment's hem.

This morning at the early Mass,
I know with certainty,
The very One who cured the sick
Will come to visit me.

And if I give my heart to Him,
Though it have many a stain,
I'm sure He'll lay His hands on me
And make me well again.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XVIII.—At Ussel.

ONE morning the young musicians arrived at the town of Ussel. It was there that Remi had played for the first time in "The Servants of Joli-Cœur," and there also that Vitalis had promised him a new pair of shoes,—a promise which had lightened some of the heavy load on his home-sick heart.

"Now," said Remi, "after we have taken our things to the inn we shall go out and look for a cow. This place is famous for good cows."

"A cow!" exclaimed Mattia. "What shall we do with it?"

"It is for Mother Barbarin. I have had it in mind for a long time."

"But have you the money to spare?"

"Yes: I have two hundred francs. We have done very well on our route, and I have been saving for it all year. We once had a cow—a fine one,—named Rosette. She gave lots of rich milk; we loved her. But when Jerome was hurt in Paris, and sent for money, Mother Barbarin was obliged to sell her, to raise the sum he needed."

"But she probably has another cow by this time," said Mattia. "She will not need two."

"I will find that out when we come to Boncours', the cattle-dealer, who lives close to the village. He will know whether she has a cow or not. If she has, he will buy ours, I'm sure, and be glad to get a cow from Ussel. I don't think we shall lose anything by it. If I should—a few francs,—it does not matter."

"But why not wait till we are there and buy a cow from him?"

"Because I mean Mother Barbarin to have an extra good one, from Ussel."

By this time they had reached the inn, where they left their luggage and engaged a night's lodging.

"Now," said Remi, "let us look for our cow."

"What if you inquire of the inn-keeper where a good one may be found?" suggested Mattia.

"That is not a bad idea," replied Remi.

When he made the inquiry, the man laughed in his face.

"We have no trained cows here. Do you want one to dance with your dog?" he said.

"I want one that gives good milk," answered Remi, seriously.

"And one with a long tail," said Mattia, "so that she can whisk the flies away when they bother her. I am

always sorry for cows with short tails."

"Won't you find it expensive and troublesome to travel with a cow?" asked the man, with a quizzical smile. "You can not drink all the milk. But perhaps you intend to sell it."

"It is for a friend at Chavonis that I am buying it," replied Remi, without returning the smile.

"Go to the veterinary surgeon around the corner," said the man, at last realizing that Remi was in earnest. "He will not charge you much for his advice, and will select a good one. He is a very honest man."

"Thank you!" replied Remi. "We will go to see him."

They found the veterinary on his doorstep, getting into his little cart. He did not seem at all amused, and was very kind.

"Are you lodging at the inn?" he inquired.

Remi replied that they were.

"To-morrow morning, then, at seven, I shall expect you here, and shall choose you a good cow."

"Thank you, Monsieur! We shall be prompt," said Remi. Then he added: "Do you like music, Monsieur?"

"I am very fond of it—when it is good."

"Ours is pretty good. Do you go to bed early?"

"About nine."

"Our music would not disturb you?"

"Not at all. This is just far enough from the inn not to be disgusted with bad music, which could barely reach the ears; and it is near enough to wish it were still nearer, should it be good."

"Thank you, Monsieur!" said Remi, as the veterinary drove away.

"Why did you ask him that question?" inquired Mattia.

"Because if he likes music, he will enjoy a serenade," Remi replied. "We will come early, so as not to wake him. I like his looks, and I feel sure he will enjoy our music."

"That is a good idea," replied Mattia.

"Let us walk around the town a little," said Remi. "I want to look at the old places."

At a turn of the street they came upon the shop where Vitalis had bought the shoes and the velvet costume which Remi had thought so beautiful. The same man stood behind the counter. It looked as if the same odd collection of garments hung from the walls. They stood for a moment in the doorway; then strolled along till they came to the Square, which stood several steps above the street.

"There I made my *début*," said Remi. "I can fancy I see Vitalis marching at the head of our little troupe, holding his head so high, playing the flute, keeping time to our steps as we followed; Capi behind him, then Zerbino and Dulcie, then Joli-Cœur, I holding his rope. Come away, Mattia! It makes me sad to remember it."

"Well, did you buy the cow?" inquired the innkeeper, meeting them at the door.

"In the morning, at seven, Monsieur will choose one for us," replied Remi.

"That is good," said the man. "There is quite a company inside," he continued,—"some people from Presle, on a holiday. Would you like to play for them?"

"Certainly, if they desire," answered Remi.

The man led them into a large room where perhaps thirty persons—men, women, and children—were eating bread and cheese and drinking wine. They shouted with delight at the advent of the little musicians; the performance lasted nearly an hour; they cried incessantly for more. When it was finished, Remi made a sign to Capi, fastened the collection basket to his neck, and the dog went the rounds of the company, returning with more silver than pennies.

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen,"

said Remi. "We will give you another song."

The boys sang a Neapolitan song together, and, bowing respectfully, retired.

Surprised and pleased with the entertainment they had given and their polite bearing, the innkeeper no longer treated them as though they were objects of ridicule. He took them to a small anteroom, where they had a good supper. Then he showed them to a comfortable bedchamber over the carriage house.

For a while they lay on their cots, talking. The clock struck half-past eight, and Remi arose, saying:

"It is time to go to the veterinary's, Mattia. We will leave Capi here."

The dog ran from under Remi's bed, where he had been sleeping, but lay down obediently when Remi told him he could not accompany them. Capi knew that he was not to be abandoned, and was probably very well pleased that his wanderings were over for the day.

They took their instruments and descended through the courtyard into the street. It was very quiet at that hour; the shops were closed; and there were very few lights in the houses.

"This is not Paris, Mattia," said Remi. "The people go to bed very early here."

At precisely nine o'clock they paused before the house of the surgeon, and began to play. The sounds reverberated through the silent, narrow street; windows were opened all around, and heads—clothed in nightcaps of lace, cotton-flannel, silk, bandanna handkerchiefs, and woolen scarfs—were thrust out in surprise and apparent pleasure; for they remained in a listening attitude. Presently one of the windows of the veterinary's house was opened and his voice was heard saying:

"I am going to open the door. Then you can play in the garden."

The gate in the wall was opened almost immediately, and the master of the house appeared, fully clothed.

"You are nice boys," he said, pushing them gently before him. "But you are not familiar enough with our customs at Ussel to know that if you are caught playing in the street after nine at night you will be arrested."

Once inside, the concert was begun in earnest. Ladies and children in various stages of attire appeared at the windows overlooking the garden, and clapped their hands with enthusiasm after every number.

At the end of half an hour, Remi began to cover his harp, and made a sign to Mattia to put away his violin; the spectators retired, the windows were closed, and a boy brought some refreshments, which were heartily enjoyed. Then their host opened the gate, shook each of them by the hand, and told them not to forget to meet him as agreed upon next morning at seven.

They were awakened at an early hour by the tramp of cattle beneath their window, and, looking out, saw a great number of cows being driven to the market-place of Ussel, where sales were held every Tuesday and Friday morning.

At seven o'clock they were in front of the veterinary's door, and found him waiting. They were soon at the cattle-market.

"What qualities do you desire most in your cow?" he inquired.

"That she will not eat too much and will give a great deal of milk."

"Those qualities, strange as it may seem, often go together," said their friend. "Are you a judge of cows?"

"No, Monsieur," replied Remi, "I am not. But we had one like that, and my adopted mother used to say that was a sign of a very good animal."

"Are you buying the cow for her? If so, I wonder that she did not come herself."

"She does not know. It is a gift. I

have not seen her for more than three years, Monsieur, and I want to take her what I am sure she will like best."

"You have enough money for a good cow?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I have been saving it for a long time."

"Very well, then,—here we are."

The boys followed him up and down, now admiring one animal, now another, till he stopped in front of a pretty little cow, with clean limbs, mild brown eyes, white body and black head.

"How do you like this?" he asked. "She is the best I have seen."

"I like her very much," said Remi. "How much do they ask for her?"

The veterinary talked to the owner.

"He asks one hundred and fifty francs," he said. "But I can easily beat him down to one hundred. Can you pay that?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Is she a very gentle cow?" he inquired of the farmer, who now came forward.

"Yes, she is very gentle."

"I ask because we shall have to drive her a good distance."

"How far?"

"About thirty miles."

"Thirty miles!" exclaimed the veterinary. "I thought your friend lived somewhere in this neighborhood."

"She lives at Chavonis," said Remi.

"At Chavonis! That is nearer forty miles, and a good three days' journey with a cow. Why not wait and buy one from Boncours, who has fine cattle and is an honest man. He is just at the outskirts of Chavonis. You may save yourselves a lot of trouble that way."

"I know Boncours," said Remi. "Perhaps that would be better. I wanted a good cow, you see, and I knew about Ussel."

"Take my word for it, he will do what is right by you. I think, Valiance," he continued, turning to the farmer, "that this deal is off."

"Very well," replied the man. "As you say. I shall have no trouble selling my animal."

"I thank you, Monsieur, for your advice and your kindness," said Remi, as the veterinary left them. "And now what do I owe you?"

"Nothing at all. I am glad to have been of help to you. Now be off in the cool of the morning, if you mean to leave Ussel to-day. And God bless you!"

Before Remi could reply he jumped into his little cart and drove briskly away.

"That was good advice," said Mattia. "Knowing us to be strangers, the cow might have gotten away from us and done some damage. And, Remi, I don't think she would have stood peacefully by and allowed us to give our performances. And how ridiculous we should have looked running after her! Wouldn't we, Remi?"

"Yes, you are right," replied Remi. "But I did so want a cow from Ussel for Mother Barbarin!"

(To be continued.)

The Miser's Slippers.

IN Bagdad lived an old merchant, of the name of Abon Casem, who was famous for his riches, but still more for his avarice. His coffers were filled with coin and jewels, but the clothes he wore were as poor as could be, and not always neat. His turban was of the finest kind of linen for lasting: a kind of canvas and so mixed that its original color was invisible. But, of all his possessions, his slippers were the most curious. The soles consisted chiefly of nails, and the uppers of almost everything. Skilful cobblers had exercised their patience and ingenuity in keeping them together. The accumulation of materials had been so great, and their weight was so heavy in proportion, that Abon Casem's slippers became a favorite comparison when a

superfluity of weight was the subject of discourse.

It happened that one day, as this merchant was walking in the market, he had a great quantity of fine glass bottles offered him for sale; and, as the proposed bargain was greatly on his side, he bought them. The vendor informed him that a perfumer, having lately become bankrupt, had no resource left but to sell, at a very low price, a large quantity of rose-water; and Casem, greatly rejoicing at this news, hastened to the poor man's shop and bought up all the rose-water at half its value. He then carried it home, and put it in his bottles. Delighted with these good bargains, Casem decided to indulge in a perfumed bath.

While undressing, one of his friends, or one whom he believed such—for misers seldom have any—observed that his slippers had made him quite the byword of the city, and that it was high time to provide a new pair.

"To tell the truth," said Casem, "I have long thought of doing so; but they are not yet so worn as to be unable to serve me a little longer." And, having undressed, he went into the bath.

Not long afterwards, the Cadi of Bagdad came in, and, having undressed himself, he went into the bath likewise. When Casem came out and looked about for his slippers, he could not find them. In the place of his own, he found a pair sufficiently different to seem not only new, but splendid. And, feeling convinced that they were a gift from his friend, he triumphantly thrust his toes in them, and issued forth, radiant with joy and happiness.

On the other hand, when the Cadi had finished his bath, and was dressing, his slaves looked for his lordship's slippers in vain. But in a corner, they found those left by Casem, which were too well known to leave a doubt as to whom they belonged. The slaves immediately went in search of the unlucky Casem, and brought him back to the indignant magistrate, who, deaf to his attempts at defence, sent him to prison.

On being freed, the miserable Casem returned home, tearing his beard. Being mightily enraged with the old slippers, he seized upon them, rushed to the window and threw them down into the Tigris.

It chanced a few days after that some fishermen drew their nets under the window; and, the weight being greater than usual, they were exulting in their success, when out came the slippers. Furious against Casem, they threw them in at the window, at the same time reviling him for the accident. Unhappy Casem! The slippers fell among his bottles, which were ranged with great care along the shelf, and, overthrowing them, covered the room with glass and rose-water.

With a loud voice, and tearing his beard, according to custom, Casem roared out, "Accursed slippers, will you never cease persecuting me?" So saying, he took a spade and went into his garden to bury them.

It so happened that one of his neighbors was looking out of the window at the time, and, seeing Casem, he ran to the Cadi, and told him that the old miser had discovered a treasure. Nothing more was required to excite the cupidity of the Judge. He allowed Casem to aver as loudly as he pleased that he was burying his slippers, and had found no treasure, but at the same time demanded a fee. Casem talked to no purpose. Wearied out at last with his protestations, he paid the money and departed, cursing the very souls of his slippers.

Determined to get rid of these unhappy movables, he walked some distance into the country, and threw them into a reservoir, hoping he had now fairly seen the last of them. But they were carried along into the [illegible] and, sticking at the mouth of the aqueduct,

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they stopped it up, and prevented the water from flowing into the basin. The overseers of the city fountain, seeing that the water had stopped, immediately set about repairing the damage, and at length angrily dragged forth the old reprobate slippers, which they immediately took to the Cadi, complaining loudly of the great damage caused.

The unfortunate proprietor was now condemned to pay a fine still heavier than before. The Cadi, having delivered the sentence, said that he had no power of retaining other people's property, upon which the slippers, with much solemnity, were faithfully returned to their distracted master. He carried them home with him, meditating as he went how he should get rid of them; at length he determined upon committing them to the flames. He accordingly tried to do so, but they were too wet; so he put them on a terrace to dry. But a dog, whose master lived hard by, jumped from one terrace to the other till he came to the miser's slippers, and began to play with one of them. In his sport he dropped it over the balustrade, and it fell on the head of a young child and killed him on the spot. The parents went straight to the Cadi, and complained that they had found their child dead, and Casem's slipper lying by it, upon which the Judge condemned him to pay a very heavy fine.

Casem returned home, and, taking the slippers, went back to the Cadi, crying out: "See here the fatal cause of all the sufferings of Casem,—these slippers, which have at length brought ruin upon his head. Be so merciful, I pray you, as to give an edict that may free me from all imputation of accident which these accursed slippers henceforth may occasion."

The Cadi could not refuse this request, and Casem learned to his cost the folly of being a miser.

The Golden Cross.

SOME of the holy Fathers relate that an ingenious youth went to a goldsmith to learn his art; and, while he was diligently studying with him, one of the citizens of the city employed the goldsmith to make a cross of gold adorned with precious stones, intending to offer it to the church. Because the youth was very skilful, the master entrusted this work to him. Then the youth began to think to himself: "If this citizen offers so much money why can I not make an offering of my labor? For Our Lord may regard it as the widow's mite." And, thinking how much his work on it would be worth, he put that amount in the cross.

When the gentleman who had ordered the cross came to see it, before the jewels were placed in it, he had it weighed, and found that it was much heavier than he had ordered. He accordingly began to threaten the youth, thinking he had been fraudulent and had adulterated the gold. Then the youth said to him: "He who alone searches the heart knows that I have not done this thing; but, seeing you offer so much money to Christ our Lord, I thought to give my labor, that I might have a part with you." And the gentleman said to the youth: "Did you really think this?" And he replied: "These were my thoughts." And the citizen said: "Since this was your intention, and you have offered willingly what you could to Christ, seeking to have a part with me, behold, from this day I receive you as my son; and all that I have is yours." And he took him home with him, and made him his heir.

MUCH of our best tissue paper is manufactured from old rope, which shows the good use that can be made of what at first might be considered altogether worthless.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Some popular war books, we note, are being rewritten in the light of facts disclosed since the Armistice. Many others will never be written, and, as they stand, they are of far less value than the paper upon which they were printed.

—Readers familiar with German will find, besides the information proper to almanacs, a great amount of good reading and many attractive pictures—two full-page colored ones—in "Der Wanderer Kalender" for 1922. It is one of the best of our year-books.

—Recent activities among the Acadians—the French citizens of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island—give the note of timeliness to a new edition of Longfellow's "Evangeline." It is an illustrated edition, issued in paper covers by the Musson Book Co., Toronto.

—In "A Week-End Retreat," a twelvemo of sixty pages, by Father Plater, S. J., we have a number of thoroughly practical and downright talks that can scarcely fail to arouse the indifferent and warm up the tepid. Excellent reading for Catholics of all classes. London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. Price, 75 cents.

—In the posthumous work of James C. Fernald, L. H. D., "Historic English," is to be found this interesting statement: "The number of people speaking English as their vernacular has been credibly estimated at 160,000,000. Never before in the whole march of time did any one language have such wide ascendancy over the inhabited earth."

—Forthcoming books from the Oxford University Press include "Religious Lyrics of the Fourteenth Century," edited from MSS. in the British Museum, Cambridge University Library, and other smaller collections, by Prof. Carleton Brown; and the fourth volume of Mr. P. S. Allen's edition of the letters of Erasmus, covering the years 1519–21.

—Comedy is not so often, in these times, a laughing matter, but we believe that Lennox Robinson's "The White-Headed Boy" is an effective exception. This play, in which the stage directions are as droll, at least, as the dialogue, presents Irish domestic life very spontaneously, with no political side-issue. Denis Geoghegan (the spoiled idol of his mother), Aunt Ellen, Mr. Duffy, and the subsidiary members of both families, are set forth in an intrigue to which the spice of satire adds a most welcome pungency. Of course the Anglo-Irish dialogue is roguish and delightful throughout. Putnam's Sons publishers; price, $1.75.

—"Matters of Moment," by the Rev. John McCabe, consists of fifty "short souvenirs of sermons preached from Sunday to Sunday in a small mission in the North of England." Although only from two to three pages each in length, these "souvenirs" are always worth while, and form excellent reading for clergy or laity. Not the least valuable of the papers is the preface, by Bishop Keating of Northampton, now Archbishop of Liverpool. The book is a 12mo of 157 pages. Benziger Brothers. Price, $2.

—"The Divine Motherhood," by the Rev. A. Vonier, O. S. B., is a volume for the believer who accepts the full theology of the Incarnation. The author's foreword states that there is not a controversial word in the whole book. The purpose of its fourteen chapters is to render the maternity of Our Lady as natural and as consoling a thought as is that of human motherhood. The work, though a slender 12mo of only 104 pages, is important enough to have its table of contents supplemented by an index—which is wanting. Herder Book Co.; price, $1.

—"Life's Lessons," by the Rev. Edward Garesché, S. J., a 16mo of 192 pages, is yet another addition to this prolific writer's series of helpful books for Catholic readers. Quasi-treatises in practical theology, they are eminently suitable for occasional reading—and for rereading as well. Fourteen of this volume's twenty-seven papers run from ten to twelve pages in length; the other thirteen average from two to three pages each. One indulges the hope that Fr. Garesché may some day increase the usefulness of these books of his by making out a good index for each of them. Benziger Brothers; price, $1.50.

—During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, there appeared in England some pamphlets with extremely quaint and humorous titles, which, though amusing to us, no doubt sounded alluring to the sober Puritans for whom they were prepared. The *Biblio*, a magazine of booklore, gives a list of these titles; we quote a few which are alliterative as well as diverting: "A Most Delectable, Sweet, Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to

Smell at"; "A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust Cast upon John Fry"; "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness"; "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant"; "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion"; "Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." A Roundhead, who was perhaps a poet, languishing in prison, published "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

—In his partly biographical "Roughing It," Mark Twain told how he used to kill time in monotonous journeys across the Western prairies by reading a few pages of Webster's Unabridged and "wondering how the characters would turn out." To the average boy or man the dictionary is not an inspiring volume; yet there are many who "have felt the charm and significance of words, and who with sibylline zeal love to plumb their depths." All such word-lovers will welcome Ernest Weekley's "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English," recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Weekley is an English author who has already published "The Romance of Words" and "Surnames."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) $2.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1824–1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) $6.

"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—Heb., xiii. 3.

Rev. Richard Hoeing, of the diocese of Indianapolis; and Rev. F. H. Kelly, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Sister Marie, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Octavia, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. Bernard Herbers, Mr. C. A. Jorns, Mr. Thomas Anglin, Mr. John Lafferty, Mrs. E. Einwechter, Mr. George Michel, Mrs. John Ryan, Mr. Joseph Offerman, Mr. R. E. Klutho, Mrs. C. Larney, Mr. J. G. Beckmann, Mr. John Cashin, Mr. William Ward, Miss E. S. Primeau, Mr. John Dwyer, Mr. Joseph Kidd, and Mr. Robert Bone.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*



THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Trails of Life.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

UP and down the trails of life
I wander day by day,
Missing flowers and faces
That once made the mornings gay;
Missing kindly voices
That once made the evenings glad,
Holding only memories
Of the friends whom once I had.

Up and down the trails of life,
And nearing to the end,—
Nearing to the mansions
Of my Father and my Friend;
Listening for the music
Of the words I love the best:
"Come to Me, ye weary ones,
And I will give you rest."

Up and down the trails of life
With feeble step and slow,
Up and down the trails of life
A little more to go.
"Though their sins are scarlet,
I will make them white as wool."
Lord, the trails of life are hard,
But Thou art merciful.

LET us stand at our post and do our duty like good soldiers, under the eye of our true and sovereign Chief. And when death comes it will find us ready; its summons will be to us an awakening from sleep, the vanishing of a dream, the dawn of the real day, and of the life which is the beginning of bliss.

—*Mgr. Darboy.*

Our Lady of Lujan.*

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

IN 1630 a certain Portuguese, whose name has not come down to us, had a farm near Sumampa, a village some forty leagues from Cordoba, in the Province of Tucuman. Being a most devout Catholic, he wished to erect a chapel on his estate, and dedicate it to the Immaculate Conception, then called in Spanish *La Purissima Concepcion.* Accordingly he wrote to a friend in Brazil for a small *imágen* (image) of Our Lady under that title, asking him to send it by sea to Buenos Ayres. His friend sent two images: one of the *Purissima,* the other, somewhat larger, of the *Madre de Dios*—the Spanish designation for a Virgin-and-Child. The ship arrived safely at Buenos Ayres, and the sacred images had to be conveyed all the rest of the way by bullock-cart—a clumsy vehicle on two huge wheels, still used for long "camp" journeys with wool, timber, etc. These carts at that time travelled in caravans of twenty-five or thirty together—a measure rendered necessary by the hostile Indians.

Our Lady's two *imágenes,* each boxed up separately, were placed in the same cart. The caravan travelled slowly, of course, and on the third day reached a spot near the River Lujan, where there

* Pronounced Luchan, hard guttural *ch.* Old spelling "Luxan."

was a ranch called Rosendo de Oramas. Encamping there for the night, the men prepared to resume their journey next morning, when a wonderful thing occurred. The cart which held the sacred images would not move! The oxen were cruelly goaded, and as many as six yoke attached to the vehicle; yet, although there was no obstacle from road or rut, all efforts at motion proved futile. At last, it is said, the miracle recorded in Numbers (xxii, 28) was renewed; only this time it was an ox that spoke, reproaching his drivers for their blindness. This protest opened their eyes at once to the supernatural character of what had befallen the cart; so they took down the box containing the larger image, and then plied the goad. But no: the wheels would not stir. On the other box being taken out of the cart, all difficulty was over. It was, therefore, clear to them that our Blessed Lady wished the smaller image, at any rate, to remain at the spot she had chosen. And there it did remain; while the other, it appears, continued its long journey to Sumampa.

A hut of straw was Mary's first sanctuary near the River Lujan; and her first guardian there was a black man, sole occupant of the ranch. No wonder that a settlement soon formed around this favored spot,—a village, which, in course of time, grew into a town. A pious lady, Doña Ana Mattos, one day undertook to remove the sacred image from the ranch to her own house; but it had disappeared next day, and was found at home in its hut of straw! This was recognized as conclusive evidence that Our Lady had selected a particular spot, and meant to stay there. So it came to pass that, in the year 1677, Father Pedro Montalvo built a chapel on the ranch, with the money of Doña Ana.

In 1730, the centenary of the miraculous occurrence above recorded, Bishop Juan Arreguy erected a church in place of the humble chapel; and this church, in turn, was rebuilt and enlarged, in 1754, by Bishop Agramont and Don Juan Lezica. This sanctuary gave place to the present basilica.

Such is the origin of the shrine and sanctuary of Our Lady of Lujan, as tradition gives it. It is easy to call the miraculous story a legend unworthy of credit. But why is it unworthy of belief? Is there anything absurd about it? It does not read like an invention. For my part, I can not see any solid reason for rejecting it. However, be this as it may, the fact is beyond question that Our Lady has had a shrine at Lujan from the latter half of the seventeenth century. And equally is it matter of fact that recourse to this shrine has often been made, not only by countless individuals in all sorts of necessities, but by dignitaries of the Argentine Church and officials of the Argentine nation.

In 1763 Our Lady of Lujan was declared patroness of Buenos Ayres—that is, of the entire province. And what was this but a solemn public acknowledgment of many and great favors received from her? And particularly in the war of independence, which was fought in the early part of the last century, the Argentines invoked Our Lady of Lujan to aid them against the Spaniards, and attributed their victories to her intercession. Thus in 1813 General Belgrano offered at this shrine the flags taken from the Spaniards, while in 1815 Colonel French placed his troops under Our Lady's protection. It is far more interesting, however, to readers who are not Argentines, to know that the great servant of Mary who was afterwards, as Pope, to define her Immaculate Conception, paid his homage at this sanctuary of Lujan in the year 1824.

The image itself is a queer little thing, more like a doll than a Madonna. It is about fourteen inches in height,

though its dress makes it appear taller. The dress consists of a white robe, like an alb, which widens out, bell-shaped, at the feet; and over this a blue mantle, like a cope, covering the head and reaching to the feet. Both garments are of silk, and richly embroidered.

It is singular that the Argentine colors are those of Our Lady—white and blue; the latter, too, generally of the exquisite tint known as "the Blessed Virgin's blue." For this reason, I confess, I think the Argentine flag the prettiest in the world.

The shrine at Lujan is literally covered with votive offerings—silver hearts, arms, legs, etc.,—made in acknowledgment of favors received. But far more valuable donations have, of course, been lavished at Our Lady's feet there. Indeed the crown placed upon the head of the miraculous image was formed from a store of gold and jewels.

This crown, blessed by Pope Leo XIII., is a masterpiece of Parisian workmanship. It is valued at one hundred thousand francs, one of its diamonds being worth seven thousand. The arms of Pius IX., Leo XIII., Archbishop Aneiros (of Buenos Ayres), and of the Argentine Republic, are beautifully enamelled on it. The Pope had at first delegated Father Salvaire to crown the sacred image in his name; but the humble priest had come to ask that honor for Archbishop Aneiros, and the Holy Father granted the request.

The Archbishop, moreover, made a vow of pilgrimage to Lujan when the cholera attacked this city; and we may well attribute to Our Lady's intercession the surprisingly little harm done by the plague among streets and vicinities that were most favorable for its ravages. While Rosario suffered heavily, and other places and provinces —particularly Mendoza and Tucuman,—Buenos Ayres, both city and province, was singularly spared. It was, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to his Grace Archbishop Aneiros to be the Pope's delegate for placing the crown upon the head of Our Lady of Lujan. This was done in Our Lady's Month, 1887.

The procession was both picturesque and in good taste. At the head rode two companies of Knights of Our Lady: one company in blue, the other in yellow (the Pope's color). Bringing up the rear marched two battalions of infantry, sent expressly by the Minister of War. His Grace the Archbishop had the place of honor, of course; and in front of him was the bishop who was to sing the Mass. Then there were the other two bishops, and the canons with their violet capes; and then the miraculous image, carried in a sort of sedan-chair of blue plush, and resting on the shoulders of eight priests in alb and chasuble. The Dominican and Franciscan hábits; the long line, on either side, of surpliced clergy; the confraternities, with their banners of white or blue silk; the white-dressed Children of Mary, and the blue-sashed seminarians,—all contributed to fill up the picture. There were also three bands of music.

At the end of the Mass came the coronation ceremony. This was reserved for the Archbishop, as Apostolic Delegate. Intoning the *Regina Coeli* at the foot of the altar, and singing the collect which completes the antiphon, his Grace then blessed the incense, and, proceeding up some steps at the back of the altar, to where Our Lady of Lujan stood with her sacerdotal guard, censed the sacred image; then, taking the golden crown, placed it on the veiled head, saying as he did so: *"Sicuti per manus nostras coronaris in terris, ita et a Christo gloria et honore coronari mereamur in coelis."* ("As by our hands thou art crowned on earth, so may we deserve to be crowned by Christ with glory and honor in heaven!") At the same moment all the banners and flags

gave the royal salute, and the soldiers fired two volleys.

The *Te Deum*, of course, closed the ceremony, and the procession formed for the return march. The crowned image was brought back to its sanctuary along streets hung with banners, and the church itself was most tastefully decorated with hangings of blue and yellow—blue predominating.

Mary's sanctuary at Lujan is the most celebrated in South America, and her image there was the first to be crowned anywhere in the New World.

The Mistakes of Alexander.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

ALEXANDER McDONNELL had lately come to Montreal from his native County of Cavan, Ireland, and had found much that was congenial in the Northern city about the time when the Fifties were wearing to a close. He was somewhat lonely, however, in these new surroundings, until the letter of a friend introduced him to a family, who, though hospitable to their guests, admitted only a select number.

Alexander was at once invited to dine with his new-found friends. He took unusually careful note of his toilet, and set out, with his silk umbrella firmly grasped, as though it were a weapon of defence. It was chill November; every one of the leaves which had crowned the summit of the mountain, and colored the streets with their crimson and yellow, lay dead upon the pavements or whirled about in the air, which was charged with the fragrance of burning maple.

The dwelling towards which Alexander directed his steps was of gray-stone, brilliantly lighted from basement to attic. The front window of the drawing-room extended halfway across the house; and it was through it that he saw, as he sounded the knocker of the door, a face and figure belonging to some one, who appeared a moment and disappeared, as though curious to see who stood without. A smile crossed the man's homely, rugged countenance,—a smile which, with the brightness of dark eyes, was his only charm. He was ushered into a long, low apartment, at the far end of which were windows that looked upon a garden, where in summer many beds of old-fashioned flowers bloomed, and whence a tree obtruded its branches into the very window frame.

Alexander found his hostess, Mrs. Slevin, a pretty woman still, with wide-open, tranquil eyes and a mouth that suggested sweetness and humor. She greeted him cordially. And while she was bowing over his hand, the host appeared, all heartiness and geniality. Alexander allowed his eyes to stray to a corner of the room, near the piano, where some one was sorting music,—some one slender and very young.

"Why, Agatha," cried her father, "is that you in the corner? Come out here till I make you acquainted with Mr. McDonnell!"

Miss Agatha at once emerged. In her manner there was just a hint of shyness, which lent it a particular charm. The lonely man held her hand a moment, as though it were something very precious; and she, noting the smile that crossed his grim lips, smiled too, as if he had done something humorous.

"We are having just a few intimate friends this evening," explained Mr. Slevin. "Ah, here come some of them now!"

There was the sound of carriage wheels, the knocker of the door tapped, and then a pleasant bustle in the hall was heard. Four of the guests had arrived; but as they were all prosaic, married couples, who have nothing to do with this story, they need not be mentioned further. Almost at the

same moment steps were heard on the pavement, and two young people of striking appearance joined the animated group. Alexander, standing apart, felt his loneliness. These people had so much to say to one another. All were, however, very courteous, even cordial when introduced.

The stranger was asked to take into dinner Miss Eva Dudleigh, the young girl who had arrived with her brother. Her beauty would have been conspicuous anywhere. She had clear, white skin, with a dash of color in either cheek, a small red mouth, blue eyes, and hair of raven black. Quite aware of her own attractions, the beauty perceived the ugliness of her partner, with no redeeming smile upon his face. Secretly she wondered who he could be and why he had been asked to dinner. She made as slight an effort to entertain him as civility permitted; so that Alexander was glad to turn occasionally to his first acquaintance, Agatha, who sat opposite to him. It was to her that he said:

"I am afraid the only thing I can tell you about myself is that I am a very lonely man and probably rather awkward in society."

Each of the girls kept that phrase in her mind and pondered it. At least it was unusual; and the beauty, who was somewhat spoiled by the admiration she had received, regarded the speaker with more interest, wondering why he should be lonely. As she bestowed a slight degree of attention upon him, she presently took note of his redeeming smile and the flash of his keen dark eyes.

As the evening proceeded, Alexander, for his part, felt a pleasant warmth in his heart. He remembered the chill dreariness of the streets, the dust blowing in eddies amongst the dead leaves. In the house was the smell of appetizing viands, which escaped from the kitchen when the door was left open. Above all, there was the agreeable company, who had received him cordially into their midst. Only Miss Dudleigh held coldly aloof, he fancied; and he felt sorry as he regarded her perfect features and exquisite coloring, which pleased him as a beautiful picture might have done.

The brother, who strongly resembled his sister, but with a livelier and more agreeable manner, took Agatha into dinner. The lonely man wondered if these two were made for each other, and if he were thus looking into one of those mysteries of life from which he had hitherto been debarred.

As the guests lingered around the table, eating fruit and nuts from the delicate dessert plates, Alexander, who had a quick eye for trifles, noted how deftly Lionel Dudleigh cracked the nuts and laid them on Agatha's plate. He was also initiated for the first time into the meaning of a philopena. It was through that little ceremony, too, that he received his first rebuff. Having chanced upon a double almond, and laying it upon Miss Dudleigh's plate, with some remark as to the gift which it implied, the lady distantly replied that it was all a jest and that there could not be any question of a present. Alexander felt chilled and depressed, the more so as he knew he could have offered any gift that it would be proper for him to send or for her to accept. For money was nothing to this man, who possessed far more of that useful commodity than most of those who made up the party. He still pondered the coldness of Eva's manner, after the ladies had left the room.

II.

The next day had all the sweet balminess in the air which accompanies the "Mystical Summer of All Saints," though it was nearer to mid-month and that other interlude of fine weather which the French-Canadian calls the "Summer of St. Martin."

Alexander, setting out to take a long walk round the mountain, was reminded, by the brilliant sunshine and the glorious beauty of the day, of the Festival of All Saints when he had assisted at High Mass at Notre Dame, and had been delighted with the music. He seemed to hear again the voices of the boy choristers raised high in the *Justus ut palmas.*

"The just shall flourish like the palm tree," he quoted, while his grim lips smiled. So many of those, he thought, who had filled the dark, heavy pews of the noble Gothic edifice had gone to swell the choirs invisible. "If we could only be just in that Scriptural sense," he mused, "we should have a chance to 'flourish like the palm tree.' But, heigho, most of us are on the dead level, even if we are not going down hill!"

Swinging his cane, he walked vigorously after that, out past the turnpike road, past the tollgate, past the ancient farms, dotted here and there with orchards, now stripped of fruit and foliage, and waving wild, bare arms in the air, as if protesting against the encroachments of winter. He looked up at the rugged sides of the mountain, which already seemed to him like an old friend. The pines kept it decently clothed and fragrant, even when the other leafage had vanished. He saw close at hand an ash tree which had retained a few bunches of its brightly colored berries. Lowering a branch he picked one of its largest clusters. At that moment, turning a curve of the road, he spied a girl advancing towards him, her face aglow from the bracing temperature—Agatha! His heart bounded at the name, and for a brief interval he stood regarding her as her child's eyes were raised to his face.

Just then his late dinner partner appeared, looking more radiant than ever.

"Certainly," he thought, "she is very pretty: and her prettiness seems to enhance the beauty of the landscape."

The two girls apparently were glad to see him; and, by a sudden impulse, he took the cluster of ash berries and divided it between the two.

"They will give a touch of color to this Autumn grayness," he remarked. And, pausing, he added quaintly: "The color will enhance the charm of what is already beautiful."

"That compliment," laughed Agatha, "may leave either of us out."

The inexperienced squire of dames could not parry such banter as that; so he merely watched, with a smile, while the girls sought for pins to place the glowing scarlet berries conspicuously in their sombre costumes. The lonely man nodded, with an air of genuine pleasure:

"But I must not detain you, ladies."

"Why don't you turn back with us?" asked Agatha; and her eyes, bewitching in their candor, seemed to warm his lonely heart,—only it would never do, he thought, to let that warmth seize upon him.

"No, thanks!" he answered. "It is better that I should not turn back with you. We are travelling on quite different roads."

"How do you mean?" said the more literal Eva; but Agatha, understanding, cast down her eyes.

Alexander smiled at Eva's beautiful face, and responded:

"Because, my dear young lady, both of you are travelling on the road of youth, and I can not, if I would, turn back."

There was a suggestion of tears in Agatha's soft eyes, as he turned from Eva to her, and the sight strangely stirred the man. In another instant he would have cried out to her: "Oh, take me back with you on the road of youth, and let me live in your laughter forever!" But his lips said nothing. Raising his hat, he walked quickly on in the direction opposite to that which the girls were taking. They stood still

and watched till he had disappeared round a curve of the road.

"Isn't he strange?" exclaimed Eva.

"Different from other people," assented her friend.

"He must be quite old," added Eva.

"Yes: I heard father say he was all of thirty-eight."

"That *is* old," declared Eva.

The two girls, in their joyous youth, looked up at the mountain, in whose hoary age all human atoms were young. Nevertheless, gray-misted as it was, the sun lent it a look of perpetual youth.

(To be continued.)

A Martyr of Our Own Time.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

I.

PERHAPS nowhere does history repeat itself so strikingly or so beautifully as in the history of the martyrs. Whether it be that of an early Christian of the Catacombs, done to death in the Coliseum, or of a poor Chinese catechist condemned to be sawn in two only a few years ago, under all the accidents of time and place the same radiance shines forth from their Acts, the same marks of humility, joy, peace, overwhelm us with their brightness.

In the vast and stately palace of the Cancellaria in Rome, in the offices of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, we sought and found the process of beatification of one who displayed, in the last tremendous act of his short life, all the marks of heroic triumph we have learned to recognize in the death of a martyr.

Augustine Schoeffler was born on the 22d November, 1822, at Mittelbronn, in Lorraine. There is a well-founded tradition in his family that a Polish ancestor in the seventeenth century, having turned Lutheran, had constrained his children to do the same; but two of his sons, refusing to give up their Faith, fled to Strassburg, and subsequently to Phalsburg, in Lorraine, where one became a priest, and the other married and founded a family in which soldiers and priests appear to have predominated.

Augustine's father, however, Antony Schoeffler, settled as schoolmaster in the neighboring village of Mittelbronn, and there married Madeleine Heimroth, by whom he had six children, Augustine being the eldest. Little is known of his childhood, save that he was a good and well-disposed boy with some natural vivacity,—an instance of which lingers to this day in the family: how he once leaped over his bench in the "Salle des Catéchismes" instead of entering it demurely with the other boys. An uncle, the Abbé Charles Louis Schoeffler, was Curé of Arraye, near Nomény, and to his care the child was sent for his rudimentary education. At Arraye he made his First Communion, and soon afterwards expressed his intention to become a priest.

In due time he entered the Little Seminary of Pont-à-Mousson, called the "Athens of Lorraine," made illustrious by the presence of St. Peter Fourrier three centuries ago. His biographers say that the saint was all his life intent upon speaking and writing the French language correctly and purely. In this respect Schoeffler imitated his predecessor; his mother tongue was German, but his letters show how perfectly he had made himself master of French; and his career at the Little Seminary seems to have been a successful one. He did not, however, finish his studies there, but went for his rhetoric to the lay college at Phalsburg, his parents having moved to that town some time previously.

During this period of his life a military career, under very favorable auspices, opened before him; an uncle, afterwards colonel of his regiment, and

then a captain, being ready to receive him. But his vocation stood the test; and Sunday after Sunday he spent with his other uncle, the Curé of Arraye, who had been transferred to the parish of St. Louis, not far distant from his native Phalsburg. The weekly pilgrimage ended in an early tramp over hill and dale on Monday morning, for the eight o'clock class at the college.

Schoeffler entered the Grand Séminaire of Nancy in November, 1842; he was then twenty years of age, handsome of face and of fine physique; his fellow-students at Phalsburg had noticed his erect, soldierly bearing, and a certain aloofness and quiet reserve of manner. Though on good terms with all, he was intimate with none. A man of few words and considerable determination of character, his fine qualities soon attracted the attention of his superiors. Gifted with a good barytone voice, and being an excellent musician, he was made choirmaster of the seminary, and brought his choir to a high degree of efficiency. Intolerant of mediocrity, he ruled his subordinates with military discipline, and insisted upon each doing his utmost to attain perfection. When the choir of a diocese in the South of France made a tour in Lorraine, he was fired with the desire to form a similar body of singers under the title of "Chanteurs de Lorraine." For this purpose he recruited the best talent from the various seminaries of the province, and formed a splendid choir, which, during the vacations, lent its services whenever there was a great function in any of the surrounding parishes, to the great satisfaction of priests and people.

The course of studies in the Grand Séminaire consists of one year's philosophy and four years' theology. By the end of the first year, young Schoeffler's vocation to the Foreign Missions had become fixed and irrevocable; at the same time his intercourse with his fellows appeared more open and genial, especially with regard to the timid and to newcomers in want of help and encouragement. He formed friendships which were to endure through life, and to be carried on by letters after his departure for the East.

In the light of after events, his contemporaries tried to remember any salient marks of sanctity in him, but there seemed to be none. Diligent and hard-working, amusing himself with painting on glass when not practising his music, he had passed through his course of studies with distinction. He was reticent and in no wise addicted to demonstrative sentiment. His companions had noticed that he made the Stations of the Cross every week, perhaps every day; and, in a moment of expansion, he had once exclaimed: "If one were to meditate on the Passion of Our Lord daily for two years, one would be ready for any sacrifice, even for martyrdom."

On a pilgrimage to Treves with other seminarists in 1844, when the exposition of the Holy Coat was taking place, after their visit to the church, the party of young clerics went to the Roman Amphitheatre, where so many early martyrs had laid down their lives for the Faith; and young Schoeffler stood for a long time silent, apart from his companions, as if rooted to the spot.

At this period he made no secret of his intention to become a missionary, and even tried to instil the same purpose in the minds of some of his comrades, not disguising the possibilities of martyrdom. On the 6th March, 1846, he was ordained subdeacon, and about that time he made his intentions known to his family. The news was received with dismay. His parents had consented to his becoming a priest; but to lose him altogether, to see their first-born embarked for life in the dangers and miseries of the Oriental

missions, was more than they felt themselves called upon to bear; and they, and the whole family, opposed his resolve strenuously, even resentfully. Relations appear to have become somewhat strained, as we see from a letter of Augustine's to his devoted friend as well as co-disciple, M. Stricher, to whom he had given the task of trying to soften his parents' opposition. "Do go and see them again," he wrote; "find out how matters stand; and, having *sondé le terrain*, send me word as soon as possible."

Opposition, greatly as it distressed him, only strengthened his resolution. The superior of the seminary had given his approval, and taken steps to obtain the permission of the bishop. Augustine was to see his Lordship immediately on his return from a Confirmation tour. But there had as yet been no answer from the Missions Etrangères in Paris to the application for entrance made more than a fortnight ago. When these matters were settled, he wrote to a member of his family:

"O my dear friend, how difficult it is to do the will of God! Obstacles on every side. If I wished to do the devil's will, I should be allowed to do it quietly; I should even be called sensible; but because I desire to suffer a little with Our Lord and our Holy Mother, I am treated as an enthusiast, as ambitious, etc. O world, world, how thou weighest upon me! When shall I be freed from thy chains? These are sufferings, dear friend—painful sufferings,—and, were it not for the Tabernacle and the Blessed Mary's altar, I should be very unhappy. But a moment spent there banishes them all, and one comes away stronger than ever, and ready to bear anything....O shores of China, why may I not salute you, and water you with my tears? Dear friend, if they do not let me go, you may consider me the most miserable being on earth.... Forgive me these words which escape from my heart; it is glad to meet that of a friend beating in accord with itself. Friendship is a benefit which Heaven grants to its poor creatures. I have let my pen run on, and I trust neither *le bon Dieu* nor you will be offended with me."

The letter continues with words of encouragement to his friend, whose curacy was a trying one, and concludes: "You will perhaps say 'Physician, cure thyself.' Well, except at rare moments, I am pretty valiant, and I thank God for it. And never have I felt happier than in the midst of my sufferings; for the depths of my heart are nearly always in peace, though their borders are sometimes full of sadness."

After receiving the diaconate, young Schoeffler writes again to the Abbé Stricher on June 9, 1846, thanking him warmly for his continued efforts to obtain the family's consent: "Oh, if God would admit me to His presence while you are still on earth, I would try to make you some return for such signal services!" The Abbé had informed him that his parents seemed somewhat more inclined to accede to his wishes. "Blessed be Heaven!" he exclaimed: "At least they will no longer be offending God....Anyhow, whether they consent or not, I shall go as soon as my affairs are settled....'He who loves father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.' I shall follow this precept, this counsel if you will. To me it is a precept which I shall follow, cost what it may."

The annual retreat had just been given by an eminent Jesuit Father. Augustine had two conversations with him, and received great encouragement to follow his vocation. The question was discussed whether he should remain at the seminary for the fourth year of his theology or go to the Missionary College at the end of the third. It was finally decided to adopt the latter course.

"My director tells me to go now," he writes at the close of the above letter; "so I shall go. I have just written to my dear parents, doing my best to convince them. Dare I ask you again to go round to the house, and discover the effect of my letter? Send me the result in two words."

At the end of the scholastic year 1845–46, the young deacon went home for the summer vacation, where he preached his first sermon, in the Phalsburg church,—a sermon which produced a profound impression, according to his contemporaries. He had said nothing of his purpose of going at once to Paris; and at the end of the vacation, with great self-control, he took leave of his parents, as if he were returning for his final year at the seminary. He began his journey by going to Mittelbronn to pay a last visit to the church of his baptism, and, accompanied by one of his friends, the Curé of Fleisheim, he strolled along quietly on his journey. At the corner of the road leading to Fleisheim, where their paths separated, Schoeffler said to his companion: "*Monsieur le Curé,* I beg you to tell my dear parents that they will not see me again. I am leaving for the Missions." The two friends embraced after a few words of tearful farewell, and Augustine went on his way.

(To be continued.)

They Also Serve.

BY MEREDITH STARR.

THROUGH the long centuries I wait
Until the opening of the gate.

I shall have power on that day
To transcend the self of clay.

In this dark night I can not strive;
Sufficient that I am alive.

Here patience and submission win
The guerdon that lies hid within;

But on the day when I go free,
The Light of Life will shine through me.

Dora's Decision.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

A HANDSOME woman about thirty years old sat thoughtfully turning over a letter. She would read a line here, a few words there; then, leaning back in her chair, she seemed lost to her surroundings. She was carefully considering—an offer of marriage. It ran as follows:

"DEAR ADELAIDE:—For the third time since Gilbert's death—that is, three times in six years—I am asking you to be my wife. And I shall continue to ask you until you forbid me to write to you again. I have never been able to take your refusals seriously, and never shall; for, being a truthful woman, you will not deny that you once liked me as well as, if not better than, Gilbert, who, because I was so confident and so stupid, stole a march upon me and got you first.

"I shall say nothing of the state of mind in which it left me. I lived it down as well as I could; but my persistence in clinging to my purpose ever since the poor fellow left this world is evidence sufficient—is it not?—that I was faithful all through, in as much as was consistent with loyalty to him and to yourself.

"Adelaide, I believe you are not averse to me; something tells me I am not disagreeable to you; you are practically alone: will you not consider the proposal once more with the seriousness to which it is entitled? I may seem to write unfeelingly, but in reality I am feeling deeply—what I do not say. You know I am not one of those who wear their hearts upon their sleeves, or dip their pens in the rosy ink of flattery. I love you, Adelaide,—I can say no more. All that I ask now is that you will give me leave to come to you. I believe I could persuade you. Do not let any exaggerated loyalty to him

who is now, I trust, in heaven, allow you to cast aside a love and devotion that are almost as old as life itself. If he knows—and who can say that he does not?—he would wish us to be happy. Now, above all things do not write hastily in rejection. Give yourself time to weigh the advantages and happiness of a marriage with me, against a life of loneliness and widowhood.

"Yours devotedly,

"ARNOLD BRYCE.

"P. S.—The concluding lines may seem egotistical: they are not. You know very well we never quarrelled in the past that now seems so far away. You can not have forgotten that we used to have no end of good times together."

"We surely did!" murmured the lady, wiping a tear from her cheek as she finally placed the letter on her desk, and, taking a shade hat from the sofa, went into the garden. For some time she walked up and down between the long avenue of elms, her eyes fixed on the ground. The sound of a child singing arrested her attention. As she lifted her head and paused in her walk, a little girl about nine years old appeared running swiftly from the house.

"My lessons are all done!" she cried. "I saw you out here, mamma; and Fräulein said I might come down. Are you going anywhere? And may I go with you, please?"

Her mother looked down at her with loving eyes.

"How like me she is, and how glad I am!" she thought. "She is *all* me."

Taking the child's hand, she said:

"I am just walking around, and I shall be delighted to have you with me, Dora. I've been thinking over a story I once heard, and I believe I'll tell it to you. You're so wise, dear, that I shall enjoy hearing your opinion of it."

"Oh, no, *I* am not wise!" replied the child, as they walked gaily along together. "But I'll tell you just what I think, mamma; you know I always do."

"I had a friend once," said the lady,—"a very dear friend; and she had two friends, who were also great friends of each other."

"Boys or girls?" asked Dora.

"Boys. These two each wished to present a gift to the girl; and, curiously enough, they both chose the same thing."

"That was because they were such chums," said Dora, sagely. "Don't you know how often you and I think the same thing at once?"

"Yes, we do," replied the mother, with a smile.

"Was it a doll?" asked Dora.

"Oh, no! My friend was too grown-up for that. She was a young lady. It was a gift of a heart."

"That could open and shut,—to hold something—handkerchiefs or maybe embroidery?"

"Yes, the hearts could open and shut, Dora. But you mustn't ask too many questions. It makes me lose the thread of my story."

"I shan't say another word, mamma."

"It was a little strange," continued the mother, "that neither knew positively of the gift the other was to offer the girl. One of the young men was suddenly called away to a great distance; and, after he had gone, he wrote his friend about the gift he intended to present to the young lady; and also asked him to hand her a letter he had written, as he (the one who was staying at home) would soon see her. And then he went away."

"And the other boy took her the letter and both hearts?"

"No," rejoined the mother slowly. "He did not give her the letter at all; and he offered her only one heart—his own."

"Wasn't that a shabby trick to play?"

"A very shabby trick."

"Did she like it?"

"Pretty well, but not as well as she would have liked the other."

"Was the other prettier?"

"Very much prettier, I think. The one to whom it belonged was an artist, with every quality an artist should possess; while the other was less talented and tasteful, but thoroughly sincere,—at least in his affection for the girl."

"Yes, I know. But he certainly was mean, wasn't he, mamma,—the first one?"

The mother did not reply. Presently she continued:

"After a while the man who really gave my friend the heart—you understand, not the artist?—went very far away, never to return."

"That was a blessing, wasn't it?"

The mother looked down into the eyes of the child uplifted so earnestly to her own. A slight shiver ran through her; she could not meet those eager eyes.

"Perhaps it was foolish for me to begin this story," she said. "You can hardly understand."

"Please go on, mamma. It's very easy to understand," said Dora.

"After the one had gone away, never to return," she resumed—"a good while after,—the other came back and wanted to give her *his* heart again, after all those years."

"I thought he'd given it to the other man for her."

"Yes, he had; but the other one withheld it."

"Yes, I remember. But I should think he would have changed his present and given her something else; don't you?"

"Probably he thought a heart most appropriate. But the lady would not take it."

"Didn't she like him any more?"

"Yes, she did. She liked him a great deal better than she had ever liked the other one."

"Wasn't she queer and foolish?"

"Perhaps. Three times in six years he offered the gift, but she would not accept it."

"Poor man! He hadn't a great deal of spirit, though, had he?"

"I think he had. But he did not know the real story, you see."

"Yes, of course. But he did have perseverance. I like that, don't you?"

"Very much."

"I can't make *her* out, though, mamma. She seems to be silly."

"Well, you see, Dora, she had found out about the letter that hadn't been given her, and it made her suspicious. She had, somehow, grown to believe that there was no such thing as true love or friendship."

"She *was* silly. Just because one person is mean and deceitful it doesn't follow that everybody is. What do you suppose she did in the end?"

"Nothing—so far. But she has asked my advice."

"About such a *little* thing? One ought to be able to decide that in a moment for oneself, I think."

"I believe you are right, Dora."

"What are you going to tell her to do, mamma?"

"I've not decided, dear."

"I'm glad she doesn't live anywhere near. She'd be coming to see us. Such a person would be so dreadfully tiresome, mamma!"

"No: I believe you would like her very much, Dora."

"I can't think it. But I'm sure I should like the man, though. I wish we knew him. Do we?"

"I do."

"Will he ever come to see us?"

"Perhaps."

"Do invite him, mamma!"

"Perhaps I may—sometime."

"Is he nice-looking?"

"He used to be."

"Mamma," asked Dora, after a short pause, "was my papa *very* good-looking?"

"He was said to be."

"And we have no picture of him?"

"No, Dora."

"Mamma, why do you *never* tell me about him? Does it make you sad?"

"Yes, Dora,—very sad."

"Poor mamma! I was very little, wasn't I?"

"Only three years old, Dora."

"And you're still grieving for him!"

"I am still grieving."

Dora sighed two or three times.

"My dear," said her mother, "why do you sigh?"

"Because I'm disappointed, mamma. I've always wanted a papa more than anything in the world."

The mother stooped and took the dark, beautiful, piquant face in her hands.

"My darling," she said, "is not mamma enough?"

"Oh, yes! It's more for you that I want one, because you're alone so often, and can't go to many places where people who have husbands go. And sometimes, when little girls are walking in the middle between their father and mother, I—" The childish voice shook; she clung close to her mother's hand. After a while she said: "I think that lady ought to take the present. If I were you, I would tell her to."

"I will do it," said her mother.

.

Several days later, as Dora, tired of study, glanced lazily out of the window, she saw a tall, handsome man in a gray suit open the gate and quickly approach the house. She heard the bell ring, then her mother's step, and then the murmur of two voices in the room beneath her.

An hour passed,—two hours. Dora's classes had been long dismissed and still the visitor lingered. The child flitted up and down the garden, casting an occasional glance at the library window, but the curtains concealed the occupants. At last she sat down on a bench, and, leaning both elbows on her knees, began to meditate very seriously. She raised her dark eyebrows, knitted her small forehead, and pursed her sweet red lips.

"I really believe it is," she observed at last, in a satisfied tone.

Then she ran as swiftly as her feet could carry her to her mother's oratory, where, in front of a statue of Our Lady a wax candle was burning. Burying her face in her hands, she prayed with all the ardor of her innocent heart for—she hardly knew what.

Meanwhile, in the library, two lives that should have been united years ago were taking up the dropped threads which they had at last concluded to weave into a harmonious pattern.

"I am sure, Adelaide," remarked the young man, "Gilbert would be happy if he knew."

She did not answer him.

"You have always been ignorant of the fact that I sent him a letter to be given to you instead of dispatching it by post, and that he did not receive it until you were engaged. He did not tell you of it, I am sure?"

"No," she said in a low tone, looking away from him.

"He would not, he was so fine and tactful. I should not have asked the question. Well, it is all right now."

"Thank God, it is all right now!" she responded fervently.

For a moment she wavered, impelled by a strong, almost irresistible desire to tell him how, after her husband's death, she had found the letter among his papers, the date affording incontestable proof that it had been written before he asked and obtained her promise,—smarting as she was under the fancied neglect of Arnold, whom she had always liked much better than his friend. Her life with Gilbert had been happy enough, and her regret for him sincere and deep until that fatal day, which she must always remember, even though it had at last brought her the

knowledge that would once have been so dear. Then as quickly as it had come she banished the temptation. No, she would not destroy Arnold's faith in the friend he had cherished so warmly; she would not cast a doubt on the loyalty of the father to whose child he was now to be a father, and for whom she knew he would feel a double interest for both their sakes.

"Whom does your little girl resemble?" asked Arnold.

"She is very like me—in every way. We are great friends and companions."

"I hope she will not be jealous. I'm going to be very fond of her, if she will let me."

"She will let you, Arnold. Only last week she confided to me there was nothing in the world she desired so much as a father. Shall we go now and look for her?"

"Yes. I want very much to make her acquaintance."

"First let me show you our little oratory," she said, opening the door of a small room behind the dimly-lighted library.

There, in front of a miniature altar, her face hidden in her hands, knelt Dora. She looked up hurriedly, blushed, and rose to her feet.

"My darling," said her mother, "here before our Blessed Lady's altar I'm going to tell you that this gentleman, my old friend and a devoted friend of the father you do not remember, is to be your papa."

The child looked from one to the other, her face radiant, her eyes sparkling. Then, with a pretty gesture, she laid her tiny hands in Arnold's.

"I knew it—somehow I knew it—the very moment I saw you coming through the garden!" she exclaimed, as joyously and simply as though they had always been friends. "Oh, I'm so glad,—I'm so perfectly glad! And I can't remember that you ever looked really happy before, mamma."

Dupuytren's Grateful Patient.

BY E. DE LA FONTAINE.

DR. WILLIAM DUPUYTREN was, about eighty years ago, perhaps the best surgeon in Paris. The wonderful operations he performed made his name famous throughout France, and patients from all parts of the country flocked to the hospital where he operated.

Yet, though greatly admired by those who saw him at work, the Doctor was not popular, owing no doubt to his cynical sayings and somewhat morose character. Up at five o'clock summer and winter alike, he usually worked at the Hôtel Dieu till eleven, spent the afternoon visiting his patients, and was often kept in his consulting room till long after nightfall.

One evening the great surgeon was about to retire to rest after a busy day, when a belated visitor was announced, and a little old man, whose age it would have been hard to guess, entered the room. The black soutane which he wore clearly indicated his profession; but it was the kind, shrewd eyes that made the wrinkled face so attractive.

"Well! What do you want with me?" asked Dupuytren, with his usual abruptness.

"Before answering that question, Doctor, I will, with your permission, take a seat," replied the priest apologetically, drawing a chair towards him. "The journey has been almost too much for me." Then, after a pause, he continued: "It was two years ago that I first observed a swelling on my neck. The local practitioner, however, made light of it, and it was only when an abscess formed that I grew anxious. As the weeks went by, the abscess grew bigger and bigger, and the pain was intense. Then I stayed in bed a few days; all to no purpose, so I resumed

my work. You see, I am curé of four parishes near N——, and have very little time to spare. Lately my parishioners became worried about me, and left me no peace until I promised to consult a specialist, and here I am!"

"Let me examine your neck."

The old priest loosened a long, white bandage, and disclosed a sore so horrible in appearance that Dupuytren, hardened though he was, could not help admiring the venerable old man who had borne the agony of a journey in such a condition. For some time he studied the sore intently, pressed the edges and scrutinized them closely.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé,*" he said suddenly, releasing his patient, "you have come too late: there is now no cure—but death."

Silently and without a tremor, the priest took up his bandages and replaced them in position. Then he drew from his pocketbook a five-franc piece, wrapped in a bit of paper, and laid it on the table.

"I am not a rich man, Doctor," he said, "and there are many poor people in my parish; so I hope you will pardon me for paying so inadequately for a consultation with Doctor Dupuytren." He added, with a gentle smile: "I do not regret having come, for I know now what lies before me. Perhaps you might have given your verdict a little more gently. It is hard to die when one is full of life. Yet I harbor no ill-will. Good-bye, Doctor! I shall return to my presbytery and prepare for death."

After his departure, the Doctor remained for a few moments deep in thought. Strangely enough, for the first time perhaps in his life, he felt drawn towards a fellow-being. Courage and a strong will were the virtues he most admired, and he had found both in the priest who had just left the room. He suddenly felt a great desire to save the curé's life, if it lay in his power. With a few quick strides he reached the landing, and called over the baluster:

"*Monsieur l'Abbé,* would you mind coming upstairs again?"

The priest, who was halfway down the first flight, turned and painfully remounted the steps.

"*Monsieur l'Abbé,* an operation might save you; but it would be extremely painful, and the result more than doubtful. Yet if you wish, I will gladly attempt it."

"That is what I came to Paris for," the curé answered quietly. "I place myself in your hands, Doctor. If you succeed, my parishioners will be so pleased."

"Very well: it is settled. Go to the Hôtel Dieu, rest from your journey, and one of these days we will perform the operation."

As he spoke, Dupuytren drew a visiting card from his pocket, and, after scribbling a few words on it, handed it to the priest.

At the hospital, the curé received a kindly welcome from the good nuns, who made him as comfortable as possible; and a few days later Dupuytren arrived with his assistants.

When the operation was over, the Doctor stepped back with an air of relief.

"I think all will go well now," he said cheerfully, addressing his patient. "You suffered a great deal, didn't you?"

"A little. I tried to think of something else. Now I feel much more comfortable."

Dupuytren stayed by the little white bed until his patient fell into a doze; then, silently drawing the curtains, he left the room, followed by his astonished assistants.

It soon became evident to the other inmates of the hospital that Dupuytren had taken a fancy to the grey-haired priest. The little bed in the corner seemed to attract him in some mysterious way; and when the curé, still pale

and weak, took his first walk round the room, it was the Doctor's strong arm that steadied his steps.

The day came at last when the priest, well on the way to recovery, bade farewell to the Doctor and returned to his beloved parishioners.

One day, several months later, Dupuytren, on entering the Hôtel Dieu, was surprised to see his friend the curé waiting for him in St. Agnes' Ward. He was wearing the same black soutane that he had worn on his former visit, but this time it was covered with dust; and on his arm he carried a basket, out of which little wisps of straw protruded.

The Doctor gave him a warm welcome, inquired after his health, and expressed his surprise at seeing him back in Paris.

"Doctor," said the priest, "to-day is the anniversary of my operation. I could not let it pass without bringing you a small token of my gratitude. In this basket are two chickens from my poultry yard, and some pears out of my garden. See how fine they are! It would give me great pleasure if you would accept them."

Dupuytren's muscular hand took the curé's frailer one in a warm grasp.

"Come and dine with me to-night," he said, "and we will enjoy your tempting presents together."

The old priest shook his head.

"No, no!" he said: "I must be starting home again. I am very grateful to you, but my time is precious; so is yours. Good-bye, Doctor! I shall never forget that my life was in your hands."

And, with another clasp of the hand, the curé was gone.

Two years later, on the same date, the curé appeared once more, with his basket of chickens and pears. Dupuytren was visibly touched by such persistent gratitude, and in the long interview that followed showed quite a new side of his character. Alone with the simple old priest, he forgot to be cynical, and revealed under his hard exterior all the misery of a soul lost in a sea of doubt.

It was about this time that Dupuytren felt the first symptoms of the mysterious disease which eventually carried him off. He tried every remedy, called in the best doctors, and, as a last resource, went on a journey to Italy, though with but little hope of a cure. His forebodings were only too well justified; for when he returned in 1834, he knew himself to be a doomed man; and the knowledge tended only to increase the natural sombreness of his disposition.

One evening, feeling worse than usual, he called his nephew to his bedside and dictated the following letter:

MY DEAR CURÉ:—It is now the Doctor who, in his turn, has need of *you*. Come at once, or you may come too late. DUPUYTREN.

Needless to say, the curé lost no time in going to his friend's bedside. For over an hour he remained closeted with the dying man; and when he came out of the sick room, he showed signs of deep emotion.

Soon afterwards the great practitioner breathed his last. The funeral service was held with much pomp in the Church of St. Eustache. Among the silent groups that followed the body to the grave was a quiet figure, scarcely noticeable in its black garb—the old curé. As he walked along, he was singing in his heart a hymn of thanksgiving; for had he not prayed daily to the Blessed Virgin, beseeching her intercession for the soul of the great physician who by his skill had restored him to health and strength?

A SAINT is simply a man who can act as well on what he sees only by faith as on what he sees with his eyes. Faith is the more real of the two to him.—*Faber.*

The Czar's Cure.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

A CZAR, falling sick, exclaimed: "I will give half my kingdom to the person who can cure me!" Then all the wise doctors tried their best to cure the sick ruler, but with no success. One of them, however, declared that the Czar could be partially cured. He said: Find a happy man and bring his night cap to the Czar. As soon as he puts it on, he will begin to feel better.

Messengers were sent to all parts of the kingdom in search of a happy man. None could be found. One was rich, but he was sick. Another was well, but he was poor. A third was both rich and well, but he had a scolding wife; a fourth, unruly and ungrateful children. All wished to have something different about their lives.

One evening, as the Czar's son was passing a poor hut, he heard some one within exclaim: "Thanks be to God, I have worked well, eaten well, and now I am going to have a good night's rest. What more do I want?"

The young prince was filled with joy. He sent his messenger to ask the man for his nightcap, instructing him to pay any sum to secure it.

The messenger hastened to the home of the happy man and made his errand known. "I am very sorry," said the poor man. "You should have the nightcap for nothing and welcome, if I had one. But I do not own such a thing."

The Czar was told of this; and resolving to bear his illness with patience, soon found himself on the road to recovery.

IF sorrow and contrition appear wanting, at least be sorry that thou art not sorry; for this indeed is sorrow. The like may be said of the desire to love. If the desire to love God be sincere, it *is* love.—*Tauler.*

History Coming into Her Own.

IT really does seem as though History were coming into her own at last, as "Monachus Minor," writing in the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican), contends. He himself, though a writer on historical subjects rather than an historian, affords proof of this. One experiences real delight in his telling of what he has learned; it is like listening to a teacher who knows his subject and feels it a duty to impart his knowledge. "When a Jesuit like Grisar," he writes, "can produce six great volumes of a Life of Luther which Protestants acknowledge as entirely fair; when Gairdner, a Presbyterian, can find and digest historical materials which demand that the adjective be eliminated from the popular title that has been bestowed upon 'Bloody Mary'; and when a Presbyterian professor produces a book like Dr. Preserved Smith's 'The Age of the Reformation,' there can no longer be any excuse for charging our historians with unfairness."

This is by way of introduction to a review of the last named work, to which "Monachus Minor" assigns a place amongst histories worthy of the name, because the author, besides possessing genuine scholarship, aims "to find and set forth the truth, unaffected by predispositions which are almost inevitable when one undertakes to treat so difficult a subject as he has chosen. For example, he makes not the slightest effort to explain away, as so many Protestant historians have done, the foibles and even the loud iniquities of the Reformation heroes."

To show what kind of reformers Luther and Calvin were, and the atmosphere in which Protestantism took its rise, "Monachus Minor" quotes the bald facts of Luther's relation to the bigamous Philip of Hesse, set forth by Dr. Smith; also his picture of Calvin,

who is still regarded as a "saint" by many of his followers. Dr. Smith credits Luther with sincerity, but "Monachus Minor" combats this appreciation: he can not believe that the prince of the Reformation was sincere. He writes:

Dr. Smith recounts how Luther gave his consent, along with Melanchthon and Bucer, to Philip's having two wives. But Luther was at the same time zealous for the good name of the Protestant Church, and would have no scandal, if it could be avoided. He advised Philip to keep the matter secret, and if necessary to "tell a good strong lie for the sake and good of the Christian Church." This happened in 1540, at the time Ignatius Loyola was laying the foundations of the Jesuit Society. So it would appear that the great founder of the Jesuits was not, as is so generally believed, the originator of the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." To protect the Church by telling "a good strong lie" was good Lutheran doctrine in the year of grace 1540....Dr. Smith, in summing up Luther's character, says, "His grandest quality was sincerity." One is constrained to ask, How about that "good strong lie" which he so vigorously recommended to the bigamous Duke?

John Calvin, of course, comes in for much consideration in this book. Here again there is much to shock and disgust; and if there is any one amongst my readers who has the idea that Calvin was in any sense a saint, I strongly recommend Dr. Smith's work to him. His effort to make Geneva a model city, according to his notions of morality, was a tragic failure. "The records of Geneva show more cases of vice after the Reformation than before," and the evil came very near home....Brutality was the order of the day. A little girl of thirteen was condemned to be beaten with rods for saying she wanted to be a Catholic; and, for the crime of noting on one of Calvin's tracts the words, "All rubbish," one James Gruet was tortured on the rack twice a day—morning and evening—for a month....The burning of the Spanish physician Michael Servetus was the climax of the Calvinistic reign of terror...."

It would be interesting to have "Monachus Minor's" opinion on the Reformation in England and his estimate of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, etc. He would be sure to "tell the truth and shame the devil."

Notes and Remarks.

Outlining in an address in Parliament the English Government's proposals to alleviate unemployment, Prime Minister Lloyd George made this striking declaration: "Peace and a good understanding among nations is vital. Let us get out of the atmosphere where if you talk about a German without a frown on your brow you are no patriot." It is high time to get out of such an atmosphere; and surely the members of that profession which is most intimately concerned with the spiritual welfare of mankind ought to lead the movement, and stop talking about the treachery, brutality, etc., of the Germans during the war—as if such things were wholly confined to them. 'They would leave us nothing but our eyes with which to weep. We had sacrificed everything save honor; and, had it been in their power, they would have deprived us of that.' We quote from a recent address by an eminent European ecclesiastic on whom repeated exhortations of the Holy Father would seem to be lost.

The charity which excludes Germans ought to be called by some other name; and so ought the love of country which connotes hatred of any other country. If we were as Christian as we imagine ourselves to be, we should see evil in nationality and patriotism, and aim to be just Catholics, thinking about our native land only as much as we do about the street we live in. This is not saying that there are duties at home which may be neglected, or obligations to one's Government and fellow-countrymen which may be disregarded.

The editor of the *Field Afar* touched recently upon a very interesting subject, which suggests a delicate question, too. "College halls," he says, "again resound with the step and voice of

students, and school periodicals will again regale their small circles of readers with the usual quantity and quality of literary efforts. . . . After their school years, will any of these college authors ever have anything 'in print'? It is unfortunate that so little of the promising talent displayed in our school periodicals is used to add to current popular Catholic literature." Many things might be said in comment, and there are some who would quote Josh Billings' shrewd remark: "Early genius is like early cabbage—it don't head well." Nevertheless, the failure of Catholic colleges to rear recruits for literature is strange and disconcerting. It would seem that the educational environment is not favorable for the cultivation of literary gifts, or at least that its chief purposes are different.

To some extent, it is worth observing furthermore that Catholic convent schools are much less open to the criticism we have been making than are the institutions for young men. Agnes Repplier's "Convent Days," in spite of its satire, is consoling evidence of convent teaching ability. Mrs. Gerould, Miss Guiney, Elizabeth Jordan, and numerous others, have likewise sat under nuns. In comparison, Catholic men's schools have little to offer excepting an occasional sport-editor.

The ignorance of the educated is no new phenomenon in any part of the world, and religious ignorance in particular is as common nowadays as it could well be. Speaking recently on the "forward movement" of the Catholic Truth Society, Cardinal Bourne enunciated several truths which are quite as applicable to this country as to his own. "What," he asked, "is the supreme obstacle to the return of England to the Catholic Faith? Pure ignorance! The one thing that prevents our fellow-countrymen, with their religious spirit, with their respect for Almighty God, with their submission to His will, with their recognition of His Divine Providence,—the one thing that holds them back from submission to the Catholic Church is that amongst even highly educated men there is a most extraordinary and profound ignorance of what the Church really is and what she really teaches. That profound ignorance is shown again and again on such questions as the Infallibility of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady, the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. In all these matters we come across the most astounding ignorance as to the teaching of the Catholic Church, even amongst those who, in most other matters, are deservedly ranked as educated persons."

Whether or not Americans as a people have the religious spirit—respect for the Almighty, submission to His will, and recognition of His Divine Providence—may be a matter of opinion; but their ignorance of Catholic doctrines is a matter of fact.

Though regrettable that the English Catholic Confederation, at its recent conference, should have passed a resolution declaring that a Catholic can not be a Socialist, and that the Labor Party has become Socialistic, it is gratifying that authoritative repudiation of this resolution has been so emphatic and so prompt. It was moved, it seems, by Mr. Thomas Burns, who has done great work on behalf of Catholic interests in the Labor movement, but of late has been devoting his energies to propagating the view that no Catholic can consistently identify himself with the Labor Party. He has been going too far and too fast. The matter is being investigated by the Holy See, and there has been no condemnation of Catholic trade-unionists. A correspondent of the London *Tablet*, writing from the Cathedral Clergy House, remarks:

"Surely it belongs in the first place to Catholic bishops to denounce what is dangerous to faith and morals; and surely it is unfitting for a mixed body of laity and clergy with no canonical status to assume this essentially episcopal function, and that in a most contentious matter, affecting the consciences of thousands." And the editor of the *Tablet*, in a leading note on the subject, has this to say:

To proclaim that a Catholic may not be a Socialist is an attempt to decide a question upon which it is for ecclesiastical authority to speak, and on which the Church has issued no decision; whilst to say that the Labor Party is a Socialist party is a verdict on a point which is certainly highly debatable. The resolution, therefore, settles nothing, but it is none the less mischievous in that it is an undue embarrassment to Catholic trade-unionists, whom it may bring into needless collision, not only with their unions, but also with the Labor Party. Much more would have to be definitely known about Socialism and the Labor Party before such affirmations as are put forward in the resolution could be regarded as sufficiently founded and certain. And we may be sure that not till then would the competent ecclesiastical authority undertake to decide the question whether a Catholic may be a Socialist. It all depends upon what is meant by Socialism: there may be a Socialism which it would be possible for Catholics to accept, or a Socialism which is impossible. Thus the late Archbishop of Liverpool, referring at the Plymouth Congress to Mr. Philip Snowden's then newly published book, "Socialism and Syndicalism," said that "a new Socialism had sprung up in England; and if that Socialism, advocated by one who was perhaps the greatest leader of Socialism in England, was going to prevail, instead of its being an enemy, they would not even need to be in a position of armed neutrality, but could clasp hands with it." In view of a statement like this, it was surely premature for a body like the Catholic Confederation to take upon itself to attempt to decide such a question.

As a summary of the evils threatening the civilization of our times in all quarters of the world, the following excerpt from a recent joint pastoral letter of the bishops of Poland is admirable, as is the remedy which they prescribe for those evils: "The bishops have several times branded the contagions of anarchy, Communism, usury, profiteering, groundless strikes, feigned love of Motherland intended only to hide private party interests. Once more we raise our voice in condemnation of these evils, and strongly advise peacefulness, economy in everyday life, contentment with moderate circumstances, and doubled efficiency of work; for it is only by the united virtues of her children that our beloved Poland can fulfil her task."

There is no country of which we have any knowledge in which much, if not all, of the foregoing advice is not timely —and necessary.

The address delivered before the Bar Association of the United States at Cincinnati, on Aug. 31 last, by the Hon. James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the U. S., and published in the October number of *Current History*, is aptly characterized by the editor as "a masterly analysis of the spiritual malady of the time, the general revolt against authority, which threatens civilization itself,—aversion to labor, class hatred, mass morality, all symptoms of a mechanical age devoid of character and stamina." This remarkable address does not lend itself to quotation; it is so closely connected and so uniformly important as to demand reading in its entirety. A notable feature of it is the text—memorable words of the Holy Father,—in reference to which Mr. Beck says in his exordium:

Lest I be accused of undue pessimism, let me cite as a witness one who of all men is probably best equipped to express an opinion upon the moral state of the world. I refer to the venerable head of that religious organization which, with its trained representatives in every part of the world, is probably better informed as to its spiritual state than any other organization. Speaking last Christmas Eve, in an address to the College of Cardinals, the venerable Pontiff gave expres-

tion to an estimate of present conditions which should have attracted far greater attention than it apparently did.

The Pope said that five plagues were now afflicting humanity. The first was the unprecedented challenge to authority; the second, an equally unprecedented hatred between man and man; the third was the abnormal aversion to work; the fourth, the excessive thirst for pleasure as the great aim of life; and the fifth, a gross materialism which denied the reality of the spiritual in human life. The accuracy of this indictment will commend itself to men who, like myself, are not of Pope Benedict's communion.

This address of our new Solicitor General ought to be issued as a public document. It well deserves the widest possible dissemination.

Devotees of the movies, who read an article contributed to the current number of the *North American Review* by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, will experience a jar which should do them good. It is a pungent article, with a decidedly expressive caption—"The Movies as Dope." The exact meaning of this slang word will be plain from the following extract:

The movies are worse than a sedative: they are dope, pure dope, the most deadly ever invented. Only shadows appear on the screen, moving with an abruptness, a haste, that leaves no time to wonder why they move at all. The films give something to look at, nothing to think about; and something to look at without thought stupefies, hypnotizes. Vacancy of mind prepares for the hypnotic state; and, staring at the screen, the modern lotus-eater drifts easily and placidly into the land where it is always afternoon, achieves Nirvana far sooner than the Hindu Yogi starving and staring at his middle.... It took centuries to develop the art of cookery, and to-day America lives on cold storage. It took centuries to develop the art of the musician, and to-day our pride is in canning his music. It took centuries to develop the art of the painter and the illustrator, and to-day we throw it to the camera. It took centuries to develop the art of the dramatist and the actor, and to-day we waste it on the films. It took centuries to develop the art of education, and to-day we strive to turn it into play. The small minority, however desperately it may cling to art and thought, will have but a meagre chance against the large majority hurrying along the shortest cut to that Earthly Paradise where no alphabet need be mastered, for no one will read; where art and thought will be remembered only as the sad follies of the sad generations who lived before the blessing of the movies had fallen upon mankind.

Fine satire is this. The exaggeration is pardonable, being for emphasis.

That distinguished scientist, Sir Bertram Windle, does not waste words in discussing a question which, reputable historical critics have long decided, affords no argument against the infallibility of the Church or of its head, the Pope. Writing of "Catholics and Science," he dismisses the question in this brief paragraph:

Let us commence with astronomers, since Galileo is the usual stone flung by the ignorant at our religion. Galileo was a great but rather foolish person, who, having first denounced, afterwards upheld the views of a much greater man, Copernicus (1473–1543), a priest and a canon, and the real hero of the heliocentric controversy; although the first person amongst modern writers who sustained the thesis that the earth revolved around the sun was Cardinal Nicolas De Cusa (1401–1464). As to Galileo (1564–1642), it may be as well to note, having regard to the ignorant falsehoods constantly appearing on the subject, that he died in his own house, *not* in a prison of the Inquisition; after receiving the blessing of the reigning Pontiff, and therefore *not* under sentence of excommunication; and that he was buried in his parish church, *not* in unconsecrated ground.

Like many another historical jumping-Jack, however, Galileo will doubtless continue to pop up for years to come as an instance of the Church's enmity to science. None so blind as they who will not see.

The average Catholic, reading some of the stereotyped calumnies of anti-Catholic zealots, is apt to exclaim: "How can persons of ordinary common-sense credit such absurdities?" One explanation of the matter is given by Dr. James J. Walsh. He was speak-

ing a while ago of the success of these zealots in obtaining large financial returns, and remarked: "During the war 1,750,000 men were examined for the army. Psychologists discovered that the average mental age of the recruits was thirteen years. That is to say, that the average man's mind was intellectually developed no more than that of a child. No wonder the bigots find it so easy to get the money when they are dealing with the children." And no wonder that persons of such low mentality are disposed to believe any absurdity directed against the Church which they have been trained to hate or to despise.

Over in England the work of public speaking on Catholic subjects to non-Catholic audiences has attained considerable proportions, and is succeeding beyond the expectations of its originators. The London *Catholic Gazette* publishes a page or two of excellent advice to the speakers engaged in the work; and, among other counsels, gives this one: "Always remember, therefore, that you are explaining your religion to outsiders, not points of doctrine to believers; and be prepared to follow up lines of thought which your audience appreciates, rather than others which may appear to you more cogent."

This is excellent advice to give to any Catholic who habitually, or occasionally, discusses religion with non-Catholic friends or acquaintances. To assume that one's auditor admits as a matter of course certain truths which to a Catholic are obvious, is to assume altogether too much; and it is mere waste of time to build up an argument on a premise which is not admitted by the person with whom one is arguing.

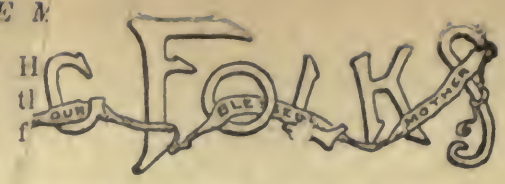
Wondrous indeed are the ways of Providence. When St. Gabriel Possenti lay dying, the late Father Fidelis, C. P., was fighting in the ranks of our Federal Army, little thinking (for he afterwards became, like his father, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church) that he would ever be a Catholic, least of all a priest and a fellow-religious of St. Gabriel. Yet so it happened; and he was present at the beatification of the saint, in whose honor, while superior of the Passionists in this country, he founded a monastery in his native city.

Half a century and more ago, a young Catholic lady on her way to High Mass on Sunday used to meet Dr. Stone on his way to the fashionable Protestant church of which he was the idolized rector. She became a nun; and, while kneeling one night for the opening prayer of the annual retreat of the community, saw him enter the sanctuary in the garb of a Passionist, to begin the exercises. What must have been her feelings at the moment, and when, next morning, he stood at the altar! But, then, Father Fidelis offering Mass was a deeply impressive sight for any one to witness.

There may be a difference of opinion as to the advisability of noticing the multitudinous calumnies about the Church published in anti-Catholic periodicals; but there can be no question that the style of refutation adopted by the *Catholic Citizen* is as effective as it is terse. Here is an instance:

'The man who shot Roosevelt was a Roman Catholic. The man who shot President McKinley was a Roman Catholic. The man who shot President Garfield was a Roman Catholic. The man who shot President Lincoln was a Roman Catholic.'

These are lies brazenly put forth by the Ku Klux "Searchlight." The man who shot Roosevelt was an anti-Catholic. McKinley was shot by an anarchist, who refused to see any clergyman prior to his execution. Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield, was of Huguenot ancestry and had belonged to several Protestant denominations. Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, was ancestrally an Episcopalian, but himself not a member of any Church.



a leafless tree, or in the corner of an old shed, was none too comfortable.

Then there came a day when to his other troubles was added a dreadful feeling of illness. His head seemed as if it were going to split in two with pain. He staggered along to a farm gate, and asked to be allowed to lie down for a while in some warm place; for he thought the cold was killing him. "Go along into the shed where we keep the sheep," said the farmer. "It is warm enough there." And so it was; and the moist breath of the sheep, of which the place was full, soon thawed Valentin's frost-stiffened limbs.

But when the farmer came back to look for him and to send him on his way again, he was alarmed at his appearance. Such a red and swollen face; and eyes so bright and burning with fever!

"What am I to do now?" cried the poor farmer. "Without doubt it is the smallpox, and will be the end of you; for if you stay here, you'll die for want of proper care; and if you go away, you'll die of the bad weather." It did,

The Emperor's Librarian.

BY G. M. HORT.

THE summer day was sinking slowly over the city of Vienna. The bells of Saint Rupprecht and of the cathedral of Saint Stephen had just chimed the Angelus; and in the quiet quadrangle of the Imperial Museum, where the pigeons strutted contentedly on the grassplot, or cast shadows over the face of the sundial, Valentin Jameray Duval, the Emperor's librarian and keeper of the Museum, had come out, as was his custom, to take the air a while before supper.

He was a stately, almost formidable figure, in his long, black cloak, with his erect head, and grave, thoughtful countenance. Rich lace ruffles fell over the slender white hands which had handled so many books, and seemed never, by any possibility, to have handled anything less worthy of them. His walking stick had a heavy gold knob, and from the silken ribbon around his neck hung an onyx seal with a gold setting.

A great man, indeed, was the Herr Librarian! Yet, for all that, he had not been long in the quadrangle before he was joined by a little group of children. Florian and Jan, the gate-porter's young sons, and Maria and Minna, the little daughters of one of the gardeners in the Botanical Gardens, greeted him, respectfully indeed, but with quite fearless confidence.

A moment they stood, hushed, with clasped hands, to repeat the Angelus; and then a moment longer, while Herr Duval added his customary evening prayer to Saint Anne, for whom he had a special devotion. And now they were ready for the promised story which the Herr Librarian would tell them before supper—the story of a little ragamuffin French boy, born many years ago in a poor village of Champagne, when Louis XIV. was King of France.

The name of the village was Artenay, and the name of the little peasant boy was Valentin. He was named, no doubt, after the great bishop who died a martyr in Rome in pagan days. But if so, it was only in name that he resembled him. Artenay was not the sort of place from which one would expect bishops and saints to come, except by some wonderful grace of God. True, Our Lord blessed poverty and the poor; but still there is a certain kind of poverty which makes it hard for people to lead good and pious lives.

It was not *holy* poverty in which the

folk of Artenay lived. Since that time happily, they have changed a little for the better. There is a school there now, and a house for the schoolmaster, and a supply of pure water. But when Valentin was growing up, it would have made one's heart ache to see the dirty hovels, and the poor, downtrodden peasants, and the boys and girls so wild and ignorant, and almost always hungry besides.

Valentin was the eldest child of his parents; but he had many brothers and sisters, and you may guess that the family had a hard time of it,—so hard indeed that when Valentin was ten, his poor father sank under the struggle and privation; and even the little he could earn by field work was no longer forthcoming. He died, and his wife and children must make what shift they could for themselves.

Things were even worse than usual then on the countryside; for money was wanted for the King's wars, and there was less than ever to spare for anything else. So you may imagine that when a neighbor, who had a little farm, came to Valentin's widowed mother and said, "I want a boy to look after the poultry, and if your Valentin is trustworthy, I'll take him," the poor woman was quite overjoyed.

It did not occur to her that Valentin, though he never meant to be dishonest, was not quite the kind of boy the neighbor would have called "trustworthy." He was of an inquisitive and restless disposition, always asking himself questions about everything he saw and heard; and, because he found nobody to answer them, and had no books or teachers, he tried to answer them for himself.

When he got to the farm, the farmer told him to take a flock of turkeys out into the fields, and look after them while they picked up food. That was all very well, and Valentin went readily enough. But soon his curiosity got the better of

was fighting in the ranks of our Federal Army, little thinking (for he afterwards became, like his father, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church) that he would ever be a Catholic, least of all a priest and a fellow-religious of St. Gabriel. Yet so it happened; and he was present at the beatification of the saint, in whose honor, while superior of the Passionists in this country, he founded a monastery in his native city.

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brothers and sisters; and she would be naturally angry with him for having taken the bread and soup out of his own mouth by annoying the good neighbor,—just, too, when the winter was coming on, and food dearer and scarcer than ever. No, there was no room for him at home. And Valentin, when he had done crying, said a little prayer for the protection of God, and tramped away out of Artenay.

The folk in this part of the country were mostly poor; and the wars had made them poorer. How could they afford to hire a boy, who looked as if he would eat a good deal more than his work would be worth? And meanwhile every day it was getting colder and colder. That winter was a specially hard and bitter one; and you, who even in your beds, well-covered up, have felt the cold on frosty nights, can imagine that ragged Valentin, curled up under

a leafless tree, or in the corner of an old shed, was none too comfortable.

Then there came a day when to his other troubles was added a dreadful feeling of illness. His head seemed as if it were going to split in two with pain. He staggered along to a farm gate, and asked to be allowed to lie down for a while in some warm place; for he thought the cold was killing him. "Go along into the shed where we keep the sheep," said the farmer. "It is warm enough there." And so it was; and the moist breath of the sheep, of which the place was full, soon thawed Valentin's frost-stiffened limbs.

But when the farmer came back to look for him and to send him on his way again, he was alarmed at his appearance. Such a red and swollen face; and eyes so bright and burning with fever!

"What am I to do now?" cried the poor farmer. "Without doubt it is the smallpox, and will be the end of you; for if you stay here, you'll die for want of proper care; and if you go away, you'll die of the bad weather." It did, indeed, seem a choice of two ways of perishing; and Valentin, who felt too ill to trouble very much which, said to himself that no one but God could help him now.

But God put kindness into the heart of the farmer. He went to the house, and returned with an armful of old linen, in which he wound the boy up, for all the world like a mummy. Then he packed the straw all round him, so that the heat might throw him into a sweat; and went away, commending the unlucky boy to God as one already dead and buried.

Buried Valentin certainly was. Up to the neck he lay for days in the warm muck of the stable; a truly hideous sight, if there had been any one to see him. But, as for dying, he got on a good deal better than many a royal sufferer from that dreadful disease. He was left entirely to himself. As for the cold, he was completely sheltered from it in the warm shed; though at night he used to hear the storms howling in the great chestnuts and oaks outside, and would wonder how soon one of those trees would come crashing down and finish his troubles in this world.

But still he went on getting better. Soon, alas! he developed a great appetite. Those bottles of watery broth with which the good farmer had fed him, and which had to be wedged down into the straw to keep their contents from turning ice cold, were no longer enough to satisfy him; even with the addition of bread, made hard by the frost.

His charitable host had, however, told the parish priest about him. "Let him come to me for a while, as soon as you can move him," said the good Father. So one fine day hungry Valentin was dug out, and wrapped up in some old clothes (his rags, of course, had had to be burned; and no great loss, you would have said had you seen them,) and strapped on the back of a little donkey, to make the journey of three quarters of a mile to the presbytery.

Nearly dead with the cold and fatigue he was when he arrived; but it was, indeed, a boon to be there, in a clean house, with a good bed to lie on, and with kind voices actually bidding him eat as much as he wished. Like all good things on earth, however, it could not last forever. The priest was poor, and the little traveller had to travel on as soon as his legs were strong enough to carry him.

Now he took the road that ran eastward, and went through Champagne to the borders of Lorraine; and there, to his great joy, he got employment with a shepherd. And this time, though his mind was still busy asking questions and trying to answer them,

he was not so thoughtless as he had been about the poor turkey: he took as much care as he could of the sheep, and won the approval of his master.

One sultry summer day he had led the flock out to pasture, and was looking about as usual, and thinking of many things, when he came to a hermitage built at the edge of a little wood. He paused to look at the hermit who was working in his tiny garden. The old man was digging slowly, as if he found the spade heavy and the work hard. Valentin asked to be allowed to help him. The hermit consented, and, in exchange, he agreed to help the boy in another way.

Day after day that summer, while the sheep grazed safely near by, the little shepherd sat in the doorway of the cell, and learned to read from the hermit's books. It is a dull and difficult thing sometimes, this learning to read, even when we have everything to help us, and no other hard work to do. But Valentin had been waiting such a long time for the books that would answer those questions of his, that it all seemed easy and delightful.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dedicated to Our Lady.

There is in the British Museum a manuscript which transcribes a leaflet widely circulated among Catholics in the time of King James I. "That England is Our Lady's Dowry" is its title; and it describes a picture of St. Edmund kneeling and offering the globe or map of England to the Blessed Virgin, saying:

Dos tua, Virgo pia;
Hæc est, quare rege, Maria.

This would be before 946 A. D. King Edgar also is said to have dedicated his kingdom to Our Lady, sending the charter from Glastonbury to Pope John XIII., in 965.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XIX.—At Mother Barbarin's.

IT was about noon on the last day of their journey when Remi and Mattia reached the top of the hill that hid Chavonis and its environs from the world beyond. The sun was very hot, and they were fatigued: they had walked a long way since early morning.

"Let us rest here," said Remi, throwing himself at full length on the ground, with his face towards the village. "Yonder is the valley. Where the long hedges are is Boncours' place. Do you see the cows, Mattia?"

"Yes; there are a good many of them," Mattia answered.

"And just to the left, about half a mile from that, do you see a little stone house with a squat chimney?"

"Yes, I see it very well."

"That is Mother Barbarin's; and in another hour, Mattia, we ought to be there. Let us eat something now, and rest a while; then we shall start again. There is smoke coming from the chimney, Mattia. She is at home."

After they had eaten, they stretched themselves on the grass under a tree, Capi beside them, and both fell asleep.

"It must be three o'clock," said Remi, awaking suddenly and glancing at the sun. "We were more tired than we imagined, weren't we?"

"I knew that I felt done up," said Mattia. "We had a long climb this morning. But I didn't like to say anything, you were so anxious to get home."

Home! The word thrilled Remi's heart. Yes, he was going home,—to the only one whom he loved, and who loved him, in this world.

They descended the hill. The sun was not so hot; the walk was easy; their nap had refreshed them. At Boncours' place, the gate of the garden

was open; a man and a boy were hoeing vegetables.

"It is Boncours himself," whispered Remi, and he went forward.

The man looked up.

"Don't you know me, Boncours?" said the boy. "I am Remi."

"To be sure I know you," answered the cattle-driver. "But how you have grown! And so you have come back? Mother Barbarin will be glad to see you; she often speaks of you."

"She is well?"

"Oh, yes, very well! Has to work hard,—not quite so much as before the girl came, though."

"What girl?" inquired Remi.

"Her niece's daughter, an orphan, from Paris. About your size. She brought a little money with her."

A quick pang of jealousy—the first he had ever known—shot through Remi's heart. What if the girl had caused Mother Barbarin to lose some of her old affection for himself! The next instant he dismissed the thought as quite unworthy, saying to his conscience that he ought to be pleased, and *was* pleased, that Mother Barbarin had some one to take his place.

"And Jerome?" he inquired.

"Oh, he is dead—two years or more! He never entirely recovered; could not work, or did not try to. She is well rid of him."

Remi's heart felt more joyful at this news than it had for many a day. He would find a home once more.

"And you have been playing music ever since? Give us a tune. Who is your friend?"

"His name is Mattia,—a good boy. He and I are comrades. We have been together for some time."

"Well, give us a tune, won't you?"

"Boncours, I have come to stay, if Mother Barbarin wants me. To-morrow, or some other day soon, we will come in the evening and play as long as you like. But just now we are anxious to get home. And I want to ask you a question: has Mother Barbarin another cow?"

"Another cow!" exclaimed Boncours. "Not she; the poor woman has never had enough money to purchase one."

"I am going to buy her one," said Remi.

"You are? Have you the money?"

"How could I buy one if I had not the money, Boncours?" answered Remi, with dignity. "It is here in my pocket; I have been saving for it."

"All right. I take it a kind thing for you to do that. I have several very good cows at present."

"What became of Rosette?"

"I sold her a good while ago. But I have her granddaughter here, Remi, and she is the very image of her. Come, and I will show her to you."

The boys followed him through the garden into a large field, and there, a little apart from the other cattle, stood a beautiful animal, with soft, mild brown eyes.

"Rosette!" cried Remi.

"That is what we call her," said Boncours. "Mother Barbarin named her."

"Is she for sale, Boncours?"

"Of course she is, to the right party, and for the right sum."

"How much?"

"One hundred francs without her calf—two weeks old,—one hundred and fifty with the calf. What do you say?"

"I do not want the calf," replied Remi. "But I will take Rosette."

The bargain was soon completed. Boncours threw in a halter, to which he attached a rope; and in a few moments Remi and Mattia were again on the road, the cow between them. With her beauty she had inherited the peaceful disposition of her grandmother,—long ago made into sausages, thought Remi, with a sigh. He could not keep his eyes from the gentle animal. They glowed with happiness. His cheeks were burning, and his feet seemed to tread the air,

so light and happy were his home-coming anticipations.

"Mattia," he said, after a few moments' complete silence, save for the joyful barks of Capi frisking in front of them, "do you like pancakes?"

"I have never tasted them," replied Mattia.

"Or fritters?"

"I do not know what they are. In our country we eat *polenta*, which is very good, but we never hear of pancakes."

"Well, you shall have some very soon, Mattia."

"Of what are they made."

"Of flour and butter and sugar and eggs and milk,—the pancakes; the fritters the same, except that you put sliced apples into them. And the batter is thinner. Oh, they are very good! You will like them."

"I am sure of it," said Mattia..

"And I don't believe you could find any as fine as Mother Barbarin's even in the kitchen of that King whom Signor Vitalis knew, and with whom he had sometimes talked."

"I do not think they ever made them there," said Mattia. "For I imagine, if he was a great Italian singer, it was with the King of Italy he talked. As I said before, pancakes and fritters are unknown in our country."

"Then they miss a good deal," said Remi.

"What if Mother Barbarin should not be at home?" remarked Mattia.

"So much the better. We could then have the cow in the stable before she comes, and present it to her afterwards, when she has welcomed us. But if she is at home, I have been thinking of a plan which might be a good one."

"What is it, Remi?"

"You go first, knock at the door, and when she opens it tell her a prince has sent her a cow for a present; and when she asks what prince, tap your foot three times on the floor, and I will appear from around the corner of the house."

"Remi, what would you say to our approaching the house playing and singing?"

"That would not do, Mattia," said Remi, with decision. "The cow is the principal thing—to surprise her."

"Just as you like," answered the amiable Italian. "Any way that suits you will suit me."

As they came in sight of the road in front of the garden, which was really a back road, they saw a woman in a white sunbonnet, accompanied by a little girl, pass down towards the gate. They turned in the direction of the village.

"There she is,—there she is!" exclaimed Remi. "She looks just the same. Now our way is clear; we will have the cow out of sight when she returns."

They hurried on; and Remi went at once to the stable, the door of which was open. It was empty, save for some wood which had been thrown on the floor. Mother Barbarin's purse would not allow her to purchase large quantities at a time. They piled it in one corner, led the cow inside, fastened the rope to a post and retired.

"Now," said Remi, "we will go into the house. She never fastens the door."

"And then what?" asked Mattia. "Of course, you must have another plan."

"We shall wait there till we see her coming. Then you and Capi will hide in the closet, and I will sit in front of the fire. She will see me as soon as she opens the door."

They entered the house. Remi seated himself in the chimney-corner, near the fire, over which was simmering a kettle from which issued a savory smell.

"Even her soup is better than anybody else's," said Remi, lifting the lid of the pot. "Is there much?" inquired Mattia.

"There is enough for two more," he said.

It was not very long before they saw a white sunbonnet in the distance, through the window.

"Hide, Mattia,—hide!" cried Remi. "Take Capi into the closet with you." And, shaking his finger at the dog, he said: "Capi, not a sound!"

The door opened. Mother Barbarin stood still.

"Who is there?" she inquired.

Remi did not speak. They looked at each other for a moment. Then Mother Barbarin cried out,

"*Mon Dieu,—mon Dieu!* It is my little Remi!"

And now they were in each other's arms, his head on her shoulder, her hand caressing his wavy hair; with murmurs of "*Maman,—O maman!*" and "My boy,—my boy!"

"My Remi," she said at last, "you are changed, very much changed, but I should have known you in the dark!"

"And you have not changed at all!" answered Remi.

"Who is that?" inquired Mother Barbarin, turning quickly towards the closet, where Mattia stood peering through the half-opened door.

"Come out, Mattia!" said Remi. "This is my comrade, my brother."

"Ah, you have found your parents, then?" exclaimed Mother Barbarin, thinking, as she looked at Mattia, that Remi's origin, if this was really his brother, could not have been so fine as she had imagined it.

"Oh, no, I have not!" replied Remi. "We are comrades, *like* brothers, that is all. And this is Capi, who is also a comrade, and has been since I left you. Salute Mother Barbarin, Capi!"

The dog stood on his hind feet, and, laying his right paw in the region of his heart, bowed gravely and politely to Mother Barbarin, who laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Sit down, my son," she said to Mattia. "And now, Remi, tell me all that has happened to you."

They sat side by side on the wooden bench in the chimney-corner,—she with her arm around his shoulder, while he leaned against her, once more the child she had nourished and harbored since his abandoned infancy.

"I will, *maman*," Remi answered, glancing at Mattia. "But first let us go into the garden and show Mattia the crooked pear tree where I used to sit so often and listening to the bees in the summer-time."

"Very well, then," answered Mother Barbarin; "and I will show you the vegetables. I have always kept your own little plot as you left it, hoping that some day you would return."

"The artichokes! You found them, then, *maman?* Did you like them? Were they good? I meant them for a surprise."

"And it *was* a surprise, Remi,—one that I wept over when I saw it; for I knew that was what you meant. Ah, my boy, I did not soon forget that bitter day when, returning from M. le Curé's whither I had been sent on a false errand, I found you gone! I suspected something before I went. My heart told me not to go."

"It would have been of no use to remain," answered Remi. "He would have sent me to an orphan asylum, which would have been far worse, I think, than travelling with Signor Vitalis, who was once a great singer, and who taught me many things—to play very well on the harp and to read and write."

"I am glad to hear that," said Mother Barbarin; "though I would have sent you to school later."

"And Jerome is dead!" said Remi.

"Who told you?"

"Boncours, whom we saw as we were coming."

"Yes, he is dead, the Lord be merciful to him!" She paused a moment. "I am not entirely alone, my Remi. I have a little grandniece living with me,—a

nice child. Her name is Teresa; she is stopping at the presbytery for the night, to help. Some priests are there to dinner. You remember, Remi, that Clotilde, the housekeeper, is my cousin."

"I remember."

"A nice child she is," Mother Barbarin went on. "But no one could ever take the place of my darling Remi."

And Remi's heart was glad.

(To be continued.)

The Patron Saint of Madrid.

ST. ISIDORE, who is honored as the patron saint of Madrid, was born in that city about the beginning of the twelfth century, his parents being poor, but very good country folk. The boy grew up with little or no education, being hardly able either to read or to write.

When old enough, he was employed by a gentleman named John de Vargas, of Madrid, as a ploughman on his farm outside the city. He still continued, however, to attend early Mass in one of the Madrid churches. This occasioned his beginning work a little late in the morning. Some of his fellow-laborers, having a grudge against him, accused him to his master of neglect.

The employer, half believing what they said, rose early one morning to watch and see what time his new servant began work. He saw him with the first streaks of dawn set out to church, and return after the other laborers had begun their day's toil; but when he was on his way to rebuke Isidore, who was already ploughing with a yoke of red oxen before him, he noticed with surprise a second plough drawn by white oxen with an angel guiding it, rapidly following Isidore, and aiding him in his labors. As he entered the fields the vision vanished, and he saw only Isidore urging on his oxen. When his master asked the ploughman who it was he had seen, Isidore, as much astonished as himself, answered: "Signor, I work alone, and know of none save God, to whom I always look for help."

Another time, when St. Isidore was at prayer in the church, word was brought to him that his mule was in danger of being destroyed by a wolf; but he only said: "God's will be done!" and finished his prayers. When he returned home he found the animal quietly feeding, with the wolf dead at its side.

St. Isidore died on May 15, 1130. Forty years afterward his body was removed from the parish churchyard to the Church of St. Andrew in Madrid. Many miracles are said to have taken place at his shrine, especially the healing of Philip III. at a moment when his life was despaired of.

An Insect Farmer.

THE instincts of some insects, as well as of larger animals, are very similar to reasoning processes. There is, for instance, a species of agricultural ant, living on the semi-arid plains of Texas, that cultivates plots of grass about its dwelling. On these spaces, about ten or fifteen feet in diameter, only one kind of grass is allowed to grow; and some entomologists maintain that the seeds of this grass are planted by the ants themselves. Roads are laid out, radiating from the ant-hill across the plain, and all shoots of undesirable plants are nibbled off as fast as they appear among the crops. When harvest time arrives, and the seeds of their protected grass are ripe, the ants carefully collect them and carry them along the radiating highways to the storehouse in the hill.

These insect farmers occasionally appear in colonies large enough to do considerable damage to the grain fields of the Texan agriculturists, who do not at all admire their wonderful economy and activity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A supplementary chapter to the "Life of the First Marquess of Ripon," by Lucien Wolf, soon to be published, has been contributed by the late Fr. Sebastian Bowden. It is entitled simply "Lord Ripon's Conversion."

—A memoir of "R. P. Garrold, S. J., M. A., C. F.," by Fr. Martindale, S. J.—the story of a devoted chaplain who died of illness contracted in German East Africa,—is announced by Messrs. Longmans. Fr. Garrold will be remembered as the author of some capital boys' books.

—A revised and enlarged edition of Mr. F. Bligh Bond's "Gate of Remembrance: The Story of the Psychological Experiment Resulting in the Discovery of the Edgar and Loretto Chapels at Glastonbury," will shortly be published in London. The story is one of most remarkable interest.

—"The Truth about China and Japan," by Putnam Weale; "Japan and the California Problem," written from the Japanese point of view by Dr. T. Iyenaga and Kenoske Sato; and "The Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan," by Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard,—these are books to which the Washington Conference adds interest.

—J. Herbert Williams, M. A., has written, and Sands & Co. (London and Edinburgh) have brought out in a twelvemo of fifty pages, "Pope Pius IX.," an exposition of the beloved Pio Nono's claims to canonization. Not a lengthy argument but an interesting one, well worth attentive perusal. The book may be had in this country from the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis; price, 60 cents.

—The general election in Canada in December next synchronizes with the publication of books about two famous Canadian statesmen, each of them for years head of a rival party. The works are: "The Life and Times of Sir Wilfrid Laurier," by O. D. Skelton, M. A.; and "The Correspondence of Sir John A. McDonald," edited by Sir Joseph Pope, K. C. M. G. Both volumes are from the press of S. B. Gundy, Toronto.

—A model of what a work of the kind should be is presented in the "Eleventh Report of the Parish Schools, Diocese of Newark." The information is set forth in a way to render it interesting and easily accessible. We learn with gratification that the diocese had as many as 70,588 pupils in its parish schools in the year ending June 30, 1921. They are well cared for by the Rev. John Dillon, LL. D., and a corps of 1315 competent and devoted teachers.

—Of exceptional interest and utility is "Elements of Economics," a pamphlet by Lewis Watt, S. J., recently issued by the Catholic Social Guild, Oxford, and for sale in this country by the Herder Book Co. To beginners in the study of what used to be called "the dismal science," this pamphlet will be especially welcome. Two clearly-written and informative chapters are devoted to each of these subjects: Consumption, Production, Exchange, Distribution, and Public Finance. Price, 15 cents.

—In his new book, "American Catholics in the War," Mr. Michael Williams, author of "The High Romance," answers these questions: What part did American Catholic men, women, and children play in the great world conflict? What assistance was rendered by our bishops, priests, and religious? What was the splendid sacrifice of American Catholic manhood? How did this glorious total of service, sacrifice, and faith aid the Government? The book has just been published by the Macmillan Co.

—Some fifty lectures, with their full titles and the names of the lecturers, are listed in a neat little pamphlet prepared by Miss Blanche M. Dillon for the Lecture Guild of New York (7 E. 42d Street). The themes comprise literature and the drama, history and travel, music and art, philosophy, religion, sociology, etc. Three of the lectures, by Miss Annie Christitch, A. B., are of especial interest and timeliness—"The International View of the Woman's Movement," "Two Young Nations with a Great Future," and "The Attitude of Benedict XV. toward the Woman's Movement."

—When a gifted man has wandered from the study of Protestant theology into the profession of intellectual agnosticism, has been aroused by the pressure of universal catastrophe to a recognition of the moral failure of present-day civilization, and has begun to ask himself most serious questions, the result is apt to be a book like "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," by an American Agnostic. There have been many such stories of conversion to the Church, but what this one lacks by its anonymity, it gains again [illegible]

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magistral breadth of view. Does the average seeker after religious truth, one asks in surprise, find it necessary to put so many questions, to read so many books, to sift such a mass of evidence? In many ways, this business of "Rebuilding a Lost Faith" seems to have required all the material of modern apologetics. The scientists, Newman, Manning, Grisar, the Continental converts—all the multiform testimony of our time to the vitality of the Catholic idea—are set like stones in the bridge across which this author arrived at the Faith. Perhaps the most impressive chapter is "The Awakening," which presents an indictment of modern civilization by a modern. "We seem already to have entered the penumbra of spiritual obscuration," says this nameless pilgrim; "and to be suffering from incurable pessimism. When the great Roman Empire sickened under such a malady, a new and virile race was in reserve to give it fresh vitality; but *there is no new race at hand for us.* Society has grown so old that godlessness will now prove fatal to it, if it gains supremacy." There is, of course, not much intrinsically novel matter in the book; but, despite a noticeable heaviness of style, the outlook is fresh. If one were to quarrel with anything the author offers, it would naturally be with the somewhat banal poetry he quotes,—poetry which makes one opine that he has been adjudged worthy to write Ph. D. after his name. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, publishers. Price, $3.35.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Mr. J. M. Graves, Mr. Frederick Larson, Mr. Arthur Diamond, Miss Mary Tracy, Mr. John Hupfeld, Mrs. Edward Curran, Mr. G. P. Greely, Mr. John Lynch, Mr. William Ilg, Mrs. M. J. Bergin, Mr. Anthony Meek, Mr. W. F. Schmidt, Mr. John Reilly, Mr. A. M. Smith, Mrs. Margaret Harrington, Mr. John Spellman, Miss Mary Grega, Mr. Charles Gallagher, Mr. Thomas Nelson, Mrs. Catherine Hamilton, Miss Elizabeth A. Kelly, Mr. Moses Bruyea, and Mr. William Fyfe.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the victims of the famine in Russia: J. B. S., $2; H. H., $5. For the sufferers in Central Europe: L. M. W., in thanksgiving, $10; A. J. P., $1.35. For the Foreign Missions: S. C. Brown, $10. For "the little church in Iceland": M. M. S., "in memory of an Icelandic friend," $20.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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La Messe des Morts.

BY W. H. HAMILTON.

ONLY the sea moans, and the world has peace
Here for an hour betwixt the night and morn,
Where the calm, green-clad dead from memory cease
Of yestertime and the years that are not born.
(O dona eis requiem!)
The night is chill:
Beneath the solemn minster all is still.

Out on the sea the drifting night wind sighs:
"Summer is over, it is All-Hallows' Eve;
Summon the throng and let sweet incense rise—
Song of lost love, the tragic host that grieve—
(O dona eis requiem!)
Soft in the night
Of gramaraye and necromantic light."

Long since, their tears by Death's pale angel dried,
They parted on the road of No-Return;
Forgot the day wherein their memory died,
The overshadowing fane, the storied urn;
(O dona eis requiem!)
Yea, they forgot
Tears, and with dreams of love Death pained them not.

Now glamour steals on earth and grey Death dies—
Olden Romance wakes o'er All-Hallows' Eve;
The Dead-in-Love hold festival and rise
Stately in moonlight. The gloomy tombs they leave...
(O dona eis requiem!)
Down the long aisle
Spellbound they glide in hushed, majestic file.

Lo, where they come—silent and crimson-stoled,
Pale, but divine with lost mortality!
On the high altar splendid fire burns gold,
Lighting yon long-dead lovers passing by,
(O dona eis requiem!)
With lips aflame
Breathing again the only holy Name.

All the rose-hearted ones, the star-defeated,
In passionate sorrow and sad, strange triumph mourn,
And now forever are ancient vows repeated
For queens beloved in starlit grace reborn.
(O dona eis requiem!)
Poet and prince
Adore the passionate forms they loved long since.

Martinmas and St. Martin.

"AT St. Martin," says the French weather proverb, "Winter is on the way." And round about this festival, our forefathers, to whom Winter was so much more severe and unrelieved than, even at the worst, it is to us, were perforce busied with many "servile works,"—for instance, with the slaughter of cattle and the salting of meat, against the days when fresh food would be difficult to obtain; and with the melting down of fats wherewith to make themselves candles against the long, dark nights.

The time may well have been a laborious one. Nevertheless, Martin-

mas never went by without due honor. The feast of St. Martin was of old as great as that of St. Michael. Even the weather, as we all know, paid deference to the great saint, and seemed to have for a while the warmth which that famous half-cloak of his had given to the chilled beggar.

"Expect St. Martin's Summer,—halcyon days!" A little respite from the visible approach of winter, a short interval of sunshine and mild calm, was obviously, in Shakespeare's day, a venerable tradition of this season and a long observed fact. In Shakespeare's day, too, we know that this idea about Martinmas had produced the rather unkindly term, "martlemas," applied to one who, in advancing years, assumes the airs and fineries of youth; and, by Shakespeare himself, applied to Falstaffe. "How doth the martlemas, thy master?" he makes Poins inquire scathingly of Bardolph. In our own day, the term "St. Martin's Summer" is, on the other hand, used to denote a time of serenity and happiness coming to every one in late life; a simile which, one may feel fairly sure, would be more acceptable to St. Martin's generous spirit.

Communal meals, and the carousals of friendly neighbors, were typical of oldtime Martinmas. The custom added a significant verb to the French tongue. "*Martiner,*" or *faire le St. Martin,* has the meaning of "to feast," "to make merry." Indeed, to note a detail, the so-called Michaelmas Goose belonged of ancient right to Martinmas, and was connected with a supposed episode in the saint's life: his desire not to be made a bishop, his concealment from his zealous pursuers in a goose-pen, and his betrayal by the loud cackling of the fowls. Another feature of the communal banquets was the fatted ox, in some parts of Merrie England significantly known as "a mart," some of the flesh of which would afford a fine meal of fresh roast meat for a whole parish, before the residue went to the salting tub.

The mirth at these feasts was often, no doubt, too gross for modern taste, and for the correct Christian conscience of all time. The Christian "Martinalia" had long to struggle for a real supremacy over the heathen "Vinalia," or festivals of Bacchus, which they had abolished and replaced. A vintage feast could rarely, in early days, be altogether a sober one. But St. Martin steadily gained precedence over the vine-god; and it is instructive to notice how great in Mediæval times was the fame of this ascetic saint, how strong a hold his memory had on the popular affection.

For more years than can be counted, St. Martin's festival coincided, in the South, with the broaching of the first cask of the new vintage; in the colder North, with the drinking of new cider or ale. But a favorite legend of the saint's life survived to show (and who shall say vainly?) how temperance and feasting might go together. Formerly when the Emperor Maximus kept court at Treves, he bade, says the story, the holy Martin to a banquet, and, to do him open honor, gave him wine with his own royal hand. Doubtless the wine was right royal also; but the holy bishop, turning quietly, put the cup into the hands of a poor priest who attended him.

There is, of course, more than a lesson in mere self-control in this. It is one of the many traditions of St. Martin's extraordinary indifference to rank and pomp of all kinds, and to what we may call the "red tape" of his time. We hear that, when serving in the Roman army, he was given, as an officer of the Legion, (perhaps, too, as the son of a father who had held considerable military rank) a servant to wait upon him, and that he insisted on ignoring the arrangement, and treating his

attendant as an equal. Again, the famous incident of the divided cloak points the same way. There was certainly something more than ordinary charity and kindness in so splendid and reckless a breach of military etiquette. We discern in St. Martin the "second-sight" of one who, though he may not absolutely beat down all class and professional barriers, can still see entirely through them, and value them at their true worth.

As generally happens with the most humble of the saintly host, St. Martin's memory has stood high in honor with kings. His relics have kept royal company. His shrine at Tours was loaded with the gifts of rich and powerful, and so frequented by them in devout pilgrimage as to be called the "Second Jerusalem.".

Some oil that the saint had used in unction was used at the coronation of Henry of Navarre. More curious still was the association of his hood or cloak with the kings of France, who had the treasured relic carried before their armies when they took the field, and lodged in a tent in the camp, in the care of a special chaplain. It was the first royal banner of France; and wherever it was shown, victory was sure to follow.

St. Martin is, of course, the patron saint of his diocesan city of Tours. He is also, in the humorsome fancy of the Middle Ages (which, rightly understood, is so much more pathetic than coarse), the patron of drunkards, whom he is thought to protect from death and disaster during a carousal, and to preserve for a time of repentance and reformation. But, pre-eminently democrat that he is, he is the patron of beggars; and so he appears, remarkably enough, in a ceremony of post-Reformation London. One Sir Samuel Dashwood, a worthy of the time of Queen Anne, being elected Lord Mayor, had, in this ceremonial show, about Martinmas time, a person to represent St. Martin wearing his red military cloak, and followed by a troop of clamoring beggars. In St. Paul's churchyard, "Martin" duly cut the red cloak into pieces, and distributed it among "the beggars," to the great approval of the crowd, and, apparently, also of the Queen, whom Sir Samuel afterwards entertained royally at meat. Perhaps, indeed, we may trace some connection between this semi-democratic custom of the Lord Mayor's feast, which, roughly, coincides with Martinmas-tide, with the older Catholic traditions of Martinmas, and with the gracious memory of one who emphatically knew how to "talk with crowds, yet keep his virtue; and walk with kings, nor lose the common touch."

The Mistakes of Alexander.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

ALEXANDER had received from the Slevins a cordial, if general, invitation to visit them whenever he felt disposed; so he rarely failed to appear on Sunday afternoons, when tea was served in the drawing-room. Sometimes he came for an informal supper. Mr. Slevin thought very highly of him; and the mistress of the house, who saw many things out of her tranquil, wide-open eyes, welcomed him with a quiet friendliness that pleased him. He got into the habit of dropping into a chair at Mrs. Slevin's side and watching Agatha and her inseparable companion, Eva, as if they were two puppets on the stage. He had striven hard for the mastery over himself since that day of the memorable walk around the Mountain, and had adhered to his resolution that he would not go back upon the road of youth. Perhaps for that very reason he was an

object of interest to the girls. Both had admirers, most of whom were family friends, who came and went, and were a part of the picture in that pleasant home circle. Exteriorly, Alexander was much less lonely than he had been; interiorly, he was as much so as ever.

On one occasion only, he stepped, as it were, inside the frame of that picture. One evening, after a dull and dreary day, when snow clouds were in the air, and the usually brilliant sun was overcast with thick snow mists, the Slevin household seemed a very synonym for comfort. The smell of the maple logs on the open hearth was more grateful to the nostrils than any perfume. The party had been dancing quadrilles, polkas, schottisches, winding up with Sir Roger de Coverley. Everywhere Agatha's lithe and graceful figure was in evidence; while her sweet, thrilling laugh kept a perpetual smile upon the lips of Alexander. It chanced that the lonely man stood near the fire, for his hostess was at the piano; and Agatha, in a wine-colored gown that set off her delicate face and white throat, came and paused a moment beside him, raising her charming face to his.

"If I were that young man," cried Alexander, by a sudden impulse, "I should follow a different course of action."

He referred to Lionel Dudleigh.

Agatha, blushing, asked with an embarrassed little laugh:

"What would you do?"

Alexander loooked at her strangely.

"If I were to tell you that," he answered in a low voice, "it would be telling you, perhaps, what it is best you should not know."

"I wish you would tell me," urged Agatha, looking up at him.

The man hesitated. Eva and her beauty was forgotten. Then he said wistfully:

"Would you really care to know—but not now: I told you once before that I can not turn backwards to the road of youth."

Agatha was deeply and unaccountably moved, but there was an assumed lightness in her words:

"Now I shall be haunted all evening with the wish to know."

"O child, child," exclaimed Alexander, "do not inquire further!" And he added half jestingly: "Let it suffice for you to know that were I twenty-five, I should do differently from Lionel."

There was something in his tone which vaguely disturbed the girl. Why was this strange man forever attracting her, yet holding himself aloof? He took her hand for an instant, saying:

"Once more our paths divide. Go back to the pleasant ways of youth, and leave me to the warmth of the fire."

Agatha went, as though his words were a real farewell, looking back with wistful eyes and a smile that showed all the curves of her pretty mouth. The rest of the evening, the boyish devotion of her other admirers seemed rather stale and flat, because she could not help pondering the enigmatical sayings of Alexander. Eva, too, who had been watching Agatha and Alexander, came up very prettily to ask him to join in the dance.

"I should spoil it," he replied. "That sport is for youth and beauty." He added after a moment, in his whimsical way: "I am sure all these fine young men have been telling you how very pretty you are looking to-night."

Some of them had, and Eva smiled consciously.

"Choose one of them," said Alexander, "and cease breaking hearts."

"I am not breaking any hearts," protested Eva.

"Not wilfully, perhaps."

Eva was quite offended.

"I am not such a coquette as he thinks," she complained to Agatha later.

"No, we are no longer children," agreed Agatha, half laughing, half vexed; "and he need not make himself out Methuselah."

"Agatha!" exclaimed Eva, looking solemnly at her friend.

"Eva!" responded the other.

They looked each other full in the eyes for a moment. Then Agatha laughingly whispered:

"'I think he has somehow bewitched us both."

When the evening came to an end, Eva went home with Lionel, and Alexander lingered a little, loath to leave the pleasant hearth. Agatha, contrary to her usual custom, followed him into the hall, where he was putting on his great-coat.

"So," observed Alexander, looking at her with his penetrating glance, "you have been playing that pretty little game all evening."

"What game?" inquired Agatha.

"I suppose we may call it love-making, or what passes for it," Alexander answered quizzically.

"No, no!" declared Agatha, merrily. "I have nothing to do with love, and I don't think I ever shall have."

"Child, child," corrected the man, in a voice that sounded stern, "you don't know what love is. Perhaps it may be years before you do; and then God grant it may not be a flame to burn and sear, but a warmth to soothe and bless."

Agatha thought that she liked to hear him say these strange things, which made him seem so different from other men. With innocent coquetry that was altogether charming, she mentioned the question which he had declined to answer earlier in the evening.

"Were I to do what you wish," he objected, "I might give you only a horrid nightmare of an ugly old man—meaning, of course, myself."

"You are neither ugly nor old!" exclaimed Agatha impulsively.

A sudden light came into the man's eyes, as though a lamp had been carried into a dark room. But, turning aside quietly, he took up his hat.

"In your tender young heart," he said, "keep a little pity for one who is very lonely."

He turned back from the door and continued:

"I saw Miss Eva passing out a moment ago. She is very, very pretty."

"Yes," agreed Agatha, cordially,—"very, indeed."

"She is so; and you are—something else."

With that he said good-night, and went out into the streets, lit by a multitude of stars. The graystone houses were dark, like bodies from which the souls had departed. There was a lamplighter at one of the corners, and he called out in a pleasant though hoarse and muffled voice:

"Good-night, sir! I think, judging by the looks of things, we'll have snow to-morrow."

"Perhaps not for a day or two," responded Alexander. "The stars are too bright."

Montreal lay grimly silent. The leaves still clustered on the pavements where they had fallen; for there was no wind. Occasionally a cab bowled along with scarcely a sound.

"We shall soon have winter," Alexander reflected. "I wonder if I am too old to take up snowshoeing! A race over the Mountain with the St. George Club would be invigorating."

The idea gave him pleasure; he kept it in his mind as he continued his reflections:

"In a week or two the jingle of the sleigh bells will be in our ears, and the St. Lawrence will 'halt mute in the grip of the frost.' "

He smiled at the quotation, which awakened another train of thought; and by that time he had reached his lodging on Beaver Hall Hill.

IV.

As time went on, Alexander found himself more and more frequently a guest at the Slevins' house, and ever more deeply interested in the two girls. He also began to find himself like one who is running a breathless race. True, in his quieter moments, he blamed himself for having thus adventured. Yet he felt inclined to brush aside all obstacles in this pursuit which had become so absorbing. He began to snowshoe, taking long tramps with the Club, or alone, on the Lower Lachine Road, Côte St. Paul, or around the two mountains. He learned to skate, and performed that exercise feverishly, very often in the company of Eva and Agatha. These sports seemed to invigorate him, to quicken his vitality. He threw off the years as though they had been so many burdens, and he felt that he could enter into the lists with any of his younger competitors. He was becoming a power, too, in the commercial and financial life of Montreal; and his society was sought by the military officers who then added brilliancy to the life of the metropolis. Often enough he was invited to dine at the Mess, where he was voted the best of good company.

But he was conscious of many and great misgivings. When he danced or skated with Eva, more glowingly beautiful than ever in the bracing winter cold, or accompanied her and Agatha on a walk along St. Catherine Street (then the fashionable promenade), it seemed to him that the men whom they met—British officers in their smart uniforms, or youths scarcely out of their teens—wore an ironical expression, as they perceived him to be in attendance on girls who but yesterday were in the schoolroom. He was in a confused state of mind, which led him to believe that, whatever happened, he was safe. Sometimes he vowed that he could be content forever to feast his eyes on the loveliness of Eva; yet again he felt convinced that Agatha's laughter, her transparent frankness, and her ready sympathy, were of all things in this world the most precious to him.

The crisis came, however, when a friend, walking home one night from the Slevins' house, whether by accident or design, informed him that it was almost certain that Agatha was going to marry young Lionel Dudleigh. Alexander felt as if all the joy of living was gone. After he left the friend, whom he felt might have been giving him a warning, and who was surely in a position to know, he walked and walked, with a determination to conquer all his selfish feelings. He magnified every charm she had, and felt almost aggrieved that he could not accord her the palm of beauty over Eva.

But though he felt he must keep away from Agatha for his own peace of mind, and though he found himself watching at every turn for confirmation of the truth, he suddenly found the balance cast in favor of Eva, whose loveliness grew upon him every day. Moreover, she was far more experienced in the art of attracting admiration than her more guileless companion.

Alexander and Eva were walking home from the rink together one evening. The moon was at its full; the white frozen ground sparkled like jewels beneath their feet. Just as they drew near the Anglican cathedral, the clock struck out eleven. Alexander, stopping short, said:

"This hour which has just struck is to make me the happiest or most miserable of men."

Eva naturally inquired why.

"Because I am going to forswear myself and go back upon the path of youth, and tell the most beautiful girl in all the world that I love her.—Eva, will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she whispered.

Along the way, Alexander spoke beautifully of love and their future happiness. Although the subject was old, there was no tinge of the commonplace or the banal in what he said, and it strangely fascinated the somewhat spoiled and petted beauty. She really pitied Agatha, who perhaps even now was listening to the violent protestations of Lionel. She even forgot Alexander's plainness; nor did she remember for the moment how wealthy he was, and all the luxuries that were in his power to give her.

The announcement of their engagement, which somehow took everyone by surprise, made no difference whatever in Alexander's cordial reception at Slevins', though he had to run the gamut of banter from the head of the house. Mr. Slevin's humor found inexhaustible material in the speedy abandonment, under the magic influence of beauty, of his friend's rôle of lonely old bachelor. But Alexander fancied that Agatha was different. She was as cordial, as friendly as ever, yet in some undefined way she kept him at a distance. Occasionally, however, he caught a wistful, inquiring glance, which, without any conscious reason, vaguely troubled him.

(To be continued.)

Remembrance.

BY BONAVENTURE SCHWINN, O. S. B.

WHEN lovely Summer goes away,
The Earth remembers where she trod,
As she came tripping north in May.
And her green footprints on the sod,
Her dainty flags on bush and tree
Are turned to rich and ruddy gold,
To keep her golden memory,—
As magic sunset skies may hold
Remembrance when bright days depart
With golden steps where light has fled
At eventide, or as the heart
Remembers friends when they are dead.

A Martyr of Our Own Time.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

II.

THE Society of the Missions Etrangères, in the Rue du Bac, Paris, which Augustine Schoeffler entered in the month of October, 1846, is one of the noblest foundations in France. Established in 1658, it has perhaps done more than any other institution in the world for the conversion of the heathen in the Far East; and, by the end of the nineteenth century, it already counted among its members forty-eight martyrs, including one bishop. It is impossible to visit without emotion the rather sombre chapel, with the pictures of martyrs on its walls; and the Salle des Martyrs is filled with relics carefully gathered from the scenes of combat, and sent home to the mother-house, to be guarded as the most precious of her treasures.

The decisive step of his entry into the Rue du Bac did not save Augustine from the attacks of his family. He had three maiden aunts—Elise, Marie and Caroline Schoeffler—who not only, together with a convert lady who lived with them, wrote him a joint letter, assuring him that they doubted his vocation, but also approached the Father Superior, entreating him to keep Augustine in France. The answer, dated the 3d of November, is calm and dignified, free from any trace of irritation: "Try to persuade yourselves that if I go, it is because I am as certain of my vocation as it is possible to be, and that God calls me to the Mission. The happiness and peace that I now feel is another very good proof."

After gently reproving them for the step they had taken in writing to his superior, and begging that it might not be repeated, he continues: "You also complain that my letters are no longer gay. My dear aunts, when treating of

subjects so grave as those in my last letter, I think there was no occasion for merriment. But you must not imagine that I am no longer cheerful. Far from it. I enjoy many a good laugh."

A few months later, March 5, 1847, Augustine writes to M. Chevallier, his late director at the Nancy Seminary: "I must say that since my arrival in this saintly house I feel more strength and courage to detach myself from all that is not God. Sometimes I find myself regretting my poor Lorraine, my dear parents, my good friends. But soon the grandeur of my vocation, the thought of my poor brethren in the East make me blush for that moment of weakness....I have also worked with some fruit to become indifferent as to my employment....Whether or not God calls me to the work of the mission, I altogether submit to the Divine Will....Generally one wishes for a mission where there is still persecution to be feared; consequently China is more inviting than India. But provided it is the place to which God calls you, that is the one thing necessary.... Nothing is yet settled for my departure. In a few days five of my comrades sail. I envy them, but my turn will come soon. At this moment they are reading us a letter from Monsignor Retord, Vicar-Apostolic of Tonquin. It proves how well that cruelly persecuted mission is progressing. Despite my indifference, I should not be sorry, my dear Father, if that mission might become mine."

The same yearning to carry the Gospel to the heathen, the same struggle for absolute submission to God's will, breathes in all his letters at this time. He adds pieces of news from Paris, informing Abbé Stricher that he will probably start in August or September. "We lately received a letter from the Holy Father, written with his own hand, sending us his benediction. Monsignor Verrolles, whom you saw at Nancy last year, and who is starting for his mission in a few days, was invited to Court last Sunday by the Duchess of Orleans, to give his blessing to the little Comte de Paris, and his brother, the Duc de Chartres. That was a fine act on the part of a Protestant Princess. The Queen* is coming to visit the relics of our holy martyrs....Do try to come and visit them while I am still here....How glad I should be!"

On Whit-Sunday he announces to the same correspondent that he is to be ordained priest a week later. "It will be a solemn day, particularly for me, as it will be the last step in my vocation....O my God, how can I thank Thee sufficiently for the grace of my vocation! Thou fulfillest all my desires,—the desires of my whole life,—desires I sometimes hardly dared to express, for they seemed to me presumptuous."

To M. Chevallier he wrote on the 23d of June: "I said my first Mass on Trinity Sunday in the Church of the Foreign Missions. You can think how happy I was. Everything around tended to make me so....And my joy was all the greater because it had been purified and fortified by sorrow; for I had just heard of the death of my poor father....I truly could say, 'My God, my All!'...If there were not some souls waiting for me in the Far East, my dear Father, I could ask to die to-day; for I believe it would cost me nothing to quit this life....I can give you certain news as to my destination. *I have been called to evangelize the people of Tonquin.* I shall have the happiness to kiss that ground dyed with the blood of our martyrs!...What have I done, O my God, that Thou shouldst grant me so great a favor, to have chosen me from among sixteen?...I may hope to lead the real life of a missionary and an apostle,—a life of continuous labor and

* Marie Amelie, Queen of Louis Philippe.

suffering. It has been the one desire of my whole life....The prayers of my dear friends have contributed much to this call from Divine Providence."

At the last moment, a doubt had arisen as to his destination: it might be Japan, which would mean the chance of martyrdom. "And how could I ever dare to dream of such a prospect?... We are seventeen priests here at present. Nine start for India in a fortnight; another goes with Monsignor Verrolles to Manchuria; five start with me, as soon as there is a vessel for China. Of these, two are for Su-tchnen, two for Tunang, and the last, my dearest friend here, is going to the mountains of Kaiou-Tchcon...I go alone *(solus cum solo)* to Tonquin...or to Japan, but the latter is not probable."

On the 8th of September, the young missionary writes his farewell letter to his devoted spiritual father and friend: "Monday or Tuesday next, with several of my dear comrades, I am to embark at Antwerp. I have reached the goal of my desires...to live but for Jesus.... to suffer; but to suffer at the foot of the Cross is sweet. To suffer as the Apostles suffered,—who would not rejoice at such a portion? I have persevered till now, but one must persevere to the end....Pray for your pupil, my dear Father, that the apostolic fire and grace may never be extinguished in his breast. I shall hope for one of your good letters on arriving at Macao four or five months hence. It is settled that I go to Tonquin. Farewell, then, on this earth, but *au revoir* in heaven!"

The same contentment permeates his other farewell letters; and he promises Abbé Stricher to write to him from China of his troubles and his consolations, and whatever fruits by the goodness of God may attend his labors, "that we may bless Him together."

His ship ran aground close to the harbor, and received injuries which took a month to repair. "This delay enabled me," he wrote to M. Chevallier on the 2d of November, "to receive the tidings that persecution has again broken out in Tonquin and in Cochin-China. Has God the stroke of a sword in reserve for me? I dare neither hope nor pray for it. Let Him give me a little stroke of His love, and that will be enough for a poor sinner like me.... Hénceforward I must give myself entirely to our Saviour. Indeed I can not do otherwise. Will He not be my only Helper, my only Friend?...I am pleased that I am almost as poor as He was. I have always desired absolute poverty. Well, now I have it. The very garments that cover me are the gift of the faithful. Being poor, how much fewer are our cares!"

The young Abbé is quite abashed at the kindness poured out upon him and his companions by the good people of Antwerp, who seem to look upon them as extraordinary men. "The news has arrived that at Su-tchnen the pagans are coming in crowds to be converted, but laborers are needed for the harvest. Thirty million inhabitants for ten missionaries. Since God wills the conversion of these nations, He will send the laborers." In another letter to Stricher, written about the same time, he again mentions the "little stroke of a sword" for which he hopes.

The good ship "Emmanuel" did not weigh anchor until the 18th of November. After a stormy passage of a hundred and nineteen days, it landed the little band of missionaries at Singapore. Some of the incidents of the voyage are described by Schoeffler. Soon after the start, the young priests began their apostolic labors by short discourses to the crew. At first they made little impression, but the death of a young sailor by a fall from the mast so influenced the men that, despite the ridicule of some of their officers, "irreligious and immoral men," no

fewer than thirty-four approached the Sacraments.

"It was a great day when I had the happiness to give them the Bread of the Strong. I thought myself already among my poor Tonquin Christians....I know there have been those who withdrew their hand from the plough." He prays that God may preserve him from such an act of treachery. "It is extraordinary," he remarks, "that, despite our civilization, piracy should be so rampant in the East....From the Sound throughout all the seas of India and China, as far as Japan, pirates swarm, notwithstanding all the watchfulness of the English and the Dutch."

They were met at Singapore by a member of their Society, who accompanied them to Hong Kong in an English vessel, the "Prince Albert." The native Christians delighted Schoeffler. "Their simplicity is charming," he tells M. Chevallier. "You should see them coming quietly to the missionary, asking for a rosary, a cross or a medal, and then starting a conversation. One does not understand, but no matter. A few words in bad Chinese, and they laugh contentedly, and go away repeating the missionary's words....There are 30,000 Chinese, besides Europeans, in Hong Kong, and one priest....What can a single priest do? One feels tempted to go about the streets, bell in hand, like St. Francis Xavier. In my mission there are, to several million infidels, about 100,000 Christians, two bishops, and three missionaries. I shall be the fourth....It is true there are a few native priests." He ends with a passionate appeal for help: "O my good Father, tell your dear pupils, tell my old fellow-students!...Oh, send us—as many as you can—some generous souls! There have been such, there are still some now."

"Here I am in China," he writes to Stricher; "but that is not all. I shall have to put on a Chinese dress, get my head shaved, add a pigtail (from the head of some old dead Chinaman) to a mesh of my own hair. After fifteen more days at sea, another change of costume; a black turban round my head, and an Annamite gown on my shoulders; I must let my beard grow a little longer, and then—march, young man, across the whole of Tonquin,—march with bare feet. They are apt to bleed, but no matter."

(To be continued.)

Tim, a Missioner.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

EVERYONE who had business at St. John's College knew Tim Murphy; for he never opened the door to priest or layman without chatting for a longer or shorter—and usually for a longer—time; and young and old enjoyed his quaint, humorous talk, laughed at his oft-told jokes, and smiled not unkindly at his funny, round old face, stiff, unruly hair, and clothes of a cut long forgotten. When visitors were few and there was no one to talk with, Tim went about the corridors whistling softly, off the key, but none the less merrily. His work was to answer the door bell; and on days when it rang but seldom he took it upon himself to do such odd jobs of carpentry as an old building furnishes almost daily.

Such was Tim and such his work for the first five placid years that he was at St. John's; then, quite suddenly, a change came over him. He whistled no more; his smile faded; his never-old jokes were forgotten. Always taciturn and sometimes cross, he answered the bell, delivered necessary messages more or less tardily, and at other times sat on his stool in the vestibule, unmindful of a hundred jobs awaiting a skilled and willing hand. The professors teased him a little and joked among themselves over the radical change, although more

than one among them really missed the cheeriness that had never before faltered.

Tim's new mood had lasted for a month or six weeks when its climax came,—a strange and inexplicable one, known only to the rector, whom it not only surprised but amused and puzzled and edified.

On a morning early in March, deserting his post at the door, Tim went to the rector's office and knocked loudly; and when he heard a muffled "Come in!" entered the room and very deliberately seated himself near the desk. There was a comically serious expression on his round, rosy face, and his hair seemed even stiffer and more rebellious than usual.

"I came on business, Father," he announced bluntly and rather shamefacedly. "I—you see, I've come to a decision. I have been thinking about it for a long time, and I've made up my mind to go."

He paused, evidently greatly embarrassed, and Father Hamilton exclaimed, in surprise:

"You mean that you are going to leave us! What's the matter, Tim? I thought you were well satisfied."

"It's not that I don't like my work here, Father," Tim hastened to explain: "but I—it's something entirely different. I've had it in my mind for some time—"

He broke off again, at a loss how to continue. Father Hamilton could not imagine what was coming, but he saw that Tim considered it to be serious and very important.

Tim glanced into the rector's face, then examined a corner of the rug, and his eye had found a resting place at the top of the window before he found courage to blurt out hurriedly:

"For years I've read everything I could find about the missions, especially those in China, and I've heard sermons, too. I know all about their needs and the heroism of the priests and Sisters who are running them, and—and I know they can use any one who is willing to help, even in a small way; so I'm going to do what I can: I'm going to China as soon as possible. That's what I've decided. I can do all kinds of odd jobs about some school or orphan asylum or church. I am hoping I'll have a chance to work for the Sisters, and I'm going as soon as I can. It was only a day or two ago that I fully made up my mind; and I came to tell you, so you can engage another man for the door. And—I've been thinking—since your Fathers have a mission in Peking, maybe you would take the trouble to ask if they will use me there."

However surprised Father Hamilton looked, his face could not have done justice to his amazement.

"But, Tim," he began in protest—and hesitated before the multitude of objections and obstacles that occurred to him. "But, Tim," he tried again, "China is thousands of miles away, and the climate in and about Peking is severe, and you are not young; in fact, you are old,—sixty years old, or is it sixty-two?"

"Fifty-nine next May," Tim corrected. "Call it fifty-nine, and I am as strong as ever I was."

Instantly Father Hamilton remembered having given Tim an extra dollar or two the Spring before, in honor of what he then had cheerfully admitted to be his sixty-second birthday.

"I have a little money laid by," Tim went on. "I want to pay my own travelling expenses; and I'll not ask for pay, except my board, after I reach the mission. I am strong still. I can do all kinds of work,—you know that. I can even cook, if I must. (God grant that I won't have to!) So, Father, will you please write for me to some mission in Peking or convenient to it, and put me down as young and as useful as you can? I must go. Do you think any one

will be willing to give me a trial?"

"I have no doubt many a mission would be glad to get a useful man on your terms, Tim; but—"

"And you will write, Father?" Tim pleaded.

After a little hesitation, the rector promised, still puzzled as to whether Tim's plan sprang from a whim or was the fruit of a real love for sacrifice.

"I am going to write to our headquarters in China within the next few days. If you really wish it, I'll try to secure a place for you there," he said.

Tim thanked him warmly, and, smiling as he had not smiled for many a day, hurried back to the door. During the weeks that followed he was alternately despondent and hilarious, as he hoped or feared in regard to the answer from Peking concerning work for him about the mission compound; and was quite unable to understand why some sort of reply did not come after an impossibly short interval.

Three months passed before the rector sent for him.

"I had a letter this morning from our mission in Peking," he said so smilingly that Tim knew the news was good, and he grinned broadly.

Laughing kindly, Father Hamilton explained:

"Yes, they will take you. You can be very useful, Father Doremus says, about our place or the orphan asylum near by. Two of our priests are to sail from San Francisco next month. How would you like to go with them?"

Tim's face was beaming and his voice was husky with emotion as he replied:

"Just as you think best, Father; but this is only the fifth, and a whole month seems long to be waiting. I wish I could start to-morrow."

"You *are* in a hurry!" Father Hamilton teased.

"You see, Father, they need help so badly—those poor, hardworked missionaries—that I can't get there too soon," Tim explained, somewhat embarrassed; and added, after a moment: "I have a small trunk. I think I'll begin to-day to pack my things: that will make the going seem closer."

"I hope, Tim, that you will be as well satisfied as you expect. Work is work; and cold, cold; and weariness, weariness, even on the missions," Father Hamilton warned him.

"I'll be content, never fear. I know what I am doing. It's been in my mind for a long time. You—don't understand," Tim replied confidently.

All that day and the next he beamed alike on friend and stranger, so supremely happy that he joked less than usual and did not feel inclined to whistle over his work. It was only on the third day that a small cloud dimmed his joy. The cloud grew and darkened until it blotted out all his happiness, and once more he went about the college silent and morose. His ruddy face paled and his step grew as slow as if all his years were weighing heavily upon him.

"I had word last evening that our Fathers will sail on the eighth," Father Hamilton told Tim one day; and Tim nodded his head but made no answer, except to say:

"I'll be ready. I'm ready now."

The fifth, the day set for Tim's departure, came at last. His few small bills had been paid, and a trunk, packed with all his worldly possessions, was locked and strapped. He was to take a night train; and, dressed in a new suit and creaking new shoes, he insisted on filling his old place at the door. Before noon, however, he hailed a passing lay-brother and asked him to stand at his post for a few minutes.

"I must speak to Father Hamilton," he explained, "I shan't be long." And, smiling sadly, he creaked down the corridor and knocked at the door of the rector's office.

Going close to Father Hamilton's

side, he said, without preface and in a choked voice:

"Father, I've changed my mind: I'm not going to China. It was all a temptation I was yielding to, and I'm not going."

"A temptation!" Father Hamilton echoed. (Surely Tim was a puzzle.) "Why, Tim, you were going because the missions need every kind of help. You offered to work almost without compensation. Isn't *this* the temptation?"

Tim looked squarely at Father Hamilton, who saw in his face a look of determination which had not been there when he announced his intention of devoting his last years to the hard service of the missions.

"Father Hamilton, I was trying to fool myself. I tried to feel zealous and —and obliging, but it wasn't God's glory or the poverty and helplessness of the missions I was thinking of: it was my little girl. You see, Father, my little girl—she's all I have in the world. She's a Sister of Charity, and she has been in China, near Peking, for six years. I went to see her before she left, and the day I came away she took me into the chapel, and we said good-bye there. We both cried a little, and I promised not to mind—very much. But you see how it is: I'm her father, and her mother is dead; and I—the longing for her got worse and worse, until I thought I couldn't stand it, so I made up my mind to go to China. As soon as I let the idea get hold of me I couldn't shake it off, so I gave in to it. We both made the sacrifice, and I knew she would be disappointed in me, but I thought I *had* to go."

Tim shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, before he concluded grimly:

"Lately, since everything has been settled, I've been thinking it all over again and again; and I made the sacrifice, and I'm going to stick to it and stay here."

"I understand," Father Hamilton said gently. "I can't say how glad I am that you're not going, Tim. There are several reasons why I am glad. To begin with, you are old, and would have found new work very hard; the climate is severe: you would have suffered from it; and, besides"—Father Hamilton suddenly looked at Tim with a wonderfully cheering smile,—"and, besides, Tim, I had a letter in this morning's mail from a priest in San Francisco saying that two nuns will reach here to-morrow on their way to New York, and he asked me to arrange for them to spend a few days at some convent in the city. They have had a long journey and need rest, and one of them has relatives here. They have been in China for some years. They are to secure helpers among the Sisters, and make collections for the mission wherever they can.

Tim leaned forward eagerly, with both hands on Father Hamilton's desk.

"Father gave me their names,—ordinary names that I took no heed of: Mother Mary Bauer, I believe; and the other—the younger of the two—is Sister Angela Murphy."

Tim did not move or say a word. When Father Hamilton looked into his face, his own eyes filled with tears. "There, Tim, don't cry!" he said gently.

LET us beware of complaints, resentments, and evil-speaking against those who are ill-disposed to us, discontented with us, or hostile to our plans and arrangements; or who even persecute us with injuries, insults, and calumnies. Rather let us go on treating them as cordially as at first, or more so; as far as possible showing them esteem, always speaking well of them, doing them good, serving them on occasion, even to the point of taking shame and disgrace upon ourselves, if necessary, to save their honor.

—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

The Story of a Prisoner in Ireland.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

I.

THE boy had often wished to wander among the purple mountains that filled the distance all round the valley,—to lie down among the heather, to scale the heights and look out upon "the mysterious Beyond." But school and "exam" and law-reading bound him; and it was only when he had been many years a professional man, an Ulster lawyer, that he got his chance of going away to the mountains and living among the heather and the mists. He thanked Lloyd George, French, Macready, and Hamar Greenwood for this exciting excursion. "They did me the honor," he says, "of thinking that Ireland would not be finally conquered whilst even poor, insignificant I was left to bleat my pettifogging plea for Irish freedom." So, when his office had been raided, Mr. Louis Walsh took warning and disappeared to the hills. A Catholic Ulster lawyer,—some people will be surprised to hear there is such a thing. They will learn from his story also that a large part of Ulster is intensely Catholic, and that there would soon be no religious difficulty in the North if the Orange city of Belfast could be whisked by some witch away into Scotland. Well, there was Louis Walsh, a well-known solicitor, the owner of a happy home, the father of a family, out "on his keeping." And here we must explain the quaint title.*

In Ireland, especially in the North, a man is "on his keeping" when he has to look out for himself and keep himself and his freedom. "In my Keeping and in Theirs" means that the fugitive was a prisoner later on. Now, of all things that come out in this true story, the most impressive point is devotion to the Blessed Virgin,—not only the devotion of the Catholic Ulster lawyer but of all the best manhood of Ireland. "Placing my family and home and business and fortunes in the keeping of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, I packed my bag and got ready to go forth. I knew that Our Lady would carry out the trust imposed on her, and *she did.*" This was the consecration made by a professional man, leaving Derry jail and going for an indefinite period to an internment camp, with ruinous prospects to his business affairs and to his home and children.

Before imprisonment, while he was still among the heather, passing from one homestead or cottage to another, he became conscious of an exultation in having "joined the long line of those who had worked and suffered for Ireland." Everywhere he was welcome,—in the poor woman's hut where the rain came through the roof, or in the farmhouse kitchen where they passed merry evenings, singing, reciting, telling stories that made the rafters ring. "No need for me to tell the cause of my journey; for none of these people but would have laid down his life rather than betray me." At night, when the mountain peaks looked solemn in the moonlight, he stood at his window and saw the lights of far-off hillside cabins, and listened to the murmur of the river in the glen. "I knew that the same moon was shining into a room a long distance away from me, where a woman was kneeling amid a group of little worshippers, who were praying that the soldiers might not find 'daddy' and that God might soon send him home. What would be the end of it all for them and for me?..."

He ventured to Dublin, to feel the heart-beats of the grand old city. "It was just then that the British Cabinet had made open league with the fiends of hell, and launched their policy of

* "In my Keeping and in Theirs," by Louis Walsh. Published by the Talbot Press, Dublin; and Fisher Unwin, London.

'Black and Tanism' and reprisals, in the foolish hope that thereby they would break forever the Irish determination to be free." Groups knelt in every church, before the Blessed Sacrament and around the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor,—groups with tense faces praying for their kindred and for their country; and everywhere the people were not only standing the strain, but "their amazing courage" exceeded all expectation. Back in Antrim again, there was a motor journey, in dark night and pouring rain, over a mountain pass, above precipices, up and down hill-roads that seemed in the darkness as steep as the sides of a house, and across the wooden bridge over the noise of a torrent. A man of the I. R. A. was beside him in the car, wounded, suffering agonies all the way. "But we had some poor body's prayers, as we say in Ireland," says the teller of the true story; and they reached a house and fireside at last, wet, cold and starving.

Not long after this awful run, our country lawyer received news that his warrant had been withdrawn; "and on Saturday I heard the cry for which my heart had hungered during the preceding weeks, when a band of little toddlers, who had been watching all evening by the window of our home, rushed up the street to meet me with a wild shriek of 'Daddy!' As my wife and I knelt down that night to say the Rosary in thanksgiving, and I looked at the happy-faced, bright-eyed little worshippers around us, the words of the old woman came back to me: *'Ta Dia maith agus ta mathair mhaith Aige.'* (God is good, and He has a good Mother.)"

This was only a respite. Before long his brother was arrested, also a friend, another solicitor, Mr. Agnew. And then followed quickly the arrest of Louis Walsh. The case of the solicitor, Patrick Agnew, is remarkable and ought to be widely known, it is so clear an instance of the "planting" of ammunition that so often was the scheme for arrest. Louis Walsh tells of his friend's house where he spent the evening before the capture,—the bright fireside, the wife that was the jewel of a happy home. When he was gone, the military came with a lorry in the night to search. A soldier and a Black-and-Tan were in the hall, while the owner of the house went upstairs to finish dressing. When he came down again with the officer, the two were still there; and the officer went into one of the lower rooms, and almost at once shouted, "Here are five rounds of ammunition!" The house had been searched three weeks before and nothing had been discovered. This ammunition was found at once in a cupboard in a room off the hall. Who had put it there? Mrs. Agnew and her household had constant access to that cupboard, and were positive nothing of the kind had been there. The officer did not search anywhere else, or even look for the weapon to which the ammunition belonged. He simply took his prisoner away; and, though the prisoner protested that the ammunition was "planted," Mr. Patrick Agnew, solicitor, was sent off to do three months' hard labor. The same thing has occurred again and again, ammunition being "planted" and found even in a priest's house. Such is justice under English law in Ireland.

"I had a strange feeling that something was going to happen," says Louis Walsh,—"something that would profoundly influence my subsequent life." He placed himself under the protection of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, confident that she would see him safe through all difficulties. This was his premonition when he heard the lorry in the night. The next evening he was with his brother and his friend on another lorry in the midst of bayonets, bound for Derry Jail.

II.

Christmas in Derry Jail! The dreary clanking of the bell awoke the prisoner. First thoughts were for home as it used to be, and the "wild stampede of little ones." His memory went back to childhood in an Ulster glen entirely Catholic; the "chapel," in the dark, all lit up with candles, and shining in the distance like a lamp among the tall trees; and the fife and drum band, "with their blazing torches, marching along the road, playing 'God Save Ireland,' and 'The Wearing of the Green' and 'Faith of Our Fathers,'—three times round the chapel before they went in to Mass." The prisoners went down to their chapel now within the walls; and the teller of the story need hardly remind us that an Irish prison is not like an English prison. Everyone—governor, jailers, and all—approached the altar rail to receive the Bread of Life. "It was all joy and thankfulness for us then," says the Irishman suffering for Ireland. "For of one supreme possession the tyrant could not deprive us; and we knew that the prayers that would go up before the great White Throne from our little company that morning would be more potent, after all, than all the power and resources of the British Empire."

Even with an extension of lock-up time, their day would end at half-past seven. Before that hour they were favored by getting the use of the condemned cell, because it was larger than the others; and there they had a concert of the merriest and jolliest description. Heartily enjoying it in the midst of them was "a poor Orangeman" who had been caught selling a revolver. Parcels and cigarettes had been shared with him, and before he was out of Derry Jail he declared proudly he was "not afeerd to walk wi' the Sinn Feiners." The gay choruses of Christmas ended, and, after half-past seven "lock up," the corridor resounded with the Rosary.

Our prisoner had made the best of everything at the jail from the first night, when a sympathetic warder showed him the most comfortable way of settling a plank bed. When he was to be removed to an internment camp, it was a shock; for that meant an indefinite period of captivity which might lengthen out to years, to the ruin of his business and his family. So, as he packed his bag, he made the consecration of all things to Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, giving his affairs and his children into her keeping.

When later batches of handcuffed men were passing through Belfast to Ballykinlar, the mob showed Orange chivalry by pelting the defenceless prisoners with showers of stones and shipyard bolts; but when Mr. Louis Walsh and his companions were threatened, the Rifle Brigade escort turned their bayonets on the crowd and saved the prisoners. Handcuffs were put on only for the last few yards, as a matter of form, before entering the barbed-wire enclosure. Ballykinlar was full of terrible accounts of the two-days' voyage of the men from the South, penned like sheep in the hold of the "Heather." "One man," says the narrator, "described his feelings when he first entered the 'Cage.' He had come up on the 'Heather' from Cork, and arrived at the camp, famishing with hunger and shivering with cold. They were kept for a very long time standing in the 'stable' outside the wires, during which time a soldier, who took pity on their wretched plight, was forbidden by a mean little creature in the uniform of an officer to give them a drink of water."

Our lawyer never makes any complaint on his own account. They had the food supplemented by parcels, and they were placed twenty-five in a hut. The men of his hut, of various ages and social position, all became good and

hearty friends at once; and he felt thankful to Sir Hamar Greenwood that, when he rounded up the rest of them, he locked up Dr. Hayes, of the Dail Eireann, in Ballykinlar: "Hayes is a man of beautiful character, as kind as a mother, as simple as a child, and as humble as a saint." The huts had formerly been used elsewhere for British soldiers; and the prisoner observes that there could not be a more striking indication of the difference between the two civilizations than the contrast between the scribbling they found on the walls and the fact that one might spend a twelvemonth with the Irish prisoners at Ballykinlar without hearing an unseemly word. They had a chaplain in the camp, daily Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament always reserved in the chapel. The Rosary was said in the huts every evening; and, as time went on, most of the huts—very likely all—were consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

Several men who had nothing to do with Sinn Fein had been swept into the camp, which, in its two enclosures, held some thousands. But, whatever they were outside, they became Sinn Feiners at Ballykinlar. The months of enforced leisure were used as a preparation for the constructive work of the new and free Ireland of the future. All sorts of educational classes were organized by the men. They got up lectures, games, and concerts, and studied how to become more efficient soldiers. At one time they were drilled by the sergeants; but this exercise was discontinued when it was discovered that the prisoners were only too eager for drilling. For the most part, the men at the internment camp were fervently religious; their life was one of earnest industry, that they might the better serve their country later on. Whatever severity was in the discipline was good for the advancement of the cause for which they were held in bondage.

Mr. Louis Walsh wasted no pity on himself. "I was suffering very little," he says, "compared with some of the men in the camp; and our sufferings, on the whole, were nothing compared with those of the men and women who were enduring the horrors of penal servitude and long terms of imprisonment; whilst even they were getting off more easily than many who were being tortured outside, and who saw their houses burned to the ground, and their sons shot like dogs before their eyes." Small inconveniences he only laughed at. In a hut of twenty-five, a middle-aged man might want to write home just when the younger spirits started leap-frog or a wrestling bout; and if he lay down with an aching tooth, somebody at the other end might be trying to find out a scale on the fiddle.

Truth to tell, the writer of the story, with his wit and his verses and his keen scent for any bit of fun, seems to have a heart as young as any. And as they were all Irishmen in Ballykinlar, they had plenty of jokes going, even in the struggle against the petty tyranny of subalterns and in the prisoners' strike. Unfortunately, there is bloodshed to be chronicled by this candid historian. Two young men were shot dead; and here the lawyer handles his facts with fearless justice, and shows how utterly untenable was the Government defence whether in the camp or in the British House of Commons. Sir Hamar Greenwood dismissed it all, but the legal prisoner saw the pools of blood where the men fell, far from the wire fence, and states his case. "Of course the shooting could not be justified in any way," he says; "and the military knew that."

After six months, the day came when a sergeant said, "Pack up, Walsh, and be at the entrance gate in ten minutes." As he passed along the outside of the wire enclosure, under escort, to the Censor's office, the news had spread that he was leaving, and his late com-

rades crowded inside the wire wall and gave him a rousing cheer. It was freedom tempered by sympathy for those left in "the hated cage," amongst them his own brother.

Then he turns to his Patroness and Protectress, and acknowledges that, though, humanly speaking, his internment should have meant ruin, he came out to find that everything had prospered during his absence. His business had been personal, but his clerk—"a brave good young Irishman"—had taken his place and done wonders for the clients; there was every prospect that the bank balance would soon be righted; his health was not injured; the happy home had not suffered except by the taking of "daddy"; and wife, children and faithful friends welcomed him back. "It was good to live through moments of such exquisite happiness." The Mother of Perpetual Succor had kept her trust; and to her in his printed pages he offers public thanksgiving.

We hope there will be opportunity for Americans to enjoy for themselves the whole of this Irish Prisoner's story. Only a hundred and twelve pages, with a grim warder on the cover, it is full of laughter and of tears,—full of simple pictures of the terror and revelations of the fervor of Catholic Ireland.

OUR greatest fault is that we wish to serve God in our own way, not in His way. . . . When He wishes us to be ill, we wish to be well; when He desires us to serve Him by sufferings, we desire to serve Him by works; when He wishes us to exercise charity, we wish to exercise humility; when He seeks from us resignation, we wish for devotion, a spirit of prayer, or some other virtue. And this is not because the things we desire may be more pleasing to Him, but because they are more to our taste. This is the greatest obstacle we can raise to our perfection.

—St. Francis de Sales.

A Legend of St. Martin.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS was not only very charitable and wise but also very shrewd in dealing with the powers of evil. This virtue is remembered in a story which the country people of Southern France love to tell.

Once upon a time St. Martin was out walking and suddenly met the devil. Thinking that he was not recognized, the Evil One made himself out to be a peasant, and asked St. Martin to join with him in renting and cultivating a field near by. The Saint agreed, and urged the sowing of wheat. When it was ripe, he separated the ear from the stalk, and asked the devil which part he preferred. Satan greedily pounced upon the long straw, saying, "This."—"Very well," replied St. Martin, and the devil starved all winter; but, though he was very angry, he said nothing.

The next year, the crop decided upon was a kind of potato. After it had ripened, the Saint again divided the fruit from the stalk, and asked Satan to choose. Remembering his mistake of the previous year, he eyed the yellowed tops and said, "This." Again he starved. When he returned in the spring, although he grumbled a little at the proposal, he agreed that the field should be planted with turnips.

When they were nearly ripe, St. Martin called the devil and said: "Since you were not satisfied last year, I shall divide the crop into three parts and allow you to choose two." So he cut off the long root and the leaves from the vegetable. Remembering that once he should have taken the top, and upon the second occasion the bottom, Satan pounced on these for his own. "Very well," agreed St. Martin. When the devil discovered that he had been outwitted a third time, he went off in a high rage, and was not seen in the neighborhood of Tours again until many years after the Saint's death.

Catholic Readers and Catholic Editors.

THERE is much that is notable besides what we have already quoted in a pastoral of the late Archbishop Whiteside, of Liverpool, on "Catholic Newspapers and the Fight for the Faith," as some one has aptly entitled it. For instance, in reference to the principle which should guide one in choosing a Catholic newspaper, the Archbishop says:

"The fact that a particular newspaper has no politics, or that it advocates one set of political views rather than another, should not be a reason for choosing or rejecting it. A Catholic reads his Catholic newspaper not for its politics, but to get the best of what as a Catholic he wishes to find in it. Nor should he decline to subscribe to a particular Catholic newspaper because its news or its correspondence, or its treatment of certain questions, is at times not to his liking. Provided the conductors of a newspaper recognize the broad duty of avoiding whatever may disedify in what is read by all classes and conditions of men, a large discretion should be allowed to them in such details....It seems ungracious, to say the least, to emphasize the slight shortcomings of those who are working under great difficulties, in what is, after all, the noblest of causes."

If the foregoing is not only just but generous to Catholic editors, and a needed lesson to many a Catholic reader, the Archbishop is equally considerate in the following paragraph, which conveys a lesson not wholly unnecessary to the editorial fraternity:

"But, whatever allowance a Catholic reader should make for the deficiencies, real or apparent, of a Catholic newspaper, in one thing, and in one thing alone, should he be exacting. The newspaper that claims to be Catholic must be so not only in name but also in reality. And the test and touchstone of this, as of every other activity in the Church, is unswerving loyalty to authority. The unity of the Church, which was the object of Our Lord's last solemn prayer, depends on the close union of rulers and ruled,—of the people with their priests, of the priests through their bishops with the Holy See, the centre of unity. To do anything to introduce division and distrust where a spirit of due subjection and of mutual confidence reigns, to reverse the order established by Christ, and to seek to submit the ruling of their diocese by bishops, of their parishes by priests, to the tribunal of the people,—this is unquestionably to incur the guilt of schism."

We should like to be able to say that in none of our Catholic exchanges do we note symptoms of the spirit thus reprobated. That the condemnation of a Catholic journal by a bishop is a very rare occurrence is convincing proof that the Catholic hierarchy as a body is "merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness."

The right and the expediency of a bishop's authority as regards distinctively Catholic journalism in his diocese are so intimately connected with his episcopal office and functions that they clearly need no vindication. A bishop is appointed to teach and to govern in matters religious; and, obviously, the correlative duties of the faithful are to be taught and governed by their bishop. The assumption of the title "Catholic editor" by this or that individual member of the faithful in no way withdraws him from the jurisdiction of his Ordinary, nor does it forthwith invest the member in question with any well-grounded claim to pose as an authorized leader. The multiplication of good Catholic papers is not more desirable nowadays than is the reform—or the suppression—of any that are undeserving of that title.

Notes and Remarks.

The Gospel account of our Saviour's action when He found in the Temple them that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money, indicates one way in which all true followers of Christ may appropriately show their zeal. The church in whose tabernacle reposes the Real Presence of Jesus Christ Himself is far and away holier than was the Temple of the Old Law, and the zealous priest sees to it that nothing derogatory to that holiness is visible within its walls. Cleanliness and neatness characterize every portion of it, not excepting the sacristy; so that there is nothing inconsistent in the priest's saying with the Psalmist, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth." So, too, scrupulous attention to the multiplied details of the Church's rites and ceremonies shows willing obedience to St. Paul's admonition, "Let all things be done decently and according to order." Of the effect of such matters on non-Catholics, the London *Gazette* observes: "One of the means of drawing inquirers nearer in the first instance is by the beauty and order of our services and church buildings. These must not be the main attraction or the ultimate one; but we must certainly not drive any away by having anything that offends reverent taste and feeling."

Nobody need look for fresh facts, State secrets, or anything savoring of scandal in the recently-published biography of Queen Alexandra—not even for flashes. ("Queen Alexandra: A Study of Royalty," by W. R. H. Trowbridge; with an introduction by Lady Walburga Paget.) This book, however, should be an inspiration to Christian charity, to simplicity, gentleness, and patience. The picture drawn by Lady Paget of the Queen as, "gentle and uncomplaining, she went about, always in the same simple little black dress, doing her errands of mercy, while the London streets were blazing with jewelry and furs, and the sounds of revelry at night were mingled with the booming of the Zeppelin bombs," affords a real glimpse at a woman who is noble by nature as well as by rank. "Once only the Queen murmured," writes Lady Paget, "and that was when she was told she must give up her beloved horses and dogs. Only the very smallest minimum was left to her, as her much straitened income was not sufficient to keep so many pets. It was a bitter sacrifice; for queens are often lonely, and dogs are their sincerest friends."

The recent closing, as a measure of economy, of Althorp House, Northamptonshire, England, prompted the London *Daily Chronicle* to recount the history of this once famous residence of Lord Spencer—with its twenty Reynolds, its two largest known gold pails, its silver wine-cistern, as big as a bath, the bowling-green where Charles I. played, the rooms occupied by him and other kings, and all the rest. The London *Tablet* recalls that Althorp was the home of the boyhood and youth of Father Ignatius Spencer, Passionist, a precursor of the Oxford Movement. The compiler of "Converts to Rome in Great Britain" states that the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, son of the second Earl Spencer, Father Ignatius, was converted in 1830, and not long afterwards became an humble and austere Passionist. He was widely known on account of his untiring efforts for the conversion of England.

It is quite unnecessary to remark that notwithstanding the murder of two Western priests within the past few weeks—each of them lured to his death on the pretext of an urgent sick-call,—our clergy will still continue to adminis-

ter the Sacraments as often as the needs of their flocks demand such religious help and comfort. Priests are too well accustomed to taking their lives in their hands, when there is question of giving the last rites to the dying, to allow themselves to be deterred from their duty. At the same time it is worth while asking whether it would not be a judicious course, in bigoted sections of our country, to insist that any one calling for a priest at night should, if personally unknown to him, be accompanied by a parishioner who *is* known to him, or by a policeman.

Our Calcutta contemporary, the *Catholic Herald of India,* while thoroughly loyal to England's Prince, is not at all edified by the enlistment of mascots to ensure his prosperous journey. Its point about Protestant condemnation of Catholic religious practices as contrasted with Protestant reliance on mascots and luck is well taken. It says: "Eleven black cats have been taken on board the 'Renown' for luck and safe passage. Now the Prince is safe. Had it been announced that he had made a vow to Our Lady of Happy Voyage, or was carrying with him the medal of a saint or a cross, wise people would have shrugged their shoulders,—but eleven black cats, that's the thing. We hope, at any rate, that Catholics will not leave it to those eleven black cats, but that they will turn to Almighty God for the Prince's protection. May Our Lady, Star of the Sea, bless, guide and protect the ship that carries England's Prince!"

Addressing the Catholic Society of Liverpool on a recent occasion, Archbishop Keating made some capital comments on the statement that Nationalism had become the curse of Europe. As reported in the *Catholic Times:*

> It seemed to his Grace that there were two social forces that corrected all exaggerated and false nationalism, and that secured an internationalism of the best kind. First of all was the great international force of learning. If love laughed at locksmiths, it was equally true that learning laughed at political frontiers. It was the most universal of all natural fellowships. There were some boobies during the war who said that never again would we read German literature, accept German science, or even play German music. That, of course, was gigantic folly. The learning of the world was not to be chopped up into tiny, petty nations, each with its own culture, irrespective of mankind. In the commonwealth of learning, they forgot the petty quarrels of commercialism and militarism. The other international force that belonged to his hearers was Catholic unity, which was symbolized by the Barque of St. Peter. Amongst all the freight that was on the ocean when the great tempest of the war broke out, only the Barque of Peter had come through unscathed.

Nothing that comes under the notice of our guests from European countries during their stay in the United States is likely to impress them more deeply than President Harding's proclamation designating Thursday, November 24, to be observed by our people as "a day of thanksgiving, devotion, and prayer"; and "urging that at their hearth-sides and their altars they will give thanks for all that has been rendered unto them, and will pray for a continuance of the divine fortune which has been showered so generously upon this nation.

"When we gather at our altars to offer up thanks," writes President Harding, "we will do well to pledge, in humility and all sincerity, our purpose to prove deserving. We have been raised up and preserved in national power and consequence, as part of a plan whose wisdom we can not question. Thus believing, we can do no less than hold our nation the willing instrument of the Providence which has so wonderfully favored us. Opportunity for very great service awaits us, if we shall prove equal to it. Let our prayers be raised for direction in the right paths. Under God

our resposibility is great, to our own first, to all men afterward; to all mankind in God's own justice.

"We shall be prospered as we shall deserve prosperity, seeking not alone for the material things, but for those of the spirit as well; earnestly trying to help others; asking, before all else, the privilege of service. As we render thanks anew for the exaltation which came to us, we may fittingly petition that moderation and wisdom shall be granted to rest upon all who are in authority in the tasks they must discharge. Their hands will be steadied, their purposes strengthened, in answer to our prayers."

Perhaps the most noteworthy editorial comments on the acquittal of the Rev. Edwin Stephenson, a Methodist minister, of the murder of Father James Coyle, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Birmingham Ala., are those of the *Enquirer-Sun* of Columbus, Ga., and the *Birmingham News*. We quote from these papers in the order of naming:

The crime was prompted by religious hate—bitter, murderous hate—in the heart of a so-called minister of God; and the defence of the murderer was pitched largely upon the same miserable plane; it being evident throughout that the effort was to keep the "religious issue" well to the front, and to obscure as much as possible the real issue of murder. And on that issue, the jury voted "for" Stephenson, the murderer, and "against" the man whom he slew without warning—and that's all there was to it.

...It is the duty of all good citizens to strive to hold in check this epidemic of intolerance as much as they may, by speaking out against it wherever and whenever occasion permits, by condemning these fomenters of strife and apologists of mob rule and murder wherever they show their heads; for unless we do so, this scourge of scourges will sweep everything before it, even the civilization that has been our boast and pride. Such verdicts as that which freed the murderer Stephenson can but serve to emphasize this warning.

Knowing the bitter intolerance and bigotry that have marked this community for the past half dozen years, the press and public of the country at large, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish alike, have had their eyes upon the Jefferson County court house, to see what a jury drawn from this county would do in such a case. Birmingham, of course, will be the target for bitter criticism, and the *News* is forced to admit there will be some sound basis for it....

Anticipating the criticism that will fall upon Birmingham following the verdict in the Stephenson case, the *News* regrets that there are few plausible arguments with which to answer it. The outside world and many persons in Birmingham will always believe that had a Catholic priest killed a Protestant minister under exactly similar circumstances, the verdict would have been the exact opposite.

In his address to the jury that acquitted Stephenson, Asst. Sol. Morrow repeatedly denounced him as a "cold-blooded murderer," bent on stirring up hatred against Catholics; adding: "When the time comes that Catholics and Protestants can not get equal protection under the law, let's tear down our court houses and put every man on his guard. Then you won't find a man shot down on his front porch without so much as a pocketknife on him."

The current number of *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* prints another instalment of letters by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, addressed to the family of Prof. George B. Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, whom he received into the Church in 1847. These letters, which are well worth printing—we hope to see them in book form,—are carefully edited by F. E. T. They reveal in every line the beauty of the great prelate's soul, his tender solicitude for the flock committed to his care, his longing to draw all men to Christ. Most of them refer to converts, and show how unceasingly he prays for them, how joyful he is when they enter the Church, how solicitous he is for their perseverance. These precious letters are a contribution to the history of the Church in the United States; for

they breathe the very spirit of the writer, who, on account of his learning and holiness, was called the Chrysostom of America. Let us quote two paragraphs of a letter addressed to Mrs. Allen, dated Dec. 5, 1859. It is representative of all the others:

Since your visit I have been three days from home on a visit to a lawyer, once a devout Catholic, when a student of Law, but for many years (now) a rank infidel. For several years he is suffering from disease without hope of recovery. My mission was ineffectual, though he received me respectfully. I mention his case, that devout prayers may be offered for him. He is not immoral or impious, although wholly without faith. I have great sympathy for unbelievers, as I know how difficult it is to grasp the revealed mysteries with a firm assent, and how wholly dependent on grace is faith.

A Virginian merchant residing in this city is preparing for Baptism, under the pressure of consumption. Thus one receives the gift which another, perhaps through self-reliance, has lost. Saint Augustine, however, tells us not to pronounce rashly why one is drawn by grace, another left in unbelief. The secrets of the divine judgments are impenetrable.

In a keenly written and informative article contributed to the October *Atlantic*, Colonel Charles Repington analyzes the state of Europe in so far as it affects proposals for disarmament. Conceding that the Washington Conference may do something worth while towards halting the construction of enormous navies, the writer is strongly inclined to believe that the mental disorder from which society is now suffering will make any attempt to regulate the size of land armies seem quite puerile. He presents the French case quite impartially, commends the present German Government, and supplies snapshots of other European countries with surprising ingenuity. One may be inclined to believe that certain paragraphs of the article are too facile for truth's requirements, but most people will agree with this deduction: "Armaments are symptoms of a political disease, but are not the disease itself. The real diseases of the world are unstable exchanges, unsound currencies, hampered trade, and the false nationalism which shuns obligatory arbitration. Cure these diseases and armaments cure themselves."

What shall the cure be, is, however, the question which we are all trying to answer. How shall the suicidal egoism of modern social groups be wrought into reasonable co-operation? Commonsense has failed, finance has proved itself incompetent, and "publicity" is a farce. It becomes more rigidly evident day after day that civilization will have to create a distinctly new state of mind. And it is at this place that one collides abruptly with the axiom of the Psalmist, *"Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam."*

While the Catholic pulpit and the Catholic press periodically call attention to the need in this country of developing more vocations to the priesthood, another need less frequently pointed out is that of additional vocations to the Brotherhoods, both teaching and lay. That Catholic education in our land can not dispense with the services of religious teachers, Sisters and Brothers, is elementary; but that religious communities are hampered in their development by their lack of a sufficient number of lay Brothers and lay Sisters does not seem to be so generally known. It is assuredly the duty of pastors, to whom are confided the care of souls, to do their share in supplying this want, at least to the extent of enlightening young people on the question of the religious life, and fostering such incipient vocations. The life of the lay Brother has so many spiritual advantages and so few onerous responsibilities that it may well prove attractive to thousands who at present know scarcely anything about it.

Kindness.

BY GEORGE H. FROST.

THE things I did to spite folk,
I wouldn't do again;
For I alone have paid in moan
The heavy, constant pain.

The things I did to help folk,
I'd do most cheerfully;
For deeds of gold a hundredfold
Have been returned to me.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XX.—Surprises. A Merry Feast.

MOTHER BARBARIN took the boys into the garden, and showed them her vegetables and the crooked pear tree, loaded with fruit.

"I shall make some money on those pears," she said. "And, Remi, the Pétains (a family at the Chateau) take all my vegetables, and are especially fond of artichokes, for which they pay me well. So your surprise was a very good thing for me. You were always fond of surprises."

The moment had arrived.

"I am still fond of them," said Remi. "I have one for you now."

Mattia, who had been walking behind, pressed eagerly forward.

"Have you a cow, Madame?" he inquired.

"No. I used to have, but that was long ago. I am afraid I shall never own one again."

"What do you keep in the stable?" asked Remi.

"Nothing but wood."

He opened the door and peeped in. Rosette III. made a mooing sound.

"What is that?" exclaimed Mother Barbarin.

Remi threw the door wide open.

"A cow,—a cow!" she cried,—"the little Rosette herself! How did she get here?"

"A surprise,—a surprise!" answered the laughing Remi,—"like the artichokes, *maman,* only better."

"But I do not understand yet," said Mother Barbarin.

"I did not want to come back to you with empty hands," replied Remi,—"to you, who had done so much for me. So I thought a cow would be the best thing to get; and that if you already had one, Boncours would know. We stopped there on our way and bought this beautiful animal, who, he told me, is a granddaughter of our own Rosette."

"Oh, you good child! My darling boy!" cried Mother Barbarin, throwing her arms around him.

They then went into the stable.

"She is as like Rosette as it is possible for one cow to be like another," she said. "I have admired her and wished for her since the day she was born. Always, when passing Boncours' field, I have dreaded to find her gone. And now she is ours,—really ours! But you must have got rich, Remi, to have bought her."

"He has twenty francs left in his purse," said Mattia.

"More than that," replied Remi. "You do not know what I have in my purse."

"I guessed it."

"Then you guessed wrong. But I have not grown rich at all, *maman.*"

"We shall feel ourselves so," said Mother Barbarin. "Now we can have milk in our coffee, pudding sometimes—"

"And pancakes, perhaps, occasionally."

"Yes, now and then. But they are a luxury, for feast-days only. What with the butter and sugar and eggs, they are costly."

"Have you some chickens?" asked Remi.

"Half a dozen. I exchange the eggs with my neighbors for a bit of pork or butter. Now I can have butter of my own, and even some to sell. Oh, we are rich, Remi!"

The cow looked at them pleadingly, mooing the while.

"She is hungry and thirsty," said Mattia.

"Not hungry," said Remi. "She was eating grass in the field where we bought her, and munching it along the way. But she is thirsty."

He glanced up at the beam where a bucket used to hang. It was still there. Seizing it, he ran to the pump for water. When he had gone, Mattia whispered to Mother Barbarin:

"Would you not call this a kind of feast-day, Madame?"

"Indeed it is one for me."

"Well, perhaps you would make some pancakes for Remi, then; he has spoken of them a great deal."

"And you, Mattia?" replied Mother Barbarin, smiling. "Would you not like some also?"

"Yes, Madame. I have never tasted them. In our country we do not have any; but what Remi has told me about them has made my mouth water. And fritters, Madame,—do you still make fritters?"

"Very seldom, Mattia. But I still know how."

At this moment Remi returned with the water. Rosette drank eagerly.

"She wants to be milked," said Mother Barbarin. "I will go for the pail."

When she returned, Mattia and Remi were in conference.

"Have you flour in the house, *maman?*" asked Remi.

"Yes, plenty of flour."

"And eggs?"

"There must be three in the nests."

"And sugar?"

"No sugar, Remi."

"Butter?"

"Not a bit."

She had begun to milk the cow. The boys, standing beside her, watched the rich, white stream flow into the pail.

"She is a fine milker," said Mother Barbarin; "even better than her grandmother. We shall have at least three quarts."

"Enough to make pancakes?"

"Enough to make them several times. Ah, I see that is what you are after! You shall have them."

"Is Soquet still keeping the grocery?" asked Remi.

"He is still there."

"Well, I shall just run over and get some sugar and apples for the pancakes and fritters. We will not want both to-night, *maman*. We can wait till to-morrow for the fritters, but it is well to have the apples ready."

"Run along, then, both of you," said Mother Barbarin, laughing. "I am nearly done milking."

The two boys flew across the field to the village. Soquet, half-blind and deaf, did not recognize Remi. When they returned Mother Barbarin had the flour and milk in a yellow bowl and the eggs ready to beat.

"There, Remi," she said, pointing to them. He beat them up eagerly, Mattia standing by. Mother Barbarin took a little box from a shelf.

"This is what they call baking-powder," she said. "They sell it at the grocery now. It makes the cakes rise more quickly; one can bake them as soon as the batter is ready. They have many wonderful things in these days."

Placing the butter to melt in a deep saucer on the hearth, she told Remi to

set the table. He went to the dresser, glanced at the shelves and opened the drawer underneath.

"There is a tablecloth," he said. "Shall I use it?"

"Oh, yes! Thérèse is accustomed to many dainty ways," said Mother Barbarin. "In that regard, every day is a feast-day with us now."

Remi conceived a sudden admiration for the absent Thérèse. He opened the door of the little closet and found some blue and white dishes.

"Ah, new dishes!" he said.

"They belonged to the mother of Thérèse," said Mother Barbarin. "We use them always. And the spoons, knives and forks are of silver. We have four of each,—enough for three, and one over."

Remi set the table, took a cracked brown jug from the closet and ran into the garden. He filled it with nasturtiums and placed it in the centre of the table. A nice blue pitcher stood on the closet shelf.

"May I pour the rest of the milk into this?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. We will drink it to-night for our supper." She glanced at the table. "My Remi has lived with fine people since he left me," she said. "Look at the pretty table!"

"Only for two months with fine people," he replied. "I will tell you all about it later on. But I like pretty things."

"You always did, my Remi!" she replied, stopping in the midst of her work to gaze at him thoughtfully.

And now the batter was ready, the pan on the fire, the butter melting. Mother Barbarin was bending over it with a ladle-full of batter in her hand.

"It makes me think, *maman*, of that last time when the awful Jerome came and—"

"Speak no evil of the dead, dear Remi," said Mother Barbarin. "May the Lord have mercy on his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed!"

"Amen!" said Remi in a low voice.

Ah, it was a cheerful supper! The boys ate until Mattia, laying down his knife and fork, exclaimed:

"I know I shall be ill. In all my life I have not eaten half so much."

When the table was cleared and the dishes washed, Mother Barbarin said:

"Mattia dear, climb those steps to the loft and go to bed. You will find there a cot and some blankets. To-night Remi will sleep in my room, in Thérèse's bed. I want to talk to him."

Mattia needed no second bidding. He was both tired and sleepy. When he had gone, Mother Barbarin covered the fire, took a candle, went to the press, got out two clean sheets and a pillow-case, which she carried into the bedroom. There she made up Thérèse's cot afresh for Remi, and, giving him the candle, told him to go to bed.

Remi lay wide awake. Presently Mother Barbarin returned.

"Remi, do you pray still?"

"Every morning and night," he replied.

"You have been with good people," she said. "Thank God for that! You have grown and you have improved. You seem like a scholar to me. But tell me, my child, why, in all this time, you have never written to Mother Barbarin?"

"At first I could not write, as you know, or even read."

"But that man, Vitalis?"

"I do not think he would have allowed it."

"The bad man!"

"No, he was a good man, *maman*. He taught me to read and write; and when I knew how, I was afraid to write. Somehow, I thought that, after all, if Jerome knew where I was he might come and take me."

"You were very much afraid of him, Remi?"

"Even until to-day, when I heard he

was dead, I was afraid. But I wanted to see you so badly that I could not stay away any longer. I wanted to come home, *maman*."

"Tell me all about it, from the beginning," she said, "if you are not too sleepy."

"I am not at all sleepy, *maman*. I want you to hear it all."

Then Remi told his story, with occasional questioning from Mother Barbarin. When he had finished, she said:

"Signor Vitalis was not so bad; but he should have left you with those good people, the mother and son, who wanted you."

"He thought so himself before he died," answered Remi. "But I believe he thought also that they might have tired of me later, and sent me away. He said rich people were like that."

"Sometimes, — not always," said Mother Barbarin. "In many ways, people are all alike, rich and poor. But I think, Remi, for the most part, you have so far been lucky. Everyone seems to have been kind to you. What, I wonder, does the future hold in store for you?"

"I want to stay here with you— always," said the boy.

"Stay for the present; but I have a higher ideal for you, Remi, than to see you always living at Chavonis. I have a cousin, a florist, at Cette, with whom you might find a place when you are older."

"I do not want to leave you again, *maman*," said Remi.

"And you need not. We could all go there. And now, my boy, in the Name of God, let us sleep. The church clock has just struck midnight. Good-night, my son!"

"Good-night, dear Mamma Barbarin!"

"God bless you and keep you always as you were, always as you are still, my good little Remi!"

(To be continued.)

The Emperor's Librarian.

BY G. M. HORT.

(Conclusion.)

VALENTIN was now to have another wonderful stroke of good fortune. Brother Palemon, as the hermit was called, had found him a strong and willing helper in the little garden that surrounded his cell; and so when the brethren of the greater hermitage of Saint Anne, near by, were seeking for some one to look after their cows and to plough their piece of land, the Brother recommended his pupil.

It was quite a luxurious life for Valentin. He had enough to eat every day, and books that he could read when his work in the fields was over. Besides that, the good hermits taught him to write. True, they were old, and their feeble hands could not set a very fair copy; but Valentin profited by their kindness; and to-day he would tell you that, although he may not write a hand as clear as print, he can yet write quickly and legibly enough.

Then came arithmetic. In an old book, he found the four great rules, set down in crabbed print, and committed them to memory for practising by himself in odd hours. In time he came to understand fully their meaning, and set himself problems from the things of his farm work, until he could tell almost at a glance how many sheep were in a fold, or branches on a tree.

In the woods around Saint Anne's, he found leafy nooks that, when the summer days were long, served him for his studies as well as if they had been built for the purpose. Then there were the skies, so wonderful on clear winter nights. He watched the stars from his pallet bed, and came to know several of them by sight, and to follow their movements. He remembered that he had heard that many of them were called by the names of men and

animals. One group was considered to resemble a lion, another the figure of an archer, and so on. Climbing almost to the top of a high oak, he there contrived for himself a kind of nest, made of plaited branches; and night after night he observed the heavens from this vantage-point, using his eyes for a telescope, and trying to trace the constellations—the ram, the bull, and all the rest of the signs of the zodiac—by their resemblance to their names.

Then one day he was sent on an errand to the fair at Luneville; and what should he see there, hung up for sale, but a map of the heavens, with all the stars marked upon it. He was now a person of property, sometimes having in his possession as many as five or six francs. He quickly produced all he had in his pockets, and the coveted map became his.

One of the hermits possessed a compass, and was generous enough to lend it to the little cowherd. For a telescope, he had at last, after some fruitless attempts, manufactured quite a serviceable substitute, with a branch of elder split lengthwise and hollowed out, and fastened together again with a cord, so that the whole formed a kind of tube. Oh, it was a happy life he lived, in the service and sheltering care of the good Saint Anne!

Every Sunday and holyday he trudged to Luneville to hear Mass at the church of the Carmelites; and there, too, more kindness and help awaited him. One of the brethren was a student of geography, and lent Valentin books. In the town, a good bookseller not only sold him books, but allowed him credit. "Pay me when you can," he would say. "I am not afraid that you will cheat me: you have an honest face."

Full of gratitude for such trust, Valentin promised to be worthy of it; and, because his weekly wage did not suffice, he cast about to get a little money in other ways. He set traps for squirrels, foxes, etc., and sold their skins to the furrier in Luneville.

All this manual work, you may be sure, left him little leisure. Sometimes he was too tired to read and write very long before he went to bed. But he fastened up the big maps on the wall of his tiny sleeping room, so that his eyes could rest on them the first moment he awoke. He came to know the look of them by heart, and to keep them in his mind's eye all the day long, as he ploughed and dug and milked the cows, and cleaned out the stable, and gathered fagots, and drew water.

Then again came luck. At Luneville, one Sunday, he picked up in the street a valuable pocketbook, and gave it to the Carmelite Fathers that they might announce the find at Mass. The owner, a learned Englishman, was so pleased to get his pocketbook back that, by way of thanking Valentin, he gave him several books of another kind, which the boy thought much more valuable. Valentin's library was getting quite large now. He possessed Plutarch's "Lives" and Pliny's "Natural History" and the wonderful "Fables" of La Fontaine, as well as a great many more, all chosen by himself, and prized accordingly. His great passion still was geography, and he seized every opportunity of poring over his beloved maps, which showed him the way to places he had never seen, and the shape and situation of distant countries.

Valentin was growing tall now, and his thoughts had begun to cross the seas to the great Province of Quebec, where so many emigrants from France had newly settled, and of which his own good friend, Saint Anne, was the patroness. In Quebec there had been founded a university—a great school. He began to feel a kind of "homesickness" for this far-off country.

In spite of all his happiness, he was sometimes a little sad and discouraged nowadays. There was so much to do,

and so little time to do it. He did not grudge the good hermits, to whom he owed so much, all that they demanded of him; but the day was too short, for both cow-keeping and study. He thought also, regretfully now and then, of Artenay, and of the poor mother whom he was still unable to help, and might never see again. True, she had sent him away, and his brothers must now be of an age to work for her. But if he only could show her that he, too, could do something, winning a place for himself in the world, and going back to his native village able to help everybody there.

One fine warm day he was sitting in a corner of the woods, with his maps spread out before him, but with thoughts like these troubling his mind. Saint Anne's cows were grazing in a clearing a few paces away; and, as he raised his eyes to make sure of their safety he saw coming towards him, through the trees, a gentleman in a dark-colored hunting dress and a beautiful curled wig.

"What are you doing, my boy?" asked the stranger, pausing beside him.

"I am studying geography, sir," replied Valentin.

The gentleman looked in some amazement at the big maps spread open on the grass, and at the barefoot boy bent over one of the biggest of them.

"Do you understand anything about it?" he asked.

"If I didn't, sir, I shouldn't be studying it," said Valentin, with a smile.

"What is it you are doing just now?" the gentleman asked again.

Valentin replied that he was tracing the route to Quebec, where he had heard there was a university in which he could go on with his studies, if only the opportunity to cross the seas should come to him.

The stranger continued to watch him, as he bent again over the map, using a little twig as a pointer to trace the route, and making careful measurements in order to find the number of miles. Valentin had almost forgotten—so accustomed was he to solitary study—that he was not alone, when he felt the stranger's hand on his shoulder and heard him say:

"But there are universities nearer your door than that of Quebec; and I shall be happy, my boy, to show you one where you can finish your studies without crossing the seas. Let us go and tell the good hermits of Saint Anne that they must find another cowherd."

And then Valentin breathed a deep sigh, and felt for a moment as if he were going to fall. The stranger's words were almost terrifying. He could hardly believe them.

Somewhat abruptly, the Herr Librarian ceased speaking. He folded his delicate ringed hands on his gold-headed cane, and gazed dreamily across the quadrangle to the sunset. The children looked up expectantly at him. They felt sure that the story did not end here. Florian put a question.

"And *were* they true—the words? Did the gentleman really send Valentin to a college to finish his studies?"

Herr Duval smiled.

"Aye, my Florian, the gentleman was a man of honor and as good as his word. But as for *finishing* his studies, Valentin himself would tell you that he has never done *that*, and never expects to do it, as long as God spares him. The joy of joys in learning is that it goes on and on."

"Mein Herr," said Maria suddenly, "wasn't it you who helped poor Valentin?"

"I, my child?" The librarian raised his eyebrows. "Indeed, no. It was the Grand Duke Leopold of Lorraine himself. His was better help than I could possibly give."

But Maria persisted:

"You also can give good help, Mein

Herr. You have given it, my father says, to many a poor boy. There is no one like you in Vienna for charity and kindness."

There was a moment's silence. The shadow on the dial had grown long, and the pigeons one by one were fluttering off. The pleasant odor of supper could be detected in the warm air, mingled with the scents of the plants in the botanical garden.

The Herr Librarian rose to his feet. He was still smiling, but there were tears in his eyes. His voice was not quite as steady as usual.

"Shame on me, my children, if I were not kind and charitable to the full extent of my power towards those for whom I have a fellow-feeling!—Aye, now you know why Valentin Jameray Duval, the Emperor's librarian, has a special love and deep gratitude for the good Saint Anne. It is he who was her cowherd."

A Clever Printer.

A STORY is told of a printer in Prague, who was called upon to print a report of the proceedings of the Board of Trade; but he was required by representatives of the Germans and Czechs to issue it in two languages, with equal prominence given to each. So jealous indeed were the two parties, and so averse to seeing any preference given to their rivals, that they imposed an apparently impossible condition on the printer; for both the German and the Czech representative insisted upon occupying the first column of each page with his report. The printer needed the job; and so, after much thinking, devised a plan by which he secured the patronage of both parties. He merely printed one column on each page upside down, and arranged his titles accordingly; so everybody was pleased, and the bill was collected without the least protest by either party.

Figureheads.

THE prow, or stem, of a ship or a steamer is its forward part, or bow. The ornamental figure, either a bust or head or full-length image placed on the projecting part of the vessel, just above the stem and under the bowsprit, is called the figurehead. If the vessel's name is that of a person, animal, or object which can be represented directly or by a figure, such a figure always occupies the place of honor—the head place, hence *figurehead.*

The custom of placing figureheads on vessels of war is very ancient: the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Northmen all placed images of their deities or of other persons, or of animals or objects, upon the prows of their war galleys. Figureheads are growing less common nowadays, because of the change from sail to steam, and the removal of the bowsprit from most steamers; but many vessels still retain the old-time ornamentation.

The fact that no really useful service was, or is, performed by the figurehead has led to the word's being employed in a metaphorical sense. When a person is put forward to represent others, or to appear to act for them, without having any real authority or responsibility, he is generally referred to as a mere figurehead.

Proverbs of Scotland.

Buy what ye dinna want and ye'll sell what you canna spare.

Feather by feather the goose is plucked.

By doing naething we learn to do ill.

Fortune favors the hardy.

He that canna do as he would, maun (must) do as he may.

He that ill does never gude weens. (He that is himself in the habit of ill-doing always has a bad opinion of other people.)

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Announcements by Messrs. Maunsel and Roberts include "The Literary Life and Other Essays," by Canon Sheehan, who is also represented in the same list by a new volume of "Poems," and "A History of Medieval Ireland," by Edmund Curtis, professor of History at Trinity College, Dublin.

—A good word for the exploded science of alchemy is spoken by the Rt. Rev. J. E. Mercer (Anglican) in a new work entitled "Alchemy: Its Science and Romance." (S. P. C. K.) He contends that we should not blame the great men of past ages who believed in alchemy, but should rather recognize the fact that on the evidence, as it presented itself to them, they had no other alternative than to believe in it.

—"On the Sidewalk," by Roland Corthell (The Cornhill Publishing Co.), is a slender 12mo of 61 pages, containing twenty-seven brief stories or talks suggested by the objects and incidents which an observant pedestrian has seen in his morning walks. A decade ago these readable sketches would have been styled literary pastels, and would have appeared in the columns of a newspaper rather than in book form.

—From a paper contributed to the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*, one of the most scholarly periodicals in the language, we learn that there is extant a Chinese "Pilgrim's Progress" through hell and purgatory, an allegory of the progress of the human mind, written by a man born sixty-seven years before Dante. It has been for 700 years a classic in China,—a vast storehouse of drama, story, and moral teaching.

—Although its title inevitably suggests a series of distressful stories, "In Occupied Belgium," by Robert Withington (Cornhill Publishing Co.), is not really such a war book as the world at large has become weary of. The author, a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, tells of what he saw and did in the two provinces of Antwerp and Limbourg; and his sketchy chapters are made additionally interesting by a score of good illustrations. The last chapter is the work of Prentiss N. Gray, the last American to leave Belgium after we entered the war.

—An American book dealing with East Africa is something of a novelty, and naturally so, since the United States has done no colonizing in that quarter of the world. Unusual interest, accordingly, attaches to "On the Trail of the Pigmies," by the Rev. Dr. Leonard John Vanden Bergh. (New York: James A. McCann Company.) It is a profusely illustrated 12mo of 264 pages, giving a very interesting account of an anthropological exploration undertaken with the cooperation of the American Museum of Natural History and American Universities. The excellent photographic work of the expedition was executed under the guidance of Dr. Shattuck, former professor of Geology at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Robert H. Lowie, lecturer in Anthropology at Columbia University, writes an appreciative preface, in which he testifies to the scientific value of the volume. Fr. Vanden Bergh spent nine years in East Africa, and was therefore thoroughly qualified to do effective work on this more recent visit to the land of the Wanyika, Wakamba, Wakikuyu, Masai, Kavirondo, and the Mambuti, or pigmies. An eminently readable volume, and an exceptionally informing one as well. No price is given.

—An adaptation of Scaramelli's well-known "Method of Spiritual Direction" has been prepared by Msgr. P. J. Stockman, Los Angeles, Cal., and is published under the title "Manual of Christian Perfection." It is a 12mo volume of 634 pages, twenty of which are occupied by the Introduction, and forty-five by an analytical index. The author states that, while the work is "especially designed for the instruction of novices who sincerely desire to enter a religious community [are there any others?], it may be read with fruit by all who wish to lead exemplary lives. Let us add that the book will be particularly useful to such priests as are engaged in giving spiritual direction, in the confessional or elsewhere. Needless to say, this new version of the eminent Jesuit's famous work makes excellent spiritual reading for religious communities. The price is not stated.

—At last we are having some beautiful books for our Catholic children. Mother Mary Loyola, of York, England, who has written such practical and entertaining works suited to the child mind, has just brought out "The King of the Golden City: An Allegory for Children." This "fascinating tale, which breathes into the heart of the child a deep understanding of Holy Communion and an intimate affection for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament," will be sure to

please, and many will wish to place it on their gift-book list at Christmas time. We know of nothing more appropriate for young folk of both sexes. It is dedicated to the children of America. The striking and simple lesson it conveys is that Christ waits for His little ones in Holy Communion, and is never happier than when they approach Him with love and confidence. Fr. Herbert Thurston, S. J., writes a suitable introductory note on the history of the allegory. The volume is very handsomely printed by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, and contains eight illustrations in color, which are unusually attractive. Price, $2.50.—The "Jack-in-the-Box Books," a quartet of volumes by Marian Ames Taggart, who has long since established herself in the hearts of the young folk, are very delectable reading for boys and girls just breaking into their teens. The stories tell of the exciting adventures and happy lives of three charming little girls and a boy named Mark. He is "Jack-in-the-Box," and his playmates are called Isabel, Prue, and Poppy, who is red-haired and quaint and amusing. The dog Bunkie, the kitten Pincushion, and old Hurrah, the horse, help in a wondrous way to sustain the interest throughout the four books. "At Greenacres," "The Queer Little Man," "The Bottle Imp," and "Poppy's Pluck," are delightful reading, all the more so for the excellent illustrations, in color, by Anne M. Peck. It would be hard indeed to name more attractive gift-books than these. The young folk will enjoy them from cover to cover. Published by the George H. Doran Co.; price, $1.50 per volume.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. A. B. Belknap, of the diocese of Lead; Rev. H. J. Weber, diocese of Concordia; Rev. John Cuny, diocese of Galveston; Rev. W. P. Gough, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Maternus Puetz, O. F. M.

Sister M. Hortense, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. of the Angel Guardian, and Sister M. Ann, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Joseph Fay, Mr. George H. Grey, Mr. Michael Bowen, Mrs. M. Grennan, Mr. John Osler, Mr. Arthur Osler, Mrs. T. J. McConville, Mrs. Mary Greene, Mr. John Dolan, Mr. Paul Schneble, Mrs. P. Duffy, Mrs. Mary Baker, Mr. Urban Sweeney, Mr. Leo Waddick, Mrs. T. Walsh, Mr. J. V. Boucher, Miss Emma McCrane, Mr. W. E. Cook, Mr. William Enk, Mr. James McCophim, Mr. T. F. Brennan, Mr. Michael Flynn, Mr. Frank Holzman, Mr. Thomas Lahert, Miss Estelle Kerr, Mr. Edmond Quirk, Mr. Thomas Quirk, Mr. Charles Ludewig, Mr. R. L. Nimmo, Mrs. Ellen Conway, Mr. Michael Laracy, Mr. F. P. Laracy, Mr. A. D. Rosenthal, Mr. Albert Patke, and Mr. Frank V. Thompson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: J. A. G. (Seattle), $3; M. Trentman, $5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Marie Bostr, $7.50; "in memory of M. F. W.," $2. For the Foreign Missions: friend (Toledo), $2.50.

AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 19, 1921. NO. 21

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The Stone Rejected.

BY EDWARD JACKSON MACDONALD.

WHEN Nero looked on Peter,
He smiled as if to say,
"Wealth is the guerdon of the gods,
And I am king to-day.

"My head is bound with laurel,
My feet are laved in nard:
Here is a slave, whose head is bare,
Whose skin is rough and hard.

"Mine is the throne and sceptre,
Mine is the master's rod;
And mine the food that victors eat,
For I am the vassal's god."

When Peter looked on Nero,
His eyes were dim and old:
"Lord, here is one who knows Thee not,
The poorer for his gold.

"My brow was bound with learning
Above the mind of man;
My feet were washed by One whose Throne
Endured ere Time began.

"Mine eyes were seared by splendor,
On Tabor's summit high;
My heart was pierced to see His pain,
Whom I did thrice deny.

"Mine are the joys of sorrow,
Mine is the peace God gave.
Lo! I have supped with the King of kings,
Who am the vassal's slave."

WHAT can be found more noble than the Mother of God? What more splendid than she, the chosen one of Splendor itself?—*St. Ambrose.*

A Hermit Saint.*

BY ETHEL MACKENZIE.

BEFORE the so-called Reformation, when England was indeed the Island of Saints, there were few of God's friends more loved and honored by rich and poor alike than St. Leonard the Solitary. Even before Richard Cœur de Lion went to pay his vows at the tomb of the great patron and protector of captives, devotion to this Saint was spread broadcast. Numerous were the miracles attributed to his intercession. It was but natural that the people of the British Isles should love more particularly a hermit saint; for they had, from the earliest days of their conversion to Christianity, been singularly drawn to that manner of life. The whole country was dotted with their cells; and even in the towns, close to most of the churches, there was always at least one solitary, who was occupied solely in the service and praise of his Creator. So great was the faith of all classes in the prayers of these holy men and women that it was counted an honor to supply their scanty needs.

The extraordinary esteem in which St. Leonard was held may be shown by the number of towns and villages which, even to this day, bear his name;

* "St. Leonard the Solitary" (A. M. Egerton, London). Patron of prisoners and captives. Authorities consulted: "The Bollandists: "Life of St. Leonard," by Abbé Arnoldt: "The Monks of the West," by Montalembert, and other writers.

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and, as was but fitting, one of the great forests in England was placed under his protection. We find traces of it in the woods in Sussex, which are still dignified by the name of St. Leonard's Forest. As many as 152 churches also were dedicated to God under his invocation in London and the Provinces; and almost all of these still retain his name.

Numerous were the monasteries and convents founded in our Saint's honor, most often in performance of a vow of thanksgiving for some special favor received through his powerful mediation; as when the great convent of Benedictine nuns was founded at Wroxall, in the twelfth century, by Hugh, son of Richard, Lord of the Manor of Halton and Wroxall. St. Leonard was already patron of the parish; and when Hugh de Wroxall had been more than seven years captive among the Saracens during the Crusades, he made a vow to build a convent; for the Saint had appeared to him twice, and told him that he would regain his liberty on that condition. The Crusader found himself miraculously back at home, where he hastened to fulfil his promise; two of his daughters becoming nuns in that convent.

Another interesting fact is the finding of St. Leonard's feast marked on the old Runic or clog calendars, used in the time of Canute and his successors in the eleventh century. These primitive almanacs were square pieces of wood, the sides of which were carved with quaint devices for each day of the month, and representing the saint whose feast was kept that day; the symbol of St. Leonard was a sort of rude battle-axe. The Council of Oxford (1222) and the Council of Worcester (1240) ordained that his festival should be kept as a half holyday, with obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile work, save only in the case of ploughing. In 1133, the eve of his feast was observed as a vigil all over England.

St. Leonard was born in France in the sixth century, and he and his brother, St. Lifard, belonged to one of the noblest families of Orleans. His parents, who resided at the Court of Clovis, were held in high esteem by that King, who stood godfather to Leonard when he was baptized by St. Remy; for this reason, Mabillon has called St. Leonard the "spiritual child of the great Clovis."

Despite the wishes of both the King and his parents, that he should take his place amongst the nobles at the Court, Leonard relinquished all idea of entering an earthly army, and, retiring to Rheims, sought and gained admission amongst the disciples of St. Remy. The great Archbishop, seeing with joy the virtue of the youth, trained him in the highest paths of holiness, and soon he became a model for even the elders. So simple and humble was he that he appeared more like a poor rustic than a former courtier; but God, who takes delight in raising up the lowly of heart, soon made the sanctity of His servant manifest. The gift of miracles accompanied all his ministerings; and wherever he went to preach, his holy touch often cured the most malignant diseases while he was healing sinful souls.

When the wonderful results of his preaching and extraordinary gifts came to the ears of the King, he was desirous of making him a bishop; but the holy young levite was much troubled at the offer of such an honor, and said: "Sire, if I had coveted honors, I had only to follow in the footsteps of my ancestors, who have always been distinguished for their bravery in war. But I prefer heaven to this earth, and the service of the Altar rather than that of the Court; so is it only fitting that I should choose the humility of my Saviour before the dignity of the episcopacy." The King, who still retained the pagan love of honor and power, was amazed at such

an answer, and bade the man of God demand some other favor. Following the example of his illustrious master, St. Remy, he asked for, and obtained, the power to enter any prison and release any captives whom he judged worthy of pardon. The King was more and more struck by the virtue of the Saint, and, not daring any longer to oppose the will of God, allowed him to detach himself permanently from the Court.

St. Leonard then began his life of journeying through the towns and villages, preaching everywhere the word of God, until his wanderings brought him near Orleans, which was then ringing with the praises of St. Maximin, or Mesmin, who had founded an abbey some miles from the town, where he ruled over a community of really saintly monks, many of whom have been raised to the altars. St. Leonard spent some time in this holy company, perfecting himself in the knowledge and practice of the religious life; here he was ordained deacon by St. Maximin.

Happy as he was in this monastery, the holy man's heart yearned for a deeper solitude; and, acting on a direct inspiration from God, and with the approval of the abbot, he once more set out on his way. At this time St. Lifard was founding his famous monastery at Meung-sur-Loire, and hoped his brother would join him; they had been fellow-monks at Micy, and Lifard knew what a precious treasure Leonard's example would be in the new foundation. But God called him to a complete renunciation of all family ties; so he took the road south, through Aquitaine and Berri, continuing to preach the true God to the many benighted pagans who dwelt in those wild regions. At last the servant of God arrived at the great Forest of Pauvain near Limoges; and here, in the midst of the dense growth of trees inhabited only by fierce wild beasts, he built himself a little hut, in which he served his Divine Master for more than twenty years, given up entirely to the contemplation of heavenly things.

Msgr. Benson, in that most charming of all his books "Richard Raynal, Solitary," has left us a perfectly fascinating picture of the life of a solitary, though of a later period. But things moved more slowly in earlier days than they do now; and, allowing for a still more primitive style of living, the description of Master Richard's hut, and way of life, may very well stand for that of St. Leonard himself. One thing we must not forget when thinking of that delightful book. Sir John visited Master Richard in the summer, when "the sun shone through the hazels,... and the roof of leaves was a fair green over my head; and to right and left lay a carpet of flowers as blue as the Flanders' glass above the altar." But it was not always summer, and in the winter the hermit's life was not all earthly joy and sunshine; his rude hut of branches made but a poor shelter from rain, wind, or cold. Food was scarce; the streams were frozen for weeks together; so that, especially in our northern climates, it was a hard and penitential life, made bearable only by "Love, which maketh all else that is bitter, sweet and savory."

In his immortal "The Monks of the West," Montalembert says that all the forests of France, particularly those of Limousin, were loved by the monks, who found in them the retirement and solitude essential to their way of living. At the time in which St. Leonard lived, France was almost completely covered with huge tracts of forest lands, such as are rarely seen, even in America, at the present time, and of which not a trace remains in the Old World. We can scarcely imagine the density and alarming darkness of these far-stretching masses of trees, which covered hills

and valleys alike, nor the courage that was required to penetrate into them, infested as they were with various kinds of beasts.

To-day the explorer enters some great virgin forest, say in South America; but he goes equipped with all the modern inventions, in the way of tree-fellers, clearing hatchets, and guns; and provided with every up-to-date product, in the way of condensed food stuffs and portable comforts. In the primitive times, the monk, without any kind of map to guide him, entered the awe-inspiring blackness with nothing but the coarse clothes he was wearing, and perhaps a vessel in which to fetch his daily supply of water, and a rude axe to cut branches for his dwelling. But, on the other hand, he also took with him his faith in the Living God, and the wonderful strength which that faith gives, which is better able to overcome all obstacles than the most ingenious invention of latter-day civilization. Very often these simple, unlearned, lonely men opened up ways for the entrance of Christian civilization and cultivation, and conquered whole countries more truly and more lastingly than vast armies have done.

During the time that St. Leonard dwelt in the Forest of Pauvain, one of the petty kings who then divided France among them arrived there on a hunting expedition, accompanied by his queen, who was taken so ill in childbirth that her life was despaired of. The Saint, hearing of the grief of the king, and the danger in which his consort lay, hastened to their aid, and by his prayers obtained a speedy and safe delivery for her, to the great joy of all the Court. His Majesty, full of gratitude, desired to reward the holy man by means of a large alms; but he refused, and said: "Sire, the gifts of God are not bought with gold or silver; He gives them to His servants according to their faith. Give, I beg of you, your presents to the poor, to the widows and orphans, who indeed have need of them; and so you will open for yourself the gates of eternal bliss."

He added that he had resolved to serve Jesus Christ in poverty and solitude in the forest, saying: "I leave the multitudes and fly from the tumult of the world, in order that, by praising my Lord day and night in my lonely life, I may more surely gain the treasures of life eternal." The King, quite overcome by the disinterested generosity of St. Leonard, bestowed on him a large tract of land in the Forest, and bade him dispose of it as he judged well for the glory of God. At the same time he ordered boundary stones to be set up to mark those lands over which the hermit could ride in one night, and these he freed for all time from every taxation; this favor was respected till the French Revolution.

The first thing our Saint did on obtaining this land was to build a chapel, which he dedicated to Mary, with the title of "Our Lady under the Trees"; and here he associated with himself two holy priests, in order that when he went, as he loved to do, on pilgrimages to the tombs of the Saints, the divine mysteries might be celebrated daily in the oratory of the Blessed Mother of God.

St. Leonard, wishing to perpetuate for all time the King's noble action in bestowing the land on him, changed its name from Pauvain to that which it still bears, Noblac.

The fame of the Saint's wonderful holiness now began to be spread far and wide, penetrating even into the wilds of Germany. It is said that God so glorified His servant that many prisoners, who invoked his aid from a distance, felt their chains break and fall off. Some brought the fetters and laid them at the feet of their benefactor, and remained with him, helping to fell the trees and to clear and till the land.

St. Leonard, on his side, instructed all comers in the true religion of Jesus Christ; and thus were laid the foundations of the town of Noblac St. Leonard.

At last his own relatives were stirred by the reports of the Saint's sanctity, and, accompanied by their families, sought him out. At first he repulsed them, saying: "How is this? I fled far from you, and behold you follow me! May you indeed follow me to the glory of Paradise"; and he was about to leave them. They, on the contrary, being overjoyed at having at last found him, prostrated themselves, and begged him to allow them to remain with him. Finally he consented, giving them grants of his land, that they might clear and plough it, and, settling down there, begin a Christian colony in that wild and desolate place. He enjoined on them in return that they be careful always to assist the poor and the pilgrims who came to Our Lady's shrine.

St. Leonard lived some years more amongst his disciples, giving them a most perfect example of humility, mortification, and love for God's poor; and then he felt that the hour was at hand when he, who had delivered so many captives, should himself be liberated from the prison house of his body. Full of joy at the prospect, he caused himself to be carried to the little oratory, that he might die in the shrine of his Holy Mother Mary. Here he was laid upon the ground; and his spiritual children, weeping bitterly at the loss of so beloved a father, could but rejoice at seeing his venerable face, though thin and pinched by fasting and austerities, now shining with such a radiance of happiness and peace as is seen only at the death of a saint. On the 6th day of November, A. D. 559, the gates of heaven were at last opened to him; and he who had been so zealous in singing God's praises on earth began to chant in heaven the eternal Alleluia.

After his blessed soul had been carried to Paradise, his sorrowing disciples buried his earthly remains in the little chapel; and the Lord, who had bestowed on him the gift of miracles in life, did not withdraw that power after death. Indeed the number of favors increased every day, as did the pilgrims that flocked to his tomb. In the eighth century, a fine church was built to cover the spot where his relics reposed, and where they may be seen to-day in a shrine above the high altar. With so great honor is this treasure guarded that the iron grating which protects the reliquary is secured by three locks, and the key of one of them is always in the possession of the Bishop of Limoges.

The Mistakes of Alexander.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

V.

IT was difficult for Alexander to remember afterwards when it was that he first began to feel a cooling of his first ardor, and a realization that his interior loneliness, far from being dispelled, was even increased. At the Slevins', despite their continued cordiality, he began to realize that he was, after all, an outsider. It was assumed that his chief concern was with the Dudleighs, and that he could not feel very much interested in any one but Eva. It began to dawn upon him, with inexpressible dismay, that the beautiful Eva never could be a companion for a man of his years and temperament. Her beauty was all on the surface; she had not one spark of originality; and her sympathies, if she had any, were not discernible.

At the same time, the hapless Alexander found himself taking an ever-growing interest in Agatha. He watched her, especially when she was in company with Lionel Dudleigh or other young men, with a curious resent-

ment, as though they were infringing upon his rights. The changes of her mobile face, her laughter, were invested with an attraction which he spent many a solitary walk trying to define. But one fact became to him increasingly clear: he did not love Eva.

"I made my first mistake," he cried out, in bitter self-communing, "when I turned back on the road of youth! Now I have made a second and more fatal one, which can not be easily rectified."

He continued all the time to treat Eva with the indulgent tenderness he might have shown to a younger sister. He gave her presents, he studied her pleasure, strove to gratify every whim, and still admired that beauty which had first attracted him. But he began to be tormented by the thought that he would have to stand before the altar with Eva and swear to a love which was not true. Her parents, good, well-meaning people, though well content with the match, delayed the marriage for some months, on the plea of the girl's youth; and Alexander was shocked to find how eagerly he caught at the respite. Eva also acquiesced quite readily in this arrangement.

While Alexander was in this frame of mind, it often occurred to him to wonder why there had been no public announcement of the engagement between Agatha and Lionel Dudleigh. One evening, as Alexander sat and smoked with Lionel, he ventured to question him upon the subject.

"I suppose," he said, looking fixedly at the red spark upon his cigar, "your engagement will soon be announced?"

"To whom?" asked the younger man, flushing.

"Why, to the loveliest girl I know—except one, of course: to little Agatha."

"To Agatha! No such luck!" cried Lionel in confusion. "Why, my dear McDonnell, she refused me point-blank months ago; since then I have had to be content with the crumbs of friendship which she offers." There was real pain in the young man's voice as he continued: "There's no one like her in all the world, McDonnell. She beats them all in every way, and—I can't quite make her out. There doesn't seem to be any other fellow here that she favors, and yet I can't help thinking she has a preference for some one."

Alexander's heart, which had been thumping with joy at the young man's admission, gave an additional leap. Could it be—and yet the very idea was preposterous!

The next day Alexander received a hurried message from Dudleigh, to say that Mr. Slevin had died suddenly during the night, and that the household was distraught. In a few moments Alexander was hurrying to the house of mourning. From that time he was at the service of his friends; and Mrs. Slevin afterwards said that she did not know what they should have done without him. Nor did she know all; for, in straightening out the tangled affairs, Alexander, at considerable pecuniary loss to himself, proved the friend in need.

Those days of gloom and sorrow were terrible, in more ways than one, for Alexander McDonnell. Each time that he saw Agatha, with her childish face pale and worn by sorrow, he had a sore struggle with himself. For Agatha in sorrow, Agatha striving painfully to understand business details, Agatha walking with this family friend to the little Church of Bon Secours, to make the "Stations" for her father, was so much more attractive to this world-wearied man than Agatha in joy, that his position became all but intolerable.

When he had done all in his power for the family, he found that he could no longer bear the double strain of intimacy with this girl, who had become dearer to him than anything in the world, and the attitude of patient tenderness he was obliged to maintain

towards his betrothed, who daily became more petulant and more exacting. He seized eagerly upon a pretext of business in New York to absent himself, for an interval at least. He bade Agatha farewell with a coldness and constraint which set the young girl to wondering if she had in any way offended him, or if he were simply tired of the gloom of their house and their wearisome affairs. She even remarked upon the circumstance to Eva Dudleigh, who laughed, and said:

"You are a dear little simpleton, Agatha Slevin." Nor would she give any explanation of this enigmatical remark.

Alexander meanwhile permitted business to detain him in New York. Weeks passed into months. He hoped that his absence from Montreal would restore his moral equilibrium. Before him in his room, he kept a beautiful photograph of Eva, at which he looked earnestly every day; and he wrote to her with scrupulous fidelity. But all the time his heart was crying out for the grief-stricken, childish face which he had come to consider as the most beautiful on earth.

"Oh," he groaned to himself, "leaving Montreal was but another of my mistakes! It has only filled me with an intolerable longing to see Agatha again, and increased my indifference to Eva, who—God forgive me!—is to be my wife in a few weeks."

On his return North, he hurried, as in duty bound, to the Dudleighs' house. He vividly remembered ever afterwards how the band of the 60th Rifles was playing the "British Grenadiers." Eva was seated near the fire, in the sitting room, looking paler and thinner. She received him coldly, and remarked that she had been ill. Her mother, with whom Alexander had a few words apart, said that she had had a succession of colds, which had alarmed the family doctor, who declared that, unless she improved, he would certainly pack her off to the South, for the rest of the winter.

"She is very, very imprudent," lamented the mother.

"Why did you not let me know?" asked Alexander. "She never mentioned the subject in her letters. What is this I hear about a trip to the South?"

"My trip to the South," echoed Eva, suddenly making her appearance. "No doubt you would like me to take it."

"I should certainly like you to obey the doctor's orders," replied Alexander. Then he swallowed a great lump in his throat and added bravely: "Perhaps it were best that we be married first, and I could so arrange my affairs as to take you South myself."

Eva looked at him fixedly. Then she shook her head.

"No, no! If I take that trip at all, it will be alone."

"Well, then, God grant that you may not have to take it!" Alexander said with sincerity.

Eva asked him if he had seen the Slevins yet. He answered in the negative.

"Agatha was looking wretched after her father's death, but she is much better now. I think she has missed you very much."

Alexander had his back to the speaker. He was busily stirring up the fire. The girl could not see his face. He was silent, so she went on:

"It is she you should marry, Alexander, instead of me."

He braced himself and faced her.

"Why do you say such a thing to me, Eva?"

"Because," she answered in a low voice,—"because I know. And yet," she added after a moment's pause, "I do not want to give you up, at least just now. There is a motto in our family, 'What we have we hold.'"

"Why, then," said Alexander, "do you torment yourself and me? I beseech

you again, let us be married at once, and leave Montreal."

"Leaving your heart behind you in St. Antoine Street," commented Eva, with a laugh. "No; listen to me, Alexander; and while you listen you will reflect that I am not half so nice a girl as you believe, and am quite unworthy to tie the shoestrings of 'little St. Agatha.' But I am going to tell you that what torments me most is that I am not quite sure whether I want you very much, or whether I am only anxious to keep you away from Agatha. You see, all my life I have had what I want; and, even if I do not love you to distraction, I should not wish even my best friend to have you."

Alexander looked at her in astonishment. It was a shock to him that she should speak so. Yet he was not without appreciation of the subtle flattery of her unwillingness to give him up. Her frankness, which to his notions was a shade unwomanly, at least relieved the tenseness of the situation.

"Eva, let us be married at once, and leave Montreal."

"Which means removing yourself from temptation," cried the girl. Then she remained silent, and Alexander said:

"Eva, do you remember that day upon the Mountain road when I met you and—your friend?"

"And gave us the ash berries?" Eva asked, with a curious softening of her tone.

"And gave you the ash berries. Well, I told you then that I would not go back upon the road of youth where you two were walking. Now I can only say, would to God I had not done so!"

Eva, looking at him, felt the old thrill of interest, the old attraction to this man, with his quaint sayings and his peculiar personality.

"I will not marry you," she declared after a pause, "and I will not go away with you. But for the present I can not give you up. So we must let matters remain as they are."

"So you are not tired of your toy yet!" exclaimed Alexander, nodding half-quizzically, half-tenderly. "For, after all, you are only a child, and your chief concern now is to get strong."

Then he went away somewhat abruptly, thinking of that bright day on the road beyond the Mountain; but, strive as he would, it was Agatha who occupied his thoughts. The interview with Eva had, however, left him in such a frame of mind that he did not go that evening, as he had intended, to the Slevins', but waited a few days to steady himself. When he did call, it was almost a relief to find that Agatha was out. Her mother, in mourning dress and widow's cap, sat solitary beside the fire. She greeted him warmly, though he was struck by the sadness of the handsome, tranquil face. He had not been long in the room, where he was filled with the sense that here indeed was home, when the bell of Notre Dame rang out clearly.

"It is the November bell for the dead," said Mrs. Slevin, quietly; and together the two kneeled and recited the *De Profundis*.

When the mistress of the house rose, her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Last November," she observed, "he was with us, well and happy, and now we are praying for his soul."

The genial presence of the late master of the house seemed to fill the room. Alexander bent his head and said:

"How many miss him,—I almost as much as you!"

Mrs. Slevin, recovering herself, began to question the visitor about his late journey and the time he had spent in New York. The impulse was strong to tell the woman beside him of his dilemma, and of the cruel position in which he was placed. But a feeling of loyalty to Eva restrained him. Mrs. Slevin spoke quite naturally and simply

of the girl, saying that she had been alarmingly ill, but was still beautiful,—"very, very beautiful."

"And beauty stands for a great deal," said Alexander. "It is a joy and refreshment to the eye, though the heart craves something else."

Mrs. Slevin wondered a little, but she did not pursue the subject.

"I would to God I had never seen her!" cried Alexander suddenly, rising as he spoke. "I shall never succeed in making her happy."

Mrs. Slevin looked at him in astonishment. Then she observed in her soft, tranquil voice:

"You need not allow your anxiety to carry you so far as that. The doctor holds out hopes."

"If it were that alone," replied Alexander, strangely, "I would willingly take all the risks. But the truth is I am too old. I shall never make her happy. Besides, she does not seem disposed to marry me at present, though our engagement still stands."

"You will understand each other the better for the delay," Mrs. Slevin said.

"It may be so," he replied. "But, as I told her long ago, my place should have been at the fireside with the elders."

"Who are sorry company, after all." Mrs. Slevin spoke with emphasis. "They have outlived the best things, so far as this earthly life goes. And you, who are still in your prime, should take up your duties manfully, with a brave young wife to assist you."

In his heart Alexander heard the disloyal murmur, which he would not have expressed for the world: "But not with a beautiful doll."

"If only I had not turned backwards at all," he said to himself on his way home,—though his heart, with a curious beat of triumph, added, "or taken another companion on the journey." He wondered seriously what he should have said if Agatha had been present, and what turn the conversation would have taken. He remembered so vividly how she had come out into the hall with him on one occasion and had spoken a few simple words, looking up into his face with her candid eyes, wistful in spite of their laughter.

He walked very quickly, his mind altogether occupied with various phases of his dilemma. If Eva had such a mother as Mrs. Slevin, he mused, it might have simplified matters. But Mrs. Dudleigh was a well-meaning, commonplace woman, inordinately proud of her daughter's beauty. The father was dull and pompous, and certain to follow his wife's lead. So the only relief could come from Eva herself, who seemed to have a realization of the truth.

Alexander's eyes fell upon the twin towers of Notre Dame rising grandly to the sky; and he knew that under those sentinels of the Faith, in the Tabernacle, before which gleamed the light, as an emblem of the Divine Presence, he should find strength to follow the difficult path he had chosen. He entered and kneeled in one of the aisles, and prayed for guidance.

(Conclusion next week.)

Autumn Reverie.

By Edwin B. McElfatrick.

THESE are the days of painted leaves,
When the amber air is chill;
When the sable crows call raucously
From the hazy, wooded hill;
The corn is shocked and the pumpkin's ripe,
And the wind wails through the pines,
And the possum feasts on the luscious grapes
In the wild and tangled vines.

These are the crisp and frosty nights,
When I sit by the open fire
And follow the song of the hickory wood
As the forkéd flames leap higher,
And surrender myself to reflections then—
There's the empty chair in its place—
And, lo! in the glowing embers red
I behold her smiling face.

A Martyr of Our Own Time.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

III.

WHEN Augustine Schoeffler was preparing to traverse barefooted the Province of Tonquin, it formed part of the kingdom of Annam. According to native historians, Annam was subject to China until A. D. 968; and, after numerous rebellions, the Annamites secured their independence in the fifteenth century, subject to the payment of a small tribute by its king in recognition of the supreme authority of the "Son of Heaven," the Emperor of China. The first attempts to evangelize the country occurred about the year 1572; and early in the seventeenth century the Jesuits, driven out of Japan, were received with such favor by the Annamites that they were moved to apply to Pope Innocent X. for bishops for Tonquin and Cochin-China. These were appointed by his successor, Alexander VII. Then the era of spasmodic persecution set in. During the third persecution, in 1719, all the churches, save one, in the two Vicariates were razed to the ground, and the missionaries driven out of the country,—Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians, as well as those of the French Foreign Missions; two Jesuits and nine native Christians being the first to suffer death for the Faith.

The Christians were left in comparative peace during the civil war at the end of the eighteenth century, when Tay-Sou, at the head of the mountainous tribes of West Tonquin, deposed King Lé, and exterminated the whole family, except a younger son. But no sooner was Tay-Sou established than persecution was renewed, and an edict was issued against the Christians. This was again nullified by the arrival of 500 French troops, to assist the legitimate king to overcome his enemies; and in 1802 Gia-Long, grandson of King Lé, succeeded to the double crown of Cochin-China and Tonquin. This monarch knew that he owed his success to the Vicar-Apostolic, Msgr. de Bahaine, who had asked for the French force. However he showed but little gratitude to the one or the other. He speedily sent the French soldiers back to Pondicherry without fulfilling the terms of his treaty; and although, during the twenty-one years of his reign, he abstained from persecuting the Christians, he would issue no edict in their favor, so that their existence was simply tolerated.

On the accession of Gia-Long's son, Minh-Manh, in 1820, persecution again broke out more violently than ever. Minh-Manh was not the direct heir to the throne; his elder brother, Prince Canh, who had been brought up a Christian and was devoted to the Vicar Apostolic, had died during his father's reign, leaving an infant son. Judging it dangerous to leave his double crown to a child, Gia-Long appointed his second son, Minh-Manh, as his successor. Well aware that he owed his position to a manifest violation of the hereditary laws of the State, Minh-Manh had placed himself at the head of the party hostile to foreigners, fearing that his nephew would, on attaining his majority, call in the aid of the French to drive him from the throne.

The new king, a wily politician, acted with caution. He received with cordiality Louis XVIII.'s envoy, M. Chaigneau, sent to compliment him on his accession, and accepted his presents and those of the missionaries; but shortly afterwards he suddenly prohibited the entry of foreigners into the kingdom, and lost no opportunity of praising the Emperor of Japan for having exterminated Christianity in his dominions. Feeling entirely secure on the throne, he ventured to decline the New Year's gifts of the King of

France and the missionaries at the beginning of 1842; the significance of such a refusal was lost on no one who knew the importance attributed by Annamites and Chinese alike to such ceremonials.

Widespread calumnies against the Christians followed. Their priests were described as magicians, seducers of women; they were even accused of tearing out the eyes of the sick to make philters; while their followers were described as ignorant and stupid, incapable of discerning right from wrong. Mandarins who showed them favor were disgraced, and to the public edicts in 1833 were added secret instructions, advising the natives to do their share by destroying churches and arresting priests, "but rather by cunning than by violence." Priests were to be conveyed to the Capital under the pretext of being employed as interpreters at Court; and the native Christians imprisoned so strictly as to have no communication with the people. To harbor a priest incurred the penalty of death. The years 1837 and 1838 saw the martyrdom of B. Ignatius Dalgado, Vicar Apostolic; of B. Dominic Henares, Pro-Vicar Apostolic of East Tonquin; B. Pater Borie, Vicar Apostolic of Western Tonquin; and of numbers of European and native priests and catechists. The native Christians were put to death by thousands.

The slaughter ceased on the death of Minh-Manh in 1841. His successor, Thién-Tei, less cruel by nature, and rendered circumspect by the presence of several European warships in Chinese waters owing to the "Opium War," imprisoned missionaries from time to time, but did not venture to put them to death, and he always ended by giving them their liberty. With regard to the native clergy, he was less merciful, and several were martyred, including B. Matthew Gam. Everything pointed to a renewal of active persecution, when Thién-Tei died.

The fervor of the Christian population under Minh-Manh's persecution, followed by the lull in the reign of his successor, had moved the Holy See to increase the number of Vicariates from two to four, especially for the formation of a more numerous native clergy. Tu-Duc, a youth of nineteen, was the next occupant of the throne. He was to earn for himself the title of "Little Nero." He allowed his Christian subjects no time for cherishing delusive hopes; in August, 1848, he published an edict in which occurred the following declaration:

"The religion of Jesus, already proscribed by the Kings Minh-Manh and Thién-Tei, is evidently a pernicious religion. It does not honor the dead; the eyes of the dying are torn out to make a magic water which serves to fascinate the people. Moreover, it contains many other superstitious and abominable things. In consequence, the European teachers, who are the most culpable, shall be thrown into the sea with a stone round their neck: a reward of thirty pieces of silver will be awarded to whosoever may apprehend one. The Annamite teachers, as less guilty, shall be branded on the forehead, and banished to the most unhealthy districts in the realm. The people who profess this religion are poor idiots. The Mandarins shall content themselves with chastising them severely, and sending them to their families."

Such were the preparations that were made for the reception of Augustine Schoeffler. As yet he was unaware of them. During an enforced stay of several months at Hong-Kong, he complained in his letters of the difficulties he met with, the non-arrival of the courier with his instructions, the warnings of well-meaning advisers that it would be wiser not to make the journey.

He studied the language, and made acquaintance with the people. His impressions were sent to his friend Stricher:

"The Chinaman is right-minded: he soon sees the folly of his religion; and, in truth, nothing could be more comical. Lately I watched from a distance a sacrifice to the sea. Three Brahmins, covered with shabby red sheets, made many prostrations, singing long, weird chants to the accompaniment of instruments which were frightfully discordant. The prostrations ended, the Brahmins launched little paper boats, containing lighted candles, into the sea, amid the applause of the spectators, especially the children. All this time he who was having the sacrifice offered contorted himself, with perfect gravity, into the most extraordinary positions imaginable. A few handfuls of rice were thrown into the sea; then a few blows were struck on the tam-tam; two imprisoned little swallows were set at liberty at the end of the sacrifice. The affair at an end, the honorable assembly retired to the strains of their infernal music, to spend the night in amusements.

"It must be difficult not to see through such absurdities; and, in fact, the Chinaman has little respect for his temples. I saw one the other day lighting his pipe at one of the tapers burning before the statues of his gods. I should like to have imitated him, but my cigar-case was empty."

At the news of the French Revolution and the dethronement of Louis Philippe had reached Hong-Kong, Schoeffler expresses his amazement. "Who could have thought a year ago that Philippe would not remain on the throne?...If an upheaval could remove Messieurs the Emperor of China and the King of Annam!...All the same, we are tolerably tranquil at present. There are partial persecutions here and there, but, so long as they do not become general, one has little to fear. Thiên-Tei, King of Cochin-China and Annam, is dead; and in his stead a young man of nineteen is trying to settle himself as firmly as he can on the slightly worm-eaten throne. If he will only take some time about doing so, our holy religion will gain strength, and—poor echoes of France—we also may cry *'Vive la liberté!'* "

At last, like a hound set loose from the leash, the future martyr is allowed to start on his mission. From the sober and modest report sent to his superiors, we learn something of the perils which he encountered in making his way to Lofu, a Christian village on the frontier of Tonquin, where he arrived on July 6, 1848: "Here I am in the promised land, the fulfilment of my desires. It has not been without difficulty: I have had to evade the spies of the Chinese and Annamite mandarins, to fly before Chinese pirates, to suffer from such tempests at sea that I felt myself more than once on the point of saying good-bye to this world. Such were the tribulations Divine Providence made me endure before reaching this place of peace and happiness." The incidents of his journey are given in greater detail to his family, in a long letter, in the course of which he sent affectionate messages to every member by name: "Only in heaven will you know how dearly I have loved you."

(To be continued.)

THE holy hermit St. Anthony was once asked from what book he acquired his wonderful knowledge. Raising his hand to heaven, the saint said: "That is my book: I have no other. Everyone should study it, for it is full of the marks of the wisdom and the power and the goodness of God. By contemplating it you will soon be compelled to raise your thoughts to your Creator, and to break forth in hymns of praise, of gratitude, and of love."

An Unfortunate Ancestor.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

YOUNG Mrs. Crofton was vaguely irritated by the pleased demeanor of her mother-in-law, "Madam," as she was usually called. The younger woman was the daughter of a rationalist scientist, and a non-believer in any form of religion, when she married Henry Crofton, who had thought it necessary to inform her of the traditional misfortunes that had followed the Crofton family from the time a Sheriff Crofton had hanged a "Massing priest" with his own hands. The scientist's daughter had laughed at the tale.

"I suppose your husband's ancestor only performed his duty," Diana said. "Anyhow, a person is responsible only for personal acts. Now, what are the misfortunes?" she had asked.

"No Crofton since has lived beyond twenty-nine years. Jocelyn Crofton was thirty when he hanged the priest."

"Oh, a mere coincidence, or a family weakness perhaps!"

"It may be. Dame Crofton did what in her lay to save the priest, and she saw that his dead body had fitting burial. Once or twice, or thrice, a Catholic priest has done great service to the Croftons in time of danger."

"How?"

"By saving their lives. Father Marks saved my father from drowning when he was a boy."

"But he died before his thirtieth year," Diana laughed. "The logic is bad. Why couldn't the priest have saved him for good and all?"

Henry Crofton had shaken his head. Miss Lockwood married him, and was widowed just after the birth of her son. Madam accepted her son's death philosophically.

"He lived to see his son," she said. "One might not expect more."

So the scientist's daughter brought up her young son in the way she herself had been reared. Nothing that conduced to his physical well-being was neglected. By the time he attained his eleventh birthday, he could ride, dive, swim, and walk a dozen miles without feeling tired. He had inherited his mother's superb constitution.

"I suppose the Croftons neglected to look after their bodies," young Mrs. Crofton often said to Madam, "and thought too much of the past. Henry isn't going to hear of his hangman ancestor till he is thirty. Then he will only laugh."

Madam sighed. She and her beautiful daughter-in-law got on famously. Only on the one matter of religion did they differ. Let the weather be what it would, Madam drove each Sunday to the old Norman church, where she prayed fervently for Diana and Henry. Diana was frankly a good-natured pagan.

There was a good deal of excitement in Crofton village when Paul Crofton, a many-times removed cousin of Henry Crofton, returned from years of wandering in Africa. Madam refused absolutely to have him at the Hall.

"The younger branch of the family, descended from the hangman's brother, have always coveted Crofton Hall. Paul Crofton won't be asked here," said Madam.

Diana was really angry. She was an intelligent, cultured woman, without any overwhelming interest in social matters; perhaps she had a certain contempt for the gentry of the neighborhood. By her marriage she had severed herself from her father's friends and acquaintances. The bookshelves in her sitting room told how she spent much of the time not devoted to her son. However, she never openly quarrelled with Madam; and she determined that she and Henry should see a good deal of the newcomer at the big cottage he

had rented in the neighborhood for himself and the tropical beasts he had brought with him. These latter became a great attraction to Henry while Paul discoursed to Diana of his wanderings in the Dark Continent.

It was soon after the return of Paul Crofton that Diana's boy began to exhibit symptoms that evoked terror in his grandmother's mind. Diana with determined obstinacy refused to admit that Henry was paler and had become more easily tired; and it was not till the family doctor mentioned the boy's appearance to her that she felt the least anxiety.

"Has Henry toothache, or is he fretting to go to Eton?" good-natured Doctor Lynn inquired jocularly one day when he met young Mrs. Crofton walking vigorously through the village. "He looks a bit seedy."

Diana did not show any alarm.

"So Madam remarked lately. I dare say it is the warm weather."

"Shall I have a look at him? Does he eat well?"

"I think so," Diana replied to the last question. "I never talk health to him, and I don't believe in coddling. Oh, yes, of course look over him if you think best! Only invent some reason for the examination. He got over all childish ailments finely."

The result of his examination puzzled the good Doctor who had ushered Henry into the world. He could detect nothing amiss, save that the boy showed some slight trace of anæmia, for which he found no reason.

"He may suffer from the unusual heat," he said to himself.

But, as the summer went on, even Diana was compelled to note the change in her son. He was easily tired, and slept a great deal without feeling refreshed by the slumber. Madam spent much time in her room praying. Then a specialist from London was called in. Doctor Weston was coming as a guest, by Diana's wish. It was his request that he might bring a visitor with him that had rejoiced Madam's heart.

"Of course I should be pleased to see any friend of Doctor Weston's," Diana said to Madam; "but not Father Becker particularly. You are thinking of Dame Crofton."

Madam nodded.

"I have thought continuously of the past lately."

Diana laughed. She could still laugh. Henry was not more sickly than many boys who had lived to the years of the Psalmist.

"You have aged, Madam," she said; "and you are worrying. Why?"

"I love Henry."

"So do I, but differently," the mother said. "He can not be really ill. Doctor Weston will be sure to relieve us."

"Pray God it may be so," Madam replied. She did not often mention God before the mockery in Diana's eyes.

The London specialist was, however, no less puzzled than his humbler brother, and he honestly confessed his bewilderment at the luncheon table. Diana for a moment looked anxious; she had long known Doctor Weston.

"There must be nothing radically wrong, then," she smiled across the table.

Doctor Lynn kept silent; Doctor Weston shook his head; Madam nervously fingered her glass and looked at the missionary priest appealingly. Father Becker was a lean, brown man with silvery hair and sharpened features.

"I can't understand the sleepiness and languor of your boy, Mrs. Crofton," the specialist said, and frowned. "You say he shows no interest in his usual occupations—"

"Not since Paul Crofton came back from his travels," Mrs. Crofton interrupted. "He still likes to visit Mr. Crofton."

Father Becker stirred in his chair.

"Where has the gentleman travelled?" he inquired.

"In Africa—Father," replied Madam.

"Oh!" There was an odd ring in the exclamation. Then the priest sat still, and the conversation took another turn.

"Shall we smoke a cigar outside?" the specialist proposed.

Doctor Lynn agreed, and the three men passed on to the terrace. By and by Doctor Weston came in to ask if Mrs. Crofton could keep himself and Father Becker for the night. An idea had come—

"Of course!" Mrs. Crofton cried readily. She had been nervous from luncheon. "Do you wish to observe Henry?"

"Well, yes, but not now. I must send off a wire to my assistant. Oh, no! We shall walk to the village with Doctor Lynn, thank you, Mrs. Crofton!"

When Madam heard of the fresh arrangement, she expressed gratification, and remarked apropos of nothing:

"I never liked Paul."

"But why?" Diana exclaimed.

"He would inherit Crofton Hall if—"

She paused, but the younger woman understood.

"What a dreadful idea!"

Madam nodded assent.

"The priest, though! Did you not notice the look in his face when Paul was spoken of?"

"Goodness, Madam! How sensational!"

Nevertheless, when night came, Doctor Weston was able to inform Mrs. Crofton that her son was really ill. Father Becker in his missionary journeys had seen several Negroes suffering from the heavy sleep, the same lethargy and lack of blood which menaced Henry. He had been told that the deadly illness came from the bite of a peculiar species of tropical fly. Likely Paul Crofton knew of the insect's evil properties.

Doctor Lynn had taken the London specialist and his friend to the cottage occupied by Paul Crofton. He was by the merest chance absent from the house, and the housekeeper, who admitted them, was not curious. The priest had taken the liberty of visiting the outbuilding where Crofton kept his African pets which had amused Henry, and had made rapid observations. By the time the African traveller returned from his walk, Doctor Weston was able to place some facts before him. Perhaps Paul credited him with undue knowledge.

"And he tried to poison him,—to poison Henry with his flies!" Mrs. Crofton exclaimed. "But he seemed so fond of Henry. Will he die?"

"No: the harm has been arrested in time," the London specialist replied. "At least Father Becker says so. It is to him you owe your son's preservation from an untimely death."

"Then Madam was right!" Mrs. Crofton gave a hysterical cry. "And there is a God to avenge—"

"To forgive, you mean. Of course there is, my dear lady!"

"But you—yourself were an unbeliever!"

"Once, not now. Stop shaking and moaning. Paul Crofton is leaving England to-morrow. Father Becker will remain here, if you wish, and treat Henry."

So the priest remained. And before the end of the month Madam entered the Church. Diana's conversion took much longer; but she and her handsome, robust son are now both good Catholics. Madam dreads the hangman no longer.

WHEN you think Death is after you, you run; but as soon as Death stops, you stop. That is human nature.

—*Lincoln.*

Honest "Andy Johnson."

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

THE passing of the Bill that provides for the purchase and maintenance of Andrew Johnson's tailor shop at Greeneville, Tennessee, recalls to mind a wonderful story. The stage has seldom brought forth a drama, the dreams of the poet a poem, or the author a tale of fiction which impresses one more deeply than the story of this man, who by dint of his own efforts, inspired and encouraged by one believing soul, conquered fate and made his dreams come true. In this story are blended the tragedy, the pathos, the hopes and the triumphs of man.

Between the foothills of the Blue Ridge and the Cumberland Mountains, in Eastern Tennessee, lies the little town of Greeneville, whose people delight in pointing out to strangers a small old weather-beaten building which stands on an obscure street, and over whose door is nailed the original sign, used for so many years, which reads: "A. Johnson, Tailor." With pride they also point to the fair, rounded hill of the beautiful national cemetery, where stands a tall, white marble shaft, over which is draped an American flag, on one side of which is the inscription: "Andrew Johnson, Seventeenth President of the United States. Born Dec. 22, 1808. Died July 31, 1875. His Faith in the People Never Wavered."

They like to relate, these people of Greeneville, the story that lies within the small radius of the old tailor shop on the unfrequented street, and the tall, white shaft that gleams from Monument Hill. Then they go on to tell you that at the close of a sultry August day in 1827 a strange party of immigrants entered the town, which at that time was only a struggling village. The party consisted of a tired mother, a barefooted boy, and an old blind pony hitched to a dilapidated cart. From Raleigh, N. C., they had travelled thus, having no definite point in view. But when they came in sight of the village that nestled among the hills, the tired, wayworn mother knew that their quest was over; the bright-eyed, barefooted boy felt that this must be the place for which they had travelled over mountain and valley, hill and plain; even the poor blind pony instinctively knew that their journey was over. And so Greeneville became the home of the mother and her son, who a year later opened up the poor little tailor shop, and proudly nailed the sign of "A. Johnson, Tailor," over the door. And there, in spite of its lowly environment, the boy began to dream dreams.

And then comes the romantic part. The people tell you what an important day it was in the life of Andrew Johnson when he met Eliza McCardle. At that time she was a teacher in a little mountain school near by; but after her marriage to the young tailor, instead of teaching a schoolroom full of youngsters, as had been her wont, her school became narrowed down to one pupil, and he was her young husband; for Andrew Johnson, although twenty-one years old at the time of his marriage, could neither read nor write, having been apprenticed to a tailor at an early age.

Never was there a more earnest or sincere teacher; never was there a more diligent or apt pupil. At night, while he plied his needle, she would go over the lessons with him; and during the day when she was busy with her household duties, he, not wishing to lose any time, paid a boy fifty cents to read to him while he worked.

Oh, there were times when he had grown despondent and almost given up in despair, thinking it a futile philosophy, a mad visioning! But at such times his wife, with one of her rare smiles, would say: "I have faith." And so,

with that visible and sustaining ideal to guide him, he would take fresh courage, and with renewed ambition put his whole soul into the task he had set out to accomplish.

And Eliza Johnson lived to have her faith rewarded; for step by step he rose. First, he was made mayor of the little town. He soon outgrew that, and then they had sent him to the Legislature. But that was not enough for the boy who had studied while he worked all day long with his tailor's goose. Next he went to Congress; but that did not suffice, and he was made Governor of Tennessee. Later he became Vice-President of the United States—and then, by a nation's great calamity, he was given the highest office of our country. And the woman who had been his inspiration, who had pointed the way to a great future, stood beside him at the coronation of his ambition, in the hour of his triumph, and looked upon him with pride and gratitude.

A long way from the tailor shop? Yes, but Andrew Johnson was never spoiled by his lofty position, and to the simple mountain people he remained "Honest Andy Johnson." Ostentation was no part of his nature, and he carried into public life, even to the highest seat of honor, the plainness and simplicity of his early years.

The biggest day the little town of Greeneville ever knew was the day they laid the remains of Andrew Johnson to rest on the hill overlooking the town, his home, and the old tailor shop. From far and near the mountain people came to do him homage and take a last look at the face of the "Great Commoner," as they loved to call him. Six months later Eliza Johnson was laid to rest by his side; and so the two—the man who reached the Presidency and the woman who trained him for it—sleep beneath the same monument, in the little city where for long years they worked and struggled together.

Rays of Comfort.

WE have reason to think that the charming little book, by the author of "By the Grey Sea," etc., entitled "Les Cloches des Morts,"* written with the hope of affording consolation to hearts sorrowing over the loss of relatives and friends gone before, has had as yet few readers, though its merits entitle it to a host of them. It is especially suitable for the Month of the Holy Souls; and, in hopes of making it better known, we reproduce some touching and beautiful passages on the Requiem Mass and the Burial Service of the Church.

The Church never shrinks from anything because it is painful. *"Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!"* she wails again and again as she acknowledges that this her child has passed for judgment into the presence of an All-perfect God....She does not put out of sight that this soul has gone to stand before One who has Himself announced that "it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the Living God." These are the ideas which throughout a Requiem the Church constantly remembers....

Who that has heard the chanting of the *Dies Irae* can ever forget it? Through the Requiem the Church, as it were, puts voice into the mouth of that form lying beneath the pall. For a moment she almost seems to set aside the comfort she has already given in the previous part of the Mass, as the solemn tones roll forth:

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

* Published by Sands & Co., Edinburgh; B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis; price, 75 cts.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.*

On and on goes that wondrous and most dramatic song, till the awful picture seems more than the Church herself can bear. The soul cries out, owning its guilt. It seeks to hide nothing. Who can do so, with the terrible open pages—those accusing angels? The reference to the "accursed in anguish fleeing" appalls. There is nothing for it but to plead His infinite love, His exceeding mercy:

Recollect, O Love divine!
'Twas for this lost sheep of Thine
Thou Thy glory didst resign.

Everything that can be urged is urged now,—grief and tears, the Magdalen's pardoned sins, the dying thief upon the cross,—until the voices softly wail:

Lord of mercy! Jesu blest!
Grant the faithful light and rest.

Soon the Gospel, with its glorious dialogue of hope between Martha and the Son of Man, restores us; the oblations are offered, and the words of praise are sounding as the priest chants the Preface; and a moment later the glorious *Sanctus, Sanctus* rises and falls under the prayer-impregnated roof. It is the song of those before the Throne, the song of the children of the Church Triumphant, the song which is never omitted from the ritual except on one solitary day in the whole year—Good Friday,—and then only because on that day there is in reality no Mass at all, since the Host has been consecrated on the previous morn.

Now there is another sound. Sweet and beautiful is the Plain Chant, but there is something sweeter mingling with it. For a while one does not realize what it is; for at first it is so soft that one is scarcely aware of it, knowing only that the soul is soothed. Like the Song of the Angels, it comes from on high. Above our heads are sounding now *les cloches des Morts.* Slowly, softly, sadly, overhead the great bells sound, but still they *peal!* Right through the heart of the mourner they strike; and yet, with all their sorrow, there is hope in every note....

The *Sanctus* has died away; the priest has spoken the solemn words, and lifted up between heaven and earth the Son of God to make atonement for the sins of her whose earthly dust lies beneath yon sombre pall. An English philosophical writer of note has asked in a novel a question, "Is life worth living?" and, alas! whilst standing without the gates of Holy Church, through which he seems ever gazing with longing eyes, has practically answered it in every succeeding volume, "Yes, if you are a Catholic; not otherwise."...

The Mass is done; the sacred species have been consumed, the last Gospel read, and *les cloches des Morts* are dying away in faint echoes overhead. The priest has laid aside his chasuble, used only for the celebration of the Mass.... The procession comes down from the high altar and groups itself around the bier. *Les cloches des Morts* have died away; only a single note goes sadly forth now and again. Once more the Church is about to go down into the depths. All is blackness now; but even in the midst of humiliation she does not lose sight of hope. At the foot of the coffin is the great crucifix, reminding us that for every single soul Christ has been lifted up on high. There is hope, too, in the lighted tapers carried now in every mourner's hand.

* Oh, what trembling there shall be,
When the world its Judge shall see,
Coming in dread majesty!

Hark! the trumpet's thrilling tone,
From sepulchral regions lone,
Summons all before the throne.

Now the books are open spread;
Now the writing must be read,
Which arraigns the quick and dead.

*"Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo."** In a low voice the priest murmurs the solemn prayer, and then the voices of the choir wail forth once more for mercy. *"Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna,"*† they chant, in that dreadful day, when the heavens and the earth shall be moved, when the world shall be judged by fire; the day of wrath and account, when the heavens shall depart as a scroll that is rolled up; the day of calamity and misery; ending once more with the wailing *Kyrie eleison!* Then in silence the *Pater Noster* is recited, while the coffin is sprinkled with holy water and censed with sweet-smelling incense.

It is almost over now. There is just that cry which the Church never omits ere she parts with each one of her children, be he some holy Pontiff who has sat in St. Peter's Chair, or a Magdalen once steeped to the lips in sin and received back in penitence only with the last breath of life:

V. *A porta inferi.*

R. *Erue Domine animam ejus.*‡

It is over....The great west doors roll back; the sunlight steals softly in; while the breeze whispers among the leaves without, and from above once more *les cloches des Morts* peal forth, louder, clearer now, but still as sweetly as before. The road to Calvary is steep indeed. They stand in need of all their strength, these mourners weeping for their dead; and Holy Church comes to their aid. From the grey tower overhead there is hope in every silvery note. The crucifix, the sign of our redemption, is going on before, with lights on either side. The incense and the holy water for the grave are there, and Mother Church lifts up her voice in song. But *what* a song! It is as though she cried aloud to these her stricken children: Look up and dry your tears;...take heart of grace!

This is what the Church seems to say. Listen, too, to her song that mingles now with *les cloches des Morts;* and, even while yet it remains a prayer, tell me is it not also a song of hope—nay, almost a song of triumph: *In Paradisum deducant te angeli.*—"May the Angels conduct thee into Paradise. May the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and lead thee to the Holy City, Jerusalem! May the choirs of angels receive thee; and with Lazarus, once a beggar, mayest thou have eternal rest."

Words like these are calculated, not only to relieve the most crushing sorrow, but to revive faith, to animate hope, and to make heaven seem nearer to earth. They are sweeter far than the silver notes of the Bells of the Dead of which our author writes, and to all but deadened souls will be as voices from the Beyond.

* Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord!

† Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death!

‡ V. From the gates of death.
R. Deliver this soul, O Lord!

Her Victory.

A LADY, suffering from a headache, was lying on a couch in the library one evening, with the lights turned low, trying to get some sleep. Beside her on a table was a dish of choice fruit. Soon she heard her little daughter tiptoe into the room. The child, thinking her mother fast asleep, advanced cautiously to the table, took a bunch of grapes and stole out again.

The mother was grieved at such conduct on the part of her usually good little daughter; but her sorrow was turned into joy when, a few minutes later, the little girl again stole into the room with the grapes, noiselessly replaced them in the dish, and murmured as she turned to go: "That's the time you got left, Mr. Devil!"

Check the Beginnings.

THE Latin proverb, *Principiis obsta*, is found in a couplet by Ovid, an English translation of which runs,

Check the beginnings: medicine's thrown away
When sickness has grown stronger by delay.

The lesson conveyed is much the same as that embodied in the old English proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," and in many another moral saw. A story told by the oldtime Saint Dorotheus inculcates the same truth in more concrete form.

An elderly monk, he tells us, was one day walking with one of his disciples in a grove of cypresses. Coming to a halt in a certain spot, he commanded his companion to pull up several of the bushes, pointing out to him, first, one that was just beginning to sprout from the ground; then, one a little larger; after that, another which had grown into a sapling; and, finally, one that was a well-grown tree. The disciple, setting himself to work, tore up the first quite easily with one hand. The second he pulled up with one hand also, but with some difficulty. With the third he was obliged to use both hands and to try several times with all his strength before succeeding; and when he came to the fourth, notwithstanding his trying again and again with the exertion of all his muscular force, he was unable even to stir it.

"There, my son," said the old monk, "you have an image of our passions. While they are still weak, one can readily repress and control them with a little vigilance and mortification; but, if we let them take root in our souls, there is no human force sufficient to conquer them. Accordingly, if you wish to acquire virtue, watch the first irregular movements of your soul, and study to repress them promptly, by contrary acts, at their very birth. Upon this everything depends." In other words, check the beginnings.

Notes and Remarks.

Whether a Catholic can be a Socialist depends altogether upon what is understood by Socialism; and, there being very different forms of this political and economic theory, it is quite unlikely that the Church will ever condemn it without clear qualifications. Anarchy is what our moralists have in mind when they so positively assert that a Catholic can not be a Socialist. A form of Socialism may yet prevail with which, as the late Archbishop of Liverpool declared, we shall have no reason to refuse to identify ourselves. Meantime it will be the part of wisdom not to take the stand against Socialism that is rightly taken against Anarchy, which is repudiated by a great many who are classed as Socialists. The Labor Party is often referred to as a Socialist party because it has been so persistently opposed as such; though a considerable number, perhaps the majority, of its members are far from endorsing the views of the extremists. Caution ought to be exercised in the condemnation of anything or anybody.

On paper, or as presented "for public consumption," as Mr. Bryan used to say, the results of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments will be entirely satisfactory. One can predict this with entire confidence. But people who are not easily duped—disagreeable, matter-of-fact people—will be inquiring why, in view of all the fair words and fine promises, ordnance experts should be so busy over more powerful guns and improved submarines,—guns which will hurl 1660-pound shells twenty miles; submarines with anti-aircraft weapons, and machine guns mounted on the conning tower bridge. Such a gun has just been built at our Watertown Arsenal, and such a new

type of submarine was lately completed at the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H. Japan is bent on having a navy second to none. England is strengthening hers; and France, burdened with debt as never before, refuses to reduce her military expenditure, claiming that she must be in a position to act as "sentinel for civilization on the Continent."

The Conference will perhaps do much to make public opinion realize universally that war, besides being unnecessary, is utterly unprofitable and selfish; but only confirmed optimists will be led to believe that in future all international disputes will be settled through diplomatic powwows instead of by recourse to arms.

A genuine advantage of Catholic colleges over State institutions of learning, an advantage which has not been sufficiently emphasized, is pointed out by a well-informed correspondent of *America*, Mr. C. J. Freund. It is the greater personal interest taken by Catholic professors in their students. "In the State colleges and universities," says Mr. Freund,

> the professors are concerned with the books which they are writing or the experiments which they are conducting, and they pay some attention to candidates for doctor's and master's degrees. The poor undergraduate is at times of not much importance at the university,—is, in fact, sometimes looked upon as a necessary evil, a hindrance to the real work of the institution. His training is entrusted to young instructors, themselves often post-graduate students whose knowledge is sometimes very little superior to that of their pupils, and whose practical experience is very often inferior.
>
> At the Catholic colleges and universities conditions are entirely different, if I may judge from my own experience during ten years' attendance at two such institutions, and from what I have found to be the case in talking with very many young men who have attended other Catholic schools. The professors at the Catholic schools are indeed interested in the advancement of science and in the world's problems, but their greatest and all-absorbing interest is "their boys." Many of them are members of religious Orders devoted to education; they have studied young men as well as science and literature; and the lay teachers who work with them soon catch their spirit. The student is made to feel that the professors are interested in him personally, and soon learns to come to them for guidance and advice in the solution of the many problems which arise in the life of every serious student. Each student and his work are studied, and his activities are guided accordingly in an effort to make of him as perfect a man as possible in every respect.

The experience of many others besides the writer of the foregoing points to the same conclusion. Many of the most famous lecturers in America's most renowned universities scarcely ever come into personal contact with the individual members of their classes, and accordingly exert but little influence on the students' character and conduct. The exact reverse is the case in every Catholic college of which we have any knowledge; and that it is so is one of the greatest assets in our educational system.

The contention of the Anglican Bishop Gore, who has openly allied himself with those who favor the disestablishment of the Church of England, that it should be thrown on its own resources, makes one wonder what he considers those resources to be. Authority has collapsed in the Establishment; and heresy is spreading so fast among Anglicans themselves and the other Reformed bodies with whom they are seeking to unite, that the irreligious confidently predict speedy disintegration. "If we do not in some way settle our difficulties," admits his Lordship of Birmingham, "and secure an orderly, quiet life within the Church, we shall have, sooner or later, to face demands which may lead to disruption." Not less candidly the Bishop of Durham declares that many circumstances are now forc-

ing to the front the question, What will be the future of Anglicanism? The position which the Church of England accepted with regard to the State at the time of the Reformation was a false one, and at long last circumstances have rendered it a weak one,—so weak as to be generally apparent.

That Admiral Benson is no mean psychologist, that he understands the play of human passions and the motives that set those passions in action, is clearly shown in an address which he recently delivered in Atlanta, Ga., to a large gathering of representative Catholic laymen. Among other notable passages, here is one which expresses a truth well worth thinking about:

I have sometimes wondered that if you here in Georgia are not thrice blessed in having an atmosphere of hostility to your ideals that prompts you to live lives of a Catholic conscience; and I wonder if it would not serve a good purpose if in our larger cities a spirit of hostility more definite and less subtle prevailed, to the end that our young Catholic manhood might appreciate more fully the beauty of their religion, and be more responsive to the crying needs of the day for vocations to the priesthood.

Readers whose memories carry them back four or five decades will recall that vigorous defence against incessant attacks proved an excellent means of keeping Catholic devotion fervent and active,—more so, perhaps, than at present, when the indevotion of the world and the carelessness of non-Catholics as to our doctrines and practices tend to the gradual weakening of our own fervor.

"Inspect all 'wet' statements" is the advice of Clarence True Wilson, General Secretary, and Deets Pickett, Research Secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C. "Dry" statements, too, will bear inspection,—such statements as the following, which is copied from the clip sheet issued by Brothers Wilson and Pickett:

On several occasions recently Prohibition and police officers in the discharge of their duty have been fired upon by bootleggers. Unfortunately, some of these belligerent bootleggers have been taken and lodged in jail. They should have been lodged five feet under ground.

In Washington recently, police officers attempted to stop a car going through the streets at terrific speed, and were ignored. They gave chase in another car, and were being outdistanced when the bootleg machine ran into another automobile standing by the curb, injuring its occupants and careening down the street. Both bootleggers leaped from the car with drawn revolvers. Nevertheless, the officers took them alive.

This is not good policy. Such incidents should be dealt with according to the code of the Texas ranger. We would be the last to advocate the unwarranted use of weapons, but a bootlegger is worth a lot more to the country dead than alive....Treat 'em rough!

All Americans who have arrived at the age of reason will know what to think of pronouncements like this without being told. Somehow, the least temperate of men seem to be those most in favor of Prohibition.

Convinced as we are that a great many readers are attracted to good books only by specimen passages of them, we present another extract from "Les Cloches des Morts," quoted elsewhere in the present number of THE AVE MARIA—"the comforting reflection of Père de Ravignan, the saintly Jesuit, whose voice so often brought comfort to stricken ones, that for no single soul should we ever despair; that, though while voice remained everything Christian had been rejected, still none but God can read the human heart. Upon the threshold of eternity, he urged, how much clearer must be the things that belong to it! And if through the dying

heart should flash the prayer, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' that prayer is all-sufficient to save."

This fine passage recalls another, no less fine, in that charming book, "The Light of the West," by Gen. Sir William Butler, G. C. B., one of the noblest characters and most glowing writers of our time. It is from an address delivered at Mungret College in 1907:

In the winter of the year 1870 I met at the Rocky Mountain House—a post of the Hudson's Bay Company—Père La Combe. He had lived with the Blackfeet and Cree Indians for many years, and I enjoyed, more than I can say, listening to his stories of adventure with those wild men of the plains. The thing that left the most lasting impression on my mind was his intense love of, and devotion to, those poor wandering and warring people,—his entire sympathy for them. He had literally lived with them, sharing their food and their fortunes and the everlasting dangers of their lives. He watched and tended their sick, buried their dead, and healed the wounded in their battles. No other man but Father La Combe could pass from one hostile camp or tribe to another,—suspected nowhere, welcome everywhere; carrying, as it were, the "truce of God" with him wherever he went. That is a long while ago, and Père La Combe has probably gone to his reward. But, if that is so, many a poor wild thief of the wilderness, thinking of his teaching, may well have repeated in some strange fashion of speech or thought: "Remember me when thou shalt come into thy kingdom."

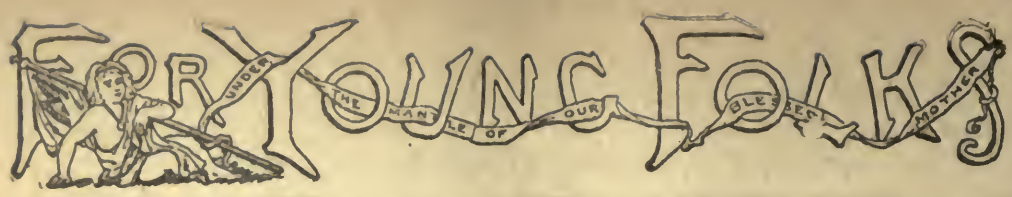
Something new in the matter of commissions has been seen in Denver. A "Commission of Religious Forces" was chosen to investigate the facts of the Denver street-railway strike; and this selected body's report makes unusually interesting reading. The investigators were local churchmen representing Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. The sifting of evidence showed that, as usual, a measure of blame attached to all parties in the industrial dispute; but freed the strikers from many of the more serious charges made against them by prejudiced or ill-informed persons. Here is one paragraph well worth studying by the general public, who, after all, are the principal sufferers in the case of a prolonged strike:

A frequent method of attacking Labor during industrial controversies is to represent that Labor has fallen under the vicious influence of radical agitators. Sober, home-loving and law-abiding workingmen, whose patriotism can not be questioned, and whose hatred of every form of anarchy and lawlessness is deep-seated, both in their ancestry and in their whole education and training, are recklessly and wickedly charged with harboring sentiments which the men themselves repudiate, and with being influenced by outside agitators who exist only in the imagination of their calumniators.

Answering the question one hears asked so often nowadays, Has Christianity failed? "Imaal," the author of a new volume of beautifully written essays, published last month in London and Dublin, has this to say:

Christianity is still living, and this is because of its spiritual vitality. The mere fact that its critics are always putting it upon its trial is a presumptive proof of that vitality, since no man puts the dead upon trial; no hornet stings a corpse. Vitality and failure are difficult to reconcile....Christianity has been embraced by many nations, and wholly refused by none of the great nations....No race has totally rejected Christianity, whereas the European races will not accept Mohammed's doctrine....How many Taoists have ever come to Europe to spread the doctrines of Lao-Tze? How many Greeks have journeyed through Cathay to make known the name and teachings of Plato and Aristotle?...Morality is but a side of the face that the saints turned towards the world; spirituality is the full face which they turned towards Almighty God; and holiness is the perfect life of the soul. This is the true end of Christianity.

"Excursions in Thought" is a book to delight thinkers, and in which all preachers and teachers and students among them will find many new and striking arguments. It should have thousands of attentive readers wherever our language is read.



Mary.

BY GREGORY GOODWIN.

MARY was the name the angels gave her
When our Queen was born in Galilee;
It should be a sound of sweetest music;
All should learn to love it tenderly.
Every letter has a special meaning,
Teaching children what they ought to be.

M is for the meekness that was Mary's;
A is her angelic purity;
R is for her rosary of sorrows,
Not finished till Christ died on Calvary;
Y is yearning that her earthly children
Be with God for all eternity.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XXI.—Sudden News.

ON the following morning Thérèse returned, and was introduced to the new arrivals. She proved to be a pretty and useful little girl, very fond of her grandaunt, and glad to see the Remi of whom she had heard so often and so favorably.

Capi was very much at home, following Mother Barbarin about as though he had always known her. During the day the boys weeded and hoed the garden, mended broken fences, and took Rosette to a field not far away, where she fed contentedly till nightfall.

The first evening they had fritters for supper; but after that they had the usual simple fare. At night the little family gathered around the hearthstone,—Mother Barbarin and Thérèse with their mending and knitting, the boys playing and singing, and Capi doing his tricks. Now and then an old neighbor would drop in to see Remi and welcome him back to Chavonis.

"I have only one fault to find with you, Remi," said Mother Barbarin one day.

"What is that, *maman?*" he asked.

"You wear your hair too long. It is very pretty, of course, but not so neat, falling on your shoulders."

"All the boys who go about playing music wear it like that," said Mattia. "It is a custom."

"But Remi is no longer a strolling musician," replied Mother Barbarin. "He has come home to stay."

"I will cut it off, *maman,*" said Remi. "I do not like it any more than you, but I have grown used to it. When will you trim it for me?"

"We will go to the barber this afternoon," she answered; "and after that to the Curé, who has asked about you. Tomorrow will be Sunday, and with your hair cut you will not look so strange at Mass."

"Shall I cut mine also while I am here?" inquired Mattia, apprehensively.

"Oh, no!" said Mother Barbarin. "As you are going back to Paris, it will be all right for you, Mattia."

"And it is about time I was starting," added Mattia. "You see, Madame Barbarin, I am very glad to be here, but it is only a visit. I want, if I can, to be back in Italy before winter time. I am not sure that I shall have enough money. I might have had if it were not for those villains near Cette."

"What villains?" asked Mother Barbarin, who had heard nothing of Ricardo or his friend, Arturo.

When the boys had related the occurrence she said:

"I think it was a very good thing,

Mattia, that you did not find the money. It was not yours to keep, and you might have been thrown into jail on account of it. From all you have told me, Ricardo deserved a severe punishment of some kind, and no doubt his friend did also. I wonder what has become of them?"

"I don't think they are waiting still," chuckled Mattia. "How mad they must have been when we did not meet them,—eh, Remi?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Remi. "Keep a good lookout when you get back to Paris, Mattia. They would think nothing of beating you if they got hold of you."

"I'm not bothered about them," answered Mattia. "It is only in the dark that they would try to beat me, and I take good care never go out at night in Paris."

"It is about time the *padrone* was coming this way, according to promise," said Remi. "How long shall you wait for him, Mattia?"

"Only a few days. One can never tell what may have happened. And he may have changed his route."

"I hardly think that," said Remi. "He seemed quite anxious to have you with him."

Mother Barbarin and Remi went to the barber's, and Mattia remained at home, gathering pears and vegetables, which he was to take to the Château that evening.

After his hair had been cut, Remi was much better-looking. He had a well-shaped head, and Mother Barbarin would not have the hair trimmed closely, as she wanted the soft little waves to show. She was quite proud of him when they arrived at the Curé's. The priest was working in his garden, but stopped to talk to them, inviting Remi to sit beside him on a bench in the arbor. He asked the boy many questions, and seemed well pleased with his replies.

"And now are you going to be a regular farmer, my good Remi?" he inquired at last.

"I do not know, Monsieur le Curé," said the boy. "I want to stay with Mother Barbarin."

"She tells me you are quite a scholar."

"Oh, no!" said Remi. "But I like to read very much."

"I will give you some good books from time to time. After a while you might be able to take charge of the school. Bergonbeaux is getting old."

"I had not thought of such a thing, Monsieur le Curé; but I might like it. I could always be studying a little and helping Mother Barbarin at the same time."

"Would you like some books now?"

"Very much," said Remi.

The priest went into the house, returning in a few moments with a Bible History and a History of France, with questions and answers.

"Do you know anything of these?" he inquired.

"Very little," said Remi.

"Study ten questions in each—the answers are short,—and come to me in a week or so. I will hear you recite the lessons and will explain them to you."

"Thank you, Monsieur le Curé! I shall like that," said Remi.

"And here are the Fables of La Fontaine. Do you understand the meaning of the word 'fable'?"

"I think so," replied Remi. "Vitalis explained it to me, and he told me some of the fables in this book. He promised to buy me a copy some day."

As Remi spoke he could see once more the "Cygne," Mrs. Milligan's boat, the white deck shaded by the pretty striped canopy, Arthur lying with a book in his hand trying to learn the story of the shepherd and his flock,—all passed before his eyes like a beautiful picture.

At this moment Mother Barbarin

came into the garden once more, followed by her cousin, the housekeeper, who commented upon Remi's growth and improved appearance. She walked with him to the gate, the priest and Mother Barbarin behind.

"What do you think of him, Monsieur le Curé?" asked the latter, proudly.

"I think him an unusual child, quite out of place here. But you remember that I always thought so."

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé."

"Mother Barbarin, we must try to give Remi a better education, so that some day he may be able to teach school at Chavonis."

"And play the organ also?"

"Does he know anything about it?"

"No, Monsieur le Curé, but he is a master of the harp. Some day, with your permission, I will have him play for you. It would be easy for him to learn the organ, I am sure."

"And thus combine the two offices of schoolmaster and organist, as Bergonbeaux does at present."

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé; and then in the end, with your assistance and the blessing of Almighty God, become a priest like yourself."

"And step into my shoes?" laughingly asked the priest.

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," replied Mother Barbarin, with great seriousness,—"perhaps even that; but, please God, not for many years."

The priest watched the pair as they went down the road,—Mother Barbarin's arm around Remi's shoulder; the boy holding up the books for her inspection, relating what had occurred, and adding that the priest had promised to help him with his studies. Mother Barbarin was treading on air, and Remi was happy too.

Mattia met them on the road.

"The *padrone* and his troupe have arrived!" he shouted gleefully. "I went to the store and they were on the Plaza. They are to give a performance to-night, and will stay here until Monday. The *padrone* was coming to look for me, and I will go back with them to Paris."

The troupe, which impressed Mother Barbarin favorably, gave three entertainments, in the last of which Remi and Mattia shared. Mother Barbarin felt very proud of her boy,—his playing, his singing, and his dog. But though the *padrone* held forth the most flattering invitations to him, promising that he would send him back to Chavonis in a year, with a purse full of money, Remi had not the slightest desire to return to the wandering life he had given up.

And Mattia, grateful as he felt toward dear old Mother Barbarin, fond as he had been of Remi, took his departure gaily and gladly, happy to be once more on the road that was bringing him nearer home, and delighted to find himself in the society of light-hearted companions and a kind master. As far as they could see him, he was waving the little red handkerchief with white dots which Mother Barbarin had bought him for a keepsake, leaning over the side of the wagon, behind which marched the troupe of young musicians, playing fife, violin, harp, and drum, as they departed from Chavonis.

One morning, when Remi had been at home about a month, the Curé's boy came to Mother Barbarin's with the request that she go at once to the priest's house.

"Is the housekeeper ill again?" she inquired.

"Oh, no!" he replied. "It was she who told me to come, and to say that Monsieur le Curé wanted to see you at once."

"Very well; I will be there as soon as I have finished with this butter," Mother Barbarin said.

A little later, Remi and Thérèse, gathering peas in the garden, saw her,

in her white sunbonnet and clean starched apron, taking a short cut through the fields.

The Curé was awaiting her on the porch.

"Come in, Mother Barbarin," he said. "I have some very important news for you to-day."

She followed him into the little parlor. They sat down and conversed for a while. Then the Curé reached over to his desk and took up a letter.

"This letter," he said, "is from a well-known lawyer in Paris. It concerns you. I will read it."

It ran as follows:

DEAR REVEREND SIR:—After a long and laborious search, I have recently learned that you have in your parish at Chavonis a woman of the name of Barbarin, whose husband, about twelve years ago, found an abandoned child in a doorway of Paris and took it home. I have also learned that the said Barbarin and his wife afterward returned to Chavonis, taking the child with them. It is of this child that I wish to obtain information, as it is likely its relatives have been found. The child may not have lived; if not, the woman Barbarin may be able to enlighten us on some points; if living and in her care, I beg that she will set out at once for Paris, bringing the child with her.

I am enclosing sufficient money for the journey, which I beg you will induce her to make as soon as possible. If persuasion is necessary, it might be well to assure her that she will be well paid for her trouble.

I have the honor to be
Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES DESMOULINS.

Then followed the address of the lawyer, who enclosed a note for 200 francs for travelling expenses. The priest laid it on the table.

"Well, what do you say?" he inquired.

"It must be, Monsieur le Curé, that there is a likelihood of Remi's finding his father and mother."

"You are willing to give him up?"

"Willing, of course, but grieved, Monsieur le Curé. He is like my own."

"I know it. You have been a good mother to the boy. You never legally adopted him?"

"No; on the contrary, Jerome wished me to send him away."

"You will go to Paris, then, at once?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé."

"Taking Remi with you, of course?"

"Yes: it is my duty."

"That is right. But I have this to say. Make some excuse to Remi. Do not let him have an inkling of the reason. If things should not turn out as the lawyer expects, it would be a great disappointment to him. Let us pray God that everything may be well."

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé."

"You will probably be gone several days. Send Thérèse here. She can help Yvette till you return."

"I will do so very gladly, Monsieur le Curé."

The priest gave her the note and his blessing, and she walked slowly homeward, half dazed by the news she had just heard.

Thérèse and Remi were still in the garden.

"You look pale, *maman*," said Remi.

"I feel pale," she replied, with a forced smile. "I have just had some serious news which will take me to Paris to-morrow morning. It is necessary that you go with me, Remi."

"Is it about Jerome?" he asked.

She hesitated and then replied: "No, Jerome had nothing to do with it."

"I hope it will not bring you any more trouble, *maman*."

"Perhaps—perhaps not," she replied. "Go, Remi, with the peas to the Chateau. And you, Thérèse, will help me wash and iron a few things for the journey. You are to stay with Yvette till we return."

"It costs a good deal to travel to Paris by rail," said Remi, timidly.

"The money has been provided," she replied. "Do not worry."

"It must be very important business," thought Remi, as he filled the basket with peas, swung it to his shoulder, and started on his walk to the Chateau.

Early next morning they left Chavonis by the coach, dropping Thèrése and Capi at the Curé's on the way; thence to Penne, where they took the train; and by seven o'clock they were on their way to Paris.

If it had not been for the quietness and seriousness of Mother Barbarin's manner, Remi would greatly have enjoyed his first journey on the railroad. As it was, it pleased him very much to see the fields and gardens flit by, and the villages appear in view, only to recede when they had reached them. And so the day passed quickly.

(To be continued.)

Marianne's Candle.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

MARIANNE grew up among the candles. Her mother was candle-lighter at a famous shrine in France,—a shrine where even the beautiful Madonna had grown black from the smoke of the ever-burning offerings. A little world of lights was Marianne's. The candles were her dolls, her playthings,—no, rather her angels; for even as a baby, Marianne took life seriously. To her the candles were living things. She pitied the poor little thin ones that drooped and fell prostrate, unable to bear the heat of the sanctuary. She was rather in awe of the great, fat candles that burned so proudly even to the last moment of their existence. When a candle went out, it was to Marianne as if a friend had died; when a new one was lit, she welcomed it as a new friend.

When she was not watching the Madonna lights, she lived on the doorsteps of the church. There every morning her mother set up a little booth, and there she sat all day, sewing or knitting when she was not selling candles. Marianne played about the steps, or sat by her mother, watching the people who passed in and out of the church. To her they existed only in so far as they related to candles. Their faces might be sad, but she was too young to trace the marks of tears; they might be radiant with happiness, but she could not yet read the secrets of their joy. All she knew was that the tall yellow candles pleaded for souls in pain, and that the bright white candles were lit to thank the dear Madonna for some favor.

She could tell sometimes who would buy big candles and who would buy small ones: her child's instinct told her. She watched, too, the money for candles being taken sometimes out of fat, bulging purses, full of gold and silver coins, and sometimes out of poor lean purses, where the few copper coins hid in the corners. "Why are some purses full and some empty?" thought small Marianne; and she wondered,—wondered all the more because those with the empty purses sometimes gave her an apple or said a kind word to her, while those with the full purses seemed never to see her. There were many things over which Marianne mused; but most of all she wondered, when she knelt before the tabernacle to say her morning prayers, why the great God lived in so small a house. "He loves little things," thought Marianne. "He must love me, too." When she had found this solution, her child's heart felt brighter.

Then a time came when Marianne's world of lights began to fall to pieces. One by one the candles disappeared from the shrine, and it was dark and dreary in the old church.

"It is the war," her mother said, "people have no money for candles." And later there was no wax to make the candles. Every day it grew darker round the shrine, until at last only one little lamp peered out of the gloom. "How lonely the little Jesus and His Holy Mother must be!" thought Marianne; and she looked up with curiosity at the dear Madonna, thinking to see tears on the dark face. When would the lights come back? When would she see the beautiful white tapers again?

Her mother's booth was closed, because there were no candles to sell, and they lived no more on the doorsteps of the church. Often Marianne saw tears in her mother's eyes, and often she heard her cough. Often, too, Marianne felt hungry. It was very cold in their little home,—much colder than it had ever been on the church steps; life seemed to grow colder and greyer every day. Then her mother fell ill. "Is the last light in the poor child's life going to be put out?" asked the neighbors. But Marianne was too young to think of anything so dreadful.

One day her mother called the child to her bedside. "Marianne," she said. "do you think you could open the top drawer of the chest?"

Marianne went across the room, drew herself up proudly to her full height, and pulled bravely at the drawer. It came out at last.

"The paper parcel just in front, Marianne,—take it out carefully and bring it to me," said the poor woman.

Marianne lifted out a long, white parcel, wrapped in silver paper and tied with a red string. She hardly dared to think what it might be. Walking on tiptoe, she carried it to her mother's bed. The trembling, wasted hands slowly unfolded the wrappings, and Marianne saw what was inside,—a beautiful white candle, with a wreath of colored flowers in wax upon it.

"My First Communion candle! Oh, how beautiful, mother! Where did you get it?"

She sat up on the bed and began softly to stroke the little wax flowers.

"I got it some time ago, when there was still wax, and when I had a little money to spare. It's all gone now, and the lights are all gone, and I'm going too, Marianne."

The dying woman leaned back and began to cough. Marianne could think of nothing but the candle. It had brought back to her a whole world of lost joy.

"Such a lovely candle! When will you light it for me, mother? The priest said that if I was good I might make my First Communion next year."

"I shall never light your candle, Marianne."

"Why, mother? Where are you going?" The child took her eyes from the candle and fixed them on her mother's face. "Where are you going, mother dear?" she repeated. With the candle in her hands, she crept along the bed until she was close beside the pillow. "You mustn't go, mother darling!"

"I must go, Marianne; but He will come to you,—Jesus, the good God. He will bring back the lights. His Heart is all light. Go to Him, Marianne. You will find it warm in His Sacred Heart. But you must light a candle to Him,—a great white candle."

Marianne began caressing the candle in her hands. What a beautiful little golden chalice there was upon it, with a white host floating above!

"Not that candle, Marianne, but a candle of love in your heart,—a pure white candle without a single flaw." She began to cough again, and Marianne saw a little red stream coming from her lips. Her words became gasps. "A pure white candle, Marianne. You must be all His. He is love, Marianne. Remember I told you His Heart is all love—"

Then her mother was silent, and it was very quiet in the room. The child felt somehow as if she were in church, and began to say her prayers.

Her mother opened her eyes and spoke again.

"The light, Marianne! Have the candles come back, or is it the sunshine?"

"There are no candles lighted, mother dear, and there is no sunshine; it is getting very dark."

"No, Marianne, it is not dark: it is light, and it is so warm—"

"Where is the light, mother?" asked the child.

"In the tabernacle. In the tabernacle, my little Marianne, you'll find—Him, and love—more love than—I could give you. The lights, Marianne,—oh, the beautiful lights!"

Then it was very silent and dark in the room; but the little girl still sat on the bed, clasping the tall white candle, and wondering why her mother did not speak again.

Youthful Saints.

MOST persons entertain various mistaken notions about sanctity or holiness, the most common mistake probably being that for ordinary people holiness is well-nigh, if not altogether, impossible.

So far as boys and girls are concerned, they are apt to think that only grown-ups can attain to sanctity; but there are many saints in the calendar who were very young when they showed the qualities that mark those truly in earnest in serving God. Among them were St. Reparata, who was only twelve years old when she became a martyr; St. Stanislaus, who died at the age of seventeen; St. Vitus, St. Celsus, and St. Hugh, boy martyrs; St. Agnes, the little virgin and martyr of Rome; and Blessed Imelda, the patroness of First Communicants.

About Alliteration.

ONE of the devices by which authors try to improve their work is the repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words in immediate or close succession,—alliteration. This recurrence of the same initial sound in the first accented syllables of words is far from being an innovation of modern authors: it is in reality much older than the recurrence of terminal sounds to which nowadays the word rhyme is confined. Alliteration was a characteristic of all old Teutonic poetry,—Anglo-Saxon, Middle English, Icelandic, etc. In such poetry the initial rhyme was considered quite essential, the terminal rhyme merely ornamental; whereas in modern verse the conditions are reversed, alliteration being ornamental, and rhyme proper essential.

A glance through any collection of proverbs will show that this linking together of words beginning with the same sounds, especially consonant sounds, has always characterized the work of early English writers. "Many men, many minds," is an example. Churchill, in his "Prophecy of Famine," speaks of "Apt alliteration's artful aid." Chaucer and Spencer were fond of alliteration; and Lowell quotes Dryden's "feel far off the trembling of his thread" to show that poet's beginning to study the niceties of verse."

Most modern writers, in either verse or prose, avail themselves, at least occasionally, of the alliterative art. A contemporary novelist, for instance, Sir Gilbert Parker, attributes to one of his characters, as a special and desirable gift, a facility in alliterative phrasing. "I'm of the passing world," says the character in question, "prepared to penetrate the pilgrim's impenitent soul." Many other examples of alliteration might be given, but these will suffice.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The sketch of Louise Imogen Guiney's life and work by Miss Alice Brown, which the Macmillan Co. are bringing out, will have a frontispiece portrait from a wood engraving by Timothy Cole. Miss Brown declares that Miss Guiney "has done the most authentic and exquisite verse America has yet produced."

—Among new books published by Heath, Cranton, London, we note "The Future of the Novel," a series of interviews with leading fiction writers, conducted by Meredith Starr: preamble by W. H. Chesson; and "Singing Beads: Woodcuts and Verses," by Dom Theodore Bailey, O. S. B., monk of Caldey.

—Exceptionally interesting pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland are: "An Irish Pilgrim Priest," by the Rev. E. O'Leary, O. S. A.; and "Our Heritage," by Bessie O'Neill. The former is a biographical sketch of Father Benjamin Braughall (1780–1850); the latter, a book of manners for Irish children, and for young folks generally.

—*Sursum Corda* is the name of a new quarterly review of Catholic literature, edited by John Langton, and published by the Ambrosden Press, 119 High Holborn, London. The numbers we have examined give evidence of quite unusual intelligence, and we hope that the little periodical will get the support it so well deserves for its cause and itself.

—Several months ago we predicted that Prof. J. H. Robinson's "The Mind in the Making," then appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine*, would be issued in book form. This prophecy has been fulfilled; and though the publisher's notice reads, "a vital book, which traces the development of the human mind of to-day from that of primitive man," we repeat what we have said previously: 'This book is a puerile rehash of disreputable metaphysics, and Catholic readers ought to scrutinize the Harper lists carefully.'

—We are hoping to see an American edition of "'On My Keeping,' and in Theirs," by Louis J. Walsh, reviewed at length in THE AVE MARIA last week under the title "The Story of a Prisoner in Ireland." It is a book of exceptional importance and interest; and, as Mrs. Cecil Chesterton remarks in her foreword, "it is written with so complete an absence of ill-feeling that the most prejudiced must realize its candor." We share her wish that every one of Ireland's friends—and Ireland's enemies as well—would read this volume. It would be sure of a large sale in the United States; and the reading of it could hardly fail to create, or to confirm, the conviction that in reality England and Ireland are two separate countries, inhabited by different peoples, with divergent traditions and national aspirations. The Talbot Press, Ltd., 89 Talbot St., Dublin; T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London; price, 2*s* 6*d*.

—The manufacture of beautiful books has not come altogether to a standstill in Germany and Austria. We note, among other things, that the Avalun Press of Vienna has issued for the Dante Centenary a limited edition of a German translation of the "Vita Nuova." These folios, executed by hand in every detail, were printed from the original woodcuts of Erwin Lang, and bound by that notable artist, E. A. Enders. No finer edition of the "Vita Nuova," we feel sure, is likely to appear for centuries to come.

—From the Catholic Truth Society of Canada come two interesting pamphlets: "Divine Faith," by Cardinal Manning; and "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam." The latter is an appeal—in part by Hugh P. Comerford—to the Catholic laity of Canada to join in the Propagation of the Faith.—A third pamphlet, from the Paulist Press, New York, is "The Scholastic Philosophy Explained," by the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C. S. P. To advanced students and the cultured general reader, the explanation will commend itself as most interesting and excellent

—"An Epitome of the Priestly Life," by Canon Arvisenet, adapted from the Latin original, "Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis," by the Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, is a volume which should be welcomed by priests everywhere. Like "The Imitation of Christ," it is "largely a mosaic of Scripture texts, most aptly chosen and most deftly applied," to aid the busy priest in his meditation, his spiritual reading, and his "particular examen." It is well printed in large type, bound in imitation leather, and is of convenient pocket breviary size. Benziger Brothers. Price, $2.50.

—The Cornhill Co.—Boston publishers in every sense of the word—have been devoting much praiseworthy attention to the production of beautiful books. One of their recent

offerings is "The Beggar's Vision," by Brookes More. The illustrations by Mr. Rudd are very fine, the paper is of the best quality, and the general appearance of the volume leaves little to be desired. Of the verse which this goodly format enshrines, nothing more enthusiastic can be said, however, than that, while it may be perfectly good theosophy, as poetry it is of the "minorest." The price is $2.

—"The Day of Faith," by Arthur Somers Roche (Little, Brown & Co.), is a novel more or less similar to More's "Utopia," Lytton's "The Coming Race," or Bellamy's "Looking Backward": a work of super-fanciful imagination. According to the author, Christianity proved a failure during the war; Catholicism, Protestantism, and Judaism are worn-out creeds; the miracles at Lourdes (about which he is unpardonably ignorant) and Ste. Anne de Beaupré belong to the same category as the cures operated by the Christian Scientists; and, finally, the whole duty of man is, not to love God above all for His own sake, and our neighbor as ourselves for God's sake, but simply to assert, "My neighbor is perfect." As a mere story, the book is not uninteresting; as an exposition of a system to replace Christianity, it is puerile. From some circulars furnished us by the publishers, we are inclined to think that the author's friends—and possibly he himself—are taking Mr. Roche altogether too seriously.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Starr, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. James Cranwell, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. William Walsh and Rev. John Lynch, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Francis Barnum and Rev. John Green, S. J.; Rev. S. J. Breihof, C. SS. R.; and Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C.

Sisters M. Virginia and Sister M. Rosalie, Sisters of Charity, B. V. M.

Mr. T. J. Crowe, Miss Filomena Donato, Mr. George Cummings, Mrs. Mary Knirihm, Mr. F. B. Dillmann, Mr. Patrick Kelly, Mrs. Mary Schleger, Mr. C. A. Graber, Miss Ida Thomas, Mr. Patrick Tracy, Mr. John Reppel, Miss Agnes Mudey, Mr. Frank Morley, Mrs. Anna Moriarty, Mr. Henry Lyons, Mr. M. E. Greene, Mrs. M. Grennan, Mr. C. C. Shriver, Mr. James Dilworth, Mr. E. J. Brennan, Mrs. Margaret McGurn, Mr. James Foster, Mrs. Ellen Gaffney, Mr. William Becher, and Mr. Joseph Justin.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the famine sufferers in Russia: J. P. O'Brien, $40. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. H., $2; T. L. R., 50 cents.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I., 48

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 26, 1921. NO. 22

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Growth.

BY SYDNEY SNELL.

TO Thee the tendrils of my spirit cling.
Tear me not from Thee; teach me how to grow
Upward to Thee; to be no more a thing
That trails in dust, that lies in brambles low.

Oh, let my wakened spirit flame to Thee
From the still smouldering ashes of the years,—
Ashes of fires that have burned fitfully,
Deadened by frustrate hopes and dulled by tears.

A plant, a flame, each upward-straining thing—
The bird that skyward mounts—are kin to me:
Help Thou the spirit in its burgeoning,
The seedling soul to grow at Thy sweet urgency.

The Island of St. Molaise.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

A THOUSAND feet above the waves that boom forever at its base, and to the right of the lonely island of Innismurray, where St. Molaise and St. Columbkille erected one of the earliest Irish monasteries dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, soars Slieve-Liag, or the Gray Mountain. It has been called "the Father of Irish Mountains."

The ancient sacred buildings that were once its glory constitute its principal attraction in our own day. True, there is a magnificent view from its barren shore: the four spurs of the Benbulben range of mountains on the south, stretching out to sea; while, to the west, the stags of Broad Haven and the misty peaks of Nephin and Croagh Patrick contend for the palm of beauty and picturesqueness with stately Slieve-Liag. The island itself, however, is but a great, low-lying rock of granite, anchored on the troubled waters of the Bay of Donegal, with never a tree or shrub to relieve the monotony, and with but a small portion of its hundred and thirty acres of very poor soil under cultivation. But fish are plentiful, when it is possible to put to sea; and lobsters are found in abundance among the rocks around the coast. The staple industry is kelp, which is manufactured in considerable quantities by the islanders from the drift-seaweed. Conveyed to Sligo by water, it always finds there a ready market.

Access to Innismurray is difficult at all seasons, but particularly in winter. When the waves are lashed to frenzy by the wild Atlantic winds, the boldest heart would shrink from attempting either to reach the island or to leave it for the mainland. For this reason the islanders have not always the opportunity of assisting at Mass,—a deprivation they very much regret. Indeed, communication of any kind with the mainland is necessarily irregular, and

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depends entirely upon whether the sea is calm or stormy. Yet it would be scarcely accurate—from the simple islanders' point of view, at all events—to say that they have no parish priest.

The memory of St. Molaise has found so safe a shrine in their hearts that it may be said to be as lively to-day as it was when he first set foot upon the rugged, wave-washed shore. They speak affectionately of him as "Father Molosh"—rarely as St. Molaise,—and refer to him in all their difficulties now, just as their ancestors did upwards of fourteen hundred years ago when he prayed and worked amongst them.

St. Columbkille was for a short time the companion of St. Molaise at Innismurray; but he soon left the infant monastery to the sole charge of St. Molaise, who is supposed to have been the elder of the two. It grew and flourished under his care, and when he died, in 564, he was buried in its neighborhood,—that is to say, in "Father Molaise's Chapel." A patch of dark red earth, believed to have been stained with the blood of the saint, is said to mark the exact spot where he was buried. It is in the little chapel, and close to the entrance.

The chapel of St. Molaise is one of a group of ruins, bounded by an immense circular wall of at least ten or twelve feet in thickness; originally it was fifteen feet high. Built, like the ruins it encloses, of large flat stones, no cement of any kind was used in its construction; but so closely and accurately were the stones fitted together that both wall and ruins are likely to outlast many a modern structure.

About half an acre of ground lies within the enclosure, the only entrance to which appears to have been a small subterranean passage; probably a necessary precaution in those days, especially against the onslaughts of the Danes, who attacked the monastery of the Blessed Virgin more than once, and burned as much of it as they could. A few of the small beehive-shaped cells, built into the thick stone walls of the enclosure by the monks, still remain. It was of monastic cells very much like these that Froude wrote: "There, on the wet soil, with that dripping roof above them, was the chosen home of these poor men. Through winter frost, through rain and storm, through summer sunshine, generation after generation of them lived and prayed, and at last lay down and died." Of the four ruined churches within this venerable enclosure, in whose old walls the little cells were set, the one dedicated to St. Molaise, the patron of the island, is the most ancient. It is also the smallest, and, in spite of its great age, the best preserved.

The rude altar is built, like the church itself, of loose stones. What foreign invaders had failed to do in the way of desecration was, however, accomplished later on by a band of Orange roughs from the mainland; for the holy altar-stone was broken by them, and the ancient Latin inscription, in Irish characters, so defaced that only the words, "*Hic dormit Diarmit,*" can now be distinguished. Not content with this outrage, the same vandal band laid their sacrilegious hands upon a quaintly carved wooded statue of St. Molaise, of great antiquity, and flung it out to sea; pretending to take it for a figurehead of one of the ships belonging to the Spanish Armada that had been wrecked in the bay. But it was found next morning on the shore, where it had been left by the receding tide. The joy of the poor islanders was very great, and they carried their beloved statue back to the church, where they piously replaced it upon the altar. In the island it goes by the name of "Father Molosh," the people proudly boasting that if the

sainted Father were to be cast into mid-ocean he would not fail to come back to the lonely island where he lived and died.

Outside the sacred enclosure is another ruin dating from the eleventh century, and known as "Tempol Muire," or Mary's Chapel. But when, unable to hear Mass, the islanders assemble for their devotions, it is in good "Father Molosh's" chapel that they usually recite the Rosary; for it was here that the monks of St. Molaise and St. Columbkille, the brethren of the old monastery of the Blessed Virgin, knelt and prayed over a thousand years ago.

Among the relics of pagan Ireland, the most interesting at Innismurray are the celebrated "cursing stones," as they are popularly called. These are about sixty in number, and are round sea-stones, arranged so as to form a species of platform. It is said that any one who tries to count these stones will find the total different at every fresh counting; nor have I ever heard of a pilgrim to the island who was able to prove this assertion false.

In his spirited "Burial of King Cormac," the once famous poet Ferguson says of the pagan priests of Crom:

> They loosed their curse against the King;
> They cursed him in his flesh and bones;
> And daily in their mystic ring
> They turned the maledictive stones.

The time-honored belief is that if these "cursing stones" are "turned against any one," with an evil intention, some misfortune will overtake him within twelve months, if the curse has been deserved. If undeserved, then the curse will fall back upon the curser. On one occasion a sceptical lady turned the "cursing stones" of Innismurray against herself, in mockery of the ancient "superstition," and died within the year. Another stone with a history is preserved in one of the ruined churches within the old monastic enclosure. It is said that if every fire on the island happened to be extinguished, fuel placed upon this antique stone would kindle spontaneously. A huge cairn of stones, close by, marks the grave of a man who defiled this consecrated spot and was struck dead in consequence.

Many of the headstones have been disfigured by the hand of Time, or the vandalism of man; but they are still very interesting, and bear witness to the artistic taste of the Irish sculptors of old. The crosses in particular are beautiful, as well as varied in design and execution. One of these venerable headstones is often visited by childless women in the hope of becoming fruitful mothers; and the large numbers of pilgrims whose hands have been laid upon the stone, year after year, may be gathered from the finger marks worn into it.

The Island of St. Molaise has also a famous station, which consists of seven sacred spots where pilgrims pause to pray. Four of these are within the walled enclosure of the Blessed Virgin Mary's monastery, and three outside. Ireland might well be called the Island of the Rosary; for nowhere is that devotion more popular. It has sustained and comforted the most long-suffering people in the world through weary ages, whether behind prison walls or "on the run," whether (in no matter what weather) assembled by thousands out of doors, or in the churches and chapels filled to overflowing. No gift is half so welcome to the average Irish child as a Rosary.

"Though we are devils in hell, we are forced to acknowledge that no one shall ever be lost who has a devotion to the Rosary," was the answer given by evil spirits when commanded in the name of God to speak the truth. And surely the cause of a nation that places its trust in the Mother of God can not

be lost. With the Beads in her uplifted hands, Ireland kneels at the feet of Mary, whether amidst the din of a city's traffic, in mountain solitudes, or where the sea intones its anthems round some long-hallowed island, such as that of St. Molaise, confident that the powerful Queen of Heaven will not let her kneel in vain.

The Mistakes of Alexander.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

THE meeting with Agatha, for which Alexander had longed, yet dreaded, came with startling suddenness. He turned the corner of a street and there she was, in her crepe-trimmed mourning garments and close-fitting bonnet, with its white ruche. Ah, how fair, how attractive she was, with the something new, something different in her face, that sorrow produces in fine natures!

"Agatha!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

She did not appear to notice his use of her Christian name, but said quietly:

"How glad we all are to see you back!"

"You can guess, I suppose," returned Alexander, "how much I have missed you all."

With a gleam of her old mischief, Agatha made the addition:

"Especially one."

"Especially one," repeated Alexander.

There was a slight pause. Then the girl inquired:

"Are you going my way?"

"No," he answered: "our paths are separate. Do you remember that morning on the Mountain road?"

"Wasn't it lovely?" she murmured.

"It was; and the ash berries gave a touch of color, and—" He stopped abruptly.

"You were so determined to get rid of us!" laughed Agatha. "Eva must have laughed often afterwards."

"I don't think she did," replied Alexander. "She must have realized since then that I was quite right."

As they walked on together, Agatha said:

"The hard and bitter things that happen to people seem always to be best for their souls. They make them go to church more."

"I don't think you need any stimulus in that direction," observed her companion.

Agatha shook her head.

"You say that because you don't know me," she objected. "Just now, however, I am going to Our Lady of Pity to burn some tapers."

"'Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered,'" quoted Alexander; and as they had reached the archway which led down to the shrine, he raised his hat and turned hastily away.

"He has not changed a bit," thought Agatha, "except that he looks more worried. I suppose it is about business affairs."

Meanwhile Alexander, with his hat over his eyes, was hurrying along the familiar streets, with an aching heart.

That afternoon Agatha went to see Eva, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that she had met Alexander down town.

"Did you fall upon his neck?" inquired Eva.

"Well, not quite that; but I was very glad to see him back."

"Not half so glad as he was to see you."

A sudden wave of color rushed into Agatha's cheeks, less at the words than at their hidden meaning.

"He is as odd as ever," Eva observed presently.

"Different from other people."

"Very different; and I, for one, am getting tired of his eccentricities."

"O Eva!"

"They are not satisfactory in a lover. For one thing, I believe he is eccentric enough to prefer the society of other people."

"You are full of fancies, Eva."

"It is not fancy."

"Well, as I have seen him only once, and that for five minutes on the street," laughed Agatha, "I can not possibly judge."

Supposing all this to be but the idle imaginings of an invalid, she was very far from guessing her friend's meaning. After a moment's deliberation, Eva spoke again:

"He is not in love with me, you know."

"Since when did you make that discovery?"

"Oh, some time ago!"

"Then he will never find any one half so lovely!" exclaimed Agatha in loyal admiration.

Eva looked at her strangely.

"Apparently, he does not value good looks as highly as he did."

"You imagine all these queer things because you are ill."

"Agatha," was the next question, "what do you think of Alexander?"

The question was something of a shock; and Agatha changed color.

"I think he is a noble-hearted, devoted friend."

"Devoted!" queried Eva. "That depends. But if you were in my place what would you do?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you were engaged to Alexander McDonnell?"

"I am not going to suppose any such an impossible happening, not even to humor you."

She spoke with some vehemence, and Eva, who sat looking out at the Mountain, inquired:

"Would you, as I am thinking of doing, break off your engagement?"

In her astonishment, Agatha could only gasp:

"Break your engagement?"

Eva's eyes were fixed upon her friend as she pressed the question:

"But *would* you?"

"No, I certainly should not. I would hold very firmly to it."

Agatha spoke very lightly, as if the subject were not worth a moment's consideration.

"But," persisted Eva, "would you hold to it if you had reason to think that he did not love you?"

"What is the use of considering an improbable case."

"It is *not* improbable!" cried Eva, a dark look passing over her placid face. "If he ever did love me, which I doubt, he does not now."

Agatha was deeply distressed; for in her friend's tone there was a ring of sincerity which seemed to preclude the querulousness of the sick room.

"But surely," urged Agatha, "he has never said anything to that effect, nor shown it in action."

"Not consciously, of course. Alexander would never do such a thing!" Eva's tone was satirical. "But he *has* shown it. And the strange thing is that I don't care so very much."

Agatha was puzzled.

"Do you think it is some one else,—some person whom he met in New York?"

Eva burst out laughing.

"You are a simpleton, Agatha. Perhaps that is why I have always liked you. But if you were not abnormally simple, you would see that Alexander McDonnell is head and ears in love with *you*."

Agatha sprang to her feet, her face crimson.

"How can you speak so, Eva? How dare you say such a thing?"

"I am speaking the simple truth; and, what is more, I believe he always did

prefer you, even that day on the road round the Mountain."

Agatha was only human, and a rush of joy set her pulses tingling as she recalled many an incident which gave color to the supposition, extravagant as it seemed. In a flash of light, she also saw revealed her own sentiments, which she had mistaken for friendship,—the sense of loss at Alexander's absence, the pain that his late coldness and constraint had given her. She saw herself loving with all her heart the man who, if Eva was right, also loved her, and who was bound by the tie of an engagement to her best friend. Eva, who had been quietly observing her, guessed something of the disturbance she had created in that simple and upright soul, which in all its twenty odd years had been guided by truth and justice. Eva, who was thoroughly sophisticated, enjoyed the situation.

"He admired such good looks as I have, and they held him,—especially, as I have heard since, he believed you to be engaged to Lionel. He was fond of me in a way, partly because I was associated with you. Of course, he was very good to me, even after he found out his mistake. I am fond of him, too; and perhaps, if he cared about me, I should have married him. As it is, I am not going to play second fiddle to any one, even to you."

"But, Eva," remonstrated Agatha, "surely you are wrong, and this is all a cruel mistake."

"No, no, it is Alexander who makes mistakes, and I should, properly speaking, hate you. But I know you were perfectly passive in the whole affair, and that the 'dear man' I had promised to marry loves you because he can't help it. He tried the absence cure, and it was of no use; so I am going to write to him this very evening to tell him that I will not marry him."

Nor could any persuasions of her friend alter Eva's resolution, which had in it a curious mixture of resentment against them both. Besides, for all her vanity and worldly wisdom, she was a good-hearted girl, who would not long nurse rancor against her lifelong friend.

It was a most painful parting that Agatha had with Eva; and she crept home through the wintry twilight, feeling as if she had been guilty of a cruel wrong, a painful injustice. She had a haunting fear, too, that she might meet Alexander. For what could she say to him, how look at him, with this new knowledge in her heart?

Eva carried out her resolution without delay; and, having released Alexander from his engagement, went South in search of health, which she very soon regained.

Alexander went immediately to the Slevins'.

"Agatha," he said, "either this is going to be the most tragic of all my mistakes or it will repair them all. I need tell you nothing, for Eva repeated to me all her conversation with you,—only—she did not tell me your answer."

Agatha's candid eyes looked up into the dark ones bent upon her, and her smile was tremulous and tender as she responded:

"I only guessed then, Alexander, that I must have loved you all the time without realizing it."

"That day upon the Mountain road?"

"Perhaps even then."

"That evening in the hall?"

"Yes,—at least I think so."

Then Alexander could only repeat:

"I love you, Agatha,—I love you,—I love you! And, oh, the blessedness of being able to cry it to the four winds!"

He clasped her to his heart. Then they sat down to talk over every trivial incident of the past.

As he was going out, he met Mrs. Slevin. To this dear woman, whom

Alexander had learned to love as a mother, he said:

"Will you have me for a son-in-law?"

There was just an instant's pause before the mother answered:

"With all my heart. There is no one else who will make Agatha so happy." Then laughingly she added: "I once told my dear husband that I should rather have you for a son-in-law than any one else. He answered at once: 'So should I,—that is, if Agatha marries at all. McDonnell is a man after my own heart.'"

"I am so glad to hear that!" exclaimed Alexander, the tears welling up into his eyes. "Do you hear that, Agatha my love,—that we have your father's approval?"

Agatha, whose eyes were also dimmed by tears, put one arm through Alexander's and the other round her mother's neck. All three felt that they were the happiest people in Montreal.

Alexander went out the familiar door, as though he were walking on air. There were the leaves strewing the ground with their glory of crimson and yellow; while at the street corner was the lamp-lighter, who cried out a greeting in his hoarse but friendly voice. It all seemed to Alexander like a thrice happy dream from which he should awake; and he felt convinced that this time for sure he had made no mistake.

(The End.)

MONEY never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the Wise Man, rely upon it: "Better a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith."

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

A Martyr of Our Own Time.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

IV.

SCHOEFFLER was sent to the Petit Collège to study the Annamite language. He wrote: "This language is not to be learned without difficulty, and one feels his utter helplessness if Heaven does not aid his efforts." How successful those efforts were we know from the testimony of his bishop: "He worked with great ardor and the happiest results; at the end of five or six months he could easily hear confessions and give instructions to the people. He began the study of the Chinese characters. He had them copied from Deguigne's large dictionary, and he then transcribed all their significations."

Schoeffler thus describes his situation: "I am surrounded on every side by rather arid mountains; before me spreads a vast sheet of water; the inundation, which is the wealth of this country, covers all the land. I shall soon have to leave here, in order to train myself to the apostolic life under the eyes of my bishop. I may thank God for having given me such an exemplar for a life of devotion to my fellowmen; for this good and holy prelate understands what sacrifice is. He makes himself all things to all men, travelling in all directions after the strayed sheep, or in search of those who have not learned how sweet a thing is the love of Jesus. Consequently he is beloved by all who know him, and is an object of veneration to the pagans themselves: in their eyes he is a kind of demigod."

After describing the state of the mission, with its 120,000 Christians, Schoeffler alludes to King Tu-Duc's edict. "The mandarins have not thought proper to publish it. Is the stroke of a sword in reserve for one

or other of us? Oh, what a grace! Up to the present I have not dared ask for it; but now, my good father, every day in the Holy Sacrifice, I offer my blood to Our Lord in return for His which He has shed for me."

The damp, moist climate of his adopted country was beginning to undermine the constitution of the healthy young Lorrainer. He mentions it lightly; he is taking a quantity of medicine; it is nothing: one must get acclimatized. A harder trial, to which enfeebled health doubtless contributed, is divulged in the following letter to his former director: "I must speak to you of my present state. A sad melancholy often possesses my soul; it is then a comfort to be able to say, 'I am morally certain that I have done my utmost to learn the designs of God.' One rejoices then at the trials one has passed through. At other times, instead of sadness, Jesus and Mary, whose names I love to pronounce, inundate my soul with a joy it has never felt before.... At one moment I was tempted to pine for the fleshpots of Egypt, although I was surrounded by all the care of my dear companions; but illness was wearing me down, and I was very sad. A fervent prayer to Mary released me from that state of languor. Those bitter moments will return, but I know by experience where to find the remedy.... Mary will be my refuge."

Besides adopting the Annamite dress, the young missionary had to take an Annamite name—Co-Dong, which signified Eastern Father. After a severe attack of illness, he was able to say Mass for the first time on Annamite soil on the feast of the Assumption, and on Rosary Sunday heard the first confessions in that tongue. In Bishop Retord's report on the year 1849 to the Foreign Missions Society in Paris he writes: "Since our little King Tu-Duc's edict against religion,...his Very Pagan Majesty has taken no further notice of us; by degrees the mandarins have imitated him,... and, after a moment of alarm, things are going on in the usual way....We have gathered in a greater harvest than in any previous year, as you will see by the number of Sacraments administered (13,000 baptisms, among them 3000 adults). The number of Christians increases by 1500 to 2000 annually." He describes a stay of three months—from July to October —with the Abbés Schoeffler and Legrand, seven native priests, and about forty catechists, in the parish of Kebang, "where the pagans and mandarins formerly showed themselves most hostile. Now we have labored there three months, hearing confessions night and day in the two parishes of Kebang and Te-teink. We were there within sight and hearing of everyone. Pagans and mandarins, great and small, were as if fascinated, and nobody seemed to think of the reward promised for our capture....All our Christians were amazed, and seemed to think there was something miraculous in the peace in which we lived."

We have Schoeffler's own impressions in a letter to Abbé Stricher: "For my part, I baptized nearly 2000 persons; and towards the end I was quite overwhelmed, and got no rest either night or day." He describes a solemnity that had taken place shortly before, on the feast of St. Peter, the patron of Bishop Retord, at the Grand Seminary of Kénon. "For four days the offerings of our good Christians came pouring in. On the eve of the feast came the Annamite Fathers; these excellent priests make it a point to come every year to salute his Lordship and pray that he may be left with us many years longer. *Fiat! Fiat!* In the evening the crowd was immense; there were thirty or forty priests, each in his confessional. The Christians, for their

part, went either to prepare for confession or to begin their prayers in the church. Some said the Rosary, some made the Stations of the Cross; it was a regular Babel, but it had its interesting and picturesque side. At eight o'clock the bell rang for prayers; on the instant absolute silence! Then the catechists, theologians, students of Latin and of Chinese, filed in and joined the silent throng."

After a prayer by a young student, to which the congregation answered, "Amen," in unison, the general prayer began. "My dear fellow, imagine from 4000 to 5000 people praying in unison, or rather chanting the praises of the Lord....The children furnish the soprano; the young girls and women, the alto; the young men, the tenor; and the older men, the bass. It is like the immense sound of a distant sea. Occasionally one has the illusion of magnificent chords,... gravely, slowly, and with the most perfect *ensemble*." To the ex-choir-master of Nancy, the experience must have been doubly interesting. At four o'clock in the morning the *réveille* is sounded; and after morning prayers there is a long roll of drums, music sounds, and a procession is formed to the bishop's "palace" to escort him to the church. "The sky was pure, a few rosy clouds on the horizon; the sun was preparing to regild the earth; a fresh breeze played about our cheeks."

The King's edict was still kept secret; some of the mandarins may have been favorably disposed towards their Christian fellow-countrymen, whose numbers were probably sufficient to make it unwise to take overt steps against them; in any case, the edict was a useful instrument for levying money from the Christians. Bishop Retord and Augustine proceeded from Ke-bang to Ke-vinth, where there was a college belonging to the mission, intending to take a short rest after the fatigues of the late visitation. "His Lordship and I *were very nearly caught*," is Schoeffler's laconic remark in one of his letters. The Christians had hastened in crowds to meet them. "It would have been difficult to send them away," wrote Mgr. Retord; "nor were we disposed to do so. Glad as we should have been for a short time of repose, we were better pleased to find ourselves overwhelmed with work."

Presently an unwelcome visitor arrived in the person of the head of the district, accompanied by the mandarin. They walked through the church and partook of a good repast, after which the mandarin observed: "I know there are three Europeans here, but I do not mean to do them any harm; I could not do so, if I would." After leaving the village, he became less amiable; when the notables offered their thanks for his visit, with the customary gift of rice, "Ho, ho!" he remarked, "that is very little for so important a business. You have three European missionaries here; if you wish me to leave them in peace, I must have thirty *taels* of silver." By the bishop's advice, no notice was taken of the demand, and a month passed without incident; he and his companion then started on a three days' voyage up the river to reach a hiding-place. "I do not know," he reports, "who betrayed us to some rascals in the village, who came and made a noise near the place where we were, and sent one of their number to fetch the mandarin, while some set a guard to cut off our retreat. Soon the whole village knew what had happened. While some of the good people parleyed with those who thought they had caught us, others drew us from our hiding-place and led us out of the village by an unguarded path.

"It was night. We could perceive people on every side. Were they

the mandarin's men, or the crowd that hoped to take us, or friends come to help us? We did not know which way to turn, and in our perplexity sat down on a mound of earth in the middle of a kind of marsh....We afterwards learned from a catechist that we were out of danger; that the people we saw running about were our students, and the villagers of Ke-vinth who were advancing *en masse* to our relief." "The mandarins pursued us for a month," wrote Schoeffler to M. Chevallier. "We escaped, and two minutes later the mandarin was sitting on the very spot we had left....Certainly there is a special Providence for the missionary, or it would be impossible to live a moment in these countries."

Having escaped the sword, our missionary was brought to the point of death by the cholera. Western Tonquin was visited by both plague and cholera in 1849-50; and shortly after the events of Ke-vinth, Schoeffler was attacked and received the last Sacraments at the hands of his bishop. The latter, in his report to Paris, mentions as the first "misfortune of the year," the voyage of the Chinese ambassadors, bringing to Tu-Duc his royal diploma from the Emperor. "No one could believe the vexations and enormous costs this voyage caused the Annamites. And after the ambassadors came the pirates and brigands. In spite of the efforts of the English to put down piracy, it flourishes; the brigands burn houses, pillage villages and kill those who resist them....All these miseries are nothing to compare with what I still have to report,—the pestilence and its frightful ravages....I should rather say *pestilences*, for there are three, which daily destroy innumerable victims. First, typhoid fever, then a kind of boil which begins in the hand, and, spreading over the upper part of the body, causes death. But most terrible of all is the cholera morbus. It appeared in Cochin-China soon after the departure of the Chinese ambassadors. Villages have lost half their inhabitants; in whole districts the air is infected from the badly-interred bodies. Being unable to procure coffins for their dead, the people double them up in a net, and throw them into a hole one or two feet deep....The markets are interrupted, no one daring to leave his house: persons die on the road, in the fields, in the midst of their work. The malady strikes like a flash of lightning, no one knows whence, and in two hours the most robust succumb. Since January our priests are occupied day and night administering to the sick; fourteen or fifteen of our Annamite priests have been attacked, and twelve have died. M. M. Castex, Schoeffler, Nêron, Legrand and I are now almost well again."

Six months later Schoeffler, in acknowledging a letter of the year 1848 from M. Chevallier, exclaims: "More than two years without news! How long the time has seemed!" Of the plague he writes: "The people were terror-stricken, so I was at liberty to move about over hill and dale, on the lookout for the dying." After describing his ceaseless activities—backwards and forwards incessantly, from the confessional to the dying, so that he was not able even to open his letters for some twenty-four hours—he mentions his illness: "The doctors were at the end of their resources; but not so Mary, and I was cured; it was on the feast of the Epiphany."

In the spring of 1850 he went to Ke-bang, and then to Ke-vinth, where he found his bishop, who appointed him to a new district. "The voyage lasted a month," he informs Abbé Stricher, "and I arrived in the high mountains of Xu-Doai. My new district is immense; there are 15,500 Christians, eight

Annamite priests, and your servant. *Here I hope to die* without meeting any Europeans, unless you, dear friend, would come and share my solitude among these mountains. The mandarins persecute our poor Christians here more than elsewhere....Much courage and firmness are needed. Pray for me that I may prove worthy of my vocation. I send you a piece of the gown of the Annamite martyr, Cam. Look in the annals of 1839 or 1840 for the account of his glorious martyrdom."

The last letter from Augustine Schoeffler's pen is addressed to M. Chevallier; it is dated October 22, 1850. After announcing his arrival at his new mission, he says: "Hardly had I arrived in these mountains when I was denounced to the mandarins. Spies were at once set on my track; two or three days ago thy came, dressed as beggars, to the house I inhabit. Though they did not see me, I was obliged, in order to satisfy my Christians, to hide elsewhere. The houses in the north of my district have been sacked and burned; the Christian settlements have had to pay large sums to protect themselves from the mandarins' satellites....I do not yet know what may happen; the worst would be to receive a little stroke of a sword; but I fear my sins may cause me to miss it. From what I hear, the mandarins are acting as they do, not from hatred of our holy religion, but because they imagine I have come here to egg on the war, the mountains of my district being the refuge of all the rebels and malcontents of the kingdom. It was this prejudice that augmented the sufferings of the venerable martyr, M. Cornay.* I lately passed near the place of his execution, but I was not able to kiss that holy spot, stained with the blood of a Frenchman like myself. It was hard, but to have followed my impulse would have exposed me to falling into the hands of the mandarins; a few weeks hence, I hope to visit this holy martyr's tomb.

"But what are you doing in Nancy? Is there no good soul who will come and shake my hand on Annamite soil? My district is vast enough to furnish work for all your theologians and your philosophers. I have more than 15,000 neophytes,...and several million heathens to convert. There is work enough! Certainly the great 'Eastern Father' (as they call me) will not suffice for all.... When we get a little peace, I shall have to ask his Lordship for reinforcements, since you others will not have pity on us....I do not commend myself to your prayers, as I know you do not forget me."

Mgr. Retord in the following May wrote to Paris to announce "the most tragic and the most glorious event" of his episcopacy: "You may judge of M. Schoeffler's success from the list of his ministrations during the year: 200 baptisms of heathen children, 41 of Christian children, 23 of adults, 4707 confessions, 3551 Communions, 52 Viaticums, 125 administrations of Extreme Unction. This was a great work for a young missionary, who during several months of the time was down with fever. Since his arrival, sickness paid him many visits; thrice he nearly died in my arms. Nevertheless, when I sent him to Doaï, he appeared to be in robust health. He thrilled with joy at going so far, into a country peopled by several nations to whom the Faith had not yet been preached, and whom he was burning to evangelize."

After being denounced to the mandarins, Schoeffler interrupted his journey to the northern part of his district, lest, on account of the rebellion there, he might be suspected of connivance with the insurgents; he remained in

* B. Charles Cornay, missionary in West Tonquin, decapitated September 20, 1837, at the age of twenty-eight.

concealment at Ban-ho with two neighboring Christian communities, where he could exercise his zeal quietly and prudently, and without notice. At the end of February, 1851, he received a letter from his bishop concerning the Jubilee of 1850, which had been extended to the whole world the following year. How, under the persecution, it could be observed was the question; nevertheless, the exercises were carried on throughout the Far East with considerable success. Having, with the aid of a native priest, concluded them at Ban-ho, Schoeffler determined to open the Jubilee in the northern parishes of his district, which he had not yet visited. He accordingly started on March 1 for a village about twelve miles distant.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Prayer.

Teach me, touch me, wound me, and win me unto Thee.—*"The Spiritual Conquest."*

BY ELIZABETH MERRYWEATHER.

TEACH me; for without Thee my wisdom is as naught,
My mind is led astray, beclouded is my thought.
Oh, teach me, touch me, wound me, and win me unto Thee!

Touch me; Thy healing touch can make the blind to see;
The things of earth press round, eager to shut out Thee.
Oh, teach me, touch me, wound me, and win me unto Thee!

Wound me, O Jesus,—wound with the sweet pain of love,
That, caring naught for earth, I seek the things above.
Oh, teach me, touch me, wound me, and win me unto Thee!

Win Thou this tardy soul, until it find its rest
In peace, made one with Thee, upon Thy sacred breast.
So, teach me, touch me, wound me, and win me all to Thee!

A Tardy Repentance.

BY MARY CROSS.

"ROSES, roses all the way"; for it was summer at Rostrevor, with a haze of heat hanging over the tremulous radiance of meadows, and over the billowy sweep of hills, divided by the blue waters of the lough, whereon yachts lay at anchor, with here and there a boat slowly swinging to and fro with the lazy waves. A little back from the road which winds from Rostrevor to Killowen stood a pretty cottage, with a tangle of musk at its door, and a wilderness of frivolous poppies tossing gaudy heads at the flickering butterflies.

Slowly along its narrow path, and languidly as if exhausted by the heat, a young man walked, bearing the insignia of his profession, a sketch-book, under his arm. He was tall and pale; his cheeks had fallen away from dark, hollow eyes; his lips had a melancholy curve; his hands were thin and bloodless; and a sharp line, as of acute pain, divided his fine black brows. The cottage door being open, he entered with reluctant step and many a backward glance at the exterior loveliness, which contrasted painfully enough with the interior disorder. He seemed suddenly to find himself in a region of "penny novelettes" and unmended stockings, their monotony varied by an overturned vase of faded flowers, whence trickled a sluggish stream of green water; a soiled tablecloth was flung across one end of the table, which was further adorned with a can of sardines (a fork sticking in them), a stale loaf, and a dusty dish of "pitiful-hearted butter that melts at the sweet face of the sun."

Gerald looked askance at this unsavory lunch, and examined the cupboard only to share the fate of Mother Hub-

bard; he shrugged his shoulders and walked out again. Hot and tired though he was, racked with headache and an unquenchable thirst, he preferred to be out of doors. There was little charm at home. Oh, the bitter irony of the world! He walked slowly on, his drooping shoulders telling of fatigue; and at length he flung himself on the grass at the roadside, gazing at the hills, which now seemed to be reeling away from him, now closing in.

Behind him, hidden by a golden mass of gorse and broom, a woman was sitting with a crumpled journal in her lap. She was young and pretty, but her fair hair, on which the sunshine laid a halo of light, was unkempt and disorderly; the lace on her print gown was carefully secured here and there with pins, and one shoe was tied with a bit of tape. Hearing footsteps, she noiselessly raised herself, surveyed her husband, frowned, and resumed her reading; whilst he, quite unconscious of her proximity, blessed God for sky and sea and air.

From Killowen a lady, young, beautiful, was strolling with a sunshade that seemed made of pink foam and a gown that expressed the latest dainty caprice of fashion. As she passed Gerald, she glanced at him—carelessly at first, then more intently,—then stopped with a startled utterance of his name; and he sprang to his feet, both hands outstretched.

"Laura, Laura! Is it possible? My own dear Laura!"

The unseen watcher, peering out, beheld in either face a very rapture of amaze, delight, affection. Every word reached her strained and eager ears.

"To think of meeting you here!" said Laura, with an air of bewilderment.

"Oh, I am painting some local scenes for a Belfast merchant-prince! It seems much more wonderful that *you* should be here."

"We are yachting—my husband and I," she replied. "We sailed into Carlingford the other night. We are now staying at Killowen."

"I never heard of your marriage," he said, with a faint sigh. "I hope you are very happy?"

"As the day is long. He—my own especial *he*—is Colonel Desmond, of the Twenty-Fifth Hussars. You shall hear the whole romance another time. Just now I want to hear all about yourself. I have never seen you nor heard of you since your marriage five years ago. Gerald, I did try so hard to find you. I wrote, I advertised in vain. When I heard that you had been disinherited and sent away because of your marriage, I was most miserable. Why didn't you write to me, Gerald?"

"There were reasons," he answered, with constraint. "I was cut adrift from all the old associations; your way and mine were very far apart."

"You are changed," she said. "I hope things have gone well with you?"

His face was white and set; he looked at the shining hilltops, and the secret listener caught her lip and held her breath for his reply.

"We have been very poor, Laura. My wife was an orphan, quite friendless and alone. I cultivated my one talent as best I could, and we got on fairly well for a time. Then our child died, and somehow my powers failed and my pictures would not sell. I can tell you there are times when the world seems very empty."

"You have your wife," said Laura, softly (and the wife's face fell crimson on her hands); "and you must have loved her very dearly to give up everything for her—home and friends and prospects. But you are looking very ill and worn. You were never fitted for 'roughing it,' dear. I think if your father could see you now he would relent and be glad that he had you

still to brighten his solitary old age."

"I can not seek him, Laura. When baby died I wrote to him, crushing my pride for my sick wife's sake; and he returned the letter without one smallest word of human sympathy. An only son might have some right to that—but—but—of course I married in direct opposition to his wishes, and should not murmur over paying the penalty."

There was a troubled look in Laura's eyes, a nervous quiver in her voice that told of grave anxiety.

"You must come with us, Gerald, and bring your wife. Think of all the good the cruise would do you! And my husband has influence which he can and will use for you. I want to see your wife, to know her, to be kind to her if I may."

A strange expression crossed Gerald's face. Was it fear or shame or what? Very reluctantly he told her where he lived, and again she gave him both hands.

"I shall call this evening, then, Gerald," she said; and he turned to walk with her along the sunny road.

Gerald's wife, rising to her knees, strained her wild eyes after the graceful figure of the sweet-voiced woman.

"She might have been his wife, perhaps, but for me!" she muttered. "And to think he gave up everything—home and father and friends—for *me!*"

Then she fell down and gave way to a fit of passionate sobbing, knowing in her inmost heart that she had been a drag upon him—a curse, instead of a blessing, to the man who had sacrificed all for her, whose way had seldom been brightened by helpful, encouraging words or wifely sympathy from her. Her reproaches and her constant complaints had been not the least of the burdens he had silently borne.

She went home pensively, shutting herself in the bedroom to bathe her tear-stained face. Her own dishevelled aspect, contrasted with the refined daintiness of Laura, struck painfully home to her. On the dressing-table lay a flask, round which her fingers closed convulsively; but with a blush she laid it down, and, shuddering, turned away. Her glance fell on a small rosewood box, and, after a slight hesitation, she opened it. There were some flowers—funeral flowers from a wreath long withered,—a little frock, and a tiny blue shoe downtrodden at the heel, much rubbed at the toe. Well, the restless little feet were quiet enough now!

It seemed to Isabel that in one swift flash her whole life passed before her—all her lonely, neglected girlhood, into whose monotony Gerald had come like a star flashing into a dark sky; and she saw him as at first, the light-hearted young artist, the constant lover; then the quiet, saddened husband. But never until to-day had she known what his marriage had cost him; never before had she known that for love of her he had forfeited so much,—for her, the unworthy! He had kept his sacrifice a secret; and, with shame and humiliation, she thought of her bitter reproaches for his inability speedily to achieve fame and fortune. She contrasted his steady work, his unchanging care of her, with her own slothfulness and neglect of him—and worse.

After the child's death she had been weak and low-spirited, and so she had recourse to stimulants instead of to prayer. The craving, once created, had grown upon her, and the frightful habit threatened to bind her body and soul; a most terrible blight was hovering over her youth and beauty, over brain and mind and will. But the ghost of her former self was before her, side by side with his; and it seemed as if from the little green grave to-day a tiny hand was stretched to save her from herself; as if those tiny fingers

pointed to what had been, what was, and what still might be. The love of her girlhood, the graces of her courtship, reawakened in her heart; a whole tide of pain and remorse and fondness swept toward him who had stood between her and the unkind world, an angel of tender strength and protection; enduring with patience, forgiving with generosity; hoping all things, believing all things; and she clasped her hands in a very agony of prayer for help, for grace, for strength.

When she went in search of Gerald she found him lying on the couch in the dismal sitting-room. She saw with a pang the whiteness and sharpness of his features, the heaviness and hollowness of his eyes. Was her punishment to be a repentance come too late?

"Gerald, are you ill?"

"I don't feel very well, dear. Perhaps it is the heat. But *you* have been crying. What is the matter?"

She knelt beside him, her hand on his burning head.

"Gerald, I was out to-day, and I heard all that you said to 'Laura.' Neither of you saw me, but I saw and heard everything. Oh, I never knew that I was the cause of the estrangement between you and your father! I thought it was an old quarrel, and you never told me anything of your family and your home."

"Why should I? I did not want you to think that my father was hard or unkind, or to tell you of his prejudice against you, whom he had never seen."

"You never should have given up what you did for me: I am not worth it. Oh, why did you,—why did you? I was, I am, utterly beneath you. Why didn't you tell that lady that I had been your curse, your greatest enemy? There was no reason why you should have spared me. She is willing to help you, and you must leave me and save yourself. You have already lost enough through me."

"Do you really wish me to leave you, Isabel?"

The young wife shuddered, turned pale, and gasped:

"Yes!"

"And who will take care of you if I go away? No, Isabel: I shall stay with you and strive for you until death do us part."

There was a pause, during which she wept silently,—tears of strange, contrite gladness.

"You know how weak I am, Gerald. But I will show you that I am sorry, grateful, loving. I shall win your forgiveness if I can. Tell me just one thing: have you never regretted—Laura?"

"Laura? She is my sister. After mother's death she lived with an aunt in Paris, and did not know of my marriage until it had taken place and father had cast me off, as he had threatened. She is coming here to-night; so dry those eyes, my love."

But when Laura did come it was to find her brother in the delirium of fever, and Isabel in a half-distracted state. She had neither eyes nor ears nor thought for any one but him, and she answered Laura's questions at random.

"Oh, if only the doctor would come!" she cried. "I have sent for him. Why isn't he here?"

"I will send again for him," said Laura, soothingly; and there was also another for whom she would send.

The unhappy wife pleaded with all the fervor of her heart that the dear life might be spared, that the possibility of reparation might still be left to her.

A tall old gentleman entered, and, approaching the bedside, uttered an inarticulate sound of pity and dismay.

"O doctor!" she cried, "you don't think he will die? He must get better! You *must* save him!"

"You—you are his wife?"

"Yes; and his illness is all my fault. He has killed himself working for me. He has gone without necessaries lest I should want. Do you know, doctor, we had a little child—a dear little girl—and she died. Oh, I can not lose him, too! Oh, don't tell me that the only one in the world who loves me—who truly loves me—will be taken from me!"

"Hush, hush! You will be ill yourself next," he said, answering with difficulty. And Laura, who had re-entered, and down whose cheeks the tears were running, gently laid her hand on the woman's arm.

"Come with me," she said. But Isabel resisted.

"No: I must watch him, I must nurse him," she answered, still wildly.

"If you wish to help him you must be calm and composed. Come with me, and when we return the doctor will tell us what is to be done."

She half forced the girl from the room, and then smoothed her hair and bathed her face, and made her swallow some broth, speaking all the while hopefully and reassuringly.

"Now be brave, Isabel!" she urged. "Perhaps his recovery may depend on your fortitude."

The fairy gloaming crept over the hills, and a wind, soft and faint as a human sigh, rippled the waters and lost itself amid the grass and clover; a single star hung high above Cloughmore; the birds came and went without a sound. One almost seemed to hear the "Peace, be still!"

When they returned to the sick-room, a dark wiry little man was talking in a low voice to the greyhaired gentleman who had come first.

"I am Doctor Power," he observed, addressing Isabel. "I think you had better have a trained nurse, Mrs. Boyle."

"You are the doctor? Then who is this other gentleman?" she asked.

"I am Gerald's father," he said. "I came to Killowen to meet my daughter and her husband, and from her I learned of Gerald's state."

Isabel's head drooped in a pathetic humility. Doctor Power, glancing from one to the other, withdrew.

"He has suffered much," said Isabel, sadly. "I am the cause of the quarrel,—the coldness between you, sir. Say what you wish to me: I deserve it. I was never worthy of your son."

"Ah, my poor girl, you have enough to bear without harsh words! I have been hard, unjust,—how terribly so, I did not realize until Laura told me of my boy's altered looks. May God spare him to us!"

Then began for Isabel the long anxiety that attends the sick-bed of a dear one,—now hope, now fear, with thoughts ever rushing back to the days of old when the great Physician walked on earth, and health and healing followed His gracious footsteps.

Slowly Gerald's consciousness returned and the fever left him, but he was wasted to a skeleton and as weak as a child. One day Isabel was sitting in her usual place beside him, when his dark eyes unclosed to recognize the greyhaired old man who had shared many of the young wife's vigils and all of her suspense.

"Father!" he faltered.

"Yes, it is I. Will you come back to me, Gerald, my son, and let the past be forgotten? Will you bring your wife to the old home?"

With effort Gerald drew Isabel's head down to his shoulder, and then extended his hand to his father. Strong and warm was the returning clasp. They realized at length, each heart through its own bitterness, that life is too short, and death too sure and eternity too near, for anything save loving-kindness.

Stars in Stormy Nights.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

"VI'LETS, sweet vi'lets!" cry the flower-sellers. And as one looks at the lovely purple flowers, nestling amidst their green leaves on the trays, one thinks of leafy woods, with these blooms hidden in the undergrowth, and is reminded of lives "hidden with Christ in God"; human violets, of whom one has read or known. Let me tell you of two such lives.

Before my mind's eye rises a small, girlish figure, in a skimp dress, leather shoes, and a little mobcap perched atop of her head. The figure is that of Genevieve, the little maid of the Conciergerie, that French prison which was the theatre of so many dramas during the French Revolution. Genevieve was "help," or servant, of Madame the wife of the keeper of the prison, and deputed to wait on Marie Antoinette,—the Widow Capet, as they dubbed her. We can fancy we hear her mistress saying to her: "Thou must take the Veuve Capet her portion! Seest thou?"

Genevieve's kind heart was full of grief when she saw the deposed Queen —not the Queen of Hearts in blue and silver, or the Shepherdess of Trianon, but a silver-haired woman, in patched clothes, dim-eyed, broken-hearted. She comforted the prisoner in her childish fashion, and persuaded her to partake of the unappetizing fare. "Just a bit of bread, Madame, and a drop of coffee. See, I got some fresh milk on purpose for you this morning." Or again: "Suffer me to dress your hair; it is a little tangled."

Husband and sister-in-law had both looked through the little window. The young Dauphin was pining in the Temple, but Heaven had sent this ray of sunshine,—a young girl's kindness. Praise be to God! There came a dreadful day and hour, when the sorely-tried woman thought only of meeting those she had loved and mourned in the Home beyond the stars. Genevieve did her coiffure, brushed the once sunny hair, and put it neatly under the widow's cap.

Then the two said farewell, we may be sure with prayers and deep emotion. The prisoner went to the scaffold, and (as we may humbly trust) to God. If I remember rightly, Genevieve was taken care of by Marie Antoinette's friends. Surely this little maid of the Conciergerie was a flower in the shade,—a violet sending forth sweet odors in a dim and dreary place.

Some years ago, in a time-worn chronicle, I came across the story of another girl, whose name has escaped my memory, but for convenience' sake I will call her Jean. Many of you will have read of the horrors which followed the battle of Culloden,—of the hunted fugitives, the executions at the Tower and at Carlisle. The hunt was hot after Prince Charlie, the young Pretender. A great price was placed on his head, but his adherents were faithful and true. Now and again the hunters came very near the prey, as was the case when he lay hidden in the out-of-the-way Castle of Moy. Anyway, a detachment of troops was sent to arrest him, headed by an officer who was to take the Laird of Moy by surprise.

It was a long march to Moy, and the soldiers became both tired and hungry; so the officer in command called a halt at a wayside inn, and they had food and rest. Their chief ordered a boiled leg of mutton, and preparations began at once in the kitchen.

A young lass, a hired helper, had heard the Hanoverians talking, and put two and two together. They were on their road to Moy, and she had learned about "some one" who was keeping

quiet there. Could the "some one" be Prince Charlie? Could these soldiers be going to arrest him, to surround the Castle? Jean had come across Jacobite fugitives, had heard stories of the heads exposed on the walls of Bonnie Carlisle, and in her heart of hearts had grieved for mothers, wives, and sweethearts. Was this thing to be? Were there no means of saving the situation? The Laird and Leddy of Moy must be given the word of warning.

The first thing was to delay the supper; and this she did. Water was slow in heating, there were accidents, the fire burned low. The officer thumped on the table and shouted for "that leg of mutton" in vain. He was obliged to wait, with what patience he could.

Jean put a shawl on her head and started off over the moorland. The wind was keen, but the lass under the plaidie did not feel it overmuch, so eager was she to fulfil her mission. The road was long. Jean grew tired, but halted only now and again to draw breath. At any moment she might hear the tramp of armed men, might see the pursuers. On she went,—on; and at last the old Northern mansion stood out clear and gaunt under the stars. She made her way to it, and roused up the keeper. She must see the Laird or the Leddy of Moy, and at once. That she could not do. "That couldna be. The house was fast for the neet, lassie."—"But it maun be, if only for the sake o' *somebody* in it. The sojers wad be here soon."

The man roused the laird, and he and the Lady of Moy soon came to Jean. They understood. The Prince was roused, and put in safe keeping; and when the regiment appeared before the Castle, the bird had flown. All the men could do was to tramp back over the Muir.

Flora Macdonald has her place—a noble one—in the Rising of '45, and rightly. Why should not this young maid, who saved Charles Edward from the Tower, and doubtless his protector from the block, have her niche? Surely this Bluebell of Scotland was a flower in a shady place.

Rarely, if ever, was Charles Edward Stuart nearer capture than when he slumbered in the Castle of Moy, with the Hanoverians in his trail. Under Jean's plaid beat a true and courageous heart. Her loyalty was a star in a dark and stormy night.

Protestant Decline.

BY A CONVERT.

AN English Nonconformist minister recently wrote to a paper of his denomination the following letter on church attendance:

SIR:—I am writing as a Congregational minister who has had several years' experience with Congregationalism in a well-known and very popular watering place. Here, as a Church, we are fairly strong and influential. We have an excellent fabric for our place of worship. Now we are in what is called the "season." The town and district is crowded with visitors.

The question which has forced itself upon my mind ever since I came here is this: Where are our Congregational visitors on the Sunday? There can be no question that there are hundreds, if not thousands, staying here now. Where do they go on the Sunday? So far as I know, there is one church here that knows not how to meet the demands upon her space and time. That is the large Roman Catholic church. There you may see on Sunday mornings long lines of waiting worshippers. They wait patiently their turn to be admitted. It is an impressive sight. . . . I state the fact, and I ask the question. Why is it?

Yours sincerely,

A SEASIDE MINISTER.

In all the Protestant churches in England, Established or non-Established, the congregations are diminishing. This is true not only of the holiday season but of what may be termed normal times. One can point to churches where before the war it was difficult to obtain a seat, but where now there is no lack of accommodation.

On the other hand, one may travel all over England, north, south, east and west, and one finds Catholic churches packed,—"uncomfortably full," as a critic described it. Why, then, is attendance at public worship in both Nonconformist and Anglican circles dwindling?

To the Protestant, attendance at a place of worship has ceased to be respectable. If the squire can absent himself with impunity, why not the farmer and the laborer? If the leader of society and the successful manufacturer may indulge in golf on a Sunday morning instead of attending morning worship, who is to prevent the shopkeeper and the workingman from spending Sunday in char-a-bancs or "pub"?

The Bible is no longer revered, esteemed and loved by Protestants as it once was. Sunday is no longer regarded as a day of rest and worship. Theology is in a state of flux. Authority has gone. The result of all this is a considerable diminution in the numbers attending Protestant places of worship.

The problem of problems for the Protestant, whether "Anglican" or "Free Church," to face, is the problem of the young. The older generation may still attend their denominational place of worship with some regularity; but their children, when old enough to choose for themselves, gradually drop off. Protestants will need to face this question as resolutely as they are supposed to be facing the marked decline in the supply of ministers.

In the Anglican Church, one discovers from recent statistics that the total number of Confirmation candidates for the ten years 1908-17 shows, in comparison with the preceding ten years, a decrease of more than half a million. In a word, Protestantism is losing its hold on the English people.

"Remedies" such as brighter services, better music, shorter sermons, are put forward; but even thoughtful Protestants are agreed that all this only touches the fringe of the subject. A prominent Wesleyan minister, while asserting that "they must be careful not to make Christianity coterminus with religious statistics," admits that "the habit of not going to church has increased at an enormous rate"; even going so far as to say, what is perfectly true, that "the overwhelming majority of the people in this country [England] never enter a place of worship." "The churches," he says, "have no attraction for them"; and, having referred to the fact that thousands of young people are being brought up without religious instruction or religious example, he makes the assertion that "the people have lost confidence in the Churches" and that "they believe that the Churches have lost confidence in themselves." He declares that there is no consistency in Protestant witness, that distinguished teachers in the Churches contradict one another, actually denying in conference the creeds they repeat in worship.

To Catholics it is, of course, quite plain that Protestants have no obligatory creed. Anglicanism is held together by the Establishment. Nonconformity, in so far as it holds together at all, does so by making Disestablishment and Disendowment the main plank of its program. Where Nonconformity weakens on this question, "dissent" dies and Nonconformity commits suicide.

We Catholics differ in attitude towards this question. Some would prefer the Establishment to continue for the

time being; others prefer to leave the question to self-extermination, hardly thinking it worth while to lift a finger to help or hinder the process which is gradually taking place. With regard to Disendowment, we are not likely to have restored to us the ancient endowments; it is more likely that the Labor Party, when it comes into power, will quietly annex the endowments to State usages. Protestant churches and chapels are not being built to-day. In the Church of England, fifty-four churches were built in 1910, one in 1918, and none in 1919.

Meanwhile we gather in about 10,000 converts every year; and churches, missions and schools are springing up rapidly. There is cause for thankfulness but not for boastfulness. The great mass of English people are indifferent to religion. What they hear of the Catholic Church comes from her enemies, but in the fact that among Protestants all note of authority has departed from preaching, the sense of awe which distinguished pious Protestantism from political Protestantism in the old days has gone out of religion. There is no certainty; and as we watch Protestants groping in the darkness we must stretch out a hand and show them the Truth. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." For although vocations to the priesthood in England are at the present time so numerous that the difficulty which besets the hierarchy and those engaged in training priests is how to deal with them, yet we must use four times the number of priests we now have if we are to convert England to the Faith.

The opportunities are great and they must not be missed; but the prayers, the alms, and the personal service of every individual Catholic are needed if England is once again to become "the Land of Saints."

Yielding to the Years.

THE common saying that a man is as old as he feels, like the sentence in Proverbs, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," contains a good deal more of truth than at first blush it may appear to hold. While it is doubtless quite true that, as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, "a person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called old for the first time," it by no means follows that he is within only a few short years of the grave. Just as we often speak of "an old head on young shoulders," so there are many youthful and endurable hearts in frames which the years have somewhat stooped. When is a man really old? is a question readily enough answered in generalizations, but not so readily when the inquiry has to do, specifically, with an individual person.

Quite apart from one's feelings about the matter, it is probably true that, taking old age as synonymous with proximity to the grave, a member of a short-lived family—one whose parents and brothers and sisters have died in youth or early middle life—is older at forty than is one of a long-lived family at sixty, and a good deal older at fifty than is the other at seventy-five. According to one of the philosophers, we grow old when we stop playing; but there is a deeper truth in the statement that we grow old when we stop working. Yielding to the years, putting our physical selves upon the shelf, and telling ourselves that our days of bodily activity are past,—this is to be old, even at fifty; whereas many a man who has arrived at the three score and ten limit, but who keeps up a certain measure of active exercise and continues to do his allotted work, manual or mental, with enduring energy, is yet a long way from senility and may well call himself seventy years young. There is, of

course, a limit beyond which even the stoutest determination to defy the years will not avail to keep one constructively young; but there is little doubt that the majority of men who, in any of the years from sixty to seventy-five, admit to themselves that old age has mastered them, are yielding to indolence or cowardice rather than to the inevitable pressure of genuine senescence.

In so far as the American business man is concerned, he perhaps leads too strenuous a life in middle age, and lightens its strenuosity with too little recreation, to allow the human machinery, the mechanism of the body, fair play. If he persists in defying the laws of health and willingly exposes himself to almost certain assaults from neurasthenia, heart disease, apoplexy, and paralysis, he can not reasonably expect to live much, if at all, beyond what has been styled life's grand climacteric or most critical period, the sixty-third year. Yet death at that period is, as a general rule, more premature than timely; and there is no biological reason, given ordinary care of one's health, why it should not be deferred for a decade or two longer.

Commenting on the dictum of a philosophical American octogenarian, that "if fifty be the old age of youth, then sixty must be the youth of old age," a recent writer declares that a man continues in his prime as long as he continues to maintain and assert with full vigor those faculties which he has habitually and most actively been accustomed to employ; and a casual observation of the little world around us will probably convince most of us that the declaration is true. Who does not know more than one or two persons who go about their daily work as regularly and as efficiently as they have been doing for decades past, who take a lively interest in the affairs of their town or city, and who seldom impress one as being old until some reference to one's own boyhood brings up the recollection that these persons were, even at that more or less remote period, grown men and women? On the other hand, most of us are acquainted with listless individuals who, though their years number no more than fifty-five or sixty, live, or rather vegetate, as if they had not only one foot but half their body already in the grave. They have yielded to the years, and are old simply because they feel old.

The foremost medical authorities in England assure us that within the past three centuries the average working life of English-speaking men has been doubled; yet even prior to the seventeenth century septuagenarians and octogenarians, still busy in active life, were by no means uncommon. As a matter of fact, any biographical dictionary will prove the assertion that throughout the centuries many of the world's greatest men in every walk of life did much of their best work in the years beyond sixty, and will show the hollowness of the fallacy that old age necessitates inactivity.

One inference seems clear from the foregoing statement of facts: that, at least so far as the mind is concerned, a man is not necessarily a fossil because he has reached that stage of life when the arteries begin to harden, and that gray hair and stooping shoulders are by no means infallible signs of mental waning. It is a commonplace in medical and surgical practice that the optimism of a patient, his determination to survive a serious illness or a dangerous operation, is a material factor in his prospective recovery; and so, too, one's determination not to grow old—in the sense of giving up one's work and subsiding into listless inactivity—operates potently in staving off the approach of senescence. As a man thinketh himself to be, so he is.

Notes and Remarks.

At a period when there is in the world at large so much pessimism, and at first blush so much apparent reason therefor, it is good to hear an authoritative voice sounding a note of optimistic confidence in the outcome of present-day conditions. Preaching in Manchester a Sunday or two ago, Cardinal Bourne declared: "We are living in a day of pessimism, and to be pessimistic is contrary to the true spirit of Christianity. Pessimism is the one thing which more than any other stifles all industry and retards progress; and the only remedy for it is to try to place ourselves as far as we humanly can at God's point of view, and to look down upon this earth as He surveys it." Continuing, the Cardinal contrasted the condition of Europe a few hundred years ago with its state at present. He had heard people talking about the condition of things in France and the want of practical religion amongst so many in that country. He had asked those people to carry their minds back a hundred years or so. He said to them: "Take the period of 1821 in France. Take the catastrophe of the French Revolution. All the destruction to religion that occurred was a sequel to that Revolution. Yet is there any one who will venture to say that the state of France is not immeasurably better now than a hundred years ago? Take again their own country. A hundred years ago they were just emerging from the Napoleonic wars, and there was greater misery and callousness shown towards the poor of that time than could possibly be found to-day."

Although not generally noted, the most notable features of the recent election in New York were the large participation of women and the comparative absence of lawlessness of any kind. The ladies turned out promptly in great force, and voted very intelligently—or "as stupidly as sheep," the defeated party declares; but who ever heard of a sheep's voting in any way? They asked few questions, and took less time in marking their ballots than the men voters. Attempts to bribe them were not made, the general conviction being that this would be quite useless. They were treated with marked respect, and it was freely admitted that their presence and participation rendered the contest the cleanest and most orderly that has been held in Gotham for many moons. Hats were removed and hands clapped when a group of Sisters appeared at one polling place.

"Old disorder and frauds apparently go with the advent of women," was a headline of one New York newspaper's account of the election. We shall indulge in no I-told-you-so's against those who used to accuse us of heresy, Modernism, etc., on account of our advocacy of women's rights, but only remark that the world moves, and it's no use trying to stop it.

As there are Socialists and Socialists, so there are Freemasons and Freemasons. Persons who indulge in sweeping condemnations of either should be aware of this. Treating all who are nominally Socialists or Freemasons as avowed enemies of religion is a sure way of making some of them such. We feel confident that if in the future the Church should have occasion to condemn Socialism, or again to denounce Freemasonry, due discrimination will be shown. Meantime, as we have before remarked, persons who are supposed to speak for the Church would do well to use caution.

It is significant that at the present time the relations between Continental and English Freemasonry are far from being intimate or cordial. We are informed on very reliable authority that

when (not long ago) the Grand Orient suggested that the English Grand Lodge should associate itself with Continental Masonry at an international gathering to be held at Geneva, Lord Ampthill, the English Grand Master, promptly declined the overtures. He declared that English Masons would not meet anywhere with other Masons who treated belief in the Supreme Deity as a matter open to question, or refused to accept the Scriptures as the divinely inspired Word of God.

This policy of the English Grand Lodge is no doubt inspired to some extent by the influence exercised in English Freemasonry by a large membership of clergy of the Anglican and non-episcopal Churches. The same influence is exerted in American Freemasonry by clergymen of various Protestant denominations, who certainly have no sympathy for anarchists or Communists. To be a Freemason in the United States, whatever being a Freemason elsewhere may connote, is not necessarily to be an enemy or even an opponent of the Church.

Notwithstanding the sporadic outbursts of anti-Catholic bigotry which occasionally disgrace some portions of this country, the great mass of American Protestants entertain genuine respect for the Church, and especially for her priests and Sisters. A decision recently handed down by the Supreme Court of Missouri emphasizes this fact. A Catholic gentleman provided in his will that his insane wife should be cared for during the remainder of her natural life by the Sisters of Charity. This provision being contested, the lower courts decided against the will, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court. That body promptly overruled the finding of the lower court, and, in rendering its opinion, said: "There will always be Sisters of Charity. The will of Thomas Connor left his wife at his death in the kindly hands where he had placed her in his life. She is left with those whose hearts go out, and have for centuries gone out, to the afflicted of all religious faiths."

No Catholic was sitting on the bench when this opinion was given; it was simply a frank tribute to our incomparable Sisters.

In refreshing contrast to the account of riotous birth control meetings in New York, comes the story of the old French-Canadian lady who, at a recent birthday feast, remarked: "I am quite proud to be able to celebrate my 107th birthday; but I am prouder still to be able to have twenty-three of my children still alive." Twenty-three children is a large family, but not at all a phenomenal one in Quebec. Years ago—and possibly still—the tithes for the support of a pastor in rural Quebec consisted of, not one-tenth, but one-twenty-sixth of the crop,—one bushel for the priest out of every twenty-six bushels garnered, of oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, etc. There was a reciprocal debt due to the people on the part of the pastor: it was understood that the twenty-sixth child of the family should be educated at his expense.

Readers of the London *Universe* are sure to find sound Catholic doctrine served up to them in vigorous English as often as public or private morality demands such serving. At a recent Church Congress (non-Catholic) in Birmingham, the subject of birth control came up for discussion; and our London contemporary begins a lengthy comment on the matter with this notable paragraph:

> It is seldom that a more thoroughly mischievous speech is delivered than that of Lord Dawson, the Royal Physician, at the Church Congress in Birmingham. Both the doctrine which he preached and the arguments with

which he supported it are indefensible. Lord Dawson's chief contention was that birth control is an established fact, and that it has to be accepted for good or evil. He then proceeded to outline his theories in support not only of natural birth control, but of artificial birth control, making human frailty his main argument. In other words, he argued that we must bow to sin because it is prevalent! That any man should thus openly espouse the principles of neo-Malthusianism is a very serious matter, but that such an espousal should come from one of the King's physicians and at a Church Congress is appalling. The Catholic Church, of course, utterly condemns any form of birth control except by the means of voluntary continence, and in this her priests are joined by the sane majority of the medical profession throughout the world. Neo-Malthusianism is the greatest danger to the family; and it is a scientific fact that in those nations where families become the smallest, the quality of the stock deteriorates in a like ratio.

In concluding its discussion of the subject, the *Universe* joins the Sunday *Express* in demanding the dismissal of Lord Dawson from his post of Physician to the King, on account of his "perilous advice."

The country of greatest possibilities in the world to-day for Catholic missions is Russia. What was the State Church under the Czars is now like a ship afloat in mid-ocean without captain or compass. Priests and people do not know where to look for guidance. In faith they are as near to being Catholic as a separated people can be. Millions of them actually were Catholics in the early part of the nineteenth century, and were forced into a condition of schism. Those other millions who have been hundreds of years in schism are not actively or even mentally hostile to the Holy See. This schism is one of State direction on the one side, and of bishops and theologians on the other, not of the people.

Don Alfani, an Italian astronomer and airman, who lately flew in a Caproni biplane from Florence to Loreto and left a votive offering at the shrine there, can not claim to be the first to make a pilgrimage in the air. A French aviator, whose name we have forgotten, some years ago flew from Bordeaux to Lourdes, and, while circulating the Grotto in the most approved manner, recited the Rosary. He may not have had any distractions himself, being so far removed from things of earth; but, as "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," he distracted thousands of other pilgrims, few of whom probably envied him his exalted position, though so favorable for elevation of the soul.

One is never surprised at the splendid results of appeals to the faithful of the Archdiocese of Chicago, after learning how they were made—in what spirit and manner. Although within a year they have contributed more than a million dollars for the relief of hunger, suffering and privation at home and abroad, their Archbishop, with entire confidence, again called upon them for a generous contribution to Peter's Pence. In doing so, he reminded them of the gratitude due to God for the blessings vouchsafed during the year, and showed that a most fitting way of expressing it would be to enable the Holy Father to continue his work of amelioration and reconstruction,—of rendering aid to ruined and impoverished peoples; to homeless and starving women and children; to bishops striving to repair or rebuild churches; to Sisters caring for war orphans, invalids, etc. Heartfelt words like the following could not fail to touch the hearts of those to whom they were addressed:

During those years, while so many forces of evil were at work in the world, undermining, tearing down the civilization of which man had boasted, the Holy Father was ever engaged on his sacred mission of building up, of healing the wounds, of restoring all things

in Christ....To have had a share with him in this work of world-wide reconstruction, to help ever so little in this work of Christ-like charity,—what a great privilege that has been for us! What a consolation to know that even the widow's mite has helped somewhere in this world of pain to still the cry of hunger, to dry the children's tears, to bring a ray of hope into the gloom of suffering and despair!

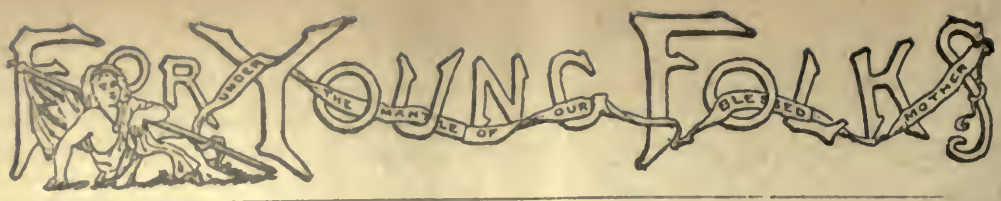
Yet, great as is the work that has been done, even more remains for us to do....The charitable mediation of our Holy Father is needed now as much, perhaps, as at any time in recent years. For that same reason, we can not fail him; rather we must rise again to the heights of generosity we reached before. And even though it costs us a sacrifice, even though we may feel a bit the pinch of less prosperous times, yet this is our opportunity, the one chance given us during the year to combine our charity and solicitude for the less fortunate of our fellowmen with our loyalty, our reverence, our personal esteem for the Vicar of Jesus Christ....

Even those who rejoice over the exile on the island of Madeira of ex-Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary must admire the spirit shown by him when his attempt to regain his kingdom proved futile. He had a large following, and might have won his cause; but his soul sickened at the prospect of much bloodshed; he refused to allow the contest to be continued, and calmly relinquished his claim. To a representative of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* he is reported as saying: "Maybe the public opinion of the world believes I am responsible for this civil war, but I would not shed a drop of Hungarian blood for a thousand thrones. The resistance of my own people was something for which I could not be prepared. Surely the world knows I made no attempt to enter Budapest by force of arms; that, on the contrary, I ordered my forces, who came not as a conquering army but as a bodyguard of honor, not to fire. When Colonel Ostentburg reported that, in order to proceed, we should have to fight our way, I immediately ordered him to withdraw. My one regret is for the lives which have been sacrificed and for the men who have been wounded."

Though in all probability the last, King Charles of Austria-Hungary has certainly proved himself not the least of the Hapsburgs.

The death last week, in Munich, Bavaria, of the Rev. Dr. John A. Zahm, C. S. C., removes a prominent figure from the ecclesiastical world. He was widely known as a scholar, educator, traveller, author, and polemic, and was associated in various ways with many distinguished men at home and abroad. Until he took up his residence at Holy Cross College, Catholic University of America, he held several important offices in the religious community of which he was a member, and did much to enhance the reputation and to promote the prosperity of the University of Notre Dame, where the greater part of his life was spent. Dr. Zahm will be remembered by the general public for his interesting and ably written books, by his numerous friends and fellow-religious for the many Christian and sacerdotal virtues of which he was an exemplar. His laborious and devoted life was crowned with a peaceful and happy death.

Commending our suggestion that any one calling for a priest at night should be accompanied by a parishioner, or some one known at the rectory, a reverend friend reminds us that one of the latest regulations, taken from Benedict XIV.'s famous Constitution "*Inter Omnigenas*" (Feb. 22, 1744), reinforced by the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments, and approved by Pius X. (Dec. 23, 1912), is that "the priest shall never go alone, but be accompanied, if a cleric is wanting, by at least one of the faithful."



Comfort in a Cold.

BY CHARLES EASTMAN.

I HAVE a cold and I must stay inside,
While all my chums are playing on the hill,
And every time my mother hears me cough,
She comes upstairs and makes me take a pill.
I wish that I could leave this hot old place,
And out upon the hillside race and race.

They have me covered up with heavy quilts;
And if I get my arm outside the clothes,
My sister puts it right back where it was,
And covers me with blankets to my nose.
It seems she hates to see a fellow cool—
But, anyway, I'm staying home from school.

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XXII.—At the Signora's.

WHEN it became evident that they were approaching Paris, Remi said to Mother Barbarin:

"*Maman*, where shall we stay? Have you friends in the city? As for me, I can go to the Signora."

"I have no friends now in Paris, that I know of," replied Mother Barbarin. "And I have been wondering where to go. Do you think, Remi, that your Signora could find room for me also? I should like to make her acquaintance, and to thank her for having been so kind to you."

"I am sure you will be welcome there," said Remi. "And if there is no room she will recommend some good lodging in the neighborhood. Just a room, you know; you can eat at the restaurant. Such fine coffee and cakes and rolls as they have there, *maman!* And the soup and sausage,—oh, they are good!"

"We will go there, then, both of us," said Mother Barbarin, and she once more relapsed into silence and reflection.

It was almost dark when they arrived; and as the Rue Blois was at some distance from the station, Mother Barbarin, with her full purse, thought it wiser to hire a fiacre.

The little café was well filled when they reached it. Remi opened the door. The sisters were both behind the counter, serving customers. Marucca was the first to see the newcomers.

"Look, Vincentia!" she exclaimed, pointing to the woman and the boy. "It is Remi, and there is a strange woman with him."

Remi advanced, smiling, and held out his hand. The Signora had joined her sister.

"Welcome, welcome!" she cried. "You are back sooner than you thought, aren't you?"

"Only for a short time," answered Remi. "And this is Madame Barbarin, my adopted mother, of whom I have often spoken to you. Are you both well?"

"Very well," answered Marucca, shaking hands with Mother Barbarin.

The Signora had suddenly been called to the other side of the shop. But she returned presently, and asked the visitors to be seated in the little parlor, until the evening rush was over, when she would come to them.

"But first tell us if you have room for us for a few days?" said Remi. "We should like to stay with you, Signora."

"We can make room," she replied

smilingly, and Remi led Mother Barbarin into the parlor, where he placed her bag in the corner, untied her bonnet, and told her to rest herself in the easy-chair, for she must be tired after her journey.

It was a cheerful little room, with white curtains on the windows, which, though they overlooked a courtyard, were attractive with their flower boxes, always carefully tended by Marucca.

"A pretty place," said Mother Barbarin, looking around her; "and very kind, pleasant women."

Through the glass door Remi could see the customers thinning out. In a few moments a boy appeared behind the counter. When he arrived, the Signora took off her apron, spoke a word to her sister and came to the parlor.

"My work is done for to-day," she said. "And Marucca will be here in a few minutes. We have a nephew living with us now. Stefano is a very fine boy, Remi; and he takes a good deal from our shoulders."

She turned to Mother Barbarin.

"Did you ever live in Paris, Madame?" she inquired. "Mercanti was here the other day asking for a person of that name," she continued, addressing Remi. "He remembered that he had heard you mention it."

"Mercanti!" said Remi. "What did he want to know about Mother Barbarin?"

"He was looking for a man called Jerome."

"That was my husband's name," said Mother Barbarin. "But he is dead."

"He did not tell us what he wanted to know about him," said the Signora. "He was very mysterious,—something concerning a lawyer—and a child."

"I think I am the person, Madame," said Mother Barbarin, at the same time pressing the Signora's foot with her own, and glancing significantly at Remi, who was gazing into the shop. The Signora nodded; she understood that Mother Barbarin did not want Remi to have any further information.

The door opened and Stefano entered with a tray, followed by Marucca carrying a tablecloth and napkins.

"We always take dinner here now," the Signora explained, turning to Remi. "It is more homelike than in the shop after the work is done."

In a few moments they were seated around the table, drinking a most delicious soup, which was followed by a roast, potatoes, mushrooms, and a salad of crisp young lettuce. Stefano was introduced, and also took a seat at the table. From his place he could see everyone who entered the shop.

"Truly you have fine food here," said Mother Barbarin. "I do not wonder that my little Remi looked so well when he came home."

"I am glad you cut his hair," said Marucca. "He looks much better. I never could bear to see those poor boys with long, straggling locks. Why do they have them so?"

"Probably to have people observe them: they look so odd and pathetic with their long hair," said the Signora.

After dinner Remi began to nod. The Signora told Stefano to take him upstairs as soon as he had cleared away the table. But Remi insisted upon helping him first, and they went into the kitchen.

As soon as they had gone, Mother Barbarin asked:

"Who is Mercanti, Madame, may I ask? And where can I see him?"

"He is a countryman of ours," was the reply. "He comes in nearly every morning for breakfast."

"I will tell you, Madame, why I am here; though I do not wish Remi to know, as nothing may come of it. He is a foundling, as perhaps you have already heard from himself."

"No," replied the Signora. "We knew only that he had no parents, and that you had taken care of him."

"We were living in Paris," continued Mother Barbarin. "My husband found him in a doorway. I had just lost a child, so I begged to be allowed to keep him. Soon we went back to Chavonis, and there Remi lived with me until he went off with Vitalis."

She then went on to relate about the letter the Curé had received, and the reason of her journey to Paris.

"It may be," she concluded, "that Remi may find his parents. If not, he need not be any the wiser. I fancy they were rich people. I have saved the clothing in which he was dressed when Jerome, my husband, found him. It is rich and costly. I have brought it with me. To-morrow I will show it to you."

"*Poverino, poverino!*" exclaimed the Signora when Mother Barbarin had finished her story. "God grant that the affair may come to a happy conclusion, for him at least! He is the most lovable child I have ever seen."

"Always, since he was first in my arms, I have prayed that my boy might one day find his father and mother,—unless they had wilfully deserted him. In that case, I felt that my poor cottage would be a better home for him than theirs, however rich and beautiful it might have been. For the past three years he has been away from me, and in some sense I have become accustomed to being without him. I have a grandniece living with me,—a good child, who has no other home."

When the boys had put everything away, leaving the kitchen in good order, Stefano took Remi to his old room upstairs, where his bed was just as he had left it.

"What of Mattia?" inquired Marucca, after they had gone. "Did he go all the way to Chavonis with Remi, as he had planned? And do you know, Madame, whether he found a purse of money which he had been told was hidden in an old oak tree?"

Mother Barbarin told all she knew of that story, and the three women felt glad of the outcome.

"Mattia left us a month ago with a *padrone* who had a troupe of little musicians with him, travelling back to Paris," said Mother Barbarin. "They can hardly have arrived yet. I am sure he will come here first. He is not overly bright, but a good boy. His one thought is to earn enough to go back to Italy to his mother."

"Yes," said Marucca. "He wants to buy part of a vineyard. We liked him very much, though of course he is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Remi."

In which opinion the two other women heartily concurred. Marucca gave Mother Barbarin her room, and shared that of her sister.

Mother Barbarin, accustomed to early arising, was astir as soon as her hostesses. Stefano told her that he had left Remi sound asleep.

"Do not wake him," said the Signora. "He is fatigued after his long journey."

While they were taking an early breakfast in the rear of the shop, the shutters still up and the door only half open, a man entered.

"It is Mercanti!" exclaimed Marucca. "You are betimes this morning," she said, addressing him.

"I have two or three commissions to perform in various parts of the city to-day. I am a sort of courier," he explained, turning to Mother Barbarin. "And, seeing the door open, I thought I would come in early for a cup of coffee."

"This is Madame Barbarin, Mercanti," said the Signora, "the foster-mother of Remi."

"Barbarin? Barbarin? Then you

have come by request of M. Desmoulins, through his letter to the Curé of Chavonis?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she replied. "We arrived last night,—Remi and I."

"Now, wasn't that lucky!" cried Mercanti. "I knew I had heard the name, and finally traced it to Remi. I knew also that he had gone to Chavonis, and so informed M. Desmoulins."

"I am to go to the office of M. Desmoulins this morning," said Mother Barbarin.

"I shall be glad to accompany you there," observed Mercanti.

"But will you tell me, Monsieur, what you know of the affair?" asked Mother Barbarin.

"I will tell you exactly all I know," answered Mercanti, stirring his coffee. "Some time ago I was called to the prison hospital to see an Italian, a man whom I once knew, who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment."

"Garifoli?" inquired Mother Barbarin. "I heard something of him from Remi."

"Yes. Well, he was dying, and told a tale about some money,—but you will not be interested in that."

It was now Mother Barbarin's turn to relate the incident of the meeting of the boys near Cette, and the result.

"To resume," said Mercanti, when he had commented on the good fortune of Remi and Mattia in evading the others; adding that he hoped Ricardo and Arturo would come to grief on the way, as they deserved. "In the same ward with Garifoli lay a man called James Galdon. He was dying and wanted a priest. I sent him a priest, who in turn called a lawyer to get from the sick man some very important testimony regarding a child he had stolen. He had lived with the family in London, had been accused of theft, and discharged. He vowed vengeance. After some weeks, he saw the child in a carriage in Paris, in the gardens with its nurse, whom he recognized. She had left the carriage under a tree while she chatted with a friend. He picked the child up, carried it through the gates without observation; and, once in his arms, he did not know what to do with it. Frightened at what might be the consequence to himself, he left it in a doorway, and, crossing the street, saw a passer-by stop and look at it. It had just begun to cry. The man, Jerome Barbarin, took it in his arms and carried it off. The thief had a slight acquaintance with Barbarin and recognized him. Then he fled and never knew what happened to the child.

"After all the years that had passed Galdon drifted again to Paris, was arrested for stealing, and sent to prison. The priest, who is an Italian, asked my assistance in finding the Barbarin who had taken the child, as he knew I was very well acquainted in Paris. He sent me to the lawyer, who searched the directories and advertised in vain. He had written to the address given him by Galdon, hoping to find the parents of the child. The father had died before the kidnapping took place, but the mother was living at the same address. She came to Paris at once, and is, I believe, still here. The thing comes to a climax now, Madame. I have no doubt but everything will soon be cleared up."

"And I shall lose my Remi!" said Mother Barbarin, sadly. "But it will be better for him, and that is all I must think about."

"He is coming," said the Signora. "I hear him on the stairs."

Remi opened the door. He was smiling, refreshed after a long sleep. He greeted Mercanti in his usual friendly manner.

"Remi," said Mother Barbarin, "I must go to the lawyer's this morning. This gentleman has kindly offered to

accompany me. While we are gone try to amuse yourself in some way."

"How long shall we be in Paris?" asked the boy.

"Several days,—perhaps not so long."

"I believe I will go to the Luxembourg Gardens. I love it there."

"Do so, *chéri!*" replied Mother Barbarin. "It will be a pleasant walk."

"Come, Remi. I have some sweet rolls and coffee for you," said Marucca. "The kind you like, with plenty of boiled milk and sugar."

"We all spoil him," said Mother Barbarin, after he had gone.

"He is one that can not be spoiled," answered Mercanti.

(To be continued.)

A Patient King.

PHILIP II., King of Spain from 1556 to 1598, was a monarch about whom, or about whose character, there has always been considerable controversy. That he was an ardent Catholic not even his enemies have ever denied, though they have called his ardor bigotry; and have regarded the destruction of the Armada as a punishment of his inordinate ambition. No reader of Philip's life, however, can doubt that he was an exceptionally patient man, and that he practised a degree of meekness which we are more accustomed to admire in great saints than in monarchs.

On one occasion Philip had spent many hours of the night in writing a long letter to the Pope. When it was finished, he gave it to his secretary to be folded and sealed. In those days it was the custom to pour sand over a newly-written page in order to dry up the ink. The secretary had grown drowsy from his long waiting, and, being half asleep, made the mistake of pouring ink instead of sand over the letter, thereby utterly destroying it. The sight of the spoiled letter brought him to his senses, and he was terrified when he saw the king observe the blunder. Philip, however, showed no excitement or anger, but merely said, "Bring me another sheet of paper," and then began to rewrite his letter.

On another day, a hunting morning, the king sat down to have his boots put on. When one of them was drawn on, the other one could not be found, and Philip continued to wait for it for almost an hour, without giving any sign of impatience or saying a single word. This evenness of temper was evidenced indeed at the beginning of his reign. On the occasion of his coronation, a soldier, in trying to keep back the crowd with a pole, contrived to break three crystal lamps hanging over the throne, with the result that the oil fell on the rich costumes of the king and queen. "Well," said Philip, with a smile, "this must be a sign that in my reign there will be the unction of peace and abundance."

A Curious Sum.

The author of "Alice in Wonderland," who was once a teacher of mathematics, is said to have been the author of this curious sum. It is worth trying:

Put down the number of your living brothers. Multiply by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Now add the number of your living sisters. Multiply the total by ten. Add the number of your dead brothers and sisters. Subtract 150 from the total.

The right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure the number of living brothers.

BE punctual. "Life is made up of little things," and our attention to them is an index of our future.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Encyclopedia Press announces "The Jesuits," by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J.,—a complete history of the Society of Jesus. The reading public is already under obligations to the author for historical works of great interest and genuine importance.

—The reviewer of "'On My Keeping' and in Theirs" in the London *Times Literary Supplement* is fair enough to say: "This book, by a South Down solicitor and Nationalist (a Roman Catholic who was returned to Antrim County Council by the Protestant vote), should certainly be read by those who make it their business to read what both sides have to say." Fair and frank.

—Pierre Téqui, Paris, has brought out a fifth edition of "Jésus Vivant Dans le Prêtre," by Père Millet, S. J. The work is a standard one, treating of the grandeur and the sanctity of the priesthood. Its divisions are: a general idea of the priesthood; the hidden life—preparation for the functions of the priesthood; the public life—exercise of the holy ministry; the Eucharistic life—great means of success in the ministry; and the glorious life—reward of the labors and sacrifices of the ministry.

—From the Examiner Press, Bombay, we have received five sixteen-page pamphlets—numbers 1 to 5 inclusively—of the "Messenger Books," by Archbishop Goodier, S. J. The first number, "About the Bible," has already been noticed in these columns; the remaining titles are: "The Pentateuch; or, The First Five Books of the Bible," "Selections from the Pentateuch," "The Historical Books of the Old Testament," and "Selections from the Historical Books." Excellent pamphlets for the general reader, no matter what his religious creed may be.

—The current "Bulletin" of the Catholic Educational Association contains a full report of the proceedings and addresses of its eighteenth annual meeting held in Cincinnati during the closing days of June. A large octavo brochure of 664 pages, with a good table of contents and a fairly adequate index, the volume is one of genuine importance to all who are, or who should be, interested in the educational work of the Church. As usual, the addresses present every aspect of the various problems confronting the directors and the teaching staffs of our parochial schools, academies, colleges, universities, and seminaries; and the discussion of these problems is emphatically worth reading.

—The golden jubilee of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, commonly called the Mission Church, at Roxbury, Mass., is fittingly commemorated by the publication of a memorial history, under the title "The Glories of Mary in Boston." As the church was established and is administered by the Redemptorist Fathers, it is natural that the author of this handsome octavo of 584 pages should be a member of that Congregation—the Rev. John F. Byrne, C. SS. R. He has done his work exceedingly well; and, while the volume will interest especially the Catholics of Roxbury and Boston, it will well repay at least a skimming by general readers. A number of good illustrations adorn its pages. The Mission Church Press, Boston, Mass.

—In "The Americanization of Edward Bok," the by no means over-modest autobiographer narrates that once, when General Sherman's name was suggested as candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Bok wrote the General asking whether it was true, as reported, that he was a Catholic. The answer was characteristically direct: "My family is strongly Roman Catholic, but I am not. Until I ask some favor, the public has no claim to question me further." When Mrs. Sherman died, the Rev. Dr. Talmadge, a well-known Protestant clergyman, wrote Sherman a beautiful letter of sympathy. The General replied: "She was staunch to what she believed the true faith; and I am sure that, though she loved her children better than herself, she would have seen them die with less pang than to have seen them depart from that faith."

—From the Archabbey Press, of Beatty, Pa., comes Volume I. of "The Science of Education in Its Sociological and Historical Aspects," by Otto Willmann, Ph. D., an authorized translation from the fourth German edition, by Felix M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap. A well-printed and handsomely bound octavo of 375 pages, furnished with an analytical table of contents and a satisfactory index, the volume's appearance impresses one most favorably; and by the time one has attentively perused its Introduction—seventy-four pages in length—one readily understands both why the translator was tempted to put the work at the disposal of those who are ignorant of

German, and why competent educators speak of the translation as being by far the most valuable pedagogical work in the English language. This first volume discusses: Education in its Relation to Culture, Civilization, and Moral Refinement; Oriental Education; Greek Education; Roman Education; Christian Education on Roman Soil; Medieval Education; the Renaissance; the Enlightenment; and Modern Education. The second volume of this work is sure of being eagerly welcomed by all who acquire the first. Price, $3.

—Six years ago John S. Lewis, for many years editor of the Montreal *Daily Star*, wrote to a friend: "Young Hargadon is as much of a real poet as any one who has come under the notice of the newspapers of Montreal in my time." The author of whom Mr. Lewis wrote was Michael A. Hargadon, whose "Irish and Canadian Poems" has just been brought out by the Modern Printing Co., Montreal. (Price, $1.) An octavo brochure of some eighty pages, it contains three dozen patriotic and descriptive poems. Mr. Hargadon has the Irish feeling for rhythmical effects, and the Irish eye for the beautiful in nature and humanity. The charm of his well-printed volume is enhanced by more than a dozen or more excellent illustrations. This excerpt gives an idea of the sweet simplicity of much of the author's work:

Young April is in Ireland now,
I wish that I were with her there;
For she is far the loveliest
Of all the Aprils, anywhere;
She has the sweetest voice and face;
She has the brightest gowns to wear.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John J. McCabe, of the diocese of Middlesbrough.

Sister M. Magdalen, of the Poor Handmaids of Christ; and Sister M. Cordelia, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Samuel Warner, Mrs. Josephine Gankler, Gen. Peter C. Haines, Miss Nanon J. Kelly, Mr. George Girouard, Miss Ellen Lilly, Mr. John Hynds, Mr. Louis Belanger, Mr. Lawrence Flood, Mrs. Margaret Flood, Mr. Harry Williams, Mr. Thomas Whyte, Mrs. E. B. Dunigan, Mr. Lawrence Heisz, Mrs. P. G. Plunkett, Mr. Percy Harriman, Mrs. Rose Coyne, Mrs. Johanna Young, Mr. Ignatius Langlade, Mrs. Timothy Burns, Mr. Duncan Gillis, Miss Rita Doucette, Mr. James Kane, Mr. William Chadwick, Mrs. Bridget Hanley, Mr. David Christian, and Mr. William Barnes.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

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White Peace.

BY S. M. M.

THE whiteness of the moon is on the world,
Sleeping and beautiful;
Across the blue remoteness drifts and clings
The wandering whiteness of a single cloud.
One passionless mountain lifts its face to heaven,
Wrapped in white peace and very far away.
To the quick bosom of the earth is pressed
The fragrant whiteness of a little flower.

The light of your white soul shines on my life,
And in my heart the whiteness of your love
Burns always.

The Day of Wrath.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

NO serious student of sacred liturgy can fail to be deeply impressed with the perfect congruity, as well as the singular beauty, of the offices and rites which the Church apportions to the different periods of the ecclesiastical year. This congruity is noticeable at the present season even in those portions of the Evangelists' story to which the attention of the faithful is particularly drawn. That the Gospel of the final Sunday of the year should deal with the last judgment is, of course, only natural; the timeliness of the topic is obvious. That the same subject, however, should be treated again on the following Sunday, the first of Advent, may not at once appear so appropriate. Yet a moment's reflection will make it abundantly clear that the theme is far from being unsuitable to the day. For, as St. Bernard points out, if the Son of God came upon earth with a body like our own, this first advent was to prepare His coming into our hearts; and His coming into our hearts is to dispose us to receive Him well when at the end of time He shall come again with all the majesty and splendor of a Sovereign Judge.

With her wonted maternal solicitude, the Church directs our attention, at the very beginning of Advent, to a scene well calculated to incite to those acts of penance, mortification, and prayer which should characterize this season of preparation for the great festival of Christmas. She places before our minds the most awful and terrifying spectacle that religion can present to the eyes of faith. Such, assuredly, is the general judgment,—an event that marks the death of time and, in a certain intelligible sense, the birth of eternity.

Whether we consider the circumstances which, according to the Gospel narrative, are to precede that last great event—the sun obscured, the moon draped with blood, the stars falling, the mountains tottering on their bases, the ocean lashed into fury by moaning tempests, the earth being consumed in a mighty conflagration that bursts from its bowels, and men "withering away

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for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world,"—whether we consider these precedent circumstances, or the terrific scene itself of the multitudinous millions who have peopled the earth from the creation of Adam till the sound of the Archangel's trumpet, congregated in one vast array, standing before the Supreme Judge, who is clothed with unspeakable power and majesty—standing there, reprobate and elect, sinner and saint, damned and saved,—or whether we reflect on the subsequent fate of so many myriads of the sons of men doomed forever to separation from God, to the never-ending tortures of the avenging fires of hell,—no matter from what view-point we consider this closing scene of the last act in the tragedy of humanity, it is impossible for us, as Christians, to behold it without experiencing sentiments of salutary fear and dread.

In its explanation of the seventh article of the Apostles' Creed—"from thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead,"—the Catechism of the Council of Trent tells us that, with regard to man whose nature He assumed, Jesus Christ is invested with three principal offices or functions: He is our Redeemer, our Patron or Advocate, and our Judge. By His passion and death He did all that was required of Him in the first capacity. Ever since His Ascension He has been sitting at the right hand of His Father, presenting our petitions and pleading for our pardon; and of this function, as Advocate, He will continue to acquit Himself as long as time endures. When the pendulum of time has ceased to swing, then Christ will appear in His third character, as Judge. Holy Scripture mentions two distinct advents, or comings, of Jesus Christ into this world. The first occurred at the moment of the Incarnation, when our Blessed Lady, in response to the Archangel's "Hail, full of grace! the Lord is with thee," answered: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." The second is an event of the unknown future, coincident with the end of the world and of time.

Jesus frequently spoke to His disciples of this His second coming, in order that they in turn might teach it to the world at large. Sometimes He announced it in the language of parable, as when He represented Himself as the father of a family who distributes his goods among his servants, and afterward calls each to an account for the portion which he has received; or as a sovereign who goes to take possession of a kingdom to which he has fallen heir, and on his return rewards his faithful subjects and punishes those who have forsworn their allegiance. At other times the announcement was made in the plainest and most formal terms, as when He said: "And they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty." On the very day of His Ascension, this second advent of our Divine Lord was predicted by the angels. "Ye men of Galilee," they said to the disciples, "why stand ye here, looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven, so shall He come as you have seen Him going into heaven." In these and similar passages from Holy Writ all the Fathers of the Church have seen the prediction of Christ's second coming in His quality of Judge.

Before going further it may be well to state that, although the Apostles' Creed mentions only the general judgment, or that at which Christ will manifest in the face of heaven and earth His sovereign power, still it is the doctrine of the Church and an integral portion of our holy faith that each individual is judged immediately after death, and that by this particular or private judgment the fate of the soul

is irrevocably sealed. This being so, what is the need of a general judgment? A judgment whereat all men, the congregated world—shall stand on the same day and in the same place is necessary in order that full and complete justice be done to Jesus Christ, to God's providence, and to all mankind.

First, with respect to our Lord Jesus Christ. Rejected by the Jews, crucified by the pagans, blasphemed by heretics, shorn of His divinity by rationalists and agnostics, insulted and mocked by infidels, dishonored and outraged by ungrateful and traitorous Christians, it is necessary that there should be made to Him the most solemn and public possible reparation. It is necessary that all the countless multitudes who have denied Him before men shall recognize and proclaim Him their supreme and sovereign Lord; necessary that, for once, all mankind shall adore Him who for love of them was pleased to die upon the Cross.

Then, again, the divine providence of God is being unceasingly blasphemed in this world. Blind mortals, viewing the material prosperity and apparent happiness of so many of the wicked, and the privations and misery of such numbers among the righteous, are too often prone to accuse God of injustice in the ordering of His ways toward men; if, indeed, they do not go further and declare that God does not concern Himself with the affairs of men at all. Many Christians, even, without being irreligious, are scandalized at certain events which God allows to happen, and which to their unillumined intellects are wholly incomprehensible. Hence a general judgment is necessary, that all men may finally admit the wisdom, justice, and benignity of God's providence, and understand the deep economy of His designs. On the last day God will allow mankind itself to judge of the rectitude of His ways, and mankind will be forced to acknowledge that He has done all things well.

In the third place, such a judgment is essential to the meting out of full justice to every human being. Men are not wholly mortal, even as regards this world. They survive to a greater or less extent in their children, their friends, their followers, their work. No person is so insignificant that, in the course of a lifetime, he does not influence, whether for good or for evil, some of his fellow-beings. There is a solemn religious truth, as well as the statement of a historical fact, in Shakespeare's line, "The evil that men do lives after them." The education which a man has given to his children, and the lessons, maxims, and examples which he has left to those with whom he lived, continue to produce results long after his body has turned to dust. Scientists tell us that every word we utter is the initial movement of a vibration of air that will be perpetuated in successive undulations of the atmospheric fluid throughout all time; and, just so, many an act of ours is the primary cause of a multitude of other actions that will be performed by successive generations until the end of the world. The influence of good or bad example will survive as long as there are men and women upon earth; hence, in order to form a proper estimate of our full virtue or criminality, of the totality of praise or censure due to each one of us, there must be a final judgment when the reign of man on earth is over.

Moreover, there are on this earth a multitude of virtuous men and women who are neither known nor appreciated by the world,—nay, who are ridiculed, despised and contemned, calumniated, slandered and persecuted; while there is a still greater multitude, perhaps, of wretched sinners who are held in the highest esteem, habitually applauded and crowned with honor, simply

because their crimes are secret, their vices veiled. Now, it is supremely consonant, even to our restricted notions of justice, that there should come a time when, in the presence of all mankind, hidden worth and solid virtue shall receive public vindication; when the mask of hypocrisy shall be torn aside to reveal, for their confusion and ignominy, the loathsome corruption of the hypocrites. Finally, by the particular judgment the soul alone is affected; and in order that complete justice be done, it is requisite that the whole man, body and soul should publicly receive the reward or punishment of the works which soul and body during their mortal union performed in concert.

When will this judgment take place? The Apostles once put that question to Our Lord, and His answer was: "No one knows save God alone." Yet Christ made known to them certain signs which are to precede the last day, and which will warn Christians who live in the concluding years of time that the end of the world is at hand. The first of these signs is the preaching of the Gospel over the whole earth. "The Gospel of the kingdom," says our Saviour, "shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony to all nations, and then shall the consummation come."

The second sign of which we are told is a very general apostasy, not merely of many individuals, but of entire nations. "The judgment will not come," says St. Paul, "till a revolt precedes it." The appearance of Antichrist is the third sign. "The last judgment," declares the same Apostle, "will not come until the man of sin has first appeared,—the son of perdition who raises himself above all that is called God." Antichristian doctrines having perverted the nations by diffusing everywhere the spirit of impiety and revolt, there will come a man who will be at once the impersonation and the punishment of that spirit, and who will prove the most frightful tyrant ever known in the history of the world. His reign, say the interpreters, will last about three years and a half; and the persecution waged by him against the Church will be the final trial of the spouse of Christ.

These are called the remote signs of the coming of the end of the world. As for the more immediate marks or indications of its advent, they will be found in those convulsions of the universe,—those upheavals of visible Nature in the throes of her last agony, at sight of which Christ assures us men will faint away with fear, will run about in wild distraction, calling upon the ground to open and swallow them, and the rocks to fall on them, and hide them from the face of the Lord. Finally, there will sound, in the Archangel's trumpet tones the mighty cry, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" In the Creed, the statement is that Christ shall come to judge both *the living* and the dead. By this term is meant not only those spiritually alive, or the just, but all who will be living just prior to the collapse of the world as at present constituted. These, too, will die; but as they will be called again to life almost instantaneously, they are termed *the living* in contradistinction to those who will have passed away prior to the day of wrath. At the angelic summons, earth and sea will give up their dead; and souls from heaven, hell, and purgatory will again take up their habitation in those bodies which during their earthly pilgrimage were partners of the souls in virtue or in crime. This union of body and soul on the last day is a circumstance which, while it will enhance immeasurably the happiness of the just, will aggravate beyond conception the misery of the wicked.

The last act of this most tremendous tragedy at length approaches. First,

there appears in the firmament a cross of inconceivable lustre, the sign of the Son of Man,—sign of salvation and joy to those who have learned its lesson, of condemnation and woe to those who have mocked and reviled it, or who have neglected to lave themselves in the Precious Blood which crimsoned its prototype on Calvary. Then the heavens open; and, seated on a brilliant cloud, more beautiful than the morning-star, a thousand times more refulgent than the noonday sun, adorned with such glory and majesty as no mortal intellect can conceive, invested with a power in comparison with which all the authority of earthly monarchs is as naught, surrounded by myriads of angels,—the Supreme Judge, the adorable humanity of the Word made flesh, is disclosed to the gaze of the assembled world.

There follows the manifestation of consciences, the publishing to men and angels of all that was secret and hidden, whether of good or evil, in the life of every individual of that mighty throng. And then comes the pronouncing of the sentence. All will hear it, for all will be actors in the realistic drama to be enacted on the day of judgment. Shall we be standing on the right hand or the left, among the glorified or the damned? It depends entirely upon ourselves. All evil deeds make our destiny darker; all acts of virtue brighten and beautify it. It is the privilege of each of us, and during Advent it is our duty as well, to meditate on this terrible scene that must be enacted before the curtain of the world shall drop forever. If the result of our serious reflection be a determination to act as our own judges here on earth, there will be an increased probability that the "awful day" will prove for us, not a day of wrath, but of peace and bliss ineffable.

THE heart can have tears even when the eyes have none.—*Faber*.

The Awakening of Keith Murray.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

IT was a lovely spot, that small isolated plateau tucked away just above Montreux. The busy, bustling, laughing pleasure resort was hidden by the jutting foreground; and it seemed but a step off the edge of the rock into the waters of the lake which lay some five hundred feet below. The mountains rose abruptly in the rear, giving to the place an air of privacy, that was delightfully restful after the glare and publicity of life in one of the smart hotels which have done their best to make even that enchanted lakeside commonplace. It was a place to dream in. The mountain-sides, covered with fruit trees in blossom, looked like huge pink and white sugar-cakes; and the air was laden with the delicate perfume of the myriads of flowers which starred the green grass, crocuses, white violets, cowslips, and narcissi, trying hard to crowd one another out. In very truth, it seemed as if one of Fra Angelico's exquisite meadows had suddenly come to life; and one was almost surprised not to see happy little Dominican novices tripping about hand-in-hand with equally gladsome little angels.

To Keith Murray, revisiting it after ten years spent in the sun-baked plains of India, it was like passing into the dim, cool, peace-giving atmosphere of some vast cathedral to escape the jostle and noise and hurry of a busy market-place. The sun was going down behind the mountains of Savoy, whose snow-capped summits blushed a rosy pink, as each in turn received his "good-night" kiss. Every shade of amethyst and purple appeared to live and throb upon the rugged slopes; while the waters of the lake could not decide whether to deck themselves in bluest

sapphires or brilliant emeralds for their nightly frolic.

All was just as it had been ten years before; nothing was changed, except the man who now stood gazing at that perfect scene. A tall, broad-shouldered man about thirty-five; unmistakably a soldier, tanned and bronzed by an Eastern sun; while his swinging step as he came up the steep path showed him to be used to mountains, on which, indeed, he had spent the greater part of his life. There was nothing remarkable about his clear-cut features, but his deep-set eyes seemed to look out upon a world that had used him hardly, and written in their sombre blue depths an unfinished story of grief and disappointment.

For fully half an hour Keith stood drinking in every lovely detail of that magic picture; while his mind was conjuring up each tiniest circumstance of that other April evening when the light had gone out of his life and sent him away to India, a disappointed and embittered man,—only to find himself once more on this fateful spot, on account of what he now characterized as a "rotten dream," but which two months ago had seemed so real, so living, that he had known no rest or peace until, obtaining long leave, he had packed his belongings and hastened with all possible speed to this spot, which he had vowed never again to revisit.... For what?

I.

What Godlike gifts neglected lie
Wasting and marr'd in the forgotten soul!
The finest workmanship of God is there.
—*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

Keith Murray belonged to one of those old Scottish families that are found in the Highlands, and that seem as unchangeable as the very Glens in which they and their ancestors have lived for long centuries. Their minds, like their valleys, are bounded and shut in with hills of custom and prejudice and tradition, over which few care to venture into the modern hustle and turmoil which is called life. These worthy people take their religion as they take other things, only in a smaller quantity. Occasionally one or other member of such a family was cast in a different mould; for him the air of the valley was stifling, the hills crushed all life and hope out of him; while the world beyond that narrow dale called to him and drew him like a magnet, at which there was much head-shaking among the "guide-folk at hame."

Mr. and Mrs. Murray belonged somewhat to this class; they wanted nothing beyond their beloved Glen; and when the small Keith, who was puzzled at many things, asked strange questions, his mother trembled for the future. "The child is too much alone," she told her husband. "If only he had a companion!" And a shade of sadness came over her gentle face as she thought of the two tiny graves on the hillside behind the kirk. Her own religion had always satisfied her; she loved her husband and her children; but I think—in fact, I am quite sure—she would have considered it a great liberty to love the "God of Sabaoth," who dwelt in some remote region, amidst thunder and wrath. On Sundays, in the kirk, she sometimes felt a little fear when the "meenister" was more than usually vehement in his denunciations against sin and sinners, that existed somewhere, principally, it would seem, in the Church of Rome. But the sight of her strong "guide man" sitting near quite reassured her; and the fresh mountain air, and lovely view that met her eye as they hurried out of the dreary building, banished all misgivings and unpleasant thoughts from her mind. She determined not to let anything trouble her next Sunday.

As for Mr. Murray, he considered that it would have been very unseemly

to let his wife go to church alone; so he accompanied her there, as he would have done on any other tedious visit. He had always plenty to think about: the shooting or stalking, or the crops according to the season; and he found that part of the service which asked a blessing on "the fruits of the earth" quite in keeping with his taste; though I think he would have been puzzled to know who was going to bless them; his faith being pinned to certain top-dressings and artificial fertilizers. As for the Roman Church, it might be a sink of iniquity; but Donald Davidson was an honest, sober man, and his son Colin was a fine "braw' laddie," the very one he would have picked out to teach little Keith to fish and boat, and ride his Shetland pony over rough places. Father Chisholm also was a kindly neighbor,—rather too much given to his books perhaps, but with a good knowledge of sport; though, as he said, he had too much to do, looking after his scattered lambs, to hunt grouse or deer. Occasionally, however, he enjoyed with all the ardor of a schoolboy, a day's fishing in the trout stream or loch. So the genial Laird settled himself in his well-cushioned pew, and turned his attention to sporting matters, which, after all, were his affair, and much more cheerful topics.

But a strange little fairy seemed to have presided at Keith's entrance into the world,—a fairy with wide-open eyes, which looked far beyond the Glen, and very deeply into everything that came under their notice. So, even when Keith was a very small boy, she made him see and wonder about many things, and ask lots of questions. But, alas! his father and mother did not, somehow, see the things he saw, nor understand what he wanted so very much to know; perhaps their fairies had not had wide-open eyes. Keith never forgot the startled look on his mother's face when he one day said: "Mother, why can't I see God? How do you know about Him if you have never seen Him?" A few more questions like these, and the child, seeing that they pained his mother, asked no further ones.

Luckily for the boy, there was one person who *did* understand, although she was an old, old woman; and that was Grannie Davidson, who lived with her son Donald at the keeper's lodge. Colin had told his little friend that "Grannie kenned abou' maist holy things"; and the "little Laird," who loved the old woman, would often talk to her of what was in his childish mind. Many years later, when he had forgotten most of her sayings, he still remembered the day he asked her why he could not see God. "My bonnie bairnie," she said, drawing the child towards her and placing her hand on his head, "ye'll n'ae see Him with ye bodily e'en, but ye can allas see Him with the e'en of ye soul."

Keith pondered over this for a long time, and questioned Colin; he was told very kindly that the Laird had enjoined on his father that religion was to be a forbidden subject between the boys. Under these circumstances, it was small wonder that Keith grew up without any religion. The scant and dreary belief of the Manse could no more fill and satisfy the eager, sensitive, loving heart and mind of the lad than a thimbleful of water could fill Loch Tay. Schooldays chased even the thought of religion still farther away, until his life came to be filled, as so many are, alas! with sport and games and other "bewitching trifles." But there was always an "aching void" which he could not fill, even if he had realized that it was possible to do so.

To the chagrin of his parents, nothing would do Keith but life in the army. His mother tried to console herself with the idea that the fighting in South Africa was over, and there would

be no chance of a war for some time to come; indeed, she felt sure her boy would soon begin to yearn for his Highland home when he compared other places with it. One stipulation his father made: if he must be a soldier, well, at all events, let him be "kilted." That would not seem so complete a break with all the old traditions; though it was a real blow to the old man, who had lived in the hope of a happy, peaceful life in the Glen, with his dear wife and son, once the inevitable school and Oxford days were over. Now, however, Keith had chosen Sandhurst instead of the University; so thither he went, and in due course got his commission, and was drafted to an English station.

The next four years were spent in much polo and shooting, hunting and dancing and a little soldiering; and all the while the wall of material things was growing up and shutting out, as it always will, the "Light of things invisible." Keith did not see this; for the eyes of his soul grew heavier and heavier, and at last closed in the torpor of sleep. And I think it might have been the sleep of death, perchance, but for the fact that, away up in the Glen, old Grannie's soul-eyes seemed each day to grow more and more wide-open, and the veil between her God and herself seemed every day thinner; and many and many were the prayers she whispered that her "young maister's" Guardian Angel might "keep him in all his ways." On each visit home he became more dear to her; and the dearer he was, the more passionately did the saintly old woman long that "so darling a laddie" should share her Faith and love of God.

October had come, with its gay pageant of color on tree and hedge, as if it were trying to cheat the world into the belief that so fair a show could not be the harbinger of death. There was much talk among Keith and his brother officers of the coming hunting, and prospects for winter sport, when a most unwelcome visitor appeared in the shape of the "flu," and Keith was one of those who received a more than double share of the intruder's attention. Afterwards, as he himself wrote to his mother, he felt "as weak as a cat, and as melancholy as a bear with a sore head." When, therefore, a few days later, he found amongst his morning correspondence a letter from his cousin Nancy, he literally jumped at her proposal that he should go out to Switzerland, and finish the winter at Montreux, with her and her husband, Sir Malcolm Graham, of Invermuic. The letter ended: "Do come! Mac is just mad about skiing, and insists on teaching Jim and Betty. You may be able to keep him within bounds; otherwise, I shall most certainly return to Bonnie Scotland a childless widow. Wire when you will be here."

This invitation put, as Keith said, the first sign of life into him. It was a delightful prospect, and it did not take long to acquaint the folks at home of his plans, and to dispatch his acceptance of her proposition, to his cousin, at the Hôtel Nationale, Montreux; and by the time Keith had reached Calais, the idea of the good time he hoped to put in made him almost wonder if he had really had that odious "flu" at all.

(To be continued.)

Blessing.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

THIS is a benediction on the day:
To know, when roughened stubble wounds the feet
And weary heart, the Master of the wheat
Comes softly down His far-flung harvest way
And speaks this homely labor richer than
The evening's Eldoradean caravan.

A Martyr of Our Own Time.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

(Conclusion.)

THE road pursued by Father Schoeffler lay through a tortuous path, between hillocks covered with shrubs and bamboos, in a desert-like country, and passed one or two pagan villages. Meanwhile a fresh secret edict, of which Mgr. Retord was able to get a copy, dated the "Fourth year of Tu-duc," had been issued on the 13th of February, repeating with much verbiage the accusations and the penalties of the former ones, ending: "Such is our will. Let it be respected." A special force of police had been levied by the mandarins to quell the northern rebels, and put down brigandage and Christianity. Their orders were to patrol the district night and day, in companies of ten men, with an officer, and arrest all suspected persons. A traitor at Ban-ho, having informed the authorities of Schoeffler's projected journey, completed his treachery by offering himself as guide.

The presence of the armed force was known, but it was supposed it would act only at night, and consequently the missionary and his small party travelled by day. He was preceded by a native priest and two young students, who were walking, quietly engaged in conversation, when they fell into an ambush, and were carried off into hiding behind a hillock, while their captors waited for the European. Some men, hunting in the shrub, who had seen the arrest of the first party, warned Schoeffler of his danger, and he concealed himself among the bushes; his guide thereupon, under some pretext, asked him for his turban, and promptly disappeared with it. A few moments later, the missionary and his catechist were surrounded by armed men; some young Christians with them made good their escape. The captors seemed unwilling at first to lay hands upon Schoeffler, until their chief called out, "Beat him!"—"Wherefore?" he asked. "I have no intention of running away." The two prisoners were then hurried behind the hillock to join the native priest and his two companions; and the whole party were soon led before the head of the Cantonal police.

The worthy Annamite priest, in his desire to save his superior, represented himself as his chief disciple, and did his utmost to obtain his release. As usual, the extortion of money was attempted; the magistrate suggested that the missionary should ransom himself for a sum of gold and silver, equivalent to 9000 or 10,000 francs. Schoeffler declared that he did not possess such a sum, but the other was inflexible; and, seeing an opportunity for saving his companions, the missionary said: "Very well; let these go, and perhaps they will be able to collect the money." The proposition was accepted, and he presently found himself alone with his captors. The native priest very soon succeeded in borrowing ten bars of silver, and was hurriedly taking them to offer as part payment, with bonds for the rest of the sum, when he was met by some Christians from the village, with the information that the chief of the police meant to rearrest him, to keep the money he might bring, and to surrender the missionary to the mandarins.

The next day, March 2, the prisoner was conveyed to the chief town of the province, Sou-tay. Before leaving he said to one of the Christians: "Tell the faithful to have no fear; I shall betray nobody." Led before the chief mandarins, he was submitted to the usual interrogatories as to his movements, the places he had visited, and whether, before coming into the country, he knew

that the Christian religion was strictly forbidden. Having declared his name and nationality, and that his purpose in coming to Tonquin had been to preach the Gospel of Christ, he said that he had travelled in many parts of the kingdom, and had stayed in many houses, of which he could not clearly remember the names, nor would he mention them if he could. The next day he was again examined, and asked if he would trample on the Cross—the usual test put to Christians,—which he firmly refused to do.

The chief mandarin, after consulting the two officials of the civil and criminal tribunals, sent his report the same day to the King, saying they had found "Ao-tu-dink" (Augustine) guilty and worthy of death. The answer was: "The King's decree must be enforced against him. Let his head be cut off and thrown into the waters of the sea or the river, for the instruction of the people." The chief magistrate sent an accompanying letter, stating: "This malefactor loves so ardently those whom he has indoctrinated, that he has never told their names." In order not to implicate too many persons, it was stated that it would be well to make no further investigations on the subject. The letter ended with a request for the promised rewards to the persons who had discovered and arrested the priest.

The missionary awaited death in the horrors of a Chinese prison. He was not put into the "cage," in which the victim can neither lie down nor stand, but was placed with other condemned prisoners. He had the *cangue* (a wooden yoke) upon his shoulders, and wooden fetters, attached to a post, round his ankles by day and night.

"Those who know anything of the Annamite dungeons and the prisoners incarcerated there," wrote Bishop Retord, "can judge of the misery of such a situation. A European priest in a fetid prison, devoured by vermin; alone in the midst of pagan malefactors, who regard one as a curious animal, weary one with senseless questions, and assail one's ears with the most obscene discourse; one's neck bruised with the *cangue*, one's feet torn with fetters,... without a friend to whom one can address a word to relieve the sufferings of one's soul....Nevertheless, Abbé Schoeffler always appeared joyful and content with his lot."

As soon as the Bishop heard of his arrest and condemnation, he dispatched a messenger with a letter, and a sum of money for his maintenance and for presents to the mandarins. The envoy was permitted to see the prisoner, and be seen by him, but no word was allowed to pass between them; finally he was able to obtain the privilege (doubtless heavily paid for) of having Schoeffler removed to a room by himself in the jailer's house. There he wore his fetters only at night, and was allowed to take exercise in the prison yard, and talk with the soldiers of his guard, who treated him with the greatest respect and consideration.

The strictest watch was still kept upon the prisoner; and, by order of the chief mandarin, no strangers were allowed to visit him, the fear being that the Christians might try to free him by force or by ruse. A pious woman prepared his meals and brought them to the prison gates, but never saw him. One of his catechists was more fortunate. Disguised as a soldier, he penetrated into the courtyard; the master and his disciple looked into each other's eyes as long as they dared, and that was all. Another good Christian obtained permission from one of the officials to offer the prisoner some fruit; but as he was seen to shed tears by the mandarin, who happened to be passing, the guard was sharply reprimanded and removed from his post. One day,

to Augustine's great joy and comfort, a native priest, Phuong by name, arrived, in the disguise of a spectacle merchant, and was able to hear his confession,—his last confession.

On the 11th of April the death-warrant, under the red seal, and dated "30th of the second moon," arrived at Sou-tay. According to custom, the execution should have followed immediately; but for some unexplained reason, probably to mystify the Christians and prevent any attempt at rescue, the chief mandarin took the condemned man from the prison into his own house, removed the *cangue* from his shoulders, replacing it by a light chain; the bar of silver and other money taken from him on his arrest were returned, and he was free to move about the domain at his pleasure. The mandarin often conversed with him, and expressed sympathy with his misfortune; the guard was still so carefully enforced, however, that, though the missionary was allowed to receive letters from relatives in France, and his bishop and friends in Tonquin, he was never able to write, and no letters were received from him during his captivity.

On the 1st of May, all things having been prepared to give it solemnity and impressiveness, the execution was carried out. Among the vast throng of people were many Christians; a native artist among them has left a quaint drawing of the scene. About midday, the chief mandarin ordered out two regiments with loaded guns, as well as two elephants, under the pretence of making a *reconnaissance*. When he suddenly ordered the missionary to be brought out, a thrill of dismay seems to have passed through all, even the fellow-prisoners, who had learned to love him and admire his virtues. He had spoken to the soldiers of religion, especially to one called "Chi," who, soon after witnessing the martyr's death, became a Christian. One of Father Schoeffler's last acts was to petition that the money he left might be divided among the prisoners.

The mandarin, with his guard, then went on to the ramparts to watch the proceedings, still apprehensive of a rescue. A soldier marched first, holding aloft a board on which was inscribed in large letters the King's sentence; eight soldiers, sword in hand, escorted the prisoner, who advanced alone, his face radiant as that of a bridegroom, with a light tread and head erect, more like a young chief surrounded by his guard than a captive being led to the slaughter. A murmur of admiration and sympathy, broken by a few ribald cries, passed through the crowd. "What a hero!" exclaimed the pagans. "He goes to death as if he were going to a feast. . . . What a handsome man! How good and innocent he looks! Why does the King destroy men like him?"

Two companies of fifty men each, alternately with guns and lances, marched two abreast; two elephants brought up the rear, and the place of execution was encircled by a treble row of infantry. Father Schoeffler knelt for a few moments in silent prayer, and then with great devotion kissed three times a little crucifix he carried. Next he took off his tunic and bared his neck, saying to the executioner: "Do your business quickly."—"What does he say?" asked the officer in command.—"He bids me do my business quickly," replied the other.—"No: wait for the signal of the cymbals, and strike on the third stroke." The man's hand trembled, and only after the third attempt did the martyr's head fall. The longed-for "little stroke of the sword" had closed Augustine Schoeffler's earthly life in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and admitted him to the "white-robed army of martyrs."

It was a radiantly fine day; but at the moment the martyr's head was being severed from his body, the sun became obscured by a dense cloud overspreading the heavens. The mandarins, standing on the bastions, and accustomed to see portents in the sky, looked at each other, saying: "The heavens themselves are testifying in favor of this man." The execution at an end, the cloud suddenly dispersed and the sun shone in wonted splendor.

The missionary's head was thrown into the river flowing by the ramparts, and a guard was set round the body. The Christians and even some of the pagans rushed to dip clothes and handkerchiefs in the martyr's blood, dividing his garments, his turban, the cords that had bound his hands, even the blood-stained grass, as relics. Every effort was made to recover the head, but the executioner had taken it in a boat to a deep part of the river, and it was never found. The body was laid in a coffin, previously prepared, and buried on the place of execution, a guard of soldiers watching it the rest of the day and throughout the night. On the night of May 22, the guard having been withdrawn, some neophytes cautiously exhumed the body and carried it secretly to a Christian commune, where it was buried with all possible reverence in the garden of the Christian mayor.

On the 27th of May, 1900, Augustine Schoeffler, with forty-seven other Annamite and Chinese martyrs, was solemnly beatified by Pope Leo XIII. Several miracles have been attributed to his intercession, and, as always happens, the soil watered with his blood has proved fruitful of children of the Church.*

* The incidents of the early life of the martyr and the extracts from his letters are taken from his "Life" by the Abbé Finot, Canon of Metz, published in 1900.

The Abbot's Lessons.*

THE Abbot Pafnucius, as is well known, was a man of most holy life, and was renowned among the brethren for his great austerities. After he had been in the desert many years and had grown old in spiritual excellence, being desirous of advancing still farther in the way of perfection, he prayed to God for light and leading. And after reciting many prayers and performing many long vigils, an angel appeared to him and said there was much he might learn from a poor man living in a town not far distant, who earned his living by his skill in singing and playing on reed pipes. Amazed at the strangeness of the angel's words, the holy abbot went with all haste into the town and made a diligent search for that musician. And when he found him, he questioned him very strictly as to what pious and religious works he had done. He replied that he had been a great sinner, and that not long before, after being with a band of roving robbers, he had settled down in the mean occupation which he was now seen to follow. But Pafnucius was all the more urgent, and asked again if he had chanced to do any good work, even when he was a robber.

"I am unconscious," he said, "of any good work; I know, however, that when I was with the robbers, I found a woman of respectable appearance wandering in the desert. And when I asked her where she had come from, and why and how she had come thither, she replied: 'Ask me no questions, for I am a most miserable woman. I have a husband who has often been hung up

* From a collection of legends printed in A. D. 1490. Translated by the late Rev. L. M. Dalton, M. A. The present version of "The Abbot's Lessons" is much changed, but the adapter has tried to preserve the quaint style of the original and the translation.

for debt to the imperial treasury, and scourged and tortured, and is kept in prison, and brought out only to be tortured. Moreover, we had three sons, who have now been forcibly separated from me because of the same debt. And I, who am being searched for, that I may be punished in the same way, flee from place to place, utterly miserable, and am worn out with hunger and wretchedness. This is the third day that I have been without food. I am the most unfortunate of women.'

"When I heard this I pitied her, and brought her to a cave and refreshed her fainting nature. I also gave her three hundred gold coins, for which sum she declared that she and her husband and sons were liable not only to slavery but also to the most cruel punishments; and when she returned to her native city, she paid the money and set all of them free."

Then said Father Pafnucius: "I have done nothing of that kind. God indeed has shown me about you, that in His eyes you deserve no less than I do, with all my prayers and vigils and austerities. Inasmuch, therefore, dear brother, as you see that you are not deemed by God to be of the lowest rank, take heed to your immortal soul."

And instantly the musician threw away the pipes which he had in his hand, followed the abbot into the desert, and changed the musical art into spiritual harmony of life and heart; giving himself up for three whole years to the strictest abstinence, exercising himself night and day in psalms and prayers. And after pursuing the road to heaven by practising virtue of the higher life, he joined the angelic choirs. So after Pafnucius had sent him before him to heaven he employed himself with application more severe than that which he had practised before, and again, with sighs and tears, in long vigils, implored the Lord to teach him another wholesome lesson. Accordingly the angel came to him a second time, saying: "Know that you are like the mayor of the nearest town."

Now, when he heard this, Pafnucius hastened thither without delay, and knocked at the door of the mayor's house. And he, whose habit it was to welcome strangers, ran to meet him and brought him into his house, and washed his feet, and set a table before him and made a feast. And at the meal Pafnucius began to ask his host what he did, to what he applied himself, and what good he practised. When, however, the other gave humble replies about himself, and preferred to keep out of sight his good deeds rather than make them known, Pafnucius was very pressing, and said that it had been revealed to him by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself that he well deserved to be associated with holy monks. But the mayor had a far humbler opinion of himself than before, and said:

"I am conscious of no good in myself in any respect; but, because the word of God has come to you, I can not conceal things from Him from whom nothing is hid. I will, therefore, tell you what is commonly known. I have never ceased to welcome strangers, but have ministered to them, so as not to allow any one to meet a foreigner before me on his arrival. I have never let any stranger leave my house without provision for his journey; I have not despised any poor man, but have furnished him with such things as were needful. If I have sat in judgment, I have not accepted the person even of my own son in opposition to justice. If I have been engaged in lawsuits, I have never passed them by without reconciling those who were at variance. My flocks have never injured the crops of others; I have never hindered any one who wished to sow in a field of mine; nor have I chosen richer land for

myself, and left what was more barren for him. So far as I have been able, I have never allowed one who was more powerful to oppress the weak. As much as possible, I have tried to live at peace with all men; I have always striven during my life not to vex or injure anybody. Such has been my manner of life till now, by the gift of God."

And when Pafnucius heard this, he kissed him fondly and blessed him with the words, "The Lord give thee blessing out of Sion, and mayest thou see prosperity in Jerusalem. Because, therefore, you have fulfilled those duties well and consistently, there is lacking to you that which is the most important of all good things: that you should give up everything and follow the true wisdom of God, and search for the treasures of hidden knowledge, to which, as is taught by the Holy Gospels in many places, you can not attain otherwise than by self-denial, and by taking up your cross and by following Jesus Christ."

And when the mayor heard this, he left all things, and followed the man of God, and went with him to the desert. And when they came to the desert, Pafnucius lodged the man in a cell which was not far from his monastery, and gave him a plan of spiritual life, and taught him how to practise endeavors after perfection, and trusted him with the mysteries of knowledge. And, after instructing him thoroughly, the holy abbot gave himself up to more advanced practices, praying more fervently, fasting more rigorously, and shedding more abundant tears. For he said to himself: "If men who are in the world do such good works, how much ought we to endeavor to surpass them in quantity or quality in the toil of fasting!"

And when some time had been spent on these things, Pafnucius, one day when sitting in his cell, saw the soul of this man, him whom he had adopted and had now perfected in labor, taken up to heaven, surrounded by choirs of angels, who said, "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and receivest unto Thee. He shall dwell in Thy courts, etc." And after he had heard this he knew that the good man was taken up from this world, and already in possession of the riches of eternal life.

Then assuredly did Pafnucius persevere in prayers and fastings, and went forwards to greater and more excellent works; and again prayed to the Lord to show him to whom among men he was accounted like. Again the angel appeared, and said to him: "Learn of the banker whom you see coming towards you; arise quickly and run to meet him." Then Pafnucius went out without delay, and met a banker of Alexandria carrying merchandise worth twenty thousand pounds, in three ships from the Thebais. And, as he was a religious man and zealous of good works, he was bringing to the monastery of the man of God ten sacks of pulse, with which his servants were loaded. And this was the reason why he was coming to Pafnucius. And the holy man said to him: "Become yourself a banker of the kingdom of God to which you are called, and follow the Saviour, by whom you are shortly to be taken up; seek for a treasure which neither thieves dig up nor moths destroy; despise a treasure that will perish, in order to be able to acquire a treasure that will last for ever and ever."

The banker without any delay directed his servants to lay out upon the poor whatever remained, for he had already distributed much with his own hands. He himself, however, followed Pafnucius into the desert, and was settled by him in the same place from which the former brethren had been taken up to our Lord God.

And he was instructed by the abbot himself about all spiritual exercises, and persevered in studies concerning divine wisdom, and in practices of penance. When, however, a short time was completed, he, too, was translated to the assemblies of the just.

And not long after, Pafnucius himself also laid down his life, in the course of exercises and labors of extreme abstinence. The angel of the Lord came and stood by him, and said to him: "Come now, blessed one, and enter the eternal tabernacles due to you. After your long endurance of toils, God desires to repay you with the reward of immortality and glory forever." But whilst he was still in the body, when some priests had come to visit him, he made known to them all that the Lord Jesus Christ had revealed to him, and said to them that no one in this world ought to be despised, seeing that in every rank of human life there are souls pleasing to God, who secretly do what is delightful to Him. So that it is certain that the business of life or one's dress, honors, learning, emoluments, or ancestry, are of no consequence whatever compared with sincerity and perfection of heart and honesty in work.

And soon afterwards Pafnucius breathed his last. Moreover, the priests who were present and all the brethren clearly saw the holy abbot welcomed by angels, who sang a hymn and glorified God in him.

A WISE man was asked: "Who is successful and who is unsuccessful?" And he answered: "He is successful who gives away all he has before he dies; he is unsuccessful who dies with his riches in his grasp. The first goes where he finds his treasure laid away for him; the second, if so fortunate as to enter heaven, will find that he has lost his wealth on the way."

The Land of Sanctuary.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

HISTORY is the record of things done in bygone days, and there are still among us hearts that beat more quickly at the recollection of the deeds of the good men and true who braved the dangers of the sea and of unexplored regions, to seek in the wilds of America the freedom of worship denied them at home by the rigorous tenets of a Church by law established.

At a recent meeting of clergymen and laymen of different denominations, some one said that it is not generally known that the Baptists were the first to proclaim religious liberty in the New World. If this were true, it *would* be generally known. But history and tradition unite in affirming that with the landing of the Catholic Colonists in the domain granted by the English sovereign to Sir George Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, began the era of freedom of conscience in America.

A letter written by the Rev. Andrew White, S. J., a month after the "Ark" and the "Dove" anchored in the waters of the Chesapeake, tells of the voyage from the time they sailed from Cowes in England, and of the motives that led them to undertake so perilous a venture. This letter was read by Cecilius, son of Sir George Calvert, who was Secretary of State under King James. It was finally sent to Rome, where it was discovered in the Jesuit Archives two hundred years later by the Rev. William McSherry, S. J.; he made a translation of it, which he brought to Georgetown College. It was printed for the first time in the Catholic Almanac and Directory in Baltimore in 1840, in which year Father McSherry was president of Georgetown. He was afterwards first Provincial of the Jesuits in America.

Sir George Calvert had been a member of the Church of England, but in 1624 he became a Catholic; and, determined no longer to hold the office of Secretary of State, he tendered his resignation to the King, informing him "he was now a Roman Catholic, so that he must be wanting in his trust or violate his conscience in discharging his office." The King accepted his resignation, but retained him as a member of his Privy Council for life, and created him Baron of Baltimore. Laws against the Catholics in England were then most severe and cruel; yet in "The Account of the Court of James I.," Bishop Goodman, who lived at that era, wrote of Secretary Calvert that he was "*infinitely addicted* to the Roman Catholic Faith, having been converted thereunto by Count Gondemar and Count Arundel, whose daughter Secretary Calvert's son had married; and, as it was said, the Secretary did usually catechize his own children, so to ground them in his own religion; and in his best room having an altar set up with chalice, candlesticks, and all other ornaments, he brought all strangers thither, never concealing anything, as if his whole joy and comfort had been to make open profession of religion."

Calvert obtained a grant of land in America from Charles I., who had succeeded his father, James I.; and, in honor of the Catholic Queen, Henrietta Maria, the Province was named Maryland. The colonists, numbering 200, who sailed thither, were nearly all Catholics and gentlemen of fortune and respectability; they were accompanied by two Jesuits, Father White and Father Altham; and were placed under the command of Leonard Calvert, whom his brother Cecilius, now Lord Proprietary, had appointed governor of Maryland.

Doctor Samuel Stringer, who came as Governor Calvert's physician, was an Episcopalian, but the cross on his coat-of-arms shows that his ancestors took their part in the Crusades; and, his daughter Lucy marrying Nicholas Ridgely, some of their descendants have embraced the old Faith. Among these are the Ridgelys, the Sappingtons, the Coales, and the McSherrys; the latter, always Catholic—like the descendants of Robert Owings, a Catholic who came as Lord Baltimore's civil surveyor,—have through the years been true to the traditions of their Catholic ancestry.

Though women had no political rights in England, Mistress Margaret Brent, a woman of great spirit and energy, won a name for herself by demanding of the Maryland General Assembly that she should be allowed to sit in that body by reason of being a large landowner in St. Mary's County, and also being the administratrix of her cousin, Governor Calvert. Her request was refused.

With the Colonists also were Thomas Greene and William Stone, who succeeded Governor Calvert in the direction of affairs, continuing the mild rule and wise policy of the Calverts; so that Maryland, the only Colony on the Atlantic Coast where men were free to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, gained the well-merited name of "The Land of the Sanctuary."

The paper from which Father McSherry made his translation is in Latin; it was written from the city of St. Mary's probably in April, 1634, and is entitled "A Report of the Colony of the Lord Baron of Baltimore near Virginia," in which the quality, nature, and condition of the country and its many advantages and riches are described. "There is a province near the English Colony in Virginia which, in honor of Maria, his queen, his Majesty the King of England wished to be called Maryland, or the Land of Mary." This prov-

ince his Majesty in his munificence presented to the Lord Baron of Baltimore in the month of June, 1632. This distinguished nobleman immediately resolved to settle a colony with the particular intention of establishing the religion of the Gospel and truth in that and the neighboring country, where as yet the knowledge of the true God had never existed. He was encouraged in his enterprise by the favorable account of the country left by his worthy father, whose testimony, founded upon actual observation, was worthy of the utmost confidence, corroborated by the report of others who had visited the same region, as well as by the published account of Captain John Smith, who first described it.

"The interests of religion constituted one of the first objects of Lord Baltimore's attention,—an object worthy indeed of Christians, of angels, of Englishmen, than which in all her ancient victories Britain never achieved anything more honorable. Behold these regions waiting for the harvest. They are prepared to receive the fruitful seed of the Gospel." The Report of Father White then gives a glowing and minute description of the country with its fruits, trees and other resources, its rivers and various kinds of fish.

"On the 22d of November, being St. Cecilia's day, under the gentle influence of an eastern wind we dropped down from the Isle of Wight. Having placed our ship under the protection of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. Ignatius, and all the guardian angels of Maryland, we had progressed but a short distance when we were obliged for the want of wind to cast anchor off the fortress of Yarmouth, where we were welcomed by a salute. While lying there we were not without some apprehensions from our sailors, who began to murmur among themselves, alleging that they expected a messenger from land with letters, and because none arrived they seemed disposed to create delays. A kind Providence put an end to our fears; that night a favorable wind sprang up and our pinnace, which apprehended an attack from a French brig that kept within a short distance of her, took advantage of the wind and put to sea. We, not willing to lose sight of her, followed her with all speed, and thus frustrated the evil designs of our sailors; this was on the night of St. Clement's Day, 23d of November.

"On the next morning about ten o'clock, after receiving a second salute from the fort at Hurst, we were carried beyond the breakers at the extremity of the Isle of Wight (the Needles), and narrowly escaped being driven on shore. Taking advantage of a strong fair wind on that day and the next night, we left the Western point of England, slackening sail lest, running ahead of the pinnace, she might fall into the hands of the pirates and Turks who were then infesting these seas. On the 24th of November we made great headway until evening, when a violent storm arose, and our sloop, being diffident of its strength, being only of 40 tons burden, hove to and informed us that in case of danger she would carry lights at her masthead.

"We were in a well-built ship of 400 tons, as strong as iron and wood could make her, and our captain was one of great experience. The storm was so violent that we gave him the choice of returning to England or pursuing the voyage. His intrepidity and confidence in the untried powers of his ship induced him to choose the latter. But in the middle of the night, in a boiling sea, we saw our sloop at a short distance from us, showing two lights at her masthead. Then, indeed, did we fear for her; and, on losing sight of her, we all supposed she had been swallowed

up in the stormy sea. Six weeks elapsed before we again heard from her. But God had preserved her. Fearing that she could not survive the storm, she had changed her course and took refuge in the Scilly Isles. She afterwards sailed in pursuit of us, and we met at the Antilles.

"On Friday, the 29th, a wonderful storm arose, that made the most fearless men tremble for the result. Among the Catholics, however, novenas were offered in honor of the Blessed Mother and her Immaculate Conception; of St. Ignatius, the patron of Maryland; St Michael, and all the guardian angels. Each one prayed earnestly to expiate his sins through the sacrament of penance; for, having unshipped her rudder, our vessel was tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waves. At first I feared the loss of our ship and death awaited us; but after spending some time in prayer, and having declared to the Lord Jesus and to his Holy Mother, St. Ignatius, and the protecting angels of Maryland, that the purpose of this voyage was to pay honor to the Blood of our Redeemer by the conversion of barbarians, I arose with a firm confidence that, through the mercy and goodness of God, we should escape the danger that seemed to threaten our destruction. I had bowed myself down in prayer during the greatest rage of the tempest, and let the true God be glorified; scarcely had I finished before the storm was ceasing. I felt myself imbued with a new spirit, and overspread with a flood of joy and admiration at the benevolence of God to the people of Maryland to whom we were sent.

"The remainder of the voyage, which lasted three months, was prosperous; our captain affirmed that he had never witnessed a more pleasant or happy one. This included the time we spent at the Antilles; but, we were, in fact, only seven weeks and two days at sea. Along the Spanish coasts we feared to fall into the hands of the Turks, passing the Pillars of Hercules and the Madeira Islands. We saw three vessels, but concluded they were merchantmen bound for the Fortunate Islands, and as much afraid of us as we were of them."

Father White then writes of the trade winds, the tropical birds and flying fish which he saw near the Azores and Barbados, where the governor and English inhabitants exacted unreasonable prices for provisions. On account of the great abundance of potatoes, they received a wagon load gratis.

Passing St. Lucia, they came to an island inhabited by savages only. Rumor had it among the sailors, from some Frenchmen shipwrecked there, that on the island there was an animal in whose forehead was a stone of uncommon brilliancy called a carbuncle. Father White dryly remarked, "Its author must answer for the truth of this report."

At Montserrat they found "Irishmen driven from Virginia on account of their profession of the Catholic faith." They remained ten days at St. Christopher's by invitation of the English governor and two captains who were Catholics. When they reached the coast of Virginia at Point Comfort, they dreaded the unfriendliness of the English, to whom the new colony was an unwelcome addition; but a letter from the king and the high constable of England procured them some advantages.

"On the third of March, having arrived in the Chesapeake Bay, we tacked to the north to reach the Potomac River, to which we gave the name of St. George; the point on the North we called St. Gregory; that on the South, St. Michael's [Point Lookout]. A larger and more beautiful stream I never have seen. The Thames compared with it is but a rivulet. Bounded on no sides by marshes, it runs between solid and rising banks. On

either side are splendid forests not overgrown with weeds or briars. You might drive a four-horse carriage with the reins loose in your hands through them. The natives were armed at the mouth of the river, and at night fires blazed through the land, and messengers were sent around to announce the arrival of a canoe as large as an island and numbering as many men as the trees in a forest.

"We touched at one of the Heron Islands (so called from the immense flocks of these birds) which we named St. Clement's, where, owing to its sloping banks, we could only land by fording. Here the maids who had landed to wash the clothes were almost drowned by the upsetting of the boat. I lost a large portion of my linen,—no small loss in this part of the world.

"This island abounds in cedar trees, sassafras, and all those herbs and flowers entering into the class of salads; and the walnut tree, with a heavy shell and a small but very delicious kernel. A scope of four hundred acres did not appear sufficient for our new plantation. This was the most narrow crossing of the river.

"On the day of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 25th of March, we first offered the Sacrifice of the Mass, never before done in this region of the world; after which, having raised on our shoulders an immense cross which we had fashioned from a tree, and going in procession to the designated spot, assisted by the governor, commissary and other Catholics, we erected the trophy of Christ the Saviour, and humbly bent the knee in reverence during the devout recitation of the Litany of the Holy Cross.

"The governor was kindly received by the emperor, who ruled over several tribes. And the natives wondered what part of the earth produced a tree large enough to make such a boat; for they thought that it, like an Indian canoe, was hewn out of a single tree. The report of our cannon struck them dumb with fear.

"On his visit to the emperor, our governor carried with him as companion one Henry Fleet, a captain among the settlers in Virginia, much beloved by the natives and skilled in their language and settlements. While he was our friend, he pointed out a suitable place for a settlement, than which a more heavenly and lovely spot Europe could not furnish. The great river flows about twenty miles before it loses the salt water taste. In its mouth are two harbors in which 300 ships of the line could ride at anchor.

"On the left side of the river was the settlement of Yacominco. We ascended on the right side, and selected a site for the city, to be called St. Mary's. And, to avoid all imputation of injury and occasion of enmity, giving in payment hatchets, axes, hoes, and some yards of cloth, we bought from the king about thirty miles of the country called Augusta Caroline (now St. Mary's County). This tribe was forced by the warlike Susquehannahs to leave their homes, and thus we so promptly obtained possession of that part of this kingdom, God in His goodness opening a path for His law and eternal light by these means.

"The natives emigrate here and there daily, leaving behind them their fields and clearings. It amounts almost to a miracle that savages, who but a few days before arrayed themselves in arms against us, should now with the meekness of the lamb throw themselves on our mercy and deliver everything to us. Here the finger of God is evident, and doubtless Providence has some good in store for this nation.

"The natives are tall, of a copper color; they are dressed generally in deerskins or something of that nature.

They tread on thorns and thistles, as if the soles of their feet were of horn. By the use of their bows and arrows they secure a sufficient quantity of food, squirrels, partridges and turkeys, of which there are great numbers. Their huts are oval or oblong in shape, 7 or 10 feet high, with an opening in the roof for the smoke to escape. The kings and principal chiefs have each a hut of his own, and a bed made by driving four stakes in the ground and laying poles over them. A tent of this description is allowed to my companion and myself, in which we are comfortably enough accommodated until a better house can be built. *This may be considered the first chapel in Maryland.* It is, however, furnished in a more seeming manner than when it was inhabited by the Indians.

"The disposition of the tribe is sprightly and ingenuous, and they excel the Europeans in the sense of sight and smell. They are extremely modest and proper; the countenances of the women, sedate and modest. Their food consists of corn, baked into pone, and onions; also fish and game. They are much pleased with the courteous language of the Europeans, as well as their dress, in which manner they would now be clothed except for the avarice of our trades. They acknowledge one God in heaven, but pay Him no honors.

"The soil is especially rich, soft and black a foot in depth; it is covered with wide-spreading trees of great and surpassing beauty, except here and there a small patch of cultivated ground. The land is refreshed by springs of excellent drinking water. The only quadrupeds we have seen are deer, beavers, and squirrels. Flocks of birds are innumerable, such as eagles, herons, swans, geese, ducks, and partridges. Hence you may suppose there is nothing wanting here which may minister to the necessities or the pleasures of its inhabitants."

A Gentle Home-Thrust.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES was especially noted for his unfailing practice of what he himself styled "the little virtues—humility, patience, meekness, benignity, bearing one another's burdens, condescension, kindness of heart, cheerfulness, cordiality, compassion, forgiving injuries, simplicity, and candor." He certainly found frequent occasion for practising all of them in the discharge of his duties as Bishop of Geneva. At one period of his episcopal career he had been laboring for the conversion of an old lady, a Calvinist, who had been coming to him every day for a long time, always with some new doubt to be dispelled. The patient Bishop listened to her with great amiability, and without ever showing how bored he really was; though even *his* patience must have been sorely tried when she developed the habit of seeking him out two or three times a day.

Finally, she said to him one morning: "Well, Bishop, you have solved most of my difficulties. In fact, the only doubt I have at present has to do with the celibacy of the clergy. I don't see that it's necessary at all."

"But, my dear madam, you must remember what St. Paul says about the advantages of being unmarried when one desires to serve God thoroughly. Celibacy is clearly necessary for priests, in order that, being free from the care of a family, they may serve the people more efficiently than would otherwise be possible. Take your own case, for instance. You will readily understand that, if I had a wife and children to look after, I should not be able to have so many talks with you."

It is gratifying to add that this gentle home-thrust proved effective in resolving the old lady's last doubt. She proclaimed herself thoroughly satisfied, and entered the Church.

Catholic Facts in France.

THOSE interested in the expansion of the Church look upon France with especial concern. Secularization, philosophic denial of the supernatural, and Governmental hostility to religion in every form, have done their best to corrupt the Eldest Daughter of the Church. Opinions of most varied optimism and pessimism have been given freely; and it is good to come upon a rigidly objective view of the situation, such as that presented by the Vicomte d'Avenel in recent numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The author is a scholarly Catholic publicist and student of religious history. After supplying statistics furnished by many individual dioceses, he sums up the matter by saying, "One is able to conclude thus for the entire country (Paris and the three Departments of Alsace Lorraine being left aside): that of the thirty-four million individuals of both sexes inhabiting the Republic, about ten million are practical Catholics; sixteen or seventeen million perform to some extent the duties exacted by the Church, by such practices as going to Mass on Sundays; and only seven or eight million, among whom there is a small group quite frankly hostile, live without paying attention to any creed, and, though in many cases baptized, are Christians only in name.—

"Such, after fifteen years of the iniquitous Law of Separation, would seem to be the low-water mark of French belief. One can not maintain seriously that the country has been 'de-Christianized.' It would be easier to assert the contrary, and to declare that it is precisely because the Catholic Faith has gained ground during a state of affairs from which its friends feared everything and of which its enemies expected everything,—that it is precisely because the opinion of the nation looks upon the Church with increased favor that official relations with the Vatican are now being resumed by the State. I believe that the Church has a protector, Christ, and that He is sufficient."

The Vicomte holds that the missionary activities of the Church among Frenchmen will begin by bringing the person of our Redeemer before those who have grown up without knowing Him: by showing the factory-worker and the Governmental employee the value of the eternal friendship of the Son of Man. Certainly there is reason to hope that if so much of the faith of France has been left intact by the assault of godless politicians, the ancient devotion and understanding symbolized by the figure of Christ at Amiens and Chartres will be given to those who are now sitting in darkness. After all, useful and edifying though they may be, the external signs of cordial relations between a Government and the Holy See are not intensely significant. Whether the Papal Nuncio be honored or rejected, whether the tribune be hostile or friendly, does not matter very much, if the Catholic Faith of the people remain what the divine mission of the Redeemer intended it to be.

For the missionary activities of French Catholics among the pagans no apology need be made; and our author takes consolation from the impressive statistics he is able to present. Since the days of Jogues and Brébeuf, men have looked with awe upon the mettle of French apostles; to-day, it seems, the twilight of belief in the land of St. Louis has only led the faithful few to a more prodigal expenditure of their efforts in distant lands. Every missionary country is blessed with priests and Sisters sent out of France. Surely, such outstanding devotion will be rewarded by the discovery of those accents which will reach the heart of the nation at home.

Notes and Remarks.

The American people, who so emphatically rejected the League of Nations, are watching the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference with increasingly intense interest. They have noted the desire to bind us to an alliance or understanding by which we shall be under obligations, should the necessity arise, of fighting with France against Central Europe, and of supporting the domination of England and Japan in Asia. The American people have noted also the disposition on the part of some of their representatives to forget that this Republic exists for its own safety and welfare. As now constituted, it has nothing to fear from the rest of the world; but to league itself with imperialist Powers in order to enable them to hold weaker peoples in subjection, and to retain what they seized at the conference in Paris, would be national suicide. Let the words, wise and weighty, of the immortal Lincoln, uttered in one of his great patriotic speeches, now be pondered by our people everywhere: "All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reaches us it must spring from amongst us; it can not come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we ourselves must be its author and finisher. As a nation of free men we must live through all time, or die by suicide."

"A powerful virus infecting American life at its source is at work in every State of the Union, undermining the institution of marriage and rotting the underpinning of the whole structure of civilized life." This emphatic declaration is made by Bishop Moreland (P. E. C.) in the course of a thoughtful and thorough article on divorce, contributed to the New York *Times*,—an article which deserves the widest and most attentive reading. Although the Bishop says nothing that has not been said before, he expresses himself with unusual vigor, and emphasizes one point that is often lost sight of—the baleful influence and far-reaching pernicious effects which the dissolution of the marriage bond has upon children. Deprived of their inheritance of parental love, and left to mend their shattered lives as best they may, minor children are especially to be pitied. In proportion as the evil of divorce has spread, and in proportion as the number of divorces has increased, says Bishop Moreland, the number of juvenile delinquents has grown, so that the two seem to go together, and very naturally; because the neglect of children is to be expected in families where divorces occur. It is even less surprising when we learn that during the past ten years the number of minor children mentioned in divorce proceedings numbered 1,883,591; and the number of adult children, 500,000.

Readers interested in Catholic Social Reform—and such readers should be numerous—will find abundant food for thought in a recent paper by the Rev. Dr. Ryan on some of the obstacles to that reform. Addressing American Catholics generally, he writes:

> I venture to say that the majority of you are under the impression that Labor has had things its own way for the last ten years and more, that its condition has been tremendously improved, and that it has become utterly unreasonable. The fact in regard to one particular element in Labor's condition is this—and you will find it stated in a scientific way by two professors of the University of

Chicago in the current number of the *American Economic Review*,—that the weekly wages of labor in general, the average weekly wages throughout the United States at the close of the war, were twenty to thirty per cent less in purchasing power than wage scales in the Nineties; that they were from ten to twenty per cent less in purchasing power than the wages of 1915. This estimate may be wrong, but it is the best that we have to date.

The concluding paragraph of Dr. Ryan's interesting paper is also worth thinking about. He says:

One final point. Let us not flatter ourselves that the masses of the Catholic working people in this country are as much attached to the Church as we think they are. From many quarters comes the information that they are losing, at least great numbers of them, the fervor of their allegiance to the Church. So this work of striving to make our industrial system and industrial relations Christian instead of pagan, which they are now, is a work that can, without any exaggeration, be called an important part of God's work.

We have often been deeply impressed by the amount of historical and geographical lore contained in periodicals dealing with Catholic missions. The apostles of the Faith are wires which link the outposts of heathenism with Christian civilization; and backward and forward over these wires go messages which, little by little, build up the story of glad tidings. Of course all this has been going on for centuries. Recently the *Field Afar* made the following apt comment on the matter:

History, whether it be general or the history of the arts and sciences, if studied apart from the Church, lacks an essential element. Yet history from a Catholic viewpoint is incomplete unless the influence of the Church as a missionary body is taken into consideration. Hitherto this important factor in the world's development—the apostolic rôle of the Catholic Church—has been much neglected even in our American Catholic colleges,—nay, even in our seminaries. A vague impression that St. Francis Xavier converted thousands in the East, and that somehow since his time Europe has always sent forth missionaries, sums up the knowledge of the average Catholic student; and it is the exceptional graduate who knows the effect of the missionary activities of the early Fathers, of the sons of St. Benedict, and of the friars of the Middle Ages,—even in general outline. Happily, our colleges to-day are taking preliminary steps towards a fuller treatment of the Church Apostolic; and the encouragement given the Students' Mission Crusade will bear fruit in a more sympathetic development of this phase of education.

The Sovereign Pontiff has issued a Brief which raises to the rank of archconfraternity the Association of the Three Hail Marys. The opening paragraph of the document, which is of general Catholic interest, runs: "In Perpetual Memory.—Nothing is more agreeable to Us than to develop the piety of the Christian people towards the Blessed Virgin Mary, mediatrix of divine graces. In order to secure this result, the repeated recitation of the Angelical Salutation is extremely effective. The saints of old preached this devotion; and the Roman Pontiffs, Our predecessors, have caused its further progress, even by particular favors drawn from the treasury of the Church." In the course of the Brief attention is called to the fact that the particular devotion known as the Three Hail Marys is becoming more and more general.

One of the most common experiences of a Catholic visitor to Lourdes is a possibly uncharitable, but for all that a pretty definite, impression that non-Catholic visitors who profess unbelief in the marvels wrought at the Grotto, and declare that they sense nothing of the supernatural atmosphere which permeates the whole district, are not honest and sincere. The proper attitude of any non-Catholic visitor to Our Lady's most notable shrine should be very much that of Mr. Philip Carr, who

writes in the *Westminster Gazette:* "Everyone should go to Lourdes if he gets the chance....In France, Lourdes arouses as much fierce opposition as enthusiasm. But the traveller, whatever his views, should not miss it. Be he Catholic or Protestant, atheist or believer, he can hardly fail to see in these crowds one of the most impressive things in Europe. So much simple faith and so much suffering form in themselves a cloud of witness of a thing in the soul of man, both a strength and a weakness, which is far more vital than the evidence of material cures. Nowhere have I felt borne in upon me with such force the power of the soul to create its own world of the spirit."

According to an Ottawa dispatch that appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto *Globe*, Dr. J. M. Reich, president of the Hebrew Christian Alliance of America, has declared that there is in progress a great revival, by means of which the Jewish people will all come to recognize Jesus Christ as the Messiah. Our vigilant contemporary, the *Canadian Register*, thinks the dispatch of some outstanding importance, and comments upon it in this rather interesting fashion:

When this little item is duly considered, it is seen to be of tremendous import; for its contents constitute one of the signs that are to precede the Last Judgment of mankind and the dissolution of the world. The signs may be thus set down: 1. The Gospel shall have been preached to the whole world. 2. The Jewish people shall all be converted to Christ. 3. False prophets shall arise. 4. There will be wars, famines, and pestilences. 5. Antichrist, "the man of sin," will appear. 6. Elias will return to the earth. 7. Signs in the heavens: the sun will be darkened; the moon will refuse its light, etc.

Cardinal O'Connell's recent pastoral letter on the Labor Question, or Industrial Relations, is a masterly contribution to the work of restoring peace and confidence in the world of industry. In its larger lines, it is, of course, scarcely anything more than a restatement of the principles laid down by Leo XIII.; but in the application of those principles to present-day conditions, his Eminence of Boston is particularly forceful and effective. Outstanding sentences in the pastoral are:

The right of men to organize is a natural, inalienable right. Capital enjoys it, and justly. Labor enjoys it, and justly. It is manifestly unjust for Capital to vindicate its own right to organize, and to deny the same right to workers. Nor can the State...invade these rights.

Until due recognition and help come to the worker from State or employer, he will be justified by self-defence in resorting to strikes. It is a natural right of man to give or withhold his labor. It is man's defence against injury and oppression....

A strike is not war, save figuratively; but, like war, it should be considered a last resort.

The State should always maintain discipline and order, but the State has no right to prohibit a just strike. That is a natural right of man. It existed prior to the State itself, and is a right which no society can annul.

The sinful extravagance of some workers is to be condemned. Extravagance is just as sinful on the part of the rich, not economically but morally.

One of the most attentively followed addresses delivered at the first annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Men, held in Washington a few weeks ago, was that of the Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Vicar-General of the diocese of Savannah. His theme was the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, a body whose activities we have more than once applauded. Dr. Mitchell told the story, now so familiar to all Catholics in Georgia and to many elsewhere, of how in five short years the press of the State had replaced its anti-Catholic spirit with the spirit of Christian fairness. He told of the work the Laymen's Association is doing in letting the people of Georgia know what Catho-

lics really believe, of how it corrects misstatements in the daily and weekly press, of how it answers attacks from other quarters, and of the other activities of the organization.

The exceptional interest shown by the delegates in the facts placed before them by Dr. Mitchell gave good promise of similar action by other laymen in other portions of the country.

There would be fewer objections to strenuous censorship of moving pictures if more of our dramatic critics on the daily press displayed as much honesty as the St. Louis gentleman who wrote of one production being shown at a theatre in that city: "The writer of this review would not take one of his children or a woman member of his family to see it." It is to be hoped that at least all Catholic readers of his criticism forthwith boycotted the offensive picture,—both for their families and themselves. Notwithstanding the gibes at the undue prudery evinced by many who find a large number of films to be nothing less than occasions of sin, there are few persons so sophisticated that unchastely suggestive moving pictures are not to them the source of temptations,—future, if not present temptations. Custody of the eyes is an age-enjoined preservative of chastity; and there is highest authority for the statement that "those who love the danger shall perish in it."

We should be far more sanguine about the results of the Washington Peace Conference, as it is called, if all the members of it were men like Mr. Charles M. Schwab. Speaking for the iron and steel industry of the United States at a dinner in honor of Marshal Foch last week, in New York, he said:

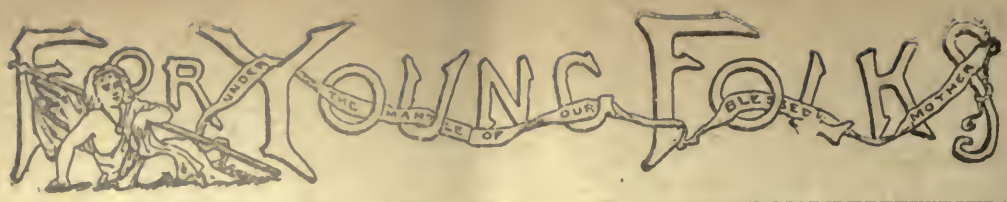
"Let us have peace!" That sublime phrase of Gen. Grant might well be the motto of the World Conference now assembled at Washington. From the bottom of my heart, I say that if the statesmen now assembled in Washington, under the far-sighted leadership of our President and Secretary Hughes, should find it possible to bring about disarmament and permanent peace, gladly would I see the war-making machinery of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation sunk in the depths of the ocean.

In reference to the monetary loss that would undoubtedly be entailed by disarmament, Mr. Schwab said further, in the same fine vein:

Such a thing as financial loss can be of no consideration when compared to the inestimable boon to mankind which would be involved in the realization of that magnificent plan. What red-blooded American would not, indeed, make any sacrifice if the burden of armament could be lifted from the shoulders of humanity? May God speed the day when this noble conception can be realized!

This from the head of the largest war material works in the world, the largest American builder of warships. And no one who knows him will question the sincerity of his words. If ever there was a man wholly unspoiled by prosperity and celebrity, it is Mr. Schwab. He is too large-hearted not to be disinterested, and too right-minded to be vainglorious.

What can be termed only an example of exceptional inanity must be laid at the door of our ex-Minister to Germany, Mr. James Gerard. He will, perhaps, be remembered as the author of a volume of propaganda, "My Four Years in Germany." This remarkable disclosure found its way into the "Movies," and has just been introduced into Norway, under somewhat unusual circumstances. The original film, 2600 metres in length, was frowned upon by the censor; thereupon some thousand metres of first-rate sensation were summarily removed, and the authorities have announced that, with sundry other deletions, this extraordinary production of an American diplomat may now be offered to the general public.



To a Little Songster.

BY M. H. KENNEDY.

O GOLDEN-HUED canary,
With voice so sweet and high,
I wonder if you ever wish
That you could hop and fly
In some green forest far away,
Beneath a sunny sky?

O gentle little songster,
With eyes so keen and bright,
I wonder if you ever long
To join in feathered flight
With other brothers of the air,
And share in their delight?

O little flash of sunshine,
That cheers the heart in me,
I would I might give you the right
To fly to any tree!
Your vacant cage would tell me much;
I'd *know* you would be free!

The Little Minstrel.

BY HECTOR MALOT.

XXIII.—A Happy Reunion.

IT was June and the gardens were in full, luxuriant bloom. Remi strolled up one path and down another, admiring the flowers, the smooth, well-kept grass, the children playing on every side.

It was growing warm, and he approached a small clump of trees under which he thought he would sit down a while. As he came nearer, he saw that a lady was sitting on a bench. Something familiar in the figure arrested his attention. The lady turned her head.

"Remi!" she exclaimed, rising to her feet. "How came you here?"

"Dear Mrs. Milligan!" answered Remi, heart and lips in joyous accord.

"Sit here on this bench beside me," she said. "You can not think, Remi, how glad I am to see you again. But why did you never write! And how is Vitalis? Arthur and I have spoken of you so often, and wondered why you had never written."

"Vitalis is dead," said Remi; "and the address you gave was blotted out in the snow."

"In the snow?"

"Yes,—the night he died."

"When was that?"

"I think about two years and a half ago."

"So long as that? We thought perhaps he would not allow you to write. He did not want me to have you, I know."

"At first he did not, but at the end I think he would have been very glad," said Remi.

"And we thought also it might have been you were a little timid about writing, not having been accustomed to it."

"I can write very well now, Madam," replied Remi. "For two years or more I went to school part of every day."

"Indeed! Where was that?"

"I will tell you, Madam. After we left Cette we had many misfortunes. One night we were caught in a snow-storm, and had to take shelter in an abandoned charcoal-burners' hut in the forest. The wolves ate Dulcie and Zerbino, and Joli-Cœur caught a cold, of which he afterwards died. So our entertainments were not nearly so good as they had been. Then my master resolved to go to Paris, and place me with a man who could teach me to play the harp very well indeed. He would have got some other dogs to train, and tried

to find pupils who wished to learn the violin. But we found that man was a very bad one,—a *padrone* who beat and abused the boys entrusted to his care. He took me away the same day, and, greatly discouraged, set out to walk away from Paris once more. His mind was so upset that I think he did not really know where we were going. That night we had the good fortune to find a countrywoman of his, who gave us lodging. In the morning we went away, and walked and walked. My master wanted to get to Gentilly, where there was an abandoned quarry, where he said we could sleep. We lost our way; there was no quarry to be seen anywhere. It snowed heavily; he could hardly put one foot before the other; he could no longer see. We lay down under a little shed and fell asleep. In the morning I awoke to find myself in a good bed,—my master was dead."

"Poor Vitalis! Poor Remi!" said Mrs. Milligan.

"They were good people who took me in," continued Remi: "a father and five children; the mother was dead. They were gardeners. I helped them and went to school. Three years I lived with them, Madam. Then they were going into Picardy; they could not take me; I left them. I came back to Paris and went to lodge with the countrywoman of Vitalis, who was good to me. There was another boy there—Mattia, whom I knew slightly. We played the harp and violin, and sang on the streets. We had a monkey and Capi,—you remember Capi, Madam?"

"Oh, yes, very well! We liked him the best of the dogs."

"And he *was* the best."

"Where is he now?"

"At home, at my mother's house at Chavonis. I am living there again. I only came up to Paris with her for a few days. I think we shall go back soon."

"Did she send for you?"

"No, Madam; I was so lonely for her and for a home that I went back there. I have always longed for a home."

"And now you have found one?"

"Yes, Madam. *Maman* was glad to see me. She had always hoped for my return. We bought her a cow."

"You did?"

"Yes, and she was so pleased! It is a fine cow. She gives a great deal of milk; and, if we wanted it, we could have butter every day."

"And you do not want it?"

"We can not afford it. *Maman* is very poor."

"What shall you do at Chavonis?"

"Learn to be a farmer, work in the garden; and the schoolmaster will give me some lessons. I may, in time, become a schoolmaster and an organist."

"Are you satisfied with that, Remi?"

For a moment the boy did not answer. At length he said:

"What else is there to do, Madam?"

"What, Remi, if you could have your wish, would you desire most of all?"

"A good education, Madam."

"Do you think if I should promise that I would give you an education, your *maman* would let you come with me?"

"Forever, Madam?"

"That would depend upon circumstances, Remi,—upon your wishes and the manner in which the plan would turn out."

"Perhaps she would. She wishes always for my good."

"Would you like to come, Remi?"

"O Madam, I would,—I would! But it is a selfish thing to think of ever leaving her again."

"Is she alone?"

"She has a grandniece."

"Very well. We can at least talk it over. Can I see her some time?"

"Oh, yes, Madam! She will be glad to

meet you and thank you for your kindness to me."

"To-day, perhaps?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Arthur would be very glad if we could arrange to have you come to us. You were such a good companion for him, Remi. And I fancy," she said, looking at him very closely, "that in spite of your wanderings, you are the same Remi we formerly knew."

He did not understand her,—she felt that he did not; but the frankness with which he returned her steady gaze told her she was not mistaken.

"And how is Arthur?" asked Remi; "you have not told me, Madam. "I have thought of him so many times."

"Arthur is very well now," she said. "He is at home in Ireland. He has a tutor,—a very fine young man. I was called here on business, only to be disappointed for the hundredth time."

Her face grew very sad. Remi thought he had never seen a more sorrowful expression.

"I am sorry, Madam," he said.

"I believe I once told you, Remi," she said, "that I had in my life a great grief,—so great, indeed, that I can not bear to speak of it. Time and again hopes have been held out to me that it might be taken away, but they have always proved vain. And now, this last time, after so many years, they have been aroused only to be unfulfilled. I came to Paris at the request of a gentleman who thought he had found the clue to the mystery. But I fear it will remain a mystery to the end. This morning, feeling particularly gloomy, I came here for a little fresh air and the sight of these beautiful gardens. It is fortunate that I did, for it has renewed our acquaintance. Something tells me, Remi, that God wishes us to share our lives. You are sure you would like to come with me to Ireland?"

Remi reflected for a moment; then, while his voice trembled and his cheek flushed, he spoke from the innocence of his soul.

"Madam," he said, "I also believe, with you, that God has arranged this meeting. You ask me if I am sure I would be glad to go with you to your home. I will tell you that nothing in the whole world could make me so happy,—so happy that it seems to me I should be ashamed of being ungrateful to *maman*, which is what it looks like, Madam. But it really is not that, and she will not think so either. When you see her you will know how good she is. Shall I bring her to you, or will you come to the house where we are lodging?"

"I will go with you," replied Mrs. Milligan. "My carriage is here, and the coachman will follow your directions."

"*Maman* went to see a lawyer this morning," said Remi. "But I think she will be back by now."

"I, too, must see my lawyer this morning," she answered. "I have not heard from him for some time, and I will tell him that I can not wait longer on a clue that is likely to end in nothing. And I shall have to ask him some questions about a plan I am considering for your future."

In a few moments they were at the lawyer's office. They ascended the stairs. Mrs. Milligan knocked at the door.

"*Entrez!*" said a voice; they entered. To Remi's surprise, they were confronted by a familiar group, seated around a table: the lawyer, M. Desmoulins, Mercanti, and Mother Barbarin, who had been weeping.

"Remi!" she cried.

Mrs. Milligan whispered: "Who is that woman?"

"My *maman*,—Mother Barbarin," he replied, stepping forward.

"Barbarin! Barbarin!" cried Mrs.

Milligan. "Why, that is the name of the people?" and she looked expectantly at the lawyer.

Mother Barbarin leaned over the table and picked up a child's dress, cloak, and cap, which lay there. They had once been white but time had yellowed them. They were of the finest texture. She held them in front of Mrs. Milligan, who took them from her hand, exclaiming:

"These clothes,—these clothes! They belonged to my dear little boy!"

Mother Barbarin took Remi's hand in her own, then placed it in that of his mother.

"And here is your boy!" she cried, dropping into her chair, while tears rolled down her cheeks, as she watched the reunited mother and son embrace each other again and again.

Twelve years later I met the Milligans in Paris. The young men, Edward (familiarly called "Remi" by his family) and Arthur, a year and a half younger, bore a strong resemblance to each other. Happiness had obliterated the lines of care and sorrow from the face of the mother, who looked like an elder sister. The brothers were inseparable companions.

They had been making the tour of the Continent, had visited Mattia and his stepfather, Mercanti, in Italy, where they had become prosperous wine-growers. Their success had been largely due to the generosity of Mrs. Milligan. In Naples, they had also seen the Signora and her sister, now happily re-established there with their nephew, Stefano.

In France they had gone into Picardy, but found no trace of the Despards, who had emigrated to America some years before.

At Chavonis, they had enjoyed a visit with Mother Barbarin, now, through Mrs. Milligan's generosity, living comfortably with her grandniece, and able to have butter as well as milk every day of the year.

At the foot of the garden Capi lay buried, a juniper tree marking his grave. He had died of old age.

One day in Paris the talk ran to politics, and some one incidentally alluded to the young Milligans as Englishmen.

"We are not English: we are Irishmen," replied Remi,—"Irishmen with a big 'I,' and Home Rulers too!"

From the remarks which this avowal drew forth, I think it can be safely inferred that, if the late war has not taken toll of those two brave young spirits, they are to-day Sinn Feiners, heart and soul.

(The End.)

Birds' Nests.

THERE is no time in the year when one can not, if one chooses, learn something about birds' nests. Indeed, some of those wise in bird lore tell us that winter, when the leaves are gone, is the very best time of all. But if we would learn of the habits of the little architects, it surely is better to watch them when they are at work.

Birds do not need dining-rooms or kitchens, for they nibble their food where they find it; or drawing-rooms, for they have all out-of-doors in which to wander; or bedrooms, for they sleep well on any swinging bough. But they must have cradles; and a nest, after it gets through being an egg basket, is just a bird cradle. Each kind of bird has a different sort of nest, but in one thing they are alike; for they are all hidden as far as may be from possible enemies, such as the naughty small boy and the scientific hunter of eggs.

Some birds build at the very tops of trees; some, like the oriole, at the end of a swinging branch; some in the weeds.

One kind of swallow puts its mud-house under the eaves of the barn. These houses are as alike as two peas, and how each bird knows his own no one can tell. The brown thrasher builds on the ground a log-house of sticks, which it binds together with grass. Swallows often choose caves to dwell in, and chimney swifts take up their residence in large smoke flues that are not used in summer. Many sea birds go to islands in the nesting season.

One bird, the cow bunting, does not take the trouble to build any nest at all, but deposits her eggs in the nest of Mistress Wood-thrush, who, though she seems very much astonished at the extraordinary appearance of some of her offspring, proves a good mother to them. Some of the auk family place their single egg on a bare ledge of rock, while the ostrich hides hers in the desert sands. Woodpeckers establish their nurseries in holes which they drill in trees; while the tailor-bird spins a cotton thread, and sews together the leaves which are to blanket its nest.

The material of nests varies as much as their locations. Robins and swallows build of mud, using feathers and bits of wool for lining, and turning around in the nests until they are smooth and soft enough for the expected baby birds. Bobolinks build in the grass, and employ pieces of string, dry grass, and roots. The titmouse weaves a sort of felt out of scraps of hair or fur. Some of the swifts bind their nests together with a fluid from their own salivary glands, forming the edible birds' nests so much prized by the Chinese.

There is an old legend connected with nest building which explains to us why the magpie is considered a very wise bird as well as an unpopular one. Long, long ago, the legend runs, no bird but the magpie knew how to build a nest, and she was besought by the others to give instruction in this useful art. So she graciously set up a school and called all the feathered tribes together. Then she began:

"You take a stick so—"

"Oh, we know how to do that!" called out a robin.

"Hush!" said Madam Magpie. "As I was saying, you take a stick and hold it so; then you take another stick and place it so—"

"Anybody can do that," interrupted another bird; and Madam Magpie got angry and flew away.

This is the reason, it is said, why so many birds have such poor nests to-day, and why the wood pigeon just places a few sticks on the ground, and never has anything but a foundation to her dwelling. FRANCESCA.

To Please His Son.

THE boys of to-day who take so much pleasure in riding their bicycles, and their parents who take equal or greater delight in driving in their automobiles, do not all know, perhaps, that their riding or driving is much smoother than was the case with the bicycles of thirty years ago. Previous to 1889, the wheels were not protected by rubber tires, or pneumatic tubes, as they were called.

A boy named Dunlop, living in Dublin, was accustomed to ride to school on one of the old-style bicycles, and found the going pretty rough over the cobblestone streets. His father, just to please the lad, fastened a length of rubber gas-tubing around each wheel, and the contrivance worked so well, and made the riding so much more pleasant, that he perfected it and had it patented. Since that time the old-fashioned rims have disappeared, and pneumatic tires are used not only for bicycles and automobiles, but for horse-drawn carriages. Mr. Dunlop died a while ago, at the age of eighty-one.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Those who read French will find one of the most charming boyhood stories published during recent years in "Decadi, ou la Pieuse Enfance," by Paul Cozin. It is in every way delightful, and the Catholic background is perfect. Plon-Nourrit, Paris.

—From an account of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, England, by the librarian, just published by the Manchester University Press, we learn that this famous collection of books includes as many as 3000 printed before 1501. There are fifty examples of the work associated with the name of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schoeffer, and no fewer than sixty Caxtons.

—Instead of declining with regrets, we publish with pleasure the subjoined essay on "Anatomy," written by a little Negro girl at the request of her teacher. The name of the author is regrettably unknown to us:

Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts, the haid, the ches and the stummick. The haid holdes the skull and the brains if they is any, and the ches holdes the liver and lites, and the stummick holdes the vowels, which is a e i o u and sometimes w and y.

—One of the best among recent novels, it seems to us, is H. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." Plot and method of telling possess the rare association of crisp novelty and urbane finesse. Incidentally, Mark Sabre, the hero, is one of the noblest of men, and the story of his battle for manhood justifies the existence of the contemporary novel. Of course the story, not written by a Catholic, takes a slightly unethical turn at the end, but this may be pardoned for the sake of the fine quality of the book as a whole. Little, Brown & Co. Price, $2.

—"American Catholics in the War," by Michael Williams (The Macmillan Company), an octavo of 470 pages, tells a story in which our coreligionists in general, and the National Catholic War Council in particular, may well take pardonable pride. The book's first five chapters, comprising 87 pages, are devoted to a summary of Catholic history in this country prior to 1917,—history with which prospective Protestant readers of this work are, presumably, much less familiar than with our patriotic activities throughout the period 1917-1921. With much of the remainder of the volume Catholic readers have already been made acquainted by the press agencies of the National Catholic War Council and the Knights of Columbus; but even those who know the story best will be grateful for this orderly presentation of commendable Catholic work in numerous fields of patriotic endeavor. A capital defect of the volume is the omission of an index, especially as its table of contents is by no means detailed. Such an omission in a work of this character is deplorable. It should be supplied in any future edition of the book. Price, $2.50.

—Robert C. Holliday, editor and brief biographer of Joyce Kilmer, has published a delectable book entitled "Turns about Town." Interviewing G. K. Chesterton, he remarked that rumors had several times been afloat that the famous English writer had entered the Catholic Church, and he asked G. K. for the facts. "He was an Anglican Catholic, he replied, not a Roman Catholic—yet. That was not to say that he might not be a Roman Catholic—if the English Church should become more Protestant."

—Late issues of the London Catholic Truth Society's two-penny pamphlets are of unusual interest to cultured readers. They comprise "Pascal's 'Provincial Letters,'" by Hilaire Belloc; "The Beginning and End of Man," by the Rev. Ronald A. Knox, M. A.; and "Buddhism in Europe," by G. Willoughby-Meade, A. I. A., M. R. A. S. Mr. Belloc discusses only those six of the famous "Provincial Letters" which concern the Catholic in controversy with his opponents; Father Knox turns "the light of common-sense on a subject which calls for such treatment only because so many of us are still content to be hypnotized by catchwords"; Mr. Willoughby-Meade furnishes information for which students of Buddhism will be grateful.

—The first instalment of the hitherto unpublished diary of Sir Roger Casement appeared in the *Nation* for Nov. 20. The publishers inform us that after the death of Casement his diary came into the possession of Dr. Charles E. Curry, the mathematician and physicist, who was entrusted by Sir Roger with all his personal effects and writings. Dr. Curry has written a foreword for the diary, in which he describes Casement's years of devoted service to the people of the Congo and Putumayo, the honors he received in England, and the later events which led him to espouse

LIBRARY

the cause of Irish Nationalism. The diary begins at the time of Casement's mission to Germany in 1914, and contains a retrospect of the period from 1904 to 1914.

—Education, though a very important subject, is not one that the harassed citizen—or reviewer—is likely to find entrancing. Still, in a book on "The Parish School," Father Joseph A. Dunney, Diocesan Superintendent of Schools, Albany, N. Y., has discussed Catholic elementary education with almost as much contagious sympathy as impressive intelligence. We are led to see exactly why the parish school exists and why it must always be faithful to its ancestral idealism. Then there is a discussion of teacher, pupil, method, and specialty, that is the result of long experience devotedly gained. Father Dunney rambles considerably, but manages to insert so many admirable quotations by the way that one is glad to sacrifice coherence for the broad view of Catholic theory obtained. Teachers will not always agree with the conclusions of this book, but they are sure to gain much from it. Other people ought to read it in order to find out exactly what our Sisters and Brothers are "up against" everywhere, and why parents have other responsibilities in the education of their children than simply bringing them into the world and having their adenoids removed. The Macmillan Co. Price, $2.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16*s*.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—Heb., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. H. Ketcham, of the diocese of Oklahoma; Rev. M. Ruemmele, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. E. A. Bolger, diocese of St. Joseph; Rev. John McAteer, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. Dr. John Griffin, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Romuald Rheindorff and Rev. Anthony Sousa, O. F. M.

Sister M. Isadore, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. James Mitchell, Mr. Leo Roussert, Miss Laura Hall, Mr. William Fegan, Mrs. Jane Holden, Mr. T. A. Carroll, Mrs. Catherine Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. John Lenahan, Mr. J. V. Morlock, Mr. Frank Vollmer, Mrs. J. W. Nolan, Mrs. T. L. Finnegan, Mr. John Deckert, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mrs. Catherine O'Hara, Mr. J. A. Fohr, Mrs. John Daley, Mrs. Catherine Herbert, and Mr. R. L. Johll.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: D. H. S., $25; Thomas P. Mullegan, $15; E. J. P. R., $20. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: friend (Portage), $5. For the Alaska Ursulines: L. P. W., $10. A special work of charity: A. F., $500.



VENERATED AT ASSISI.

(Fr. Sarullo, O. M. C.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Poet.

(In the Office of the Immaculate Conception.)

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

WHO but Jerome should quarry speech like stone,
Granite on granite phrase superbly laid
Till, like a tower master hands have made,
The whole stands upright to the stars, alone,
Four-square and perfect. "Hail, God's Holy Throne,
Ark, Mountain, Palace, Dove," as, unafraid,
Words of wide meanings he has justly weighed
Into proportion, color, line and tone.

Jerome, in camel skins, in your dim cave,
With only—ah!—the Scriptures to your hand,
Water and bitter herbs, hair-shirted rest,—
What darling singer of the ages gave
Ever such beauty to a flower-crowned land
As with a stone you beat out of your breast.

THERE are those who are so thoughtless, so blind, so grovelling as to think that we can make Mary our friend and advocate, though we go to her without contrition at heart, without even the wish for true repentance and resolution to amend. As if Mary could hate sin less, and love sinners more, than Our Lord does! No: she feels a sympathy for those only who wish to *leave* their sins; else how should she be without sin herself?—*Newman.*

The Blessed of All Generations.

BY CORNELIUS MENNIS, D. D.

I.

MAN in the state of grace has two natures in one person. By virtue of his creation and elevation he partakes of divine and human nature. He is another Christ. The divine nature in him is endowed with faculties and instincts corresponding to, and modelled on, the human. As the study of nature leads us by logical steps up to nature's God, so self-introspection leads us to a clearer knowledge of the new man who is fashioned "in justice and holiness of truth."

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a Catholic instinct, a faculty of our higher nature. No one can analyze mother love. It is too deep for words or for tears; it is a primal, elemental force, as subtle as the fragrance of the rose, as pervasive as life, inexpressible, indestructible. So with mother love in the supernatural order. It is the good odor of the flower of faith. Words but half conceal and half reveal the soul of it.

Why do Catholics honor Mary, is a soul-revealing question. The natural man could not explain the magnetic attraction that draws him to the breasts that nursed him. The normal man does not search or question the love that is part of his very life. He loves because he lives. If he ceased to love,

he would cease to live. With the fact of the supernatural life in the present order, revealed and exemplified with the beneficent beauty of the sun in the heavens, the questioning of Mary's honor is a sadly perplexing phenomenon. Instinct in the animal kingdom can neither deceive nor be deceived. It has its reasons of which reason knows nothing. It is Nature's primal law of self-preservation in act. The Author of both the natural and supernatural instinct is the same. In both orders, unquestioning obedience is the condition of life.

The Incarnation, the Light of the World, with its human source ignored, would be a monstrosity, a contradiction. Christ is God and man. To prove His divinity He wrought works that God only could perform. "If you do not believe Me, believe My works. They speak of Me." In proof of His humanity He stands before the world the most beautiful of the sons of men, with His hand resting upon His Mother's shoulder. From the pulpit of the cross He proclaimed to the world that He was the Son of God and the Son of Mary: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit. Mother, behold thy son." "What therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

The Incarnation is more than a mere historical fact: it is a tree planted by the running waters of time, giving forth its fruits in due season. Its wondrous vitality will reveal itself more fully to succeeding generations. In itself one and unchangeable, it nevertheless grows and expands the more as it is contemplated.

The charge of innovation in the honor paid to Mary is as shallow as the taunt that devotion to Mary detracts from the worship of her Son. Mary was always honored. What modern saint could do homage to Mary like unto that of St. Elizabeth? "Whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" "Blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." Nor did Mary deprecate the homage. The Spirit of Truth speaking through her said, as it were, in reply to the words of St. Elizabeth: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Devotion to Mary, like every living doctrine, is ever changing, but always the same. Variety in unity is its law. Life is growth and change from less to more. The identity of the man that is, with the child that was, is not confused by the natural process of growth.

Scholars who seek historical records for every doctrine do a useful work. But when the continuity of doctrine is denied because of the lack of historical data, the theologian gives place to the historian. If a proof of the continuity of mother love rested solely on documentary evidence, however, who could prove the constancy of love for a mother? Aside from the fact that a world of documents has been lost, why demand written records for the unbroken continuity of the Catholic devotion to Mary, when we have, as it were, the baptismal record of that devotion in the Incarnation, and the evidence of it everywhere in our own day, mellowing and humanizing every revealed doctrine? If every written word that tells the story of the world's past were destroyed to-morrow, that past would still be echoed in the voice of the present. To-day is the child of all our yesterdays.

The early days of the Church are redolent of the flowers of martyrdom. We prove her high heroic strength, her indomitable courage by the fact that she survived and thrived in spite of ten bloody persecutions. "The blood of martyrs was the seed of Christians." But the intercession of the martyrs

made their blood doubly prolific. If Christians prayed to the martyrs, for a greater reason, and with more insistent prayer, did they pray to the Queen of Martyrs. Troubles from without were less than heresies,—domestic troubles. "A man's enemies are those of his own household." As it was in the beginning, so it is now and ever shall be. The early heresies seem more repugnant, less excusable, than latter-day heresies. The memory of the visible Christ was then so fresh, so fragrant. When St. Paul (I. Cor., xv), speaking of the Resurrection, says, "He was seen by more than five hundred brethren at once, of whom many remain unto this present [day] and some are fallen asleep," would it not be natural to expect that the sincere doubters would seek to see and speak with the living eye-witnesses? Heretics were bitter and in bad faith in those far-off days.

The doctrine of the Incarnation was the storm centre of all the old fierce theological wars; and in none of those impassioned controversies was the Divine Maternity dissociated from the personality of Christ. The record of the heresies of the early Church—and their name is legion—is indirectly the record of the childlike, chivalrous devotion of the Church to the Church's Mother, Mary, the co-redemptrix of the human race.

When our Divine Lord had been preaching by word and miracle for some time, He returned to His old home; and on the Sabbath Day He began to preach in the synagogue. Many, hearing Him, were in admiration at His doctrine, saying: "How came this man by all these things? And what wisdom is this that is given to Him? Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" (St. Mark, vi.) And they were scandalized, not because He was the son of Mary (they knew that He was the son of Mary as they knew that He was a carpenter), but because the son of Mary, their friend and fellow-townsman, should suddenly take to preaching and wonder-working.

Time passed, and Our Lord preached (through His Church) to a vaster audience than the Galileans dreamed of. Now we find other people scandalized, not because He preached wisdom and wrought miracles, but because He, the wonder-worker, was the son of Mary. As the Galileans of old denied the miracles and would have slain Him, so the heretics of to-day deny that He was the son of Mary, and would disinherit Mary of her prerogative of divine maternity.

The Council of Nice in 325, and the Council of Ephesus in 431, defining the divinity of Our Lord and the divine maternity of our Blessed Mother, determine for us the main lines of attack of early heretics. Ask the Church of that day: What think you of Christ? What think you of Mary? And she will say: Let Nice and Ephesus answer.

Bishop Nestorius was deposed from the See of Constantinople and condemned for maintaining that in Jesus Christ there were two distinct persons: a human person born of the Virgin Mary, and a divine Person—that is, the Eternal Word. He consequently denied to the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God, contrary to the Catholic doctrine, always taught, which confesses Mary to be the Mother of that divine Person in whom are intimately and indissolubly united, by what is called the hypostatic (personal) union, the divine and the human nature.

The dogmatic decisions of the Church postulate persistent and contumacious denials. A definitive decision is the *ultima ratio*,—the last resort, the declaration of war by the Church in defence of the deposit of faith. When she declares war, it is only in defence of a vital principle and after vainly trying all other means.

We find the Fathers of the Church and the individual Churches valiantly defending, down the years, the doctrines which the Church finally stamps with the great seal of her infallible authority. Whenever the Church defines a doctrine, the definition crystallizes the faith and practice of the faithful. When Pius IX. was about to define the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, he wrote to the Catholic bishops of the world to find out the attitude of their flocks towards Mary Immaculate. The Catholic world was begging for the definition, for another jewel to be set in the crown of Mary.

The Holy Spirit works harmoniously upon the *Ecclesia Docens* and the *Ecclesia Discens*,—upon the teachers and the taught. When the Fathers of the Church, before the Council of Ephesus, were defending the divine maternity of Mary, they were urged on not only by the Holy Spirit, but by the prayers and practices of their people.

In the Apostolic Age, Simon the Magician—the father of heretics, of whom St. Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter, writes,—waged a relentless war against the divine prerogatives of Mary. The heart of his heresy was the denial of the humanity of our Saviour. With impious arrogance he claimed divine origin for himself, and preached bizarre doctrines about creation, redemption, the angels, and man. He touched on everything sacred, and beslimed whatever he touched. St. Irenæus in his book against heretics gives a detailed account of the vagaries of Simon. He misled many by tactful propaganda and magical trickery; but, like the storms that lash the oak, he occasioned the firmer enrooting of the faith in the Catholic heart. The divine maternity, as an essential factor in the Incarnation, shone out more brilliantly after the foul fogs generated by Simon were blown away.

Saturnine of Antioch fathered the doctrine which made Calvin famous or infamous,—the positive predestination to perdition of certain souls for whom Christ died. Christ, therefore, was not the Saviour of mankind; and, for a greater reason, Mary was not the Second Eve, the Mother of redeemed humanity. Not only was Christ not the world's Redeemer, but He had no humanity, no birth, no death. Bethlehem and Calvary were appearances without reality. Christ was merely an angel, an apparition in human form, who seemed to be the son of Mary, but in reality was not; who seemed to suffer and die, but did not.

It was Saturnine's naïve fashion of explaining away the facts that were leavening the world in his day—the post-Apostolic age. His denial of the facts of Our Lord's birth, death, and resurrection is a proof of the teaching of those doctrines in that day, and a proof, too, of their vitality. Spurious coin connotes genuine coin. Spurious doctrine, being mainly, like Protestantism, a negation, presupposes positively true and truly positive doctrine.

II.

Catholicity is the fecund vine that grows out of, clings to and clothes the tree of knowledge of the Incarnation with a beauty ever ancient and ever new. The sound form of doctrine, the word of life, was punctiliously insisted upon in the early Church as it is to-day. Doctrinal teaching without a moral corollary was as repugnant to the early Church as it would be now. When the Catholics in Simon the Magician's day were taught and believed that Mary was the Mother of God and their Mother, that faith of necessity expressed itself in acts of honor and love and petition. "Faith without good works is dead." Every living thing must find expression or die.

When St. Ignatius of Antioch, in the year 115, was being brought to Rome chained to human beasts, to be devoured by beasts less ferocious than they, he sent letters of warning to the Churches of Smyrna and Ephesus. In these letters he condemns the heresies, slight variants of the heresies quoted above,—the denial of the Incarnation, the Passion and its logical sequel, the denial of the Redemption. These heresies were derogatory to our Blessed Mother; the refutation of them was, if not explicitly, at least implicitly, a defence of her prerogatives.

St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, in his letter to the Philippians indignantly repudiates the seductive heresy of the denial of the veritable humanity of Christ. When a doctrine is condemned as a heresy, it is because it contradicts, not a pious opinion nor a sacred tradition, but a revealed teaching,—part of the message sent to men from heaven. St. Polycarp imbibed the love of Our Lord and our Blessed Mother from the teaching of the Beloved Disciple, who knew them both in the flesh. Is it thinkable that St. John, who lived for years under the same roof as our Blessed Mother, who prayed with her, and learned so many secrets from her about our Divine Lord, could instruct his disciple St. Polycarp without inculcating a filial devotion to Mary?

To return to St. Ignatius of Antioch. After exposing in his letters the insidious nature of the doctrinal errors fathered by the doctrinaires who deprecated objective reality in the works and personality of Christ, and postulated mere appearances, akin to the gods or ghosts of modern spiritism, he goes on to specify practical remedies. And his words are as applicable to present conditions as an encyclical of our present Holy Father: union of the Catholics with their bishops; not the mere union of professed obedience, but the unity bred by hearty co-operation; attendance at all the liturgical services of the Church, and not merely at the Sunday Mass. The feet of those early Christians wore the doorsteps of God's House. Hence, they grew strong to walk the rugged road to martyrdom.

St. Ignatius warns them against too intimate association with heretics. He urges the utility and necessity of prompt and energetic refutation of every new heresy; again and again he returns to the pressing obligation of proving by compelling arguments the reality of the human nature of Christ. Show them His life and His death; let them hear the cradle song of Mary at Bethlehem and the dirge of Nature on Mount Calvary. The climax of demonstration, according to St. Ignatius, is not the miracles nor the doctrine, but the nativity, the infancy, and the passion of Our Lord. If you would prove to those who deny the real human nature of Christ, lead them, as the star led the Wise Men, to the stable of Bethlehem; show them the Divine Infant nursing at His Mother's breasts. The incongruity of a mere spectre being nourished at the breasts of a real woman will strike the most incredulous.

See here in early apologetics the place of honor accorded to Mary. The keys of the fortress of the faith were placed in Mary's hands. As she nursed the natural body of her Divine Son, so has she always nursed and protected His mystic body, the Church. So, too, has the Church of all generations called her blessed.

A CHRISTIAN life which has not made a perfect revolution in a man's worldly life becomes no Christian life at all, but only an incommodious unreality, which gets into our way in this life without helping us into the life to come.

—*Faber.*

The Awakening of Keith Murray.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

II.

There I beheld
The dame so joyous enter, that the orb
Grew brighter at her smiles; and, if the star
Were mov'd to gladness, what, then, was my cheer,
Whom nature hath made apt for every change!
—"*Paradiso*," *Canto 5.*

AS Keith clambered down from the train at Montreux, his further progress was arrested by finding himself clasped round the knees by a small boy; while a still smaller girl seized the hand not holding his rug, and two small but clear voices announced to the company at large that "Cousin Keith have come." A moment later, a pretty, fair woman, of about six and twenty, advanced and kissed him in true sisterly fashion; for Keith had always been as a brother to the numerous tribe of Campbells, whose mother was sister to Mrs. Murray, but who, whether from character only, or on account of her surroundings, was as different from her sister as was the sheltered Glen in which the Murrays lived from the wild, ocean-beaten rocks on which the home of the Campbells stood. The keen, pure sea breezes seemed to have nourished and become part of the children who grew up as fresh and bright and wholesome as the air which they breathed.

It was companionship with these cousins that prevented Keith from becoming, what an only child so often is, odd and self-centered. From his father he inherited his manly courage, his pride of race, his love of country and homeland,—nay, of every inch of his "ain glen"; while his mother had given him her gentle courtesy of manner, and a sensitiveness of feeling that might have degenerated into softness but for the wholesome buffeting which he received at the hands of his breezy cousins.

"Glad to see you, Nan," were the young man's first words. "Are you as well as you look?"

Having been reassured on this point, and duly saluted the children, Keith declared that nothing could reconcile him to the inside of a stuffy hotel omnibus, and that he was longing for a stretch. Taking Betty by the hand, and catching hold of his cousin's arm, he prepared to set out, but was brought up short by the woebegone expression on five-year-old Jim's face. He had "expected to sit on the front seat of the bus with Cousin Kit." Cousin Kit's man, Macgregor, luckily came to the rescue. Helping Jim aloft, he climbed up alongside; and, with much waving of handkerchiefs on the part of Jim, and kissing of hands on the part of Betty, the traveller was allowed to get free of the station.

It was a heavenly morning; and even though the mountains on the other side of the lake were coy, and hung a thick veil of mist before their lovely faces, the scene that met Keith's gaze was one of rare beauty. The waters of the now placid lake sparkled and glistened in the sunshine; while over its ripples glided numbers of tiny boats, looking for all the world like a flock of white swallows. The cherry trees on the mountain-sides had donned their gayest autumn dresses. Orange, scarlet, crimson and golden browns, mingled together in a very riot of gorgeous color, fit to drive an artist wild; so impossible is it to convey on canvas, or in words, one-millionth part of the exquisite beauty with which God has painted His living picture.

By the time they had reached the hotel, Keith was well posted on all the family news,—the unique and charmingly brave doings of both Jim and Betty; the heavenly goodness of Jim and Betty's baby brother David. This, in turn, was overtopped by the general

excellence of "Mac" himself, who stood at the door to welcome the new arrival; while Jim executed a war dance on the gravel path below. Sir Malcolm was the very embodiment of a good-natured, friendly, high-bred gentleman, whose lines had so far fallen in pleasant places, who knew it, and who gave full credit for it to the charming wife who helped to make his house the "home" it was for himself and his children.

Nancy kissed her husband; and, tucking her arm into his in a delightfully possessive and contented fashion, led the way to their sitting-room. From the windows, an enchanting panorama of the lake and surrounding mountains was visible; and Lady Graham declared that it would be a positive sin to drag the poor, weary traveller away from so much beauty. So luncheon was served on their balcony, much to the delight of Jim and Betty, as their governess, Miss Kerr, did not encourage much talking in the public room; for which we can hardly blame her, as Jim's flow of language was phenomenal, and Betty's appeared to be limited only by the fact that she did not know so many words as her elder brother.

It was all very delightful; and Keith expressed his sentiments to his cousin in various forms, and lazed through the afternoon; while—was it the Fates that were spinning and weaving and adjusting events which were to enshroud his whole future? So secret are their wondrous ways that, as he lay back in the comfortable armchair, puffing a cigarette, as if that were the one business in life, he had no faintest inkling of their designs. He knew not that only a few short hours separated him from the moment which would change the whole form and color and music of his life. He had come to the parting of the ways, and his eyes were held.

It was a busy, animated scene that Keith saw as he followed his cousin into the dining-room that evening. The appointments of the "salle" and table were all that modern luxury could demand; and the company seemed to be as up-to-date and as smart as the most *exigeante* follower of Dame Fashion could desire. There was the usual cosmopolitan gathering from almost every country in Europe, with a sprinkling of Americans; every type of beauty had its fair representative, from the blonde prettiness of the Saxon to the exotic loveliness of the dark-eyed daughters of the South. But such a gathering was no novelty to Keith, and he gave it the most cursory of glances, and passed on.

As the Grahams were taking their places, another group of people entered the room and sat down at the small table next to theirs. Lady Graham looked at them, nodded brightly; and, with a sigh of admiration, said to her cousin: "There's nothing to beat the way an American woman puts on her clothes except perhaps a Parisian, and I'm not so sure of that." Keith had not noticed the newcomers, but at these words he now also looked up somewhat carelessly, and saw a good-looking, well-dressed man of about fifty, with greyish hair and a short pointed beard,—not at all the typical New Yorker; a man whom he would have put down as undoubtedly French; while his wife, who sat next him, had surely been in her youth, the belle of some town in Southern France, or possibly Spain. And then—Keith's eyes fell on their companion!

Nancy saw the quick indrawing of his breath, and wondered if, after all, she had done a wise thing in asking him to come out to Montreux. This is what they both saw: a young girl of perhaps twenty; they could only guess at her tall, graceful figure, and the perfection of her walk and carriage. She was dressed simply, but exquisitely, in some

softest white material; but the man, at least, saw nothing of all this. He forgot everything at the sight of that face framed in masses of chestnut-brown hair, whose wayward tendrils seemed to caress a forehead that would have bewitched Raphael. The mouth was, perhaps, a trifle large for perfect beauty; but the oval of the face was faultless. However, it was, as the saying is, the eyes that "made" the face. Long, black lashes veiled the deep grey depths, out of which appeared to look the soul of some spotless angel. She had that almost ethereal sort of beauty which seems to belong in a peculiar way to American women.

It did not take Nancy a minute to recover her self-possession; and she merely said:

"Those are some very nice people from New Orleans,—Mr. and Mrs. Delville, and their daughter Marguerite. Their son was here—a nice boy,—but he has gone off to Paris to see his eldest sister, whose husband is United States Attaché there."

"Yes," she said in answer to Keith's inquiry, "we know them. I'll introduce you."

All this ended, after dinner, in the Delvilles' coming to take coffee on the Grahams' balcony, where Keith sat beside Mrs. Delville, and talked of England and Scotland, and plans for his time in Switzerland; while Marguerite, next to Nancy, listened to, and joined in, the small-talk that most women call conversation. The other men meanwhile discussed various makes of sleigh, and different brands of cigars; and everyone seemed quite at ease, and just where he most wanted to be. And all the time Keith was conscious of only one presence, and longed, with an intenseness hitherto unknown, to learn the secret of those eyes that had already begun to haunt him.

Nancy was wishing that they would all be gone, that she might tell Malcolm what she feared. For, as she said to him later on that same night:

"She is a Roman Catholic, and what in the world would Uncle Keith and Aunt Jean say?"

At which her good-natured husband told her not to bother her dear little head, but to wait and see if anything happened. "Why, the poor beggar never opened his mouth to her."

"That's just it, you darling old goose! If he had talked to her, I should be much less afraid. And you didn't see him when he first set eyes on her. But I did!"

Sir Malcolm stroked his wife's pretty hair and said:

"Well, my dearest, if he is already head and ears in love, it's done, and neither you nor I can help it. So the best thing you can do is to get to sleep."

Nancy sighed. She had never known Mac unsatisfactory before. One of his chief perfections was that he was always so "understanding." She went off, and gave an extra kiss to each of her babies, hoping that there would never be any complications in their lives; and, following her husband's advice, went to bed.

Keith found life at Montreux very charming. He made many pleasant acquaintances, and numerous were the picnics and expeditions got up to Bex or Thonon, or to one of the dozens of lovely spots up the Rhone Valley. And always the Delvilles were of the company; in fact, they and the Grahams might have been taken for one party. Nancy began to wonder if, after all, there was anything "up" with Kit.

But her reassurance was of short duration. On this particular day they had all set out with the early morning sun to visit the wonderful grotto, with its underground lake, and the other interesting objects at St Maurice, the hallowed spot where the soldier-saint

and his companions of the Theban Legion were martyred.

In the middle of the town stands the beautiful old church belonging to the Canons of the Most Holy Saviour. As our friends entered it, a sight met their view that would have enchanted any painter or poet. Vespers were being sung; and the black oak stalls, with their richly carved backs reaching almost to the roof, were filled with the white-robed Canons, in their vivid scarlet capes and birettas; while the afternoon sun streamed through the marvellous stained-glass windows, making spots of brilliant color upon the pavement,—gold and red, blue and purple, like fairy islands in a grey sea. A faint perfume of incense lingered in the air; and as Keith stood, almost spellbound with admiration, at the beauty of it all, he felt as if some mighty Presence filled that great church, and was the meaning and the soul and the end of it all. He turned, as had become his wont, to see what impression it had produced on Marguerite, and to read, if he could, in her wonderful eyes what he was trying to express in his own mind. But she was not there. Perhaps she was with the party in the sacristy. Here again, disappointment waited for him: the girl seemed to have vanished.

Leaving the church, Keith wended his way across the grassy enclosure that surrounded it, and which had undoubtedly at one time been the "God's Acre"; and soon found himself before a quaint-looking, low door set in a white-washed wall. It now stood open, and from within came the sound of droning voices. The young man entered, and found that he had come in by the side door of a small, poorly built, poorly furnished chapel, in which some brown-habited Franciscans were murmuring their Office; but his attention was instantly riveted by what had now become the paramount object of his thoughts.

Marguerite was kneeling alone before the altar, her eyes fixed upon it. From where he was, Keith could see only her profile; but that enabled him to observe the look of wrapt attention on her face. Her lips were slightly parted in a smile. So might a mother gaze upon an adored child, he thought. But what did it all mean? It was not surely that poor, shabby, almost tawdry altar, with its mean wooden candlesticks and their crooked candles, that filled the mind of this modern, well-educated, intellectual young girl with a very ecstasy of joy. Was this seeing with the eyes of the soul? And if so, what was it she saw? She, who was the life and soul of every gathering, the joy and sunshine of her parents' existence, the lodestar of his own, had never seemed to him so radiantly happy or so perfectly beautiful as she did now, kneeling alone in this tiny chapel. Fearing to disturb her, and unwilling to spy upon her, Keith turned and noiselessly left the building.

Half an hour later he saw Marguerite again. She was, with that sort of protective tenderness she always displayed towards her mother, folding a wrap round the shoulders of the elder woman; while she chatted and smiled with those around, with apparently her usual vivacity. But it was evident to Keith that some new light was shining out of her eyes.

Keith was more than usually silent as the party drove back home; but the chatter and laughter going on around hid this from all but his cousin. Lady Graham was very much alive now to the fact that something "was really up." It takes only a straw to show which way the wind is blowing; and she thought she had seen quite a number of straws these last few days, all blowing in the same direction. So Nancy made up her mind to have it out with Keith, and speak to him in a sisterly sort of way,

so as to prevent, if she could, any "disaster" that might sadden the old folks up North. Why, she was not even sure if the boy knew that Marguerite was a Roman Catholic.

Keith, however, knew a good many more things about Marguerite than his kind-hearted and devoted cousin gave him credit for. It had not, for instance, taken him many days to know about the early morning walks she took with her mother, and sometimes with her father. So while Nancy was paying her morning visit to her darlings, Keith also took a morning walk; keeping a trio in front well in view until he ascertained that their destination was the pretty little Gothic Catholic church at the foot of the hill.

The building is quite modern. On the mountain-side, just above the town, stands the old church where St. Francis de Sales preached against the Calvinists; now a Calvinist minister stands in the same pulpit and denounces the Church of Rome, and all such "abominations," to the few who go to hear him. And though the new church is nothing compared to the ancient one, the people seem waking up to the fact that it really "stands in the old ways," and that "the old ways are the good ways."

Nancy and her lord considered going to church a duty at Invermuic,—a homage due to social decorum; but in Switzerland it never seemed to occur to them; though Nancy would no more have let her children go to bed without saying their prayers than she would have done so herself. I feel sure, however, that she would have found it difficult to define her soul's attitude in prayer, or what she prayed for, or why. Keith meantime was thinking about all these things, and many others that would vastly have surprised her ladyship.

Considering all things, it may seem strange that Marguerite's religion should not have entered into Keith's calculations; but the fact is, he had made no calculations of any kind. The first moment he saw her, Marguerite entered into his life, and became the one vital and necessary value in his existence; the absorbing interest of his every moment, the whole meaning and worth of life. Like many men who have not frittered away their early youth in spurious love affairs, he just accepted the situation as it was. He lost himself, as it were, in the contemplation of his ideal; and quite simply gave himself up to the pursuit of his cherished desire, which was to make of their two lives one; to raise himself to her level, which he felt to be so infinitely above his own.

A good life makes a man singularly simple; and it is nearly always the fault of some woman when men become cynical and cautious and calculating in their love affairs. Nowhere and nowhen is it more true that "men are but children of a larger growth" than in love. So now Keith brought to the great love of his life a wonderfully childlike and simple acceptance of facts; he loved, he was happy, and he wanted to fix and stabilize that happiness.

(To be continued.)

Furled Sails.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE white sails of the fishing boats,
Like flowers closing down,
Shut one by one across the bay
Beneath the home-lit town.

Beyond, the breakers shout in vain
The challenge of the sea,
And waves from dim horizons sing
Their chants of mystery.

So I would pray for hearts at sea
A bay beneath a town,
Where weary sails might sink in peace
Like flowers closing down.

An Apparition of St. Stanislaus Kostka.

THE following account of an apparition of St. Stanislaus Kostka will have special interest for most readers, because of the comparatively recent occurrence of the event. It is reprinted, with some fresh details, from a volume of a former series of THE AVE MARIA, at the suggestion of a priest, who assures us that the narrative will be new to innumerable readers. For the most part, it is a transcript of the testimony of the late Miss Katherine W. Weld, one of the witnesses of the apparition; the Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., supplying further information. Miss Weld's statement is in our possession. She was living when this account was first published, and certified to its correctness.

St. Stanislaus is one of the glories of the Society of Jesus, a beloved and favored child of Mary. His precious death, according to his prophecy, took place on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, 1568. He was canonized, in company with St. Aloysius Gonzaga, by Pope Benedict XIII. in 1726.

Philip Weld was the youngest son of James Weld Esq., of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton, England. In 1842 he was sent by his father to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. He was a bright, amiable boy, and much beloved by all his masters and fellow-students.

It chanced that April 16, 1846, was a holiday at the College. On the morning of that day Philip had received Holy Communion at the early Mass (having just finished a retreat), and in the afternoon he went boating on the River Ware, accompanied by one of the masters and some of his companions. Rowing was one of the sports which he always particularly enjoyed.

After amusing themselves for some hours, the master announced that it was time to return to the College; but Philip begged to have one row more. The master consented, and young Weld and a companion rowed out to the accustomed turning-point. On arriving there, and on turning the boat, Philip accidentally fell into the river; and, notwithstanding all efforts to save him, he was drowned.*

The Very Rev. Dr. Cox, as well as all the others who remained at home, was greatly shocked and grieved to hear of the dreadful accident. He was very fond of Philip, and to be obliged to communicate the sad news to the boy's parents was a most painful duty. He could scarcely make up his mind whether to write or to send a messenger. At last he resolved to go himself to Southampton.

Dr. Cox set off on the same afternoon, passed through London, and reached Southampton the next day. Thence he drove to the residence of the Weld family. Before entering the grounds he saw Mr. Weld, at a short distance from the gate, walking toward the town. Dr. Cox immediately stopped the carriage, alighted, and was about to address him, when the latter prevented him by saying:

"You need not speak one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter Katherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing in the path on the opposite side of the turnpike road, between two persons, one of whom

* The Rev. Robert Whitty, S. J., formerly Vicar-General to Cardinal Wiseman and some time Provincial of the Society of Jesus in England, was then a young priest at St. Edmund's College. He was the first to break the sad news to the president, Dr. Cox. He states that the only other person in the boat at the time was Eustace Barron. "While Eustace was at one end of the boat, Philip tumbled out of the other. Eustace ran toward him, and shoved out an oar. Philip clutched at it, but missed it; sank, and did not rise again."

was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed: 'O papa, did you ever see anything so like Philip as that?'—'Like him!' I replied; 'why, it *is* he!' Strange to say, she thought nothing of the incident other than that we had beheld an extraordinary likeness to her brother. We walked toward these three figures. Philip was looking with a smiling, happy countenance at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they all vanished: I saw nothing but a countryman, whom I had before seen *through* the three figures. This gave me the impression that they were spirits. I said nothing, however, to any one, as I was fearful of alarming Mrs. Weld.* I looked out anxiously for the post this morning. To my delight, no letter came (I forgot that letters from Ware came in the afternoon), and my fears were quieted. I thought no more of the extraordinary circumstance until I saw you in the carriage outside my gate. Then everything returned to my mind, and I could not doubt that you had come to tell me of the death of my dear boy."

The reader will easily imagine how astonished Dr. Cox was at this recital. He asked Mr. Weld if he had ever seen the young man in the black robe. The gentleman replied that he had never before seen him, but that his countenance was so indelibly impressed on his memory that he was certain he should at once recognize him anywhere.

Dr. Cox then related to the afflicted father the circumstances of his son's death, which occurred at the very hour in which Philip appeared to his father and sister. They felt much consolation on account of the placid smile Mr. Weld had remarked on the countenance of Philip, as it seemed to indicate that he had died in the grace of God, and was consequently forever happy.

Mr. Weld went to the funeral, and on leaving the church after the ceremony he looked round to see if any of those present at all resembled the young man he had seen with Philip; but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them. A letter of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Weld, a brother of the deceased, dated April 16, 1895, the anniversary of the apparition, may be quoted here. "I was present at the funeral," he writes; "and before it my father told me that he would look at all the members of the College, to see if he could recognize the one who was with Philip; for he said no matter in what part of the world he might see him he would recognize him instantly,—as he did the moment he saw the portrait. After the funeral I asked him the question, and he said: 'Oh, no! I saw no one with the slightest resemblance.' "

About four months later Mr. Weld and his family paid a visit to his brother, Mr. George Weld, at Leagram Hall, in Lancashire. One day he walked with his daughter Katherine to the neighboring village of Chipping; and, after attending a service at the church, called to see the priest, the Rev. Father Bateman. A few moments elapsed before he was at leisure to come to them, and while waiting they entertained themselves by examining the prints hanging on the walls of the room. Suddenly Mr. Weld stopped before a picture which had no title under it, as the frame covered the lower portion, and exclaimed:

"That is the one whom I saw with Philip! I am *certain* that it is the one I saw with Philip."

The priest entered the room a moment later, and was questioned by Mr. Weld concerning the print. He replied

* It seems that Mr. Weld had exceedingly frightened his wife on one occasion by relating something that happened to him while in Paris, and resolved never again to mention anything of the kind.

that it was a picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and supposed to be a very good likeness of the young Saint. Mr. Weld was much moved at hearing this; for St. Stanislaus was a member of the Society of Jesus, and Mr. Weld's father having been a great benefactor of the Order, his family were supposed to be under the particular protection of the Jesuit saints. Also Philip had been inspired by various circumstances with a particular devotion to this Saint. Moreover, St. Stanislaus is venerated as the special advocate of the drowned.*

Father Bateman presented the picture to Mr. Weld, who received it with the greatest joy and veneration, and kept it until his death. His wife valued it equally, and at her death it passed to the daughter who saw the apparition at the same time as her father.

Four circumstances, remarks Father Drummond, tend to make the objective truth of this narrative altogether probable. The first is that Miss Weld saw the three figures, but without noticing the faces or dresses of the two companions of her brother, and without believing that what her father considered to be really his son's face was anything more than a likeness. This precludes deception arising from the "wish to believe." The second is that Mr. Weld himself was delighted when no letter came to him by the morning post. This would prove that he did not voluntarily cling to a delusion. Again, Mr. Weld's not immediately recognizing the picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka shows that he could not have known much about the Saint; for this picture, though having a special charm of its own, is easily recognizable to any one who has ever seen a representation of St. Stanislaus. Mr. Weld, then, could not have been thinking of St. Stanislaus at the time, and therefore the likeness to the picture could not be the work of his imagination. Finally, Philip's second companion was not particularly observed by the father or the daughter. Supposing, for the moment, that the story was the product of "unconscious cerebration," or any other natural process, it would have been very hard to resist the tendency to explain who that second companion was. No explanation was ever offered. Needless to add that the mere fact of Miss Weld's having seen anything at all does away with the possibility of a merely subjective phenomenon on her father's part.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee, a learned and well-known Anglican clergyman,* who was numbered among the contributors to THE AVE MARIA, speaks of this remarkable occurrence as one of the most striking and best-authenticated instances of a supernatural appearance which has ever been narrated, and gives a brief account of it in his interesting work entitled "The Other World." He writes: "The various independent testimonies, dovetailing together so perfectly, centre in the leading supernatural fact—the actual apparition in the daytime of a person just departed this life by sudden death, seen not by one only, but by two people simultaneously; and seen in company with the spirit of a very holy and renowned Saint, the chosen patron of the youth who had just been drowned. A more clear and conclusive example of the supernatural it would be impossible to obtain."

* A striking fact with respect to the Saint's miracles is the large number of dead persons restored to life by the power of his intercession; and most of these had met their death by drowning. Another noticeable circumstance is that it was chiefly children that the Saint raised to life, although examples of grown persons are not wanting. See the excellent "Life of St. Stanislaus," by Edward Healy Thompson.

* He was received into the Church some time before his death.

Teresa's Nurse.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IT was nine o'clock of a bright, warm morning early in October. Miss Taylor had gone to Mass, and, after eating her breakfast, had put her pretty little house in perfect order; then, with a comfortable sense of having earned half an hour of leisure, she sat in a cosy corner of the parlor to enjoy her morning mail. She had read one letter and begun a second, over which she was smiling with keen amusement, when the door bell rang sharply. She started at the sound, commonplace as it was, and although she was not inclined to be nervous.

"I'm unpardonably early, but don't imagine that I have come for breakfast," a laughing voice said, as soon as she opened the door; and on the step there stood a tall woman, well past middle age, who had been a lifelong friend of Miss Taylor's mother.

"Oh, is it you, Mrs. Sheridan?" Miss Taylor exclaimed. "I am always glad to see you. Do you know, when the bell rang I was afraid it meant bad news of some kind?"

"Bad news? Well, no, not exactly; although I did come to see you about people who are in trouble."

They went into the parlor, but Mrs. Sheridan would not sit down.

"No, Virginia: I haven't time for a visit. I can stay only a minute," she said, in a decided tone which her friends knew and never combated. "There's something I have determined to do, and I want you to do it with me. Perhaps you won't like to, but *I* think it's a simple duty for us both—and for every other woman in Sunny Valley."

Miss Taylor was amused by this preface.

"You make it sound alarming," she said, with a laugh. "I am almost certain already that I'll weakly side with the vast majority who seem not to be doing their duty—as you see it."

Mrs. Sheridan was in no mood for jesting, and unsmilingly went on to explain.

"I heard last night that Teresa Cummins is very ill, and—"

"Teresa Cummins!" Miss Taylor interrupted. "I did not know it."

"Neither did I until last night. No one has known it, although she has been in bed for three weeks, and is going to die. There's no hope for her,—none. She and Andrew are all alone in that—that *man*-forsaken place of theirs. There is no one but Andrew to take care of her and of the house. Dr. Spencer told me last evening, and I couldn't sleep for thinking and worrying about them. It would be a crime for us to keep away from them at such a time. So I intend to offer to help Andrew to care for Teresa. I am going to their house now." Smiling suddenly, she added, less gravely: "I am going before I have time to feel shy about it, or to change my mind."

Miss Taylor said nothing, but looked at her with big, startled eyes.

"Will you go with me?" Mrs. Sheridan asked her, absent-mindedly, taking the nearest chair. "You are an excellent nurse, and you used to be a friend of theirs, and—well, I admit that, old and brazen as I am, I shrink from going alone."

Evidently Miss Taylor was appalled.

"Oh, I couldn't go! I haven't seen one of the Cummins to speak to since—that is, not for five years," she stammered. "They might not want us: I don't believe they would. Besides, I never knew Teresa very well. It was—the others—the younger ones—who were my friends."

"Why do you take for granted that they would not want us? Certainly it's

many a day since we have given them an opportunity to say so. I have acted like everyone else: I have simply followed the lead, like a silly sheep, without thinking much about it. But last night I *did* think, and I realized with shame how utterly and cruelly we have neglected the Cummins, who have needed friends, if any people in Sunny Valley ever did. Suppose Andrew *did* appropriate a big part of the 'C. and A.' funds? Of course he shouldn't have done it, but I shouldn't lose my temper,—and I do more often than I am going to admit. He and Teresa and Gertrude paid back every penny, and still they have been ostracized. Even when Gertrude died no one went near them."

"But they have avoided *us*," Miss Taylor argued. "When their trouble came they shut themselves in the house and kept away from everybody." Then, after a pause, she reluctantly admitted: "But I do realize—I didn't at first, but I have for a long time,—that we were all unkind. When the—theft was discovered, we held up our hands in horror and indignation, and we kept aloof from the Cummins; and afterward we were offended because they seemed stiff and reserved. Every one in that family was always a little shy and sensitive and proud. We should have remembered that and not have been hurt when they were—well, offish and unnatural. We should have gone out of our way to show that we were sorry for Andrew and still friendly toward them all, instead of holding aloof because they did. Sore-hearted and lonely and ashamed, they seemed to close their family circle against the world. I think this now, but I didn't at the time. At least *I* have the excuse that I was only twenty-two when it happened, and not—not very wise."

"Then you'll go with me?" Mrs. Sheridan said delightedly.

But, to her surprise, Miss Taylor refused.

"It is five years, you know, since the trouble began. It's not easy to go now. I really don't think that I can."

Mrs. Sheridan was becoming impatient.

"Do as you like!" she exclaimed crisply. "I am going at once, and will offer to do what I can for Teresa and Andrew. It's only common humanity. If they don't want me, they can easily say so. I remembered last night that you used to be a friend of theirs, and usually you are very kind. I thought you would gladly go with me."

"I am afraid of seeming intrusive," Miss Taylor said in excuse. "But for that I should be willing to go."

"Intrusive? Nonsense!" Mrs. Sheridan cried, with scorn. "Teresa is dying. It is question of only a few days for her. As for Andrew, I saw him on the street about a month ago, and he was very thin and worn. He must look like a ghost now, after caring for Teresa for three weeks. And you talk of their friends being intrusive if they go near them! I have no patience with you, Virginia."

Miss Taylor's face flushed a little. Mrs. Sheridan had known her as a child, and, not realizing that she had grown to be a woman, often scolded her. Ordinarily Miss Taylor did not greatly mind, but this time Mrs. Sheridan's words hurt. After further hesitation, she said, very slowly:

"Perhaps—perhaps you are right, and I ought to go. Possibly Teresa and Andrew will let us be of use, but I don't think so. At least our going will show that we are not unfriendly."

Mrs. Sheridan saw that the decision had cost her dear, and marvelled that she should feel strongly about so simple a thing as offering to help a sick friend, even under circumstances that were somewhat embarrassing.

The Cummins lived on the outskirts of Sunny Valley, in a big, shabby, old-fashioned house, with a row of Lombardy poplars standing like sentinels before it, and three acres of garden in the rear. The place had always been perfectly kept; but as Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Taylor approached it—slowly and nervously, it must be admitted,—they observed that walk and veranda were littered with leaves and bits of paper, and tracked with muddy foot-prints; that the windows were grimy, and the curtains not only gray and limp, but in three or four places had been looped aside over the backs of chairs.

Miss Taylor rang the bell so lightly that its jingle was hardly audible, and the two women waited in silence until a step sounded within the hall.

"He's coming!" Miss Taylor whispered, in trepidation.

The door opened and a tall man stood face to face with them. He could not have been more than thirty years of age, but looked older. His hair was gray at the temples; his face, which both visitors remembered as a merry one, was grave and sad, and weeks of watching had blanched it white and painted dark circles under the eyes.

"Good-morning!" he said, polite but unsmiling, and waited for them to explain themselves.

It was at Mrs. Sheridan that he looked, and in any case she would have taken the lead.

"We heard that Teresa is ill, and want to help you to take care of her, if you will let us," she said, more timidly than any one in Sunny Valley had ever heard her speak; and added, more naturally: "What does a man know about nursing?" Andrew Cummins smiled faintly at that.

"Very little," he admitted ruefully. "But I have done my best, and Teresa is not hard to please."

"Poor Teresa!" Mrs. Sheridan exclaimed sympathetically; and then inquired, "How is she?"

"Very, very ill, but she does not suffer intensely," Andrew answered.

"Will you let us help you to take care of her?" she asked, almost pleadingly.

Andrew stiffened a little, hesitated, and at last replied with a kind of boyish helplessness:

"I don't know. I'll have to ask Teresa."

After taking them into the parlor and raising shades and windows, he went upstairs to speak to his sister. Although he was gone for five or ten minutes, neither Mrs. Sheridan nor Miss Taylor said one word, but they did note that the big, once-familiar room was no longer neat and speckless. Instead, in its own eloquent way, it told the story of the weeks that Andrew had struggled alone to keep house and to care for his patient. Newspapers littered the chairs and tables; letters, opened and unopened, lay scattered about; the clock had run down; the ferns were yellowing for lack of water; a row of empty medicine bottles stood on the mantel, and a broken sick-room thermometer lay beside them. Dust was thick over everything except one chair under the chandelier and another near a window.

"Teresa says that she will be glad to see you," Andrew reported at last; and without another word he began to lead the way toward her room. But when they reached the foot of the stairs he turned to them, and in his old, impulsive way held out a hand to each. "This is awfully good of you both!" he said. His lips began to quiver and his eyes to fill with tears, and he wheeled quickly to hide his emotion.

It was Miss Taylor who answered him.

"We were always friends of yours and Teresa's; why shouldn't we come to you now?" she said gently.

On tiptoe they mounted the stairs. At his sister's door, Andrew stood aside to allow them to pass before him, but he did not speak again.

Teresa Cummins had always been a shy, reserved, self-contained woman; and, weak as she was, her lifelong habit of repressing all emotion kept her voice steady and her eyes clear as she took her visitors' hands in her hot ones, and said gratefully, but as quietly as if she had seen them the day before:

"It was good of you to come so far to see me."

"You will let us stay and take care of you, won't you, Teresa?" Mrs. Sheridan pleaded, going straight to the point, as was her way.

"If it isn't too much trouble. Andrew is worn out, poor fellow!—although he does not admit it. He has been wonderfully good to me. Where are you, Andrew?"

But Andrew had disappeared.

After a little commonplace talk, and a short consultation between Mrs. Sheridan and Miss Taylor as to the division of work, Miss Taylor installed herself as nurse. Having telephoned to the doctor for instructions, she gave her patient a tablet and some broth, put the room in order, and changed the bed linen,—all so quietly and efficiently and tenderly that Teresa fell asleep with a restful smile on her worn face, and with one hand holding fast to Miss Taylor's.

Meanwhile Mrs. Sheridan was washing piles of dishes and every pot and pan in the kitchen, and giving the furniture the first dusting it had had in weeks. Coming upon Andrew in the library, she ordered him to bed; and, after demuring a little, he went to his room, admitting that he had spent several nights in a chair beside Teresa's bed.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Sheridan was obliged to go home to her children; but Miss Taylor, who lived alone, was not needed elsewhere, and rather reluctantly promised Mrs. Sheridan to remain for a few days. Poor Andrew slept until evening; and when he reappeared, shamefaced and apologetic, Miss Taylor gave him his supper and begged him to go back to bed.

"I am in charge now," she said playfully; and added, in earnest, "You are still tired, and I am fresh. To-morrow you may take your turn with Teresa, and I will rest."

The next day Teresa had a change for the worse; and during the week that followed, Andrew, Mrs. Sheridan, and Miss Taylor replaced one another, day and night, at her bedside. There was little to be done for her, but again and again she asked to have some one give out the Prayers for the Dying or the Litany of the Holy Name, which she greatly loved. At other times she lay very still, asking for nothing, grateful for every little service, but seldom attempting to talk.

The day before she died, Teresa lay for hours with her eyes closed, either unable or not wishing to speak. Toward evening, when Mrs. Sheridan had gone to the kitchen to prepare a light luncheon for the watchers, she suddenly opened her eyes and smiled to see Miss Taylor seated beside the bed; from her she looked toward Andrew, who was standing at her feet.

"Andrew dear, you'll be lonely in this big house by yourself. I was too old and too old-maidish to be much of a companion for you; but I was better than no one, wasn't I? I can't bear to think how lonely—dear boy, don't cry!" Turning her head toward Miss Taylor, she whispered: "Virginia, he'll be all alone."

There was a minute's intense silence in the room before Miss Taylor answered her:

"He—I don't want him to be lonely,

but—but was it my fault? He never came near me—again."

"How could I?" Andrew said quickly. "I was—disgraced." His voice became a whisper over the last word.

After another silence, Miss Taylor turned to him with a sweet, glad, tender smile upon her face, and held out both hands. Andrew bent down and kissed them before he clasped them close in his; then, turning to Teresa, he said, in a voice that fairly sang with new happiness:

"I shan't be lonely, Teresa."

Two big tears ran down Teresa's wasted face; but after a few moments she looked up at Andrew and Virginia, standing side by side, and hand in hand.

"You think you're happy," she whispered; "and you are, and I am glad. But I—I—you can't be as happy as I!"

Hope for Russia.

BY BEN HURST.

RUSSIA was always a land of mystery, and never more so than to-day, when it is also a land of tragedy. But there is one bright spot, one consolation to be found in the midst of the new, terrible disaster that is sweeping down millions. The great, living Faith that has upheld its people through ages of oppression is even now their comfort and their stay. Resignation to the will of God is a Russian characteristic, and we learn from travellers who have themselves no fixed creed that "the patience of the stricken famine-victims and their trust in a better life awaiting them are such as to baffle understanding."

Famines, due to lack of communications, have frequently occurred in Russia, the great grain purveyor of the world. But the present catastrophe is unparalleled. After the disruption of war and revolution combined, no Government could cope successfully with the situation; but the Red Government is particularly handicapped by the necessity of maintaining the tremendous army on which alone its authority is based. It is to be feared that the present régime is more concerned for the survival of its theories than for the succor of the dying millions.

The task of the noble philanthropists who have undertaken to alleviate, so far as is in their power, the distress now prevalent, is so complicated by physical and political obstacles that it behooves all others to refrain from criticism of the methods employed. The Volga, greatest of European rivers, is navigable only from April to November, and the scarcity of boats has hindered migration to the less parched districts from those that are veritably a desert. The dearth of transport cattle left no other means of travel to the starving wanderers than the weary trek on foot. Therefore, there is an endless stream of wretched pilgrims along the Volga banks seeking some spot that has not been withered by the drought.

The sense of undergoing a necessary process of expiation upholds these miserable bands. The Russian never blames any but himself for his trials. "We are suffering for our sins," said a peasant to an astonished Englishman, who was taking descriptive notes with which to appeal for relief to Western nations. "There is no longer respect for God or man. We ceased to pray. We have become like the beasts." He would not accept any reassurance that the famine was due to a universal drought that had affected all Europe. That might be, but the Russians had sinned.

Fear of God's justice is deep in the Russian heart. The anti-religious outburst was short-lived, because it had

been engineered by a few outsiders. After the first brief, hot persecution, the Bolshevist régime had to relax. Its leaders recognized that they must change their policy or prepare to quit the land. By nature passive, by habit schooled to submission, the Russian peasant will tolerate tyranny and injustice, but not outrage of holy things. There was a period of sharp tribulation, and then Christianity emerged triumphant. The Orthodox Bishop of Archangel, condemned to death for organizing a league to defend the Church, was reprieved, to avert a general rising of his flock.

Bishop Nikanor, indeed, and many other dignitaries were slain; hosts of priests were fined or imprisoned for disobeying the law of separation between Church and State; but their suffering has borne good fruit. A new generation of ardent young laymen has arisen to preserve Russia's Christian inheritance from the attacks of Bolshevism. Common interests and common danger drew together those who had stood apart because they belonged to different creeds. The Catholics of Petersburg, led by Prof. Lovsky, rallied men of all sects to remonstrate against the singing of atheist hymns in the streets.

The official prohibition of all religious rites was so little heeded that shortly afterwards, on an appointed day, all Moscow rang with chimes, calling the faithful to a solemn service of impetration against the threatened plague of cholera. Government offices were forced to close their doors, for the Bolshevist clerks themselves would not neglect the summons to prayer. After the services the streets were thronged with worshippers, who were sober and recollected, in marked contrast to former occasions of the kind, when drunkenness was general.

Moscow, religious heart of Russia, seems predestined to become one day a great Catholic centre.

Not long ago there were only two hundred Catholics (Uniats), but the number is augmenting so rapidly that Father Abrikossov has applied to Rome for aid in his missionary work. Soloviev, the "Russian Newman," once expressed his belief that, if brought in contact with Catholicity as he himself had been, forty per cent of the Russian educated classes would embrace the True Faith. As matters stand to-day, the conversion of Russian exiles has become quite a feature of life in Rome. Among the latest are Countess Fumasoni-Biondi, with her three sons, formerly devout Orthodox.

Within Russia itself, among the Orthodox, a new era has arisen, in spite of the dearth of clergy and the hostility of the Reds. These can not, however, be said to present a united front of opposition to the creed of their youth. The Bolshevist organ, *Rul*, relates the following incident, with bitter comment on the ingrained "superstition" of the masses:

"On the Feast of St. Andrew a deputation of 'Red' sailors belonging to the Cronstadt fleet waited on the Metropolitan Benjamin, with the request that he visit the harbor and celebrate divine service in the town. The Metropolitan suggested that the service be held in the Church of St. Andrew on the Vassili Island, a suburb of Petrograd at the mouth of the Neva. But the sailors would not agree to this, and insisted on his accompanying them to Cronstadt. Many members of the episcopate had recently fallen victims to Bolshevist rage, so it was with tears that his relatives bade him farewell. He himself was full of sad foreboding, but resigned to perish like his colleagues in the exercise of his priestly office. The attitude of his escort did not reveal whether they were jailers or guards of honor,

and the journey was made in silence. Arrived at Cronstadt, he was welcomed with the ceremony due to his high office, and conducted to the church, where he said Mass. He was then invited to go aboard one of the ships and solemnly bless the whole fleet. He did so, amid the reverent and pious crews, who gave the responses with a fervor that thrilled the prelate's heart. He was cheered as he left, and followed by salvos of thanks in the Russian formula: *'Spasi Bog!'* (God render it you!)"

The failure of Bolshevism to eradicate the religious sense of the nation could be illustrated by many such examples. Spirituality is a fundamental trait of the Slav, and in none of the Slav nations is it so deep as in the Russian. Gentle and humble by nature, the supreme charity of the typical Russian may be described as indeed Christlike. His mystical relationship with the Almighty Father of his trust sheds humanizing rays over his relationship with his fellow-beings. Indulgence to criminals in Russia has been called a national defect, but it proceeds from a true realization of human weakness, and a humility that feels: "I, too, might have fallen had I been thus tempted." Pity for the erring is never lacking in a Russian community, where soul solidarity is also evidenced by penance done in common for the sin of one.

Russia may be accused of not developing a political sense, but nobody has ever yet said that her religious sense is wanting. Therefore, we can look forward to her recovery and regeneration.

DUTY is the grandest of ideas, because it implies the idea of God, of the soul, of liberty, of responsibility, of immortality. It is also the most generous because, independently of it, there is neither pleasure nor interest.

—*Lacordaire.*

A Danger to Civil Liberty.

DURING the war it seemed to many of us that religious bigotry was forever dead. There was such a coming together of our people on patriotic grounds, making no distinction or discrimination because of religious or racial lines, that it was hard to imagine there could ever again be a reversion to narrowness and religious prejudice. But the war did not change human nature so fundamentally as some of the more sanguine thought. Although there was no question during the troubled days of a man's religion or his race or his class; although the only thing that mattered then was whether he was American in spirit and deed, we have seen since the close of the war the old serpent of religious bigotry rear its ugly head in many a community.

The revival and rehabilitation of the Ku Klux Klan is an evidence of the way we have swung back from the mutual trust and helpfulness of the war days into the suspicion and hostility of the past. With this aggregation of perfervid "patriots," it is not enough that a man may have served his country overseas: he must be a native-born white Protestant to fit into the narrow mould of the Ku Klux Klan's idea of perfect patriotism. No Catholic, no Jew, no colored man, no white Protestant indeed who will not subscribe to their absurd creed, is good enough for the Americanism of the Klan. Even from places where the Ku Klux Klan has no actual organization, its spirit of discrimination is not absent. There are other secret cliques and circles whose mode of thought and deed is exactly that of the Klan. They are just as thoroughly filled with the virus of race and religious bigotry as if they called their officers Goblins or Kleagles, or paraded the streets hideous in nightshirts, masks and hoods.

We find in the "Congressional Record" of Oct. 31, in the extension of remarks of the Hon. Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, a discussion of the historical and legal phases of religious freedom, in which this Missouri Representative says some pertinent things about intolerance, such as that which is showing itself to-day in many places in the United States. "The foe of religious liberty," he says, "has always been intolerance, sometimes disguised but always the same. It rises for brief periods to considerable strength, but always falls back to its obscure cave of bigotry before the enlightened criticism of good citizenship."

We have seen this happen ourselves in the showing up and the collapse of the Ku Klux Klan as recently revived. The American people, sound at heart as they are, could not endure this dark lantern organization, with its assumption of powers above those of the United States Government, and with its tests for patriotism diametrically opposed in spirit and even in letter to real American standards. The association still exists, however, and is still possessed of harmful possibilities; but the lesson which the public has received in the bigotry and selfishness of the organization will keep from its ranks many who might have been led to enter on the plea of patriotism. The kind of person who would join an organization found to be so unpatriotic and unworthy is well described by Mr. Hawes:

An intolerant man is obnoxious; he is never charitable; he is never generous; his sense of gratitude is small, and his obligations to society are seldom paid. He makes a poor husband, a tyrannical parent, and an undesirable neighbor. He is not a good friend or even an agreeable companion, and contact with him is unpleasant. He does not understand the political institutions of our country. His mental equipment is defective; his is an incurable disease, an incurable brain limitation. He can be ignored as a personal unit; but when his intolerance assumes the form of organization, and he attempts to extend his bigotry into the field of politics and propaganda, he becomes a menace and must be condemned by every right-thinking American.

This description will strike most people as quite correct. The Ku Klux of to-day is nothing more than the Know-nothing and A. P. A. movements revived, with an added department of hatred for the Jew and the colored man. And while the individual member may be only pitied for his mental deficiency, the organization of such people as he must be fought as a menace to the stability and good order of American society. Mr. Hawes says further:

The friend of religious liberty is not concerned with the difference between creeds, nor, in fact, with the difference between faith and unbelief. Nor can he be satisfied alone with the political separation of Church and State: he must oppose the invisible government, the secret cabal, or the political movement, which attempts to do by indirection the thing which is prohibited by law. The honest friend of religious freedom can not without protest permit any man's creed to be made the subject of persecution or the sole measure of his fitness for office. We can not lose religious freedom without losing civil freedom; so both must be guarded. Our danger will not come from a change in our laws but from an intolerant spirit which would evade the established law, and by indirection do those things which the law forbids.

Mr. Hawes describes at length the growth of religious liberty in the United States, citing the opinions of the Supreme Court in this regard, and continues thus:

Liberty, civil or religious, can not exist with religious intolerance. If liberty is preserved, intolerance must be eliminated.

Destiny has reserved for our nation the duty of securing liberty without license for each citizen, and by its example to spread this liberty throughout the world.

A people so persevering in the fight for civil liberty should never pause or hesitate in its opposition to religious intolerance.

While the fundamental principle of a democracy is the rule of the majority, this must carry with it not only recognition, but respect for the rights of the minority.

If for no higher motive than the fear of retaliation, we must constantly remember that a majority of to-day may be a minority to-morrow; and a persecuted minority may become an intolerant majority, inflicting its unlicensed will upon its former adversary.

It becomes the particular duty of those in a majority to insist upon the preservation of the rights of the minority; and the fight should be made against religious intolerance by the Protestant for the Catholic, and by the Catholic for the Protestant; and, because of numerical weakness, by both Protestant and Catholic for the religious rights of the Jew.

At this time real Americans must press forward a consideration of the fundamentals upon which our Government is based, and not permit the passing and changing issues of the hour to obscure in our minds the necessity of preserving the broad principles which form the safe foundation of our civil rights.

The subtle breath of the demagogue is one of the ever-present dangers of a democracy. He can fan into flame religious and racial prejudice, which may bring a conflagration to destroy the best we have in life and liberty.

Whenever we read of or come into contact with such movements as the Ku Klux Klan, we suspect that the engineers of the movement are very little concerned in their secret hearts about the danger to be feared from the religion which they oppose. We always feel that with the inner circle it is a matter of money or political or social power, and that they are simply playing upon the fears of the mentally-deficient, whose knowledge of the Church has been obtained from anti-Catholic lecturers or the books of "ex-nuns" and "ex-priests." The leaders are simply using the followers for their own ends, just as leaders of such irrational movements always have done. And whenever we read, on the other hand, of some Catholic politician making a plea of religious persecution, and trying to show that the opposition to him and his work is based simply and solely on the fact that he is a Catholic, we have our doubts, and before believing the cry of "persecution" we examine and try to find out if he has given some good cause for the hostility to which he ascribes a purely religious character.

The "subtle breath of the demagogue" of which Mr. Hawes writes is not altogether unknown and unfelt in Catholic circles; and there are, unhappily, those among us who would play upon our cherished beliefs for their own ends, just as the leaders of anti-Catholic movements would use the staunch Protestantism of our separated brethren to advance their fortunes and to increase their power. We have need, in season and out of season, to be on our guard just as carefully against the one danger as against the other.

Praiseworthy Effort.

WE like the action of the cathedral schools of Denver, in the matter of securing vocations for the priesthood and the religious life. The pupils made a novena, ending on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, for the purpose of enlisting the intercession of Our Lady to increase the number of vocations. A similar novena last year had for concrete result the entrance of four graduates of the high school into novitiates. Moreover, the students, desiring to honor their fellows who have given their lives to the service of God, recently raised a fund of more than $300, to erect a bronze tablet on the right-hand wall of the new Catholic high school entrance; this tablet to bear the names of all former students of the cathedral schools who are now priests or religious. Some of the best known Catholic clergymen of the State of Colorado will be named on this list, and several religious Orders of women will also be represented.

There are a great many activities of Catholic students everywhere less commendable than this "drive" (horrible word) for vocations by the boys and girls of Denver.

Notes and Remarks.

Few readers trouble to wade through the pages of Government reports, and so remain ignorant about many subjects on which they should be well informed. Such neglect on the part of those who write for the press, or of those who lecture on current events, is unpardonable. How few persons are aware, as may be learned from a recently published official monograph on the World War, that it cost us more than a million dollars an hour for over two years? For the same expense the Revolutionary War could have been carried on for upwards of a thousand years, and the money would have paid the entire cost of running our Government from 1791 to 1917. The dissemination of information like this would serve a good purpose at present, by opening the eyes of those apparently blind to the horrors of war to the enormous expense entailed by it. There will be an end of wars only when people become convinced that they don't pay.

Harrowing in the extreme are the reports, from various sources, of the famine in Russia. 25,000,000 people are on the verge of starvation; and, if adequate relief for them is not immediately forthcoming, it will soon be impossible, on account of climatic conditions, to succor more than a fraction of the victims. Thousands of them have already perished, and the same fate inevitably awaits thousands of others. The American Relief Association is now feeding, once a day, 150,000 children in the Kazan province; but it is said that there are ten times as many more in the same region trying to subsist on bread made of leaves and weeds. All that it is now possible to do for Russia is to get food into the Volga district, from which Sir Philip Gibbs, who has seen more of the horrors of war than most others, writes, "What I have witnessed here is far worse—more horrible and heart-rending—than anything that came under my notice during the World War."

Benedict XV. has appealed to the world to come to the rescue of Eastern Europe, but as yet there has been nothing like a general response. The situation has been much improved, it is true, through American intervention, but by no means relieved to the extent that is still possible. And yet the representatives of numerous civilized nations are vying with one another in Washington for larger navies and more secure domination.

Having been inveigled into publishing the spurious oath of the Knights of Columbus, the editor of the *Masonic Journal* of Johannesburg, South Africa, on learning that it was a libel, promptly withdrew it and apologized, doing so in this manly, frank fashion:

> It is disconcerting to find that we have been misled into printing anything which is not true, especially when what is printed may cast undeserved odium upon a Society which contains many thousands of honorable and upright men; but the information we have received since publishing the document in these columns is of such a character (coming as it does from non-Catholic and even Masonic sources) that we have no hesitation in saying the evidence is overwhelming that the oath is spurious, and the concoction of certain parties in America who used it for political purposes....We have now to express our sincere regret that we have unwittingly assisted in casting undeserved opprobrium upon the Knights of Columbus, a Society of undoubted integrity,...whose objects, apart from an insurance scheme and the furtherance of the Catholic faith, are "to promote such social and intellectual intercourse among its members as shall be desirable and proper."

An editorial on the beneficent influence of the Church, published some time ago in the *Square and Compass*, the organ of the Colorado Freemasons,

contained these words: "We believe in giving honor to whom honor is due. The Roman Catholic Church has preached from the pulpit, in season and out of season, against the indecent exposure of the womanly form in public. It has taught the blessings of child-bearing and exalted blessed motherhood. It has insisted upon chastity and continence, and has been a foremost proponent of personal purity. In all these things it is greatly to be commended." The Grand Master of the Freemasons of New Mexico, in a recent message to the Lodges of the State, warning the members against affiliation with the anti-Catholic Ku Klux Klan, declares that "our Government is a democracy functioning through the law, and guaranteeing to every citizen charged with an offence a fair hearing before punishment is inflicted. Judged by our recognized standards of good government," the letter continues, "masked violence, mob rule, the setting up of any secret self-governing authority of law, or the substitution of the reign of the tar bucket for the reign of the law of the land, are absolutely un-Masonic and un-American."

Instances like the foregoing might be multiplied. Let us be on our guard against indiscriminate denunciation of the Freemasons, among whom, especially in this country, there are thousands of honorable and upright men, who discountenance opposition to our holy religion, and cherish no animosity towards ourselves.

The London *Tablet* notes, as an indirect result of the Catholic Biblical Congress at Cambridge, the formation (by the widow of the celebrated Prof. Romanes, a convert to the Church) of a circle or class of educated women for the study of Holy Scripture. The undertaking has the sanction and approbation of Cardinal Bourne. The members will be helped, we think, by Prof. Romanes' "Thoughts on Religion," edited by Bishop Gore, who states that the great English scholar, before his death (in 1894), recovered, after a long period of darkness, his lost faith in Christianity. Of Prof. Romanes' scholarly daughter the *Tablet* says: "Those who have read Mrs. Romanes' charming 'Story of an English Sister,' a biography of her daughter Ethel, who died in the early years of the war, will remember that this singularly talented Anglican nun had taken a 'First' in theology at Oxford before she entered the Sisterhood. It can hardly be doubted that she inherited from her mother her taste for such severe studies and her exceptional knowledge of the Greek of the New Testament."

A touching instance of thoughtful kindness on the part of a child is related in the latest report of Near East Relief. Visiting an Armenian Catholic orphan asylum in a suburb of Constantinople, one of the workers found a Sister distributing sweets among the inmates. It was the gift of a young girl who had been sheltered in the asylum and who had later gone to America. Though not favored by prosperity in her new home, she had managed to save sufficient money to provide sweets for each one of her former companions. The Sister told the relief worker that more than forty girls from the asylum are now living in the United States, towards which those left behind turn longing eyes. St. Anne's is one of many institutions in Constantinople that are helped by funds and supplies furnished through the Near East Relief.

Advent, as well as Lent, though in a lesser degree, is a penitential season,—a period in which the Church would have her children display exceptional sorrow for sin, abstain from ordinary

festivities, and practise mortification. As to this last point, some excellent advice is given in one of the recently published letters of Cardinal Vaughan. Of the distinct advantages of self-imposed suffering, and the danger of extravagance therein, that saintly prelate wrote to a friend:

I think that, with the graces God has given you in such mercy and abundance, you need mortification. I think, living in the set with which you must be mixed up, you need them again. It is impossible to live in such an atmosphere and not be affected by it, not be lowered, not be tempted by the flesh and by the world. God has given you so many lights and graces (and wills to do so much more for you if you are faithful to Him) that your soul can be preserved in the midst of such a world only as Daniel in the lions' den, as it were,—by miracle. For all this, mortification of the senses as well as of the will is a real training and armory of defence for you. And your own vehement nature (like mine, as to the matter of that) requires to be kept under control and subjection; and this mortification does. But, as you say most truly, the discipline and other bodily mortifications are worthless except so far as they are accompanied by and tend to real *humility*, contrition and love. *Ergo*, I would encourage your mortification, but discourage your tendency to what is exaggerated and beyond the prudence of our Blessed Lord.

Differentiated from most of the conventions held in ever-increasing numbers in this country during the summer and autumn months was that which did its work in Washington in mid-October. It was the first national convention of the National Council of Catholic Women, and the twelve hundred ladies who took part in its deliberations represented more than a million daughters of Mother Church. That the convention marked a new epoch in Catholic social work in the United States is the outstanding impression of all who were privileged to attend the meetings; and non-attendants may judge from the following resolutions how thoroughly practical are the aims of the Council,—resolutions urging the formation of study clubs and classes for the discussion of civic and national problems; opposing the promulgation of doctrines which attack the sanctity of Christian marriage and which would destroy the Christian home; pledging support to the cause of Catholic education; advocating the restoration of those conventions of dress and action that have always been an intrinsic factor in the influence of good women; endorsing support of the Traveller's Aid, and urging Catholic representation on its local boards; expressing the hope that the purpose of the Conference on the limitation of armaments be not frustrated; opposing Bills which would affect educational problems in such a way as to threaten Federal domination through Federal subsidy; and advocating that affiliated societies make determined efforts to provide suitable homes for employed young women.

Although the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review* naturally caters to clerical rather than lay readers, much of its contents would instruct and edify the latter class quite as much as the former. In the October issue of that excellent periodical, the Rev. Dr. Bruehl has an interesting paper on topics of special concern to pastors; but, as will be seen, the following excerpt is well worth perusal by Catholics of every class:

External circumstances sometimes make it advisable and expedient to stress certain points of Catholic teaching which, under other conditions or in a different intellectual environment, might be touched upon lightly and given only cursory mention. The present seems to us to be the time that calls imperatively for a strong and unequivocal insistence on the old-fashioned doctrine of the Last Things. There is something like a conspiracy of silence in the modern world against the doctrine concerning hell and its eternal punishments. The world beyond the grave has been stripped of its terrors and awful mysteriousness. It has been [illegible] almost

to the commonplace. Even Catholics are becoming tainted by this un-Christian way of thinking. The pulpit ought to take cognizance of this deplorable lack of seriousness in respect of matters that are of such tremendous importance, and give renewed emphasis to truths that are in grave danger of sinking below the horizon of our vision. A clear exposition of Catholic teaching on the Last Things is the best and most effective antidote against Spiritism, and at the same time a source of wholesome fear, moral inspiration, and profound consolation. The vogue which Spiritism enjoys among Protestants is primarily due to the fact that Protestant teaching is so very reticent about the next world, and so vague and uncertain about the lot of man after death.

The famous Viennese surgeon now sojourning in this country, Dr. Adolf Lorenz, has many titles, but those which he declares he values most are the Austrian Ambassador of Mercy and the Children's Ambassador. From an editorial in the *New York Herald* (Sunday, Nov. 27), bearing the second of these titles, we gladly quote the following fine passages:

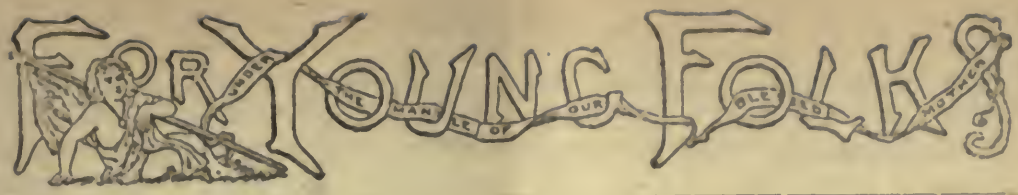
The vanquished nations of Europe have no delegate at the Washington gathering; but from one of them comes to this country of his own volition an envoy extraordinary, who is attracting as much attention as any statesman of the victorious Powers. This is Dr. Lorenz, who presides over his own Conference for the Disarmament of Pain. He is the children's ambassador, with full powers to show the way of making happy many unfortunate boys and girls of his own country and ours.

Dr. Lorenz comes to pay a debt,—the debt which Austria acknowledged when America fed her starving children; the debt which can not be put down by either side in so many dollars or so many kronen; the debt which America never expected to be paid, because almost everybody forgot that Austria, with all her losses, still had this magician with the patriarchal face and the wonderful hands.

If at the close of the war the United States had demanded indemnity from Austria, it is altogether unlikely that any of the wiseacres of the State Department would have stipulated any payment except gold or ships. No diplomat would have thought of proposing a visit by Lorenz as a condition of peace; his fellow boundary carvers would have thought him touched in the head. But, thanks to that compassion for children which is the truest mark of civilization, Dr. Lorenz is here to cure, and to teach others to cure; and his visit is worth more to America, in its banishment of pain and its aid to renewed friendliness with Austria, than could be measured by all the moneys that ever were or ever will be in the Vienna treasury.

The Grand Old Man of the Healing Hands, who for love of suffering humanity sacrifices rest and comfort, even health, is well deserving of all his honors. Not only has he rendered inestimably valuable service to the poor and afflicted, but he has encouraged other members of his profession to increase their efforts for the cure, sometimes seemingly hopeless, of cripples who, through poverty, ignorance or prejudice, have hitherto been kept away from clinics, where at least amelioration of their condition awaited them. That venerable master of orthopedic surgery, surrounded by eager medical experts, while bending over the form of a crippled child is a subject alike for poets and painters.

Perhaps the most interesting of the articles presented in the current number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is "Mediæval Proverbs," by Darley Dale, one of our own contributors. Let us quote a few of the most pithy and least familiar of these quaint old sayings: "Three fingers write, but all the body labors." "Pray not to God with closed fists." "God gives every bird its food, but He does not throw the food into the nest." "The young student is generally tired; when he eats he perspires, and when he works he freezes." "If the monks are well fed, they pray with scant fervor." "Words always multiply where women meet." "God is a good worker, but He likes us to help Him."



Mother Immaculate.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE fairest things the eye on earth
Or sky or sea can view—
The stars gay with the blue night's mirth,
The meadows wet with dew;
The cool, green dawn when skylarks stir,
The sunset's golden gate—
Are far from fair compared to her,
Mother Immaculate.

No lily blooming 'neath the mill,
No rosebud newly born,
No moonbeams silvering plain and hill,
No raindrop on the thorn;
No spring that flows through vale or dale,
Nor even angels great,
Are nigh so pure as she we hail
Mother Immaculate.

The martyrs who surrendered all
With right good-will for God,
The seraphs who in heaven's hall
With song their Master laud;
The saints by God's just balance weighed
Who reign in glorious state,
Have not the power of Heaven's Queen,
Mary Immaculate.

At the End of the Rainbow.

MICHAEL and Minnie sat at the prow of the fishing boat which had been their father's, gazing idly into the cove. The sea was very still. It had been a hot day, with not a breath of wind ruffling the surface of the water, which softly lapped the shore. It was low tide, and the beach was almost deserted.

"It is a pretty good boat," said Michael, regarding the newly painted craft.

"Yes, it is," replied Minnie. "Tom Rafter likes it better than his own."

"Why doesn't he pay us more rent for it, then?" asked Michael.

"Probably because he can't afford it," answered Minnie. "He is a poor man, brother,—poor like ourselves."

"Yes, that is true. But the rent of it is all we have now. And mother is sick: she can't sew."

"When the scientific man goes, the room will be vacant," said Minnie. "But we may get some one else."

"I hope we may. It isn't a very good time of the year, though."

An elderly gentleman now came strolling toward them. He was tall and thin, with stooping shoulders and a kind, benevolent face. He walked with his hands behind his back, his eyes on the wet sand.

"Well, children," he said, seating himself on the side of the boat, "I am going away to-morrow."

"We are very sorry," replied Minnie. "You have been such good company—and," she continued frankly, after a slight pause, 'such good pay,' mother says."

"I wish there was some one to step into my place," said the gentleman. "I feel very sorry for your poor mother. She will hardly be able to work much until summer, will she?"

"No, sir," rejoined Minnie. "All we have is what Michael earns helping the fishermen, and the rent of father's boat; and sometimes we catch a few fish ourselves and take them to the cliffs to sell to the cottagers."

"Hard lines," said the gentleman, thoughtfully,—"hard lines."

"The people over at the cliffs say they're tired of fish," said Michael. "They're city folks, and used to all

kinds of fine eating," continued the boy. "What they'd like most is vegetables. The man comes over from Parsonville only once a week."

"Why don't the villagers raise some around here?"

"They say they can't. The ground is too alkali," replied Michael.

"Too alkaline, Michael," corrected their lodger.

"Yes, sir, that's the word."

"And, then, they have no time, if it *was* good," added Minnie. "You see, Mr. Smith, there is so much fish caught here that it takes all the men's time. They send most of it to the city, and get good prices for it."

"Yes, I see."

For some time the three sat quietly on the edge of the boat, watching the water. Suddenly the day changed,—clouds began to scud across the sky, a cold wind blew, the sun disappeared.

"Storm in the mountains!" said Michael, glancing up at the bank of dark clouds skirting San Felipe.

It began to rain; the drops fell quite heavily for a few moments, breaking into a driving shower. Then the sun came out again, in the midst of the rain. The heavy clouds scattered.

"Ah, there is a rainbow!" exclaimed Mr. Smith.

"How lovely it looks spanning the ocean!" remarked Minnie.

"I never see one that I do not think of the 'Pot of Gold,'" said Mr. Smith.

"What is that?" asked Minnie.

"Surely you have heard the legend?"

"No, we never have," said Michael.

"Well, there is an old superstition, common to the folklore of all nations, concerning the rainbow. It is this: if one can follow the rainbow to the end of the arch, he will find a pot of gold buried there. Of course it needn't be said that by the time the end of the arch was reached, the bow would have disappeared."

"How lovely if it were true!" said Minnie, clasping her hands.

"Yes, indeed, it would be—for us especially, who have so little money and don't know how to get any more," added her brother.

As he spoke the rainbow faded away. The three rose and walked slowly homeward.

That night, about eight o'clock, Minnie came out from the cottage for a breath of fresh air. Her mother had fallen asleep. Michael followed her.

"My, what a dense fog!" she exclaimed. "But I like it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! It's fine."

As they stood, the fog began to roll upward toward the hills; the moon, struggling to pierce it, showed a pallid light. They could discern a giant figure approaching through the misty haze. It dwindled in size as it came nearer. It was Mr. Smith, wrapped to the ears in his long overcoat.

"A bracer, this!" he said, standing beside them. "Look, children, just above the cliff! A lunar rainbow. Did you ever see one before?"

They never had. It was strange and interesting. The colors were very faint, but beautiful, seen as through a falling mist. One end of the bow seemed to rest on Hippopotamus Rock, a mile distant, while the other dipped into the sea in front of them. And from this, owing to the refraction of the rays in the moonlight, shadowy waves of light seemed to issue, hovering over the shore, and resting almost at the feet of the three spectators.

"One would not have far to dig for the Pot of Gold here," said Minnie.

"Only to stoop over," replied Michael.

"I am going to mark the spot," rejoined his sister, picking up two small stones and depositing them, one on top of the other, where the end of the rainbow appeared to touch the ground. Then they went inside.

Minnie was only twelve years old, but mature for her age; Michael was fourteen, and equally mature. Their parents had once been in good circumstances, but reverses had come. The father had fallen into ill health, and finally was ordered to a milder climate. Always fond of the sea, and of boating and fishing, the only means of subsistence open to him was that of a fisherman. But health did not return. He had been dead a year, and now the mother, who had contributed to the support of the little family by her needle, had been confined to her chair with rheumatism for several months. The cottage belonged to her, but the poor woman feared she might not be able to retain it.

The next morning Minnie got up very early. Mr. Smith found her digging with a spade in front of the house, when he came out, valise in hand, ready to start on his journey.

"What are you doing, Minnie?" he inquired.

She looked up a little shamefacedly.

"I was looking for the Pot of Gold," she responded.

"Well, I should not be surprised if you had found it," said Mr. Smith.

"Where?" asked the child, in surprise.

"This is rich black loam," he replied, bending over and taking some of it in his hand. "Alkaline on the surface, but underneath fine for gardening purposes. How much ground does your mother own?"

"An acre and a half," said Minnie.

"Very well. If you and Michael are industrious, you can have this ground plowed and harrowed, and you can plant all kinds of vegetables. They will be a gold mine for you here, where none are grown."

Minnie's eyes brightened.

"Oh, that would be fine!" she said.

"I will send you a couple of books from the city as soon as I get there," rejoined Mr. Smith. "Then you can take my advice or not, as you please. But it would be well for you to consider it. I feel confident you have found the Pot of Gold lying close to your hand."

Michael now made his appearance, and was delighted at Mr. Smith's suggestion. The mother also thought the idea a good one. True to his promise, their late lodger sent them two very useful books on the subject of gardening. Following accurately the directions given in them, they soon had a most flourishing garden. They planted their crops in rotation, and everything seemed to thrive. Rows of lettuce and onions, turnips and carrots, cabbage and parsnips, cucumbers and tomatoes, soon repaid them for their labor. They even raised a little corn; and the garden fences gave the needed support to the rows of beans and peas, for which they received good prices from the cottagers all summer long. And there never were better muskmelons than those Michael raised in the sandy loam at the back portion of the lot.

The next year they rented some waste ground behind their own, and the services of an old man were engaged as an assistant. The mother recovered her health, the children preserved theirs; Michael now owns a part interest in the fishing business of the quaint seaside hamlet. And none of them ever sees a rainbow without thanking the kind Providence that inspired Minnie to dig for the Pot of Gold. And their gratitude is extended to Mr. Smith, who comes to spend his vacation every year in the happy little household.

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

Told of Cardinal Bonaparte.

IN the days when Lucien Bonaparte, afterward prince and cardinal, was not yet a priest, he prepared himself for his sacred calling by the practice of works of mercy, and daily in Rome visited the poor, the sick, and those detained in prison. St. Michael's Prison, where political offenders were kept, was his favorite field of operation; for he felt that there, especially, were sad and embittered hearts from which it would be comparatively easy to remove sorrow and hatred, and misled men who, through kindness and charity, could be brought back to the right road.

On the eve of the opening of the month of May, one year, he presented to the prisoners a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, and requested leave to attend their May devotions. He assured them that the Mother of God would reward their good will, and, if not abridge the term of their captivity, make it pass more agreably and profitably. Throughout the month, accordingly, the prince read for them every evening an article on some mystery of the Blessed Virgin's life; and afterward all recited the Beads together.

At the close of the month, on the eve of his departure for France, Prince Lucien bade good-bye to his captive friends, and, incidentally, inquired of each one how long he had still to remain imprisoned. "I," said a young man, "have still eighteen months to serve."—"As for me," said a black-bearded prisoner, with a broad forehead and a piercing eye—one of the most pious assistants at the May devotions,—"I may never get out. I am no longer a young man; my health has failed; I have three years yet to serve."

"Well, hope on and don't despair," observed Prince Lucien, encouragingly. "The Madonna is very good, you know; and you have prayed faithfully. She never fails her clients."

A few months later, a stranger presented himself at the prince's residence in Paris with a beautiful piece of mosaic work, a souvenir from the Roman prisoners. It was the man with the piercing eye and black beard. Pope Pius IX. had mercifully granted pardon to all the inmates of St. Michael's Prison! and charitable persons had contributed to their support until they could find a home somewhere and honest employment of some kind.

Nepenthe.

YOUNG readers of serious books, and more especially of serious poems, are likely to meet occasional words of whose meaning they are ignorant. Instead of asking the nearest "grown-up" to enlighten them, they should at once turn to the dictionary for the required information. The mere trouble of looking for the word, and seeing for themselves its definition, will impress its meaning more forcibly on their memory than will any other means. One such word is found in Poe's "Raven," and in Longfellow's "Evangeline." From the first we get the line,

> Quaff,—oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this list Lenore!

and from the second,

> Crown us but asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe.

Nepenthe is a word from the Greek. (*ne*, not; and *penthos*, grief), and it applied in Homer's "Odyssey" to an Egyptian drug which lulled sorrow for the day. It is used at present, as in the foregoing quotations, for any draught or drug capable of inducing forgetfulness of pain or care or sorrow. Many writers identify nepenthe with opium, or some preparation of hemp. The word has three syllables and is pronounced with the accent on the middle one—ne-*pen*-the.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A great variety of Catholic books suitable for gifts will be found in the catalogue just issued by the B. Herder Book Co.

—It is gratifying to hear of new impressions of many Catholic books like the Life of Cardinal Manning, by Shane Leslie. This shows that our people are really becoming a reading class.

—Heads of primary Catholic schools in search of a suitable new play for Christmas time will no doubt be well pleased with "In Bethlehem Town," by S. M. M., just issued by THE AVE MARIA press. Price, 15 cents.

—We regret to inform numerous correspondents that it is now too late to secure for Christmas presents books published by firms in London, Paris, etc., that have no agents in this country. Orders for foreign publications should be placed at an early date. Several exceptionally desirable books are reported as "out of print."

—Volume II. of Noldin's "Summa Theologiæ Moralis" presents a revised text brought into harmony with the requirements of the New Codex. It deals with the precepts of God and of the Church. The author's text is recognized as standard authority, and priests in parishes as well as students in seminaries will consult it with satisfaction. F. Pustet & Co.; price, $4.25.

—"The Wine of Life," by Constance E. Bishop, is the story of Fanny Brandon and Doctor Sinclair. A highly intricate plot leads one from England through the Orient in company with a finely conceived Catholic outlook upon life. The novel is somewhat turgid, fantastic, superficial perhaps; but it is deeply interesting and thoroughly wholesome. Heath Crandon, publishers; price, 7*s* 6*d*.

—The notable sanity and practicality which have characterized the previous volumes of Fr. Martin J. Scott, S. J., are again evident in his latest book, "You and Yours." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) It contains fifteen excellent talks on home life,—on such topics as "Dangers to Young Men," "Women and Ornamentation," "Courtship," "Amusements," etc. As a specimen of the forthright nature of the author's advice, take this passage from his chapter on courtship: "The young lady who joins maidenly reserve to her other attractions inspires love far more than does a girl who makes concessions. And when I speak of concessions, I mean anything and everything which a girl would hesitate to do in the presence of her sister or her mother." A 12mo of 200 pages; price, $1.35.

—"The American Catholic Hymnal," by the Marist Brothers (Kenedy & Sons), is the latest effort to produce a standard hymnal. It is a very complete collection of church music, published with the approval of competent ecclesiastical authority. The order followed is the liturgical one,—the only correct order. There are motets for Benediction, litanies and Masses, and the psalms to be sung at Vespers, complete for Sundays and festivals. This variety of contents is properly indexed, thus rendering the use of the book very convenient. It is well printed and durably bound. Price, $1.65.

—Despite the modest form in which "The Station Platform, and Other Verses," is offered to the public, many a sumptuously bound volume merits scarcely half so much attention. Margaret Mackenzie sings passionately of a dead lover; and, though one may shrink from the fulness of the revelation, one must admit its power, its deep Catholic sensibility, and its fine art. Coventry Patmore has been this poet's master in her best work, though he would have termed her *vers libre* a symptom of decadence. Of course the book is sad; but a resigned hopefulness, based upon a recognizable inner life, saves it from hysteria. Sands & Co.; price, 60 cents.

—"The Mind Healer," by Ralph Durand (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a delightful mixture of clean comedy, mystery, and adventure. The setting is in the little harbor of Cornwall; and in Dr. Alastair the author has depicted as merry a companion as ever helped to while away an idle hour.—From the same publishers comes "Sold South," by William Almon Wolff. The South of the title is South America; and the hero of the thoroughly interesting and informative narrative is a young American who is sent by his "big business" uncle into the diplomatic service, as secretary of the American Legation in one of the Southern republics. It is a story of action and power, and is, incidentally, a good exposition of the part often played by United States

captains of industry in the economic and political conditions of commonwealths below the Isthmus of Panama.

—Many readers on both sides of the Atlantic will be grateful to the Rt. Rev. J. M. Emard, bishop of Valleyfield, Canada, for putting his excellent pastoral writings into permanent form. The first volume starts with the Brief of Pope Leo XIII. erecting the diocese in 1892 and nominating Mgr. Emard its first bishop; then follow circular letters; mandates, and divers documents touching religious questions, up to 1900. There will be four other volumes, to be issued at short intervals. Ecclesiastics who have a knowledge of French will be well repaid by expending $2.25 for these volumes. They are printed by M. Pierre Téqui, Paris and may be had of him or from the Chancellor's Office, Valleyfield.

—It would be a blessed thing if every little Catholic girl of seven in America were to find among her gifts at Christmas a copy of "Mostly Mary," by Clementia, to be read later on (when the excitement of the holiday season had worn off) at her mother's knee, with father relaxed in his easy-chair close by, and interrupting from time to time with observations born of experience and a deep interest in the proper development of the character of his child. Only thus read will the story be thoroughly appreciated. That "Mostly Mary" is the first volume of a new series will be very welcome news to all those who are acquainted with the author's other stories. Matre & Co.; price, $1.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. George Leidig, of the diocese of Southwark; Rev. James McKeever, diocese of Newark; and Rt. Rev. Peter Engel, O. S. B.

Mother M. Teresa, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Zita, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Mother M. Teresa, Sisters of the Holy Family.

Mr. Robert W. Staley, Mr. Nicholas Wynne, Mr. John Anderson, Mr. P. J. Miller, Mr. John Kelvin, Mrs. Maude Heike, Mr. John Gagen, Mr. Jacob Schott, Mr. Thomas Farrell, Mr. Walter Van Deleur, Mrs. Thomas Murray, Mrs. Margaret Clarke, Mrs. P. G. Plunkett, Mr. John Bulte, Mrs. Frances Ososke, Mr. James Egan, Mr. John Dunne, Mr. Charles David, Mr. George Wessel, Mr. Timothy McGuire, Mr. James Murphy, Miss Gertrude Lemeke, Miss Mary Wren, Mrs. Margaret Nolan, Mr. Vincent Dougherty, Mr. C. Foeller, Mrs. Margaret Freney, Mr. Robert Gray, Miss Maria Jansen, Miss M. M. O'Donnell, Mr. Walter Loesekam, and Mr. Charles J. Hinsley.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 17, 1921. NO. 25

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Peace and Rest.

BY L. J. H.

AT dusk the flowers fold their wings,
And turn away from lovely things
Like butterflies and questing bees;
For when the purple night wind sings
A nocturne to the sleepy trees,
They turn wings inward for heart's ease.

And so I, too, have found the way
To my heart's door, and every day
I enter in to a dear Guest.
O Love so close I need not say
A single word, nor even pray,—
White Peace and utter Rest!

The Gift of Faith.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

A WOMAN who had been suffering for twelve years from a grievous disease came behind our Divine Lord as He was going to the house of Jairus to raise his daughter from the dead, and touched the hem of His garment. "For she said within herself, If I shall but touch His garment, I shall be healed. But Jesus, turning about and seeing her, said: Be of good heart, daughter: thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour."*

Of all who by the mercy of God shall ever come to eternal life, those words will be true; to each of them may be said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole"; for without faith we can not be saved. "Without faith," says St. Paul, "it is impossible to please God."* "Faith," adds the Council of Trent, "is the beginning of salvation, the foundation and root of justification."

Why is this? It follows from the nature itself of salvation. For what is our salvation? God Himself is our salvation: salvation is to possess God. If we miss that we are lost; for that God made us; for that He has destined us. That is what we mean by the essential bliss of heaven, without which heaven would not be heaven,—it is the Beatific Vision: to know God as He is, in His very essence; to love Him and be loved by Him with lovers' love, the love of intimate communion and companionship, so that God and we shall be of one heart and of one mind in sweet, unending exchange of all loving sympathies and offices of affection,—we with worshipping, adoring love; God with embracing, rejoicing love for the creatures whom He made for this end. That is salvation; that was the destiny of man from the beginning.

But sin came. Man, by his perverse will, put God aside for earthly things. For God would not compel men to have Him and those heavenly joys of love. He gave us the noble endowment of free will, so that our adherence to Him should not be the action of forced slaves, but something honorable to us

* St. Matt., ix. 21, 22.

* Heb., xi. 6.

and honoring to Himself. He would have us cleave to Him because we recognize that He is the one and only object worth all our love. And since man is free he can refuse his love and service to God. Adam did so; we have done so. Man's soul is sick. The woman in the Gospel had an issue of blood for twelve years: humanity has been sick not twelve years nor twelve centuries, but since the day when Adam sinned. We are born sick, afflicted with original sin, which carries with it ignorance of our true good, weakness of will in following good, inclination to evil, unregulated passions and desires. We needed to be made whole, and it is faith that makes us whole.

What then is this faith? Let us try to understand what faith is; then we shall understand why it is impossible to please God without it; why faith is the beginning, foundation and root of justification and salvation.

God has a glorious plan for our everlasting happiness; it is glorious, wonderful, unimaginable; beyond our claims, beyond our natural desires. It is all summed up in that word "Beatific Vision." It means a transformation and transfiguration, or rather a transmutation of our very being. We are to share, by participated similitude, in the very life of God Himself; to know Him in a way like that in which He knows Himself; to love Him by that same Holy Spirit who is divine, eternal Love. We are to be divinized and made like to God. "Dearly beloved," writes the Apostle of Love, St. John, "we are now the sons of God, and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is."*

Now, this divinization of our nature begins here on earth, by the supernatural gifts of divine grace; and its beginning is by the great gift of faith. It is not a mechanical process, with no activity on our own part. We are free; God gives us the choice to accept or to reject His gifts. He treats us not as paupers, but as faithful servants: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant;...enter into the joy of thy Lord." We are to choose this great inheritance; we are freely to earn it.

In other words, now, in this life, we are to choose God, to adhere to God, to desire these marvellous things that God has offered us in Him; to fix our hearts upon them, to make them our future longed-for treasure, our possession laid up for us above. To this end God has promised them to us; they are the "great and precious promises" of which Holy Scripture speaks. We are so to live that we may attain them; for "Everyone that hath this hope in Him sanctifieth himself, as He [God] also is holy."* We are, then, to begin in this life to be like God, to live Godlike lives, to be transformed into the likeness of Jesus Christ. This is being "made whole," and it is by supernatural gifts and graces that it is accomplished.

But how can we do this,—how can this be done in us, if we do not know about the things of God? To do our necessary part in co-operation, to receive and accept God's graces, we must believe in Him and in His divine work in us. We must not only know of these things: we must be penetrated with a firm conviction of their truth; we must have in regard to them an unshakable certitude. This knowledge, this certainty, comes by faith. "Faith," writes St. Paul, "is the substance of things hoped for; the conviction of things that appear not."† It is our faith that reveals these divine good things to us, makes them real to us, and puts them within our reach,—the good things of grace here and glory hereafter.

* I. St. John, iii, 2.

* St. John, iii, 3.

† Heb., xi, 1.

By faith we know and grasp them.

Not by study or learning, not by any secret methods is the saving knowledge of the things of God given. Study may prepare the way and may defend the truths of faith; and, of course, we must learn in human fashion what God has taught. But faith alone gives us the certainty, the sure conviction, the authentic information that these things are, and that they await us; a conviction and a certitude resting on belief in the word and truth of God; a supernatural certitude and conviction on which must be founded, and from which must spring, all actions that shall be meritorious of a heavenly reward.

In faith the will has its part. The truths of faith are not mind-compelling truths, in the sense that mathematical truths, or self-evident principles of knowledge are mind-compelling. They appeal with wonderful force, indeed, by their marvellous beauty, their harmony, their adaptability to the needs and aspirations of humanity; but they do not force assent. The most beautiful and consoling truths are not, as a rule, mind-compelling. I believe, for instance, in the worth and love of a friend, in face of accusations made against him to the contrary. I must use my will to put away unworthy suspicions, to direct my attention to the many evidences I have had of his faithfulness and love. So it is in believing the truths of religion: we must use our wills to put away sophisms and objections and difficulties, and to concentrate attention on the evidences of credibility. Thus true faith includes the action of the will, and the gift of faith includes the grace to make this act of the will,—an act of submission to God as the Eternal Truth, an act of worship of the divine veracity.

Two great duties especially are suggested by these thoughts on the gift of faith: first, gratitude and daily thanksgiving to God for this great gift that makes us whole; and, secondly, a studied care to cultivate our faith, to keep it intact, to avoid all that can endanger it. We must ever remember that faith is a worship due to God, who has made known to us His great and precious promises; that it is not like opinions which we have the right to hold or to reject, but is a precious means by which we know and grasp and hold the very truth of God.

The Awakening of Keith Murray.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

III.

But am I not the nobler through thy love?
O three times less unworthy! Likewise thou
Art more through Love, and greater than thy years.
The Sun will run his orbit, and the Moon
Her circle. Wait, and Love Himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom.

—*Tennyson, "Love and Duty."*

THE expedition to St. Maurice was voted by all a great success; and after dinner that same evening, while the others were recounting the delights of the day to various friends, Nancy asked Keith to take her out in the garden, and there she did what she called "having it out with him." She was, nevertheless, but little prepared for the revelation she received, not only of the depth and intensity of his feelings towards Marguerite, but of the strength and power and nobility of his character. Lady Graham, though what one would call an observant woman, had not much depth of penetration. She had known her cousin intimately, and always loved him; and hitherto she had always regarded his soul as a very charming, clear pond, having but little depth in which to reflect either the lights or shadows of life. And, lo! she found herself beside a deep well, the profundity of which she was absolutely incapable of gauging. As she told her

husband, she had never in her life "got such a stunner"; and she felt little comfort when he said:

"I always knew Kit was only half awake, and I was curious to see what or who would do the rousing. If Miss Delville has done it, God help the poor chap if she gives him the 'go by'! She'd never marry a heretic. That's my way of seeing things. No mistake, it's rough luck on him. He's not the one to take it easy."

"But what can we do?" said Nancy, almost in tears.

"We can do nothing, and I'd think very little of Keith if we could; and so would you, little woman. Do you think any one in the world could have done anything with me when I wanted to marry you? It's hard on you, too; but, believe me, you can only stand aside and let your cousin put his fate to the test."

There was a moment's silence, and then Sir Malcolm went on:

"I don't want to worry you; but if Fate is unkind to Keith, you will be able to do less than ever then. It is mighty hard, but there is a lot that is mighty hard in this world; and some folks seem to get everything that way. Thank goodness," he added, with a sigh for the young man in question, "bad luck never came your way, nor mine either, so far."

Nancy continued looking out of the window, though she saw nothing, her mind was so completely occupied with the problem that confronted her. It was in reality the first time she had been called upon to take part in one of those tragedies which are much more frequent and vastly more cruel than anything ever put on the stage or into the most thrilling novel.

How often does that very sad cry go up, "We can do nothing!" How much sorrow, how much sin and misery, how much degradation and disaster, would be wiped off the face of the earth if, instead of that mournful, hopeless wail, "We can do nothing!" there arose from the hearts of suffering men and women that cry of hope and trust, "God help us!"

Alas! neither Nancy nor her husband knew the secret that is well known to every little Catholic child: that, as the simple answer of the Catechism has it, "God is all-powerful, and can help us in all our needs." Sir Malcolm and Lady Graham knew many, many things of which those poor children would always be ignorant; but they did not know the one thing that matters,—the one only thing that is of any avail in the hard moments that must come into every life.

As Nancy sat on the balcony the next afternoon she saw what made her heart stand still: Keith and Marguerite strolling through the garden, with the evident intention of going for a walk. Some half hour later they arrived at the small plateau which we have already described.

"Won't you rest a bit? You must be fagged after that pull," said Keith, indicating a low rock. "We shall get a glorious view of the sunset from here. By five o'clock the sun will be down behind the mountains."

Marguerite sat down, her whole mind seemingly concentrated on the picture before her; and, apparently, quite unconscious that the man beside her had had any ulterior motive in asking her to walk up and see the setting sun. Presently she gave a sigh of content.

"Isn't it beautiful? It almost makes one sad, doesn't it?"

"I wonder why it is that beautiful things *do* make people feel sad?" said Keith, still looking at her, though she did not turn round. "I know that even as a boy, when the Glen looked extra lovely, and the heather was a blaze of crimson and purple, and the trees were every color, I used to feel inclined to

hide my face on the grass and sob."

"I know what you mean," the girl said gently; and he thought that she always did know, she was so "understanding." "I remember," she continued, "hearing a dear old saint of a priest say that it is because God is so much more beautiful than anything He has made; and when we see an exquisite work of His, our souls unconsciously long after the true Beauty, which is God Himself."

This was all said with the simplicity of a little child, and was far removed from any species of cant. Keith felt awed, though he hardly understood what she meant; and he shrank from letting her see this. Besides, the minutes were running on, and he knew that she would not sit there indefinitely, alone with him. Having made up his mind to decide his fate for weal or woe, he was not one to procrastinate.

Marguerite was telling him about some wonderful beauty spot near her home in America.

"I have always wished to see the United States," he answered; "and now more than ever I should like to,—now that I know you."

"Oh, do come! Mother and Daddy would give you such a welcome! And I should love to show you all my favorite haunts."

For an instant or so she hesitated; and then, still looking straight at him in her perfectly matchless unconsciousness, she went on, with the happy little laugh he considered one of her most attractive features:

"But you must come soon, or I shall not be there."

"Not there?" Keith echoed, with a sickening foreboding of evil.

She spoke in a low tone, and he wondered how any human voice could be so transfused by joy:

"I am going to enter the convent at Easter. I thought you knew."

An icy hand seemed to close round Keith's heart, and for a moment he was conscious of only one sensation: that death was there. Then his mind was in a turmoil; his brain reeled as if incapable of taking in the full sense of the words he had heard; and again he felt that he must cry aloud against the cruelty and hardness of it all. But the same chivalry which had made the child desist from asking questions for fear of paining the mother he loved, now enabled the man to rise above his own feelings and desires for the sake of her who was far dearer to him than life itself. His whole soul rose up to meet the requirements which the very reality and depth and tenderness of his love demanded of him; and in his heart he vowed that never word or deed of his should cast the faintest shadow of pain or grief over the heart and soul of the young girl, who had now risen and stood beside him in all her beauty.

Keith was no materialist. What appealed to him most in Marguerite was her spiritual loveliness, as he saw it; and he now understood that, in some mysterious way which was hidden from him, her beauty and innocence and attractiveness were consecrated to God, that her whole being was fixed and absorbed and, as it were, cemented in that consecration; and that any revelation of his own hopes and feelings would bring only sorrow and grief to her, for whom he would gladly lay down his life if by so doing he could save her the least anxiety.

Then Marguerite spoke again, and this time a little shyly:

"I dare say you can not understand it; so few outside the Church can."

"And you really feel happy?" he asked bravely.

"Happy!" she said, her face radiant. "I don't see how I could be happier in heaven. But I do not speak about it on account of father and mother."

The first shadow he had ever seen there, flitted across her face as she said these last words; but she went on:

"I hope you will come over. You have been ever so good for Dad. He has been wonderfully cheered since you came."

She did not know what she was asking of him; and he, unable to refuse her point-blank, left it in the vague.

That night Keith sat under the veranda of the Kursaal, with Mrs. Delville; while inside, a Viennese ladies' orchestra was filling the concert hall. He was thankful there was no dancing. After one of those pauses which always occur in the conversation of two persons, each of whom wants to say something vital to the other and is held back by some weighty reason, Mrs. Delville leaned towards the young man. As she did so, the light from the room behind them fell upon her still beautiful face, which had never looked to him so like that of her daughter as it looked to-night. But now there seemed to be an added sorrow in the exquisitely tender eyes.

"I am very glad," she almost whispered, "that Rita has told you her plans."

All the stock phrases that Keith had prepared died away upon his lips in presence of this most touching simplicity and maternal sorrow. Then she placed her hand—oh, so gently!—on his arm:

"You must forgive an old woman. I was beginning to be afraid—I hope—I hope it was not too late."

Keith turned, and saw from her expression that his secret was "writ large" in his own eyes.

"Yes," he said, "it was too late; but that must not distress you. It would have been too late half a minute after I saw Miss Delville. But she must never know."

"Poor, poor boy!" she answered sadly. "You are real brave. We have all need of courage. It is terrible for her father. She is the light of his life. And her brothers—"

Keith interrupted her:

"And where do you come in?"

"I?" she faltered; her voice broke; she could say no more.

A few minutes' silence, and then the clear, high voice of Nancy was heard, as she advanced to the veranda, declaring that they were all tired of the music, and asking if everyone would not like to go home. To the two seated there, the arrival was a relief; yet both felt it was a soothing thought that another heart beat in unison with theirs; for what is so terrible as loneliness in sorrow?

Next morning Keith found himself alone with his cousin; and, looking up from the book he held in his hand, said quietly:

"Nan, Miss Delville is going to be a nun."

"A nun!" almost screamed Lady Graham. "What a dreadful thing!"

"Don't talk rot, Nan. I only told you because I thought you'd want to know; and now, please, we won't talk about it any more." And they did not.

Somehow, as is the way with women, Nancy divined pretty clearly how things had gone; and she confided to Mac that she thought it rather shabby of Keith not to have spoken to Marguerite. To her amazement, her husband said quite enthusiastically:

"Well, I think him just splendid. I don't believe another man out of ten thousand would be able to carry off things as he is doing, out of sheer strength of love,—for it is that. I feel inclined to take off my hat every time I see him. I wonder if she is really deserving of it?"

Nancy did not answer; but she drew Betty closer to her, and was so glad that her darling would never be spirited away into a convent by some designing

old priest. Still, it was a solution of the problem about her cousin, though she thought it a very horrid one.

The next week was the hardest one Keith had ever spent; but the last evening came, and, after bidding good-night to his cousins, he went out on the balcony to have a last look at the lake. There it lay, a dark abyss, hedged in by black jagged mountains, silhouetted against the white sky; while athwart the waters, the huge moon stretched a cold, silvery pathway. To the young man leaning upon the balustrade it seemed a fitting emblem of the last week. His love, his hopes, his happiness lay buried in a dark gulf, of which he could not sound the depths. He felt as if his soul were dead, and that forever he was condemned to carry about with him that cold, lifeless half of himself. How pitiless the moon looked as she flaunted her pale beauty over that dark lake, so symbolic of death and suffering! And the mountains, so grim and hard, stood there as if to shut out all hope of escape from the cruel waters. To Keith it appeared, as if all his heartbreak and misery and hopelessness were stamped and fixed and immortalized in that solemn scene; and why was it?

Because nigh four hundred years ago the so-called Reformation plunged millions of souls into the black waters of doubt and unrest and despair, and hedged them round with pitiless doctrines of God's wrath and severity, which, like impassable mountains, shut out the view of His gracious countenance from them,—souls that were created to bathe and swim, in the ocean of God's mercy, and to "play upon the mountains of the Lord" in the sunshine of His Love, instead of living in the cold moonlight, which is but the reflection of His Light, out of which all the heat and comfort have been cast. So far went the men of the sixteenth century; and now they would even rob poor suffering humanity of their belief in a Redeemer, and blot out the very memory of a divine Consoler.

Why,—oh, why should men and women suffer alone, when they have but to look up and see with the eyes of faith that God, who is also "the most beautiful of the sons of men," bending over a sinful world, with that expression of loving compassion and infinite pity that must have been on His adorable face when He said, "Come to Me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you"?

Away up in the mountain, a night bird cried to its mate, and, reawakening the echoes, added a yet more sinister detail to that cold, lifeless scene. Keith shivered and went indoors.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Black Deed and a White Pardon.*

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

MARI YVONNE HELARY had lived alone for many years in a little cottage by the seashore. All day long she sat at her threshold plying her distaff. Life had no greater joy for her than to watch the pile of linen growing in her press, its thread spun by her own hands and woven by the village weaver.

One evening an illness seized her, and from that day the thrifty spinner plied her distaff no more. Her only neighbors, the Rojous, dwelt in a farmstead a full half-mile inland; and so it happened that the poor old woman died, as she had lived, alone.

On the day after her death, Goneri Rojou, gathering seaweed on the shore, missed the familiar face at the cottage threshold; moreover, the door was closed. "Mayhap Mari Yvonne has gone on some pilgrimage," he said to his wife that evening.

* Translated and retold by Edith Wingate Rinder.

Two days passed. "I shall walk round by Mari Yvonne's and see if she is home again," said his wife, Lenan, on the third day.

Reaching the old woman's cottage, she found the door still closed. She looked through the window, and it was a pitiful sight that met her eyes. The body of Mari Yvonne hung half out of the bed, her head resting on the wooden chest beside it. Without pausing once to take breath, Lenan Rojou was at the farm. "Bring a lever," she panted, "and follow me."

By means of the tool they forced the cottage door, and found the poor woman quite dead. Rojou and his wife took the body from the bed and laid it on the table. "We must wrap a shroud about her," said Goneri. "Look in the linen press; there you may find a piece of clean linen."

Lenan opened the cupboard door and stood spellbound. The press was full of beautiful new linen, white as snow, soft as silk, and fragrant of lavender. "Oh, the linen,—the fine white linen!" But the thought that came to her was a very black one.

Every good housewife loves her linen. It makes her heart glad to see its folds flap in the wind, to smooth it out, and range it white and soft along the shelves of the oaken press. As Lenan Rojou gazed at the white linen, her thought grew more black. Whence came that low voice which seemed to quench the sunlight and cover as a pall the white blossoms on the hill-slope?

"Lenan Rojou," it said, "you and your man are alone here. None know that Mari Yvonne is dead. None know of the white linen. No man can claim it, for she was the last of her race. Take your share of what is in the house. Mari Yvonne needs it no more."

Lenan Rojou was an honest woman, but she was the daughter of her mother, and her mother was a daughter of Eve: she listened. "Look, Goneri," she said at last, "there is no lack of winding-sheets. Here is linen enough to enshroud a dozen corpses. Look! All this white linen, save the length of a shroud, can be ours."

"And why should it not belong to us rather than to a stranger?" came from Goneri, after a pause. "Listen, then. You stay here and watch by the body; I will carry the linen to the farm. None will either see or hear. One piece only will I leave. With it, while I am absent, you can make the shroud."

Half an hour passed, and he returned. The corpse of Mari Yvonne still awaited its shroud. A piece of spotless white linen was spread on the floor, and Lenan Rojou knelt beside it, scissors in hand.

"By Sant Paol!" cried Goneri, as he stood on the threshold, "you have been idle!"

"Oh, the pity of it! Why cut this beautiful piece of new linen to wind about a dead body? Will not Mari Yvonne sleep contentedly in the sheets which she always used?"

"Maybe you are right," rejoined Rojou, ready to acquiesce. And thus it was decided.

The same evening a funeral knell rang from the village belfry, and Mari Yvonne was buried. Goneri Rojou it was who paid for everything and one and all praised him for his generosity. On the Sunday that followed, the priest spoke from the pulpit of the Christlike conduct of Lenan and Goneri. But a black cloud was over the heart of each. True, the sight of the piles of white linen gladdened the heart of Lenan, but her husband did not share in this pleasure. His spirit left him, he ate nothing, and his sleep was broken.

One night he started up in his bed: there was a knock at the door. "Who is there?" he asked. But no answer came. Could it be some drunken man who had lost his way? he thought.

"Who knocks?" he asked a second and yet a third time. Still no voice replied.

"You shall soon tell me your name, come you from God or devil!" With that he was about to rise, when, his head thrust out of bed, he was transfixed with terror.

The door of the house stood wide open, though he remembered to have fastened it securely before going to bed. Through the doorway the moonlight fell obliquely onto the clay floor. An old woman knelt there, holding in her right hand a pair of scissors. Goneri recognized the face of Mari Yvonne, who moaned: "I will lie in the linen which I have spun." Three times she repeated: "I seek my white shroud!" Thereupon she vanished.

Goneri had not aroused his wife, and it was not until a grey light filtered through the small window of the farmstead that she opened her eyes. "Know you what you must do this morning, Lenan?" he then said to her. "Go to the church before the priest leaves it. You must confess the sin that is upon us. I shall follow you with the linen. The priest will say what we must do with it."

And then he told of the strange visitant in the moonlight, of the ghostly voice that still rang in his ears.

When Lenan had heard all, she demurred no longer, but helped her husband to shoulder the heap of linen, and presently they set off for the village. On reaching the church, the woman threw herself on her knees in the confessional; while Goneri, with his burden, awaited her near the font.

After Lenan had made her confession, the priest said: "Return with your husband at nightfall. The linen must be left in the vestry. If God hears our supplications, the ghost will be laid."

Lenan and Goneri walked slowly back to the farm,—the man with his usual firm step; the woman half-relieved, but still sad and disconsolate.

The evening found them again in prayer with the servant of God. As midnight struck in the belfry, the priest made a sign to Lenan. "The time has come," he said: "gather up the linen, and go lay it piece by piece on the grave of Mari Yvonne. Goneri will watch with me in prayer. When all is over, return and tell us what has passed."

In the deep quiet of the midnight hour, Lenan Rojou went humbly to the place of the dead, there to atone for her sin. Humbly, too, did Goneri kneel in prayer, offering up petitions for her safe return. When, after a time, he saw her re-enter the church, a sigh of thanksgiving escaped his lips.

"Speak, Lenan, daughter of Loiz," commanded the priest. Then the woman, trembling as one who has seen strange things, spoke:

"I spread one piece of linen over the green grave; a gust of wind came, and it was a sob I heard as it was borne into the darkness. I unfolded a second piece; and again the wind rose, but this time no sound came as it was carried thence. I opened a third piece; through it passed a murmur sweet as the first breath of spring; the sheet swelled out like a lugger-sail and rose toward heaven. Then the green turf fell away, and I saw Mari Yvonne lying in her grave. I unfolded the fourth piece of linen; it was dragged downwards, and the dead woman wrapped it around her, shivering the while. As I prepared to spread the fifth piece on the ground, four angels took it from me and bore it away, while a voice whispered in my ear: 'Thou art forgiven.'"

Then the priest said: "A black deed it was to take the white linen of Mari Yvonne, and black have been your days since that white blossom-time; but the good God has heard our prayers. Go in peace."

After Holy Communion.

BY S. M. ST. JOHN.

LORD, Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
Unworthy though I be;
Henceforth let Thy love intertwine
Strong saving grace with need of mine,
Till I grow like to Thee.

Now Thou art mine, and I am Thine
For all eternity;
This wayward heart Thou must confine,
And all its earthen thoughts refine
Unto divinity.

A Good Friend for Mrs. Moody.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

BEFORE her marriage, Mrs. Moody had been a well-paid stenographer; and, being one of three sisters, all employed, she always had plenty of money to spend on herself or in any way she chose. That she saved some money was due to her mother's wise counsel.

"A dollar is sometimes a very good friend, my dear," Mrs. Stephens would tell her, with a smile; "and you'll never miss what you put away. Even if you do—" She paused and her smile became a trifle wistful: "I don't see why it is, but I've never been able to teach my family habits of thrift."

"Do you really think we're wasteful?" Clara wanted to know. "Why, I never seem to buy anything that I don't really need. Do I, mother?"

"Well, I suppose you think you *have* to have it, which amounts to the same thing," was her mother's reply.

The remark made little impression on Clara at the time; but later, after her marriage to William Moody, many things that her mother said came back to her with sharp distinctness,—especially, as months wore on, the cryptic remark about a dollar proving to be a good friend. And it came to pass that Mrs. Moody would regard the solitary dollar in her purse with the peculiar respect extended to the last of its kind. Often, too, she meditated, wonderingly and with chagrin, at the freedom with which she was wont to scatter broadcast this precious medium of exchange. If she only had some of those wasted dollars now, how far she could make them go! For Mrs. Moody had everything else in the world that she wanted, except money in her pocketbook. William Moody was not only well-to-do but on the road to wealth; he was a good provider and they had a handsome home; but he liked to pay all bills himself.

"You see," he had said in the beginning, "we can keep better track of our expenditures that way, and you won't have to bother. I want my wife to have a good time,"—with a proud smile.

Clara thought that very sweet of Will, and told him so.

"That will leave me all the more money to spend," she observed gaily.

"All you'll need money for is knick-knacks," said Will. "You can get anything you want at any store in this town, and I'll pay the bills."

All this sounded very generous and expansive to Clara, and she made up her mind anew that she had a wonderful husband. The only thing was that he seemed to forget to give her any money. She simply loathed the task of reminding him, but was finally obliged to do so, expecting perhaps a profuse apology for his forgetfulness. But Will only looked surprised.

"Oh!" he said. "Let me see,"—taking out his bill fold. "I don't believe I have very much. Will it do to-night?"

"Well," with a half laugh, "I haven't a single cent."

"Here, then."

He abstracted two or three bills and laid them on the table. Clara, picking them up, was amazed to see three one dollar bills.

"I'll need more than this," she said quickly. "If you haven't the money, Will, why not give me a check?"

He looked at her blankly.

"A check? Well—I can, of course. How much do you want?"

"Oh, I don't know!"—impatiently, but laughing a little too. It all seemed so ridiculous. "I have no money, as I told you, and there are some things I want to get—"

Will eyed her reproachfully.

"Why, you know you can get anything you want and have it charged," he reminded her.

"Goodness, Will, I need some change, don't I?"

"Oh, if change is all you want!"—and he wrote her out a check for twenty-five dollars.

Clara took it with hot cheeks. It was a very small sum to make such a to-do about, she thought bitterly; and she felt sore-hearted and humiliated all day. Still, she was persuaded that Will did not mean to be close or stingy—horrid words!—it was only that he thought she had everything she wanted. Men did not understand, of course. And no doubt he would make some arrangement later about giving her a stated sum every week.

But Will Moody never did. True, he gave his wife an occasional check or bill, usually of small denomination,—all of which disappeared with the most amazing rapidity in charity, club and alumnæ dues, and the hundred demands upon the purse of a popular and supposedly rich young woman. Clara began to avoid her friends down town; for she seldom had the money to spend on expensive lunches as they did, and she could not always explain why she had to hurry home. That it was all perfectly ridiculous she told herself a thousand times; and yet her timid and tentative efforts to amend the annoying condition failed completely. She could never say as much as she wanted to, because, after all, Will was such a dear, so devoted and kind and considerate in every other way. He was always urging her to buy something new, and himself often brought her home handsome gifts, that made Clara sigh inwardly for the money which went into them, which she needed so badly; and she had only to hand him a bill to have it paid promptly. No doubt he considered himself the most generous of husbands.

Then one day her father called her up and asked about the interest on her "nest egg." Did she want it to go on the principal as usual? Clara gasped at the question. That money of hers—actually she had forgotten all about it!

"Oh, how much is the interest, dad?" she temporized. "I don't know but what I will take it."

"Well, if you add it to the principal you'll have just four thousand and sixty-eight dollars." Mr. Stephens probably thought of the sum in figures, but this is the way it sounded to his daughter. "You could take the sixty-eight dollars, and leave a nice little sum for investment."

"Investment? I thought you had it invested, dad."

"Only in a Building and Loan. I imagine Will could invest for you to much better advantage."

"Of all things—four thousand dollars! I had no idea it was that much."

"Interest compounded grows, my dear! Well, what do you say? Will you speak to Will about it?"

"I'll tell you, dad," said his daughter, slowly. "I believe I'll just let Will take care of it for me after this. So you may send me two checks,—one for four thousand and one for sixty-eight dollars. I'll enter them both to my own account, and then I'll feel quite big to hand Will a check for four thousand when he finds a suitable investment."

She did not tell her father that this would be her very first bank account since her marriage.

"That's a good idea," Mr. Stephens said. "He'll double the sum in no time."

Two or three days later Lon Hibbard, of the Hibbard National Bank, encountered Will Moody at lunch. He said to him in a friendly aside:

"Many thanks, Will, for letting us have your wife's account. I never could get *your* business, but we're thankful for small favors."

Will grinned. "'Small favors' is right. I don't believe women's accounts ever amount to very much."

"Well, I don't call four thousand dollars a little account—oh, hello, Gray! Yes, I'm going.—See you later, Moody!" and he moved on, totally unaware of the jolt he had given Will.

Four thousand dollars! The man must be crazy. Where could Clara get four thousand dollars, or four hundred, or, come to think of it, *any* money to start a bank account? She didn't handle much money,—she didn't care to. He paid everything by check. He bit into a radish and was disgruntled to find it pithy. He wasn't hungry, anyhow. Fine sort of pie they dished up to a man in this place, wasn't it?

He flung out of the restaurant, his mind a frenzied jumble of queries, out of which finally evolved an emotion compounded of wonder, indignation, and wounded feeling. If Clara *had* four thousand dollars, why hadn't she told him about it? There was no obligation why she should, of course; but, equally as well, there was absolutely no reason why she shouldn't. You'd think she'd want to, by George!—this with heartfelt indignation. Had he any secrets from her? He had not. Here honesty brought up the memory of a dozen financial deals of which his wife knew nothing, and of his own accounts in several different banks. But that was business, he reminded himself. Well, came back honesty chillingly, surely a bank account was business too.

"Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed aloud, pushing the paper-weight from him so violently that it caromed over the desk and fell to the floor with a loud bang, causing his stenographer to start and glance around apprehensively.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Murphy!" he said civilly. "I—I was only thinking—" His scowl deepened and he forgot to finish the sentence.

Miss Murphy gave him a shrewd side glance before she turned to her keys. "H-m," she ruminated with inward glee, "the missus must have asked for a couple of extra dollars!" For Miss Murphy, who kept Mr. Moody's private account, knew to a cent how much money he had given his wife since their marriage; and it was a source of constant wonder to her how Mrs. Moody managed. "She must have money of her own," was the stenographer's conclusion.

"All right," Will was saying to himself at that moment. "If she wants to keep her own counsel, she can. But maybe—" his spirits lightened hopefully,—"maybe she'll tell me about it to-night. Of course she will!"—firmly.

He astonished Miss Murphy by putting off an important stockholders' meeting, which happened to hinge on his presence; and, bidding her call his wife to say he would be home early, he left the office. What instinct sent him straight to the bank to supply himself with some nice new bills he could not have explained even to himself; but when he arrived home he was armed as well with an exquisite bouquet of violets and pink rosebuds.

Clara was charmed with the flowers and thanked him radiantly. In fact, radiant was the word for her to-night. Will, who had a curious, diffident feel-

ing himself, wondered if he imagined that she was gayer, more light-hearted and full of fun than usual. As a matter of fact, it was not his imagination; for Clara was experiencing that delightful sense of security and well-being which comes from the knowledge that one has money in the bank, and she was for the time being revelling in it. This was why, too, she put off asking Will about the investment; for, once she did, the four thousand dollars would be gone irretrievably.

Meanwhile it was thrilling to dwell on the thought of it,—that it was there, and that she could spend it if she wanted to, or if she found it necessary. Perhaps, all things considered, it might be a good idea to keep it for occasional needs. What had she saved it for if not to use when she needed it? And, goodness knows, there were times when she needed money badly. Still, if she did that she would have to inform her parents about it, and they'd wonder about Will. Oh (her cheeks hot), she could not have them thinking wrong things of Will; for he *meant* to be generous. Well, she didn't know what she would do. There was time enough.

So Will waited in vain for the desired information. There was no faintest reference to anything remotely relating to bank accounts; and though once or twice he tried to steer the conversation into business channels, he met with signal failure. Clara had been informed long ago that Will never talked business outside office hours; therefore no blame could be attached to her for failing to catch his artful cue. But before the evening was over Will was beginning to believe that she was evading the very subject that was uppermost in his mind. He went to bed in a disturbed frame of mind, and arose with the same heavy heart. It was plain: she was not going to tell him at all.

"How about a little money?" he said at the breakfast table, trying to make his tone casual as he laid down some notes. "Are you out of change?"

Clara started and came out of a pleasant dream in which she was writing some checks—strictly out of the sixty-eight dollars—and blinked at her husband in surprise, which she was careful, however, on the instant, to turn into a wifely, "Yes, thanks, Will! I am nearly out. I can use a little money." She fully expected it to be "a little," as usual. When she took the sheaf of notes and saw that each one was a ten dollar bill, she burst out, before she thought: "My goodness, all the way to a hundred dollars! What's the big idea, Will?"

Her husband frowned slightly.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. But you never" (demurely) "gave me so magnificent a sum before, and I hardly know what to do with it."

For some reason Will smarted under the guileless tone, and he rejoined with quick sarcasm:

"Oh, I dare say you know how to handle a much larger sum than that!"

He was wishing that he could say lightly, "Put it in the bank, if you don't need it." But light touches were never poor Will's strong point; wherefore he had to hear Clara say blithely:

"Oh, I'll handle it with care, never fear!" (She was thinking, gleefully, "A hundred and sixty-eight dollars,—a *hundred* and sixty-eight! Just think of it! Not to mention the four thousand!") "Oh, good-bye, Will! Thanks a lot!"

Will felt crosser and more uncomfortable than ever as he drove down town. Somehow he writhed inwardly as he recalled his wife's start of surprise and her frank exclamation, "My goodness, all the way to a hundred dollars!" It struck him with the force of

a blow that he, esteemed a wealthy man, had been doling out niggardly sums to his wife.

Miss Murphy marvelled at his dictation that morning, it was so jerky and wandering. Constant thought on one annoying subject is never productive of much lucidity, and before night Will Moody was in a fine state of irritation and depression. In vain he told himself over and over that there was nothing to worry about, even if his wife had started a bank account of large proportions quite without his knowledge; he continued to worry about it just the same. Of course, he reasoned, her father gave her the money; for, strangely enough, it never occurred to him that Clara had saved it herself. But *why* had he given it to her? That was the question. Right after her marriage to a prosperous man who was more than willing to supply all her wants! If his wife wanted a bank account of her own, he could give it to her, couldn't he? And if her father thought—if anybody thought—well, it didn't matter much,—he'd show them, that's all!

Shame deterred him from carrying another bouquet home that night; and he positively ached for a confidence that was not forthcoming, nor did it come as the days went on. He was obliged to resign himself to the bitter knowledge that he was never to be told; and it was hard, indeed (for Will was no dissembler), to talk all around his wife's secret and never say a word about it. But Clara found him kinder and more attentive than ever, and also she began to find him more generous. He was always dropping sheafs of notes on her desk, or flipping her a check, with an elaborately careless, "Had a big day to-day. Here's your share,"—until Clara was driven to protest.

"Really, Will, you give me too much money! You'll make me a spendthrift, if you're not careful."

"Can't you bank it if you don't need it?" he managed to say rather gruffly.

"Oh, I have quite a bank account already!"

Will's heart missed a beat. Was he going to hear about it at last?

"You—you have?" he stammered; then craftily, "A big sum, I dare say!"

Clara, taking his surprise for granted, was preparing to give him a bigger one; for she had finally made up her mind to tell Will about the four thousand, and ask him to invest it, or use it in his business, whichever he preferred. It was quite plain to her now that his attitude about money in the first place had been mere forgetfulness. Look at the way he had been showering her with it the last month or more,—absolutely showering her, and always asking if she didn't need more. Dear, old, generous Will! She had been *mean* to criticise him, even to herself. She smiled over at him, her cheeks flushing in joyous excitement.

"*I* dare say you'll think it's big when I ask you to invest it for me. What would you think of, say four thousand dollars?" She stared at him expectantly.

Will gave a big, hearty laugh of pure happiness.

"I might think a certain person was dreaming," he retorted gaily.

"Then what would you say to four thousand, five hundred?" she demanded triumphantly. "For that's what I have in the bank, Mr. Moody!"

Will professed skepticism and wanted to know where she got so lavish a sum, and his amazement was genuine when he learned the truth.

"Saved it all out of her little bit of salary!"

"Little bit of salary!"—indignantly. "I had a fine salary for the whole eleven years that I worked, and I saved twenty-

five and sometimes thirty-five dollars every month, besides dressing myself and helping at home."

"Then you were some little financier," declared her husband, admiringly. "That's all I've got to say. I think after this, Mrs. Moody, we'll have to put a sum to your credit, and let you pay off all the house bills and everything. There's no doubt you'll be able to manage it far better than I. What do you say?" and he smiled at her very tenderly.

Clara's eyes shone, but marital experience had already taught her not to show too much elation. "It might be a good idea," was what she said demurely; after which they entered into a long, animated and supremely happy discussion of ways and means.

"This gives you a lot more to do, honey!" Will observed regretfully. "That's the reason I didn't want you to do it in the first place."

And it is odd, but Clara believed him implicitly; and he himself was convinced that he spoke the truth. But the four thousand dollars, reposing so snugly in the Hibbard National Bank, having accomplished its psychological purpose, had not a word to say. There was really no necessity; for it had demonstrated beyond a doubt, as Clara's mother had so wisely pointed out, that a dollar, or two, or even four thousand dollars, may prove to be a very good friend indeed.

THOU speakest well and truly—God hath promised pardon on thy amendment; but tell me, I pray thee, where He has promised thee a to-morrow. Nor dost thou know how long thou hast to live. Therefore, reform thyself at once, and so be always ready. Do not put off till to-morrow what is best to be done to-day. To do so is madness a thousand times multiplied.

—*St. Augustine.*

A Famous and Beloved Author.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

ON beautiful Gordon Street, in the little suburb of West End, three miles from the heart of Atlanta, Georgia, is "Wren's Nest," or "Uncle Remus" home, where Joel Chandler Harris wrote the most loved and most Southern of all stories,—stories brimming over with quaint humor, kindly philosophy, and real understanding of the gentle and cultured people of that section of our country.

"Wren's Nest" and grounds are now owned and controlled by the Uncle Remus Association. One side of the house has been converted into a branch of the public library, the remainder of the building being kept as Mr. Harris left it, and is in charge of a caretaker. It is a typical Southern cottage, with its spacious verandas, generous hearths, and wide, sunny windows. The cozy sitting-room is filled with pictures and statues and tributes from many famous statesmen, financiers and artists. On a table in the center of the room stands the green painted box, with "Sign of the Wren's Nest" in letters of white, made by the famous author's own hands years ago, when the city delivery of mail was first known in Atlanta. But this box became so sacred to a chance pair of feathery builders that it was never used as a mere post-box again.

Crooked to the mantel, just as he left it, is the homely umbrella used by Mr. Harris; and the little, old-fashioned typewriter stands open as if waiting for the magic fingers to touch the keys with other "Brer Rabbit" stories. There is the cheery hearth, where the gentle, kindly philosopher liked to sit in the early evenings, with no light save that from the flickering coals which he loved to stir; while the "Tortyshell" cat

purred through the winter nights, "runnin' that buzz saw cats is got somewhere in their insides"; and there, "long to'ard the shank ob de evenin', as you might say, Mr. Coon 'lowed if de Lord would spare him—an' He most jinrally did—he would catch frogs for hisself and his fambly connections."

Joel Chandler Harris was born at Eatonton, Georgia, December 9, 1848; and we have a vision of him at the age of twelve, standing in the little post office of his native town, reading the first issue of the *Countryman;* in whose pages he finds an advertisement, wanting a boy to learn the printing business. He applied for the place and secured it; and so to the big plantation of two thousand acres the lad went to live in the home of Mr. Turner, editor of the country newspaper. Typesetting came easy to the boy, and he had much time to spend in the big library, which was a veritable wonderland to the book-starved little boy, whose eyes always sparkled at the mention of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

There were many slaves on the big plantation then, and they grew to love the printer-boy and to find in him a friend. From his association and real knowledge of them, later came that wealth of charming folklore which he wove into the wise and witty sayings in which his books abound. With the birds and squirrels he also became friends; for the printing office was located in a large grove of oaks, and from his window he could watch the gray squirrels play hide and seek; and to the clicking of his type was the accompaniment of the tuneful mocking-bird and the noisy jay.

But this ideal existence came to a sudden end when Sherman went through Georgia on his famous march to the sea, bringing to the Turner plantation a corps of his army, and leaving little behind them on their departure. The editor-planter set his slaves free, and the *Countryman* ceased to exist; and then we hear of the printer-lad setting type for the *Telegraph* in Macon, Ga. A few months later he is with the *Crescent Monthly* in New Orleans; then with the Savannah *Daily News*. In 1876 he became a member of the editorial staff of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and his real literary efforts began. At first he wrote sketches; then "Legends of the Old Plantation," which appears in his first published volume, called "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," with Brer Rabbit as the hero; "settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log, koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip," and "flingin' back some er his sass,—bred and brawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox; bred and brawn in a brier-patch."

About this time Joel Chandler Harris built "Wren's Nest," which became the dearest spot on earth to him, with its garden of roses, whose glorious beauty lasted from May until December; with the family of mocking-birds that always came to winter in his garden; and where in the early summer the wrens chirped over their nests. And here, with his growing children about him, he lived the happy, quiet life he loved, writing inimitable stories of the old plantation days.

When one has looked into the kindly eyes and seen the gracious smile of the gentle Southern woman who now lives in the home of her daughter, next door to "Wren's Nest," one ceases to wonder that she made the telling of the "Uncle Remus" tales possible. Joel Chandler Harris had reason for working in the family room, where the children's shouts would have disturbed a less simple genius. Whenever the family got too noisy, he would find his desk thoughtfully moved to the attic; but after trying and trying to write in its lonely seclusion, back he would come to

the sitting-room. Then a glass-enclosed porch was fitted up with every comfort that might tempt inspiration; but back he stole shyly to his old hearth, and to Mrs. Harris sitting in the lamplight. "Trees and sunlight, and people passing down the road,—these may inspire many men," he said; "but I can not write unless I sit where I can see you playing with the children."

Under a beautiful monument in West View Cemetery sleeps all that is mortal of Joel Chandler Harris, but he still lives "in the hearts of those he left behind"; and once a year, on a May day, along Brer Rabbit's trail, which is in the rear of the spacious grounds of the Uncle Remus home, the children of Atlanta gather to dance about the Maypole, and to do homage to the memory of this grand old man of Southern literature, whose stories they enjoy as did their fathers and mothers in the happy long ago.*

* The birthday of this famous and beloved author falls on the 9th of December. It is celebrated throughout the country, but this year there was a special observance in the State of New Jersey, where the Uncle Remus Memorial Association secured the co-operation of private and public schools in readings of Uncle Remus stories and sketches of the author's life. It may not be generally known that towards the close of his life Mr. Harris became a convert to the Church. He was influenced to do so by the good example of his Catholic family; also, we have heard, by the reading of a book published by THE AVE MARIA—"A Troubled Heart and How it Was Comforted at Last," by another famous and beloved author, the late Charles Warren Stoddard.—*Ed. A. M.*

WHAT a noble weapon is silence! It turns aside the tempest of anger; before it hatred and malice are abashed, if not defeated; slander and detraction are hushed in its presence; idle gossip soon grows tired in the face of its rebuke. If we could but keep silence the world would be rid of half its evils.—*Anon.*

Something Laymen Might Do.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

ALTHOUGH English Catholics form only one-fortieth of the population of Great Britain, they are active and aggressive in setting forth their views in a very much greater degree than are the Catholics of the United States, who are one-fifth of the population. We have nothing here, for instance, to compare with the excellence and efficiency of the Catholic Truth Society of England; and an American Catholic, reading of England's Catholic Evidence Guild, finds himself wondering why such an organization has not existed in this country for many years.

This Guild is an organization of laymen, trained to lecture to audiences largely Protestant. These laymen go forth into the highways and byways, speaking to all comers about the Church and its claims. They are, of course, under the direction of the Catholic clergy, and not infrequently noted English Catholic ecclesiastics may be heard speaking at meetings of the Catholic Evidence Guild. Yet the Guild is a Catholic lay activity primarily, and as such has an appeal to non-Catholics who might be shy of listening to a priest. A Protestant minister recently returned from England speaks of having heard in Hyde Park, London, amid the many conflicting creeds preached in that famous place, two notable addresses on the Catholic Church, one by a Catholic priest and the other by a Catholic layman.

In Birmingham not long ago the people were treated to an unusual spectacle. In the Bull Ring of that city, at a meeting of the Catholic Evidence Guild, the Archbishop of Birmingham appeared and addressed the crowd assembled in the open air. We are told by a London paper that when the Arch-

bishop mounted the platform and began to speak, a spontaneous burst of applause broke forth from the assembly. His clear voice seemed to float out over the crowd, making a quiet, penetrating appeal. It was to their hearts he spoke, and it was of Christ, of the Cross of Christ,—"unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and unto the Gentiles foolishness." The men and women listened eagerly, a thousand pairs of eyes resting upon the crucifix, and upon the tall figure, in the rich red of his pontifical attire, who had come into their midst for the first time.

Those familiar with the English movement tell of the break down of prejudice and the making of converts by this open-air work. And, what is just as important, they tell of the strengthening in the faith of Catholics themselves, who are glad to see, among those who come out to talk about religion, representatives of their own Church; and who are glad to hear, amid the babel of religious opinions, the one clear call of the Church.

It is a movement that ought to appeal to zealous Catholic laymen here,—to laymen who would do it for the sake of Catholic truth alone, and who would have no ulterior motive in thus conspicuously identifying themselves with a work so meritorious. There is always a danger that anything of this kind may be monopolized by those who are unwise or by those who are too selfishly shrewd. But if the work succeeds among the Catholics of England, why not here? Delegates to the Franciscan Third Order Convention evidently had it in mind when they expressed themselves as "believing that the Apostolate of the Laity should be extended to carrying the Catholic message of individual, family, economic and civil well-being, to the man in the street."

The explaining and maintaining of the Catholic position in the daily press should not be neglected, either. There is scarcely a newspaper in the land wherein one can make a slighting allusion to Christian Science without receiving some communication from an authorized Christian Science teacher or leader, setting forth the Christian Science side of whatever matter may be under discussion. The communication is always courteous and often kindly, but none the less firm in the attitude it takes.

In work of this kind Catholics are very much lacking. It is true that one will find quite frequently, from Catholics, corrections and criticisms of something or other objectionable in the daily press; but they are not always marked by that sweetness and suavity of expression which is calculated to give a favorable impression of the writers' good will or good manners, or, what is much more important, to win any one to the cause the writers represent.

Answering attacks upon, or misstatements about, the Church, or things connected therewith, needs trained minds and pens just as much as does the making of addresses in public on Catholic subjects. It requires poise, good temper, good will, and the ability to see things from the non-Catholic as well as from the Catholic point of view. Editors would find no objection to letters of this kind, although they are naturally averse to letters which tend to stir up religious controversy. My experience with the better kind of editors is that they are keen to scent and quick to shut from their papers what looks like paid propaganda, but quite ready to welcome to print what has a legitimate news interest, and which is at the same time well-considered, well-written, and good-tempered.

WORK is not hard: it is the eyes that are afraid of it.—*Haytian Proverb.*

Religious Dancing.

DANCING is in itself an indifferent or unmoral recreation; its innocence or sinfulness depends on the motives of the performers and the manner of the various movements. That the recreation is sadly abused in our day does not alter the historical fact that dancing was once and for a long period a religious exercise. Among the Hebrews it was essentially a religious rite. It was an act of praise, and no religious festival was complete without its dances. David himself, as Scripture informs us, "danced before the Lord." Among the Hebrews, it is true, each sex danced by itself; and in this respect they differed from the Egyptians.

After the fall of Rome, dancing as an art practically disappeared. Christianity at first encouraged it as an inheritance from the Jews; and St. Basil is said to have recommended the practice of the dance on earth because it was an occupation of the angels in heaven. In any case, sacred dances were given on festivals, and subsequently on Sundays. In reality, however, they were not so much dances as rhythmical processions, each sex going through the evolutions separately. Gradually, however, they degenerated from their solemn character, and at the close of the seventh century were expressly forbidden by the Church.

Perhaps the most curious survival of these old church dances is Los Seises ("The Sixes"), which is still performed annually by the choir boys in the cathedral at Seville, on the feast of Corpus Christi and that of the Immaculate Conception. Originally, the dance was taken part in by twelve boys, in two sets of six each (whence the name "The Sixes"); but of late years the sets have occasionally numbered eight each. In view of the fact that non-Catholic travellers in Spain have not infrequently maligned the Spaniards and their customs, it is interesting to read what an impartial and authoritative author, Arthur Symons, has to say of this dancing in church, at which so many puritanical Americans throw up their hands in horror. In his fascinating book, "Cities and Sea-Coasts and Islands," is to be found this graphic description:

"At five o'clock I returned to the Cathedral to see the dance of the Seises. There was but little light, except about the altar, which blazed with candles. Suddenly a curtain was drawn aside and the sixteen boys, in their blue and white costumes, holding plumed hats in their hands, came forward and knelt before the altar. The priests, who had been chanting, came up from the choir; the boys rose, and formed in two eights, facing each other in front of the altar, and the priests knelt in a semicircle around them. Then an unseen orchestra began to play, and the boys put on their hats and began to sing (to a dance measure) the *coplas* in honor of the Virgin:

O mi, O mi amada
Immaculada!

"After they had sung the *coplas* they began to dance, still singing. It was a kind of solemn minuet, the feet never taken from the ground,—a minuet of delicate stepping and intricate movement, in which a central square would form, divide, a whole line passing through the opposite line; the outer ends then repeating one another's movements, while the others formed and divided again in the middle. The first movement was very slow; the second faster, ending in a pirouette. Then came two movements without singing, but with the accompaniment of castanets; the first movement again very slow, the second a quick rattle of castanets, like the rolling of kettle-drums, but done without raising the

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hand above the level of the elbows. Then the whole thing was repeated from the beginning; the boys flourished off their hats, dropped on their knees before the altar, and went quickly out. One or two verses were chanted, the Archbishop gave his benediction, and the ceremony was over.

"And, yet, I found it perfectly dignified, perfectly religious, without a suspicion of levity or indecorum. This consecration of the dance, this turning of a possible vice into a means of devotion, this bringing of the people's art, the people's passion—which in Seville is dancing,—into the church, and finding it a place there, is precisely one of those acts of divine, worldly wisdom which the Church has so often practised in her conquest of the world."

Active Old Age.

"EVERY stage of human life except the last," says Cicero, "is marked out by certain defined limits; old age alone has no precise and determinate boundary." The three great Greek tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, continued to write with undiminished vigor and effectiveness till past threescore and ten; and Sophocles was more than eighty when he produced "Œdipus Colonus." Plato taught in his famous academy until his death at eighty; and Thucydides, dying at seventy-five, left his history of the Peloponnesian Wars unfinished. Socrates began studying music when he was about eighty years of age.

In modern times the examples are still more numerous. Goethe finished "Faust" on the eve of his eighty-third birthday. Titian painted his famous "Battle of Lepanto" when he was ninety-eight. Alexander von Humboldt completed his "Cosmos" in his ninetieth year. Von Moltke was in full uniform at eighty-eight. At the same age Commodore Vanderbilt was the most active railroad man of his day. Newton, Voltaire, Herbert Spencer, Talleyrand, Jefferson, Gladstone, Bismarck, Tennyson, Theodore Mommsen, Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and Cardinals Newman and Manning,—all these and hundreds of their contemporaries were active and in their intellectual prime after passing the fourscore mark.

In the House of Lords at present are the Earl of Halsbury, ninety-nine years old; the Earl of Ducie, ninety-four; and Baron Eversley, eighty-nine. The only American politician to rival these Englishmen is Congressman Joseph Cannon, who is eighty-five,—two years younger than former Senator Chauncey Depew, still active in his attendance to business. Senator Dillingham, at seventy-seven; Senator Lodge, seventy-one; and Senator Culberson, sixty-six, are comparatively youthful, as is the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Taft,—only sixty-four.

It is folly as well as unhappiness to think oneself old before one's time, to yield before it is inevitable to the encroaching years.

Apostle Spoons.

It was an ancient custom—one which is not quite out of use—for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or gilt spoons as a present to the child. These were called Apostle Spoons, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one of the Twelve Apostles. Such sponsors as were opulent and generous gave a dozen; those who were moderately wealthy or liberal escaped at the expense of the Four Evangelists, or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting only one spoon, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honor of whom the child received its name.

A Remarkable Transformation.

A FEW months ago American newspapers were berating the Irish Republicans, taking their cue from Mr. Lloyd George. At that time he was calling the British Empire, and all the rest of the world as well, with special reference to the United States, to witness that he would never, never shake hands with a "murder gang,"—for such was his description of the Sinn Feiners. The American newspapers we have in mind were taking his word at its face value, and ringing the changes on the term "murder gang" day after day. Nothing was too bad to say about the Sinn Feiners then, and the blackest of Black and Tan outrages were either ignored altogether, or defended on the ground of military necessity.

But we have lived to see changes. Suddenly the Prime Minister burned the political gods which he before adored; he turned from extreme militarism in Ireland and the defence thereof to a desire for peace; and he shook hands in London with members of the same "murder gang" against whom he had been so fiercely contending. He besought the Sinn Fein leaders, as the "chosen representatives of their people," to meet him and try to straighten out the Irish-English difficulty. The change was so sudden as almost to take away the breath of the editors of American newspapers. Could it be possible, they asked themselves in consternation, that Lloyd George was actually going to treat with these men whom he had denounced so bitterly, and whom he had led the innocent and unquestioning American press to join in denouncing?

But the newspaper men were equal to the occasion. Without turning a hair, they began to sing in tune with the British Premier, and to dwell upon the great desirability of peace between Great Britain and Ireland, as if they had never preached the practical wiping out of the Irish people in their frantic efforts to second Mr. George's former militaristic policy. Next they began to have editorials praising the virtues of "Dominion Home Rule," which they formerly scoffed at as being too much of a concession to the spirit of Irish nationality.

As time went on, they discovered that Lloyd George's troubles about the Irish situation were not all coming from the Sinn Feiners. They found out that Ulster—or at least what is called Ulster, for political purposes—was standing in the pathway toward peace. So we had the shock of seeing numerous editorial references to Ulster which were decidedly censorious in tone. These references grew in number and tartness in the American press as the days dragged on.

Now that the Sinn Feiners have finally triumphed—have won a victory, such as it is, over their enemies,—and the Ulsterites are humiliated and straitened, we shall expect to have the Irish Republicans lauded as heroic patriots by the very men who formerly misrepresented and abused them; while the "stanch loyalists of the North" are berated and urged to come to terms with Sinn Fein without delay.

Such is the way of journalists who regard journalism, not as a profession, but as a business. They boast of their enterprise in getting news, and of the independence of their comments on it; but they give out only what news serves their purpose, and invariably set forth the opinions held by "those higher up,"—the owners of the papers, so many of whom are always ready to strike a profitable bargain with any propagandist or political boss that comes along. They scream with the eagles or they caw with the crows, according to circumstances.

A Frequently Neglected Duty.

A CITIZEN of Boston, now abroad, calls attention to the duty American tourists have of contributing something toward the upkeep of the great Catholic churches throughout the world, which they visit for the sake of viewing the architectural beauties of these edifices, or seeing the artistic treasures which so many of them contain. Mr. Godfrey L. Cabot, the gentleman referred to, is a non-Catholic; but he feels that Protestant Americans who travel get so much esthetic pleasure from the churches, that they should, in visiting them, not forget to make an offering toward their renovation and preservation. He writes as follows in the *Boston Herald:*

These churches are, most of them, open daily and all day long. The casual tourist enters, inspects the beautiful paintings, the wonderful sculptures, the exquisite mosaics, and other works of art; last, but not least, the noble proportions of the sacred edifice itself.

His very soul is refreshed and his spirit uplifted by the religious atmosphere that there is found. The dim religious light enriched by the priceless stained-glass windows through which it enters, the scent of incense, the religious services, and the silent devotion of those who attend them,—all bring to mind generations of poor sinning and suffering humanity that have come thither for solace in time of trouble, for consolation in time of mourning, for guidance in time of temptation, and have not come in vain.

In these churches is usually found a contribution box for the maintenance and repair of the edifice. Let those who have enjoyed this hospitality not leave till they have placed something in this box, according to their means, as a duty and act of simple justice; and let them not think that they deserve credit for any charity unless their gift exceeds a fair compensation for the benefit they have personally received.

When one visits the Seville cathedral, the largest Gothic church in the world, and, within, one of the most beautiful, and sees its crumbling exterior, one wonders if the matchless Madonnas of Murillo and other irreplaceable works of art therein contained will long be safe from the elements.

How long will Italy be able to maintain at enormous expense the marble cathedral of Milan, which it would impoverish the world to lose?

Let, then, the direct beneficiaries best able to afford it—to wit, the tourists—do at least their just part.

It would be well if Mr. Cabot's admonition were heeded by the class to whom he appeals; but we fear his words will fall very largely on deaf ears. There are Americans, people of real taste and culture and good manners, who visit Europe every year, and who conduct themselves with propriety while visiting world-famous Catholic churches there; such people as these will undoubtedly give, and do give, toward the upkeep of the wonderful monuments of Christian faith whose artistic treasures afford them so much pleasure; but there are other Americans, ill-mannered and boorish, who are utterly unmoved by the churches, and who have no conception of their duty in the direction Mr. Cabot suggests. To them a famous church is only a show place—nothing more,—which is open all day and to which no entrance fee is charged. In visiting it, they have no idea of a reverential attitude; they chatter and laugh as if they were in a museum. This class of our countrymen will not be very likely to contribute anything.

Educated and really cultivated Americans are ashamed of the antics of some of the newly-rich tourists of their own country whom they meet with in foreign lands, and whose minds are altogether unprepared for the artistic things they think they ought to see, because it is "the thing," and because all the more notable artistic objects are generally mentioned in the guide-books. But it may be that if ever it becomes "the thing" to give, they will then give as well as the rest.

Notes and Remarks.

Year after year, as the Christmas season approaches, the reading world is voluminously reminded that best of all gifts at Christmas or any other time is a good book. Very many of those who desire to make some little gift to friends and acquaintances, however, are debarred from giving books because of the prohibitive prices at which the least costly of them are now sold. As a substitute, the Christmas card—of a thousand different varieties—is made use of. The essential purpose of such a card is, of course, to assure an absent friend or acquaintance that he is pleasantly remembered by the sender, who wishes him health and happiness. Now, there is another kind of Christmas gift, not more costly than the card, fully as adequate as a reminder, and proportionately as valuable as a good book: the cheap but excellent Catholic pamphlet. For the price of even the least elaborate Christmas card there may be secured a really valuable pamphlet of some of the Catholic Truth societies, or an equally admirable one issued by our Catholic publishers; and we fail to see why such a pamphlet, bearing the autographed "Merry Christmas" of the sender, should not be quite as welcome to a friend as the conventional card with its more or less insipid verses.

Not a little public indignation was created throughout the country last week by a newspaper dispatch from Denver, to the effect that a judge, sitting in the juvenile Court of that city, had recommended, for a mother of five children, an operation which would prevent her bearing further offspring. The condemnatory nature of the remarks provoked by his action caused the judge in question to make a statement denying that he had issued any order for an operation, but admitting this much: "After the case had been adjourned, I did remark to a reporter that an order directing such an operation might be entered, if an investigation disclosed conditions that would make it necessary, and if the consent of the parties concerned could be obtained." Needless to say, no conditions are conceivable that would sanction the violation by the civil law of the natural law guarding the sacred rights of motherhood; and a judge who speaks as his Honor of Denver has done in this matter needs elementary instruction in the law of God.

Among many fallacies entertained as unquestionable truths by the average American, not the least common is his opinion as to the sacrosanct character of this country's public school system. So superlatively inviolable does he consider it that any intimation that it is open to criticism is frowned upon as an act of disloyalty. Father Blakely, S. J., exploded this popular fallacy some time ago in *America;* and it is to be hoped that his paper may be widely and attentively read. It opens with this telling paragraph:

> It has recently been said that the public school is an American institution which no American may oppose. That statement is false in both its members. To begin with, the public school is *not* "an American institution." It antedates not only the formation of our Republic but the discovery of America, and comes to us from an ancient pagan source. And, to end with, even if the public school were exclusively and by origin "an American institution," every American would still be quite free to oppose it.

About the expediency of Catholics' opposing the public school, there may of course be diversity of opinion; about their *right* to do so there can scarcely be any question. As American citizens, they have the privilege of criticising, opposing, and seeking the abrogation of any law or legal creation

which they consider inimical to the public welfare. As patriotic citizens, they clearly have the right—is it too much to say the duty?—to work by all lawful means for the overthrow of any institution the perpetuation of which they deem a menace to the true greatness of their country,—its morality. That the public school system is such a menace in the opinion of Catholics was proven long ago by the very inception of our parish school system; that it is such a menace in the estimation of an ever-increasing number of non-Catholics is clear from the establishment of denominational schools of their own by such bodies as the Lutherans, the Episcopalians, Methodist Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and others. And that much the same opinion is entertained by many non-Catholic lay publicists is evident to any one who keeps abreast of the best thought in the secular press. The education of which the American people at large stand most in need is an awakening to the manifest evils resulting from any training of children that neglects their religious formation.

That convent school training for girls is far superior in most respects, and notably so in the matter of spiritual values, to the education provided in non-Catholic ladies' colleges and co-educational State universities, is an assertion which no Catholic thinks controvertible, and which not a few American Protestants corroborate by sending their daughters to the academies and colleges of our Sisters. Praise of convent schools is no new thing anywhere, but our readers will thank us for reproducing a new version of such praise, as we find it in an article contributed to *The Queen's Work* by Dr. James J. Walsh. He writes:

> More than all else in the world does the present age need pure women in whose eyes gleams the light of fine ideals, and in whose heart is a deep faith and a spirit of devotion to duty. We can not feel safe for the future unless such women shall bear us noble sons and daughters, and rear them to worthy maturity. The women set the moral standard of the land, and in our hearts we cry for those who are on the side not of the beasts but of the angels.
>
> Whence shall these women come if not from the convent schools, where girls are still taught to be gentlewomen, where purity is a daily lesson, not of precept but of living example, and where, in a firm if sweet discipline, wills are tempered for the stress and sacrifice that must come?
>
> Second to none educationally, our convent schools have the added glory of striving to keep high the ideals of womankind and to place maidenly virtue before all the knowledge of the land. For that we have to thank the cultured gentlewomen who by their vows have consecrated their lives to purity and to a living sacrifice for others, which speaks more powerfully than any lesson of books or history to the hearts of the young girls entrusted to their care. From their hands, from their gentle training, come the sweetest and brightest flowers of womankind.

One of the intellectual amusements of the present season is to read the prospectus in which each and every magazine in the country is crying its wares for the coming year. It might easily be concluded that never before has the future of literature seemed quite so roseate, or at least altogether so enthralling. But, mindful of the poet who first phrased the axiom that "all is not gold that glisters," one wonders. Here is a magazine that proudly declares the fact that H. Jamie Jones, the "eminent novelist," will discuss civilization in its most intimate and hair-raising aspects; there is one which informs its readers with discreet happiness of Dr. Simptom's decision to explain the subconscious mind in nine issues of ——*'s Magazine*. And fiction! The most "eminent artists" are working overtime to produce the novel, the poem, or the short story which Mr. and Mrs. Grundy have been so

anxiously expecting. What more could anybody possibly desire?

It is not at all important that H. Jamie Jones is an ordinary gentleman with a mouse-colored mustache, who knows as much about billiards (or civilization) as his associates; that Dr. Simptom is, we regret to divulge, a superannuated believer in "progress and evolution"; and that the "eminent artists" are very proper persons, with families, victrolas, and incidental expenses. But, really, for the initiated there should be some prophecy of the advertisements which the magazine expects to print during the year. What breathless fascination there is in a brand-new "ad," and what friendly comfort in a very ancient one! Then again, if contemporary literature can do nothing to remedy a gloomy disposition, the sight of plentiful advertising ought at least to remove some of the business depression.

Replying to a correspondent who quotes various rather astounding though characteristic statements from a professedly anti-Catholic publication, the editor of the "Question Box" of the English *Catholic Gazette* makes the following general observation, which is as timely and as true in this country as in England:

> We are afraid that Protestant controversialists will never leave off trying to make capital out of the individual failings of Catholics. It is easy to say—though impossible to prove—that the sins of Catholics are taught them by the Church, though their virtues are entirely their own; and it must be admitted that the lives of some Catholics are a bad advertisement for their religion. It is, therefore, not surprising that the militant supporters of the hopelessly weak case of Protestantism should find the temptation to this kind of controversy irresistible.

Contrary to first reports, the final results of the elections in Belgium show that the Catholic party has come to the forefront, with 716,850 votes,—a gain of 71,369 on the elections of 1919. The Socialists come next, and after them the Liberals. These are the total figures, but in the number of personal returns the Catholics have been no less successful. In the Chamber of Representatives they have 32 members, which is nine more than they had in the former Chamber. The Liberals have held their 42 seats, and nothing more; while the Socialists have secured 66 seats, which is a drop of four. In the Senate also the Catholics come first with 42 seats; the Socialists have 33, and the Liberals only 18 seats.

Naturally the Catholics are considerably elated by their success, which they regard as evidence of the conservatism and stability of the country.

"It was too great a war for so miserable a peace." Thus M. Clemenceau is said to have spoken in a mood of unusual bitterness. And the editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, in like frame of mind, has this to say:

> It has been the dream, desire, and hope of all good people that, as the result of being tried as "gold and silver are tried by fire," the heart of the race would be purified; that there would be a new spirit of fraternity and co-operation in the world. Everybody must have been struck, however, by the difficulty of discerning whether or no this dream has been fulfilled, this desire accomplished, and this hope even partly realized.
>
> We have learned how hard it is to trace the great world movement of those currents of thought and feeling which are composed of so many conflicting elements, so many eddies and backsets. It is all but impossible to tell what is really taking place, even in the souls of nations nearest to us, and most easily comprehended because of a common heritage of life and language. Who can say with authority, for example, whether England is less self-centered, less domineering, more democratic, more ethical than she was? If there are evidences for, there are evidences against, the belief that her heart has been greatly changed.
>
> What signs are there that France has been radically altered? Her dominant emotions seem to be fear and revenge. Up to the present it is impossible to trace in Germany

the slightest evidence of higher ethical views or truly spiritual aspirations. Russia appears to be in a maniacal mood. Italy is embittered and still vindictive. Turkey has only become more impotent, but not less evil. The Balkan States reveal a single passion—the passion for self-enlargement.

In turning to America, the difficulty of diagnosis is not lessened. In politics, the same old party ambitions seem to dominate the minds of men. In society, the temporarily abandoned follies are resuming their accustomed sway. In religion, there is a more tolerant spirit, but not an increased or increasing fervor. In business, a hopeful spirit of conciliation on the part of employers is offset by the intensified determination of employees to rule or to ruin.

Can any man say he is conscious of a great and radical change of mind and heart in himself, his friends, the community, the nation, the world? Can he feel a gulf stream warming the frigid waters of the ocean of life, a soft chinook blowing over a frozen landscape and causing the flowers to bud and bloom?

There is pessimism and exaggeration in all this, as the editor man himself must have realized when he had written it; for he adds in a saner and calmer mood: "It is necessary, however, to remember that such changes are not instantaneous, nor are their manifestations immediately disclosed. They are not like the dawn of day in the Tropics, but in the Temperate Zones, where the twilights are long and the sun is slow in climbing above the horizon. It is too soon to estimate the results of the war upon the soul of the world. All present judgments are premature. It will require decades to disclose those symptoms by which a scientific view may be arrived at. We must live by faith at present, and repose our hope in a belief that so deep an experience must enlarge the mind and ennoble the heart of the race. If it could be otherwise, we should lose confidence in the moral government of the world."

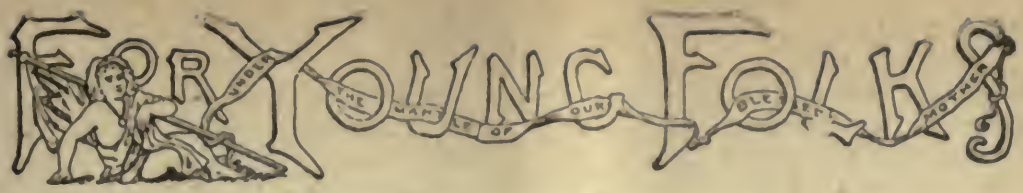
The psychology that underlies international misunderstanding is called "Pooled Self-Esteem" by A. Clutton-Brock, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*. One need not agree with all his statements and conclusions, but one is likely to find this author suggestive of interesting points of view. The following paragraph, for example, seems to make its point very clearly:

You and I, as individuals, have learned at least to conceal our self-esteem. We are made uneasy by gross flattery; we are like the Duke of Wellington, who, when grossly flattered by Samuel Warren, said to him: "I am glad there is no one present to hear you say that."—"Why, your Grace?" asked Warren.—"Because," answered the Duke, "they might think I was d—— fool enough to believe you."

But when our country is flattered, and by one of our countrymen, we do not feel this uneasiness; at least, such flattery is a matter of course in the newspapers and at public meetings in all countries; there is so large and constant a supply of it that there must be an equally large and constant demand. Yet no one can doubt that it is quite absurd and also dangerous, if not in his own country, in other countries.

As everyone has noticed, stories of so-called "escaped nuns" do not enjoy anything like the vogue that was formerly theirs. Even in cases which bore any semblance of genuineness—when there actually was an "escape," or a running away, by a definite woman or girl,—there was in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a total misapprehension as to the standing and character of the person in question. The following paragraph from a recent issue of *Our Sunday Visitor* explains a matter as to which most non-Catholics entertain altogether erroneous notions:

The present-day anti-Catholic lecturer gets his story from women who were in Houses of the Good Shepherd, but were never nuns. These institutions are *reformatories conducted by nuns;* and the wayward girls who are there are, of course, sent there against their will, just as the wayward girls in our State reformatories are there against *their* will. Inmates in the Houses of the Good Shepherd are not even permitted to become nuns. It is from such convent *institutions, and not convents properly so called*, that there have been "escapes."



The Speeding Moments.

BY S. MARR.

SILENT as the falling star-flakes
Shrouding all the earth in snow
Are the footsteps of the moments
As they softly come and go.

Spotless as the white frost crystals
Gleaming on a field untrod
Are the moments sent to mortals
From the all-white hand of God.

Are they spotless when they leave us—
Moments of the vanished years?
Does God know them when they reach Him,
Sullied still, though washed in tears?

This the thought our heart should answer
Ere the bells their welcome ring,
And the Old Year is a memory,
And the New Year reigns' a King.

The Flower of Forgiveness.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

MISS FLOYD put on her spectacles and read the letter that the hired man had just brought from the post-office. It ran:

DEAR MARY:—Your last letter made me imagine that the sun was not shining very brightly on the dear old farmhouse. I believe you and brother Jacob need a bit of cheering up, and I am going to offer you two weeks of my little Mary for a Christmas present. Some of our friends are going to Boston soon, and can see that she arrives safe at Upper Barton. Kind regards to Jacob.

Your affectionate brother, TOM.

Two weeks of a child twelve years old! Miss Floyd disliked children,—even disliked nice little Congregational children, who knew the Westminster Catechism, talked about "the Sabbath," and thought the Pope a monster. But a Catholic child!

She took off her spectacles and looked out of the window. There were flakes of snow in the air, and already a thin white layer upon the doorstep. She knew what that meant. It meant the hiding of the ground until Spring; it meant a cold pall thrown over her little landscape, and communication with her world—even her narrow world—suspended.

Jacob was splitting kindlings in the woodshed, and between the strokes of the hatchet she could hear him singing:

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.

They were not cheerful words by any means. She turned and stroked the cat, and he scratched her. She looked up at her grandfather's picture and it seemed to scowl. She glanced at the clock: it had stopped.

"Why, something's the matter with everything and everybody!" she said to herself. "We've all lost heart. Tom's right. We need cheering up."

Jacob's tune had changed. It was now a wailing minor and set to the words,

Plunged in a gulf of deep despair,
We dying sinners lay—

"It may be wicked," said Miss Floyd, desperately; "but I'm so very lonesome I believe I'd welcome a heathen idol, and I'm going to send for Tom's little girl."

She wrote her letter that night—borrowing some ink at the grocer's, hers having been frozen the year before,—ruling and directing the envelope with great precision. It was a formal epistle, but the kind heart of a lonely woman was in some way evident

in it; and Tom and his wife pitied and understood, and sent their little girl.

Jacob met her at the station.

"Be you Mary Floyd?" he asked of a little bundle of furs and auburn curls.

"Why, of course!" she laughed; and it seemed to the old man as if a whole flock of singing birds had been uncaged at once.

"Well, just get into the sleigh. You'll find a hot soapstone in the straw."

He tucked the robes about her and they set out, the bells on Dobbin's neck chiming an accompaniment to her voice.

Miss Floyd was looking out of the window when Jacob drove up with the little visitor. She had on her best silk gown, her breastpin adorned with the weeping willow; and a little cap gay with blue ribbons set off her gray hair.

"You must be frozen," she said to the girl, who laughed again as she had done at the station.

"Frozen! Why, Aunt Mary, we would almost call this a thaw in Minnesota!" she said.

She seemed to take good cheer and happiness and peace into the dreary old house. The cat began to purr, the grim frown on the ancestral portrait turned to a smile, and Jacob changed his tune to "Brave Wolfe."

By noon the next day Mary and her aunt and uncle were firm friends. The visitor had looked at the quaint old picture books, explored the attic, visited Dobbin in the barn, and was somewhat weary. So her restless little body was quiet at last.

"Aunt Mary," she asked, "who lives on the farm next to you?"

Then she knew that she had made a mistake.

"We're going to have a boiled dinner to-day, dear," observed Miss Floyd, which could not, you will admit, by any stretch of the imagination, be construed as an answer to the question.

Mary was a good child, but she had a little more curiosity than prim people would deal out if distributing attributes to model children; and the more she thought about it, the more she wanted to know the answer to her question.

"Uncle Jacob," she said when her aunt had gone to the kitchen, "who lives on the next farm?"

"For the land's sake, child, don't ask your aunt!"

"But I *did* ask her."

"You asked her?"

"Yes, but she didn't tell me. Who does live there?"

Jacob looked around to make sure they were alone, then whispered:

"Your Uncle Nat and your Aunt Lucy. They and your Aunt Mary don't speak."

"Don't speak!"

"They've been mad at each other for well-nigh two years. It began about chickens. Uncle Nat's bantams scratched up our flower-seeds; then your Aunt Lucy borrowed your Aunt Mary's flat-irons and didn't bring them back. They had a spat, and your Aunt Mary said: 'You needn't darken my doors till I send for you.' And she's never sent."

Here was news indeed. Mary had heard of this other aunt and uncle, but not of the long quarrel. And Christmas was coming! The night before she left home her mother had told her of the legend about the flower that blooms only at Christmas, and is called the flower of forgiveness. If she could make that flower bloom at the Valley Farm! But against three unforgiving hearts and two years of hatred a little girl from Minnesota could not hope to do much.

"Aunt Mary," she announced a few days later, "Christmas is almost here."

"We don't believe much in Christmas, Mary dear," answered Miss Floyd. "Your grandfather never let us keep it. He said the governor used to appoint

Fast Day for the 25th of December."

Mary was neither very old nor very wise, but she had judgment enough to refrain from expressing her opinion of both grandfather and governor.

"But I want you to do just what you like," went on Miss Floyd. "I'm not used to Catholics. I don't know what you want to do for Christmas; but if you wish to go to Upper Barton to meeting on Sunday, Jacob can take you; and if there's any other thing you'd like to do, I have no objection."

"*Anything*, Aunt Mary?"

Miss Floyd was frightened. What superstitious rites might not a Catholic desire to have part in? But this was brother Tom's little girl.

"*Anything*," she said, with a quaver in her voice.

Sunday was crisp and clear. Jacob drove Mary to Mass at Upper Barton church, but would not enter it. At one o'clock they were at the farm again, with a good appetite for dinner.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Floyd suddenly, after she and Mary had the table set. "Hand me my white apron. There's folks coming in the gate. It's some of the Upper Barton folks, I think; and they've hitched their team up the road somewhere."

Mary's heart was thumping violently.

"O dear Infant Jesus," she whispered, "make the flower of forgiveness bloom!"

Miss Floyd herself opened the door, and there stood the brother and sister, unforgiving and unforgiven for "well-nigh two years." They were stern and reserved New England people, and there was no scene.

"I hope we're in time for dinner," said Aunt Lucy.

"Walk right in," replied Miss Floyd, hospitably. "Yes, you're just in time; and you'll both be glad to see Tom's little girl."

The white petals of the sweet flower of forgiveness had opened. Whether Miss Floyd ever guessed about the little note that asked her brother and sister to take dinner before Christmas at Valley Farm, little Mary never knew. And it did not matter.

Great in Spite of Obstacles.

IN the early part of the last century the master of a small coasting vessel was plying between England and Ireland. With him, as ship-boy, was his little son, who heartily detested the fate which seemed to have been meted out to him. He did not want to be a ship-boy: he wanted to be an artist, and he took delight in covering the clean deck with chalk-sketches of every object that came under his notice. It is likely that he proved to be a very poor sailor; for after a while his father gave up trying to make a seafaring man of him, and let him stay at home and study.

The lad's name was James Barry, and he had a sweet Catholic mother, who taught him the beauty of self-denial and that nothing is gained except through labor and ofttimes suffering. He was very poor: his bed was hard, his clothes coarse, and his food plain. If he earned any money, he promptly spent it for books and for candles that he might study in the night. Sometimes, when he could not buy a book, he managed to borrow it; and he found that by training his memory he could in a short time learn by heart all the important passages. When he had no time for this he would copy them; sometimes he copied whole volumes.

Barry was seventeen before he attempted to paint in oil; and for some years after that he wrought alone, with no one to say a kind or encouraging word—except, we are sure, that good Irish mother of his.

Do you remember the story of St.

Patrick?—how, when he was baptizing one of the kings of Cashel, he, without knowing it, struck the point of his crosier through the royal foot, the king being so full of joy that he did not feel pain. This was the subject of Barry's first great picture, which he placed on exhibition in Dublin, where it was universally admired.

The story of his first meeting with the great Edmund Burke is a charming one. He had no idea who Burke was, and at once got into an argument with him about something or other.

"Your statement is not correct," said Burke.

"I have my information from a high authority," answered Barry.

"And who is that?"

"Edmund Burke's fine 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' sir. I think so much of that work that, not being able to purchase it, I borrowed a copy and transcribed every word."

Needless to say the delighted Burke was the young artist's friend after that, manifesting his interest practically by sending him to Italy, and really supporting him for several years.

But Barry had many things to contend against, one of which was a violent temper. He quarrelled with his friends. His life seemed one succession of disappointments. He painted a picture of the "Death of Wolfe" about the time that Benjamin West took the same subject for a canvas. Barry's soldiers, according to the peculiar ideas in vogue at that time, were dressed as Roman combatants, without clothes; West's had the costume that the French and English soldiers wore in the battle. All London went wild over West's picture, and laughed, as was natural, at poor Barry's.

He always remained wretchedly poor. For that he did not care. He used to say that he wished nothing but a poor coat, a bowl of soup, and a corner to paint in; and he never had much more than that.

At this time he undertook a very heroic achievement—the decoration of the room of the Society of Arts, with no remuneration. He had sixteen shillings in his pocket when he began the task, and it occupied him for six years. He would work at this for twelve hours, then sit up half the night in order to earn some food to sustain him through the following day. The Society gave him a few hundred guineas at last, and from that time he was at least in no danger of starvation.

He died at sixty-five, a man who was great in spite of many obstacles, but who was never really happy. His unfortunate disposition made him his own worst enemy. He is, however, one of those persons whom we love in spite of faults. And surely no one can have a harsher feeling than pity for the poor little ship-boy who rose to be one of the great painters of his time.

The Snowflake.

MORE than 4000 photographs of snowflakes taken by Mr. Wilson A. Bentley prove that no two are alike. The fleeting, fairylike beauties of the snowflake which we thoughtlessly crush underfoot, are so varied and delicate that no artist could ever contrive such exquisite formations. In many cases, they are far more decorative and intricate than any designs of the jeweler's art. In fact, our eyesight is not keen enough to detect the wondrous variations without the aid of a camera. And yet, if we catch a snowflake, "delicate, feathery messenger from Heaven," before it melts, we may always see something of its exquisite blue-white beauty. Nature's wonderland has many surprises and charms, not the least of which are the infinitely small creations of Nature's God.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—There will be many readers on this side of the Atlantic to welcome two new books, just published by Sands & Co., London and Edinburgh—"The Popes in the Divina Commedia," by the Bishop of Salford; and "The Man of Sorrows," a volume of meditations on the Passion, by Fr. Robert Eaton, of the Birmingham Oratory.

—Another excellent book by Mother St. Paul, with a preface by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., is "Ortus Christi: Meditations for Advent." It is suitable also for daily reading in preparation for Christmas, and the reader will find much spiritual food in the author's reflections on the lessons and liturgy of Advent. We much regret that this work did not appear earlier. Price, $1.75.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have done well in issuing a dramatic version of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Jerome K. Jerome's well-known fantasy, made so universally popular by the acting of Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson. We believe that this is likely to be the form in which Mr. Jerome's boarding-house allegory (too obviously popular to need comment here) will be for the future enshrined. The book itself is an exceptionally fine example of tasteful binding and printing.

—The authorized translation of Pope Benedict XV's admirable Encyclical on "St. Jerome," printed in England, is for sale in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It is a handsome brochure of fifty-nine pages, divided into seven parts: St. Jerome's life and labors; His Teaching regarding Holy Scripture; How Certain Modern Views Compare with this Teaching; How to Study the Bible; The Part the Bible must Play in Priestly Education; The Goal of our Biblical Study; Epilogue. Price, 40 cents.

—The novices of the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C., have published a worthy book, "Dominican Saints," to commemorate fittingly the seventh centenary of the illustrious founder of their Order. The lives of fourteen of its canonized saints are excellently and briefly (the brevity adds to the readability) sketched; and bibliographies appended to each story indicate where further information may be obtained. "For the devout reader of these short lives there is much in store that is delightful as well as profitable. Perhaps there is no human influence that gives so great a stimulus toward the better things of life than do the saints of God." So says the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan in his scholarly Introduction to the work. It is well printed, and bound in buckram, and there is a full-page illustration for each saint. Dominicana, 487 Michigan Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C. Price, $1.75.

—One of the recent sensations among Continental memoirs is the book of Princess Louise of Belgium, fascinatingly entitled "Round about the Thrones which I Have Seen Fall." The romantic, restless career of this daughter of King Leopold is well known to all; it was she who spent seven years in an asylum for the insane because of her regal lawlessness. Her book bears the earmarks of a passionate egoist, it is true, but it has not a little of the melancholy nobility of Chateaubriand. Some of Princess Louise's epigrams will long be cherished by those who believe in feminine intuition. "Lutheranism," she says, for example, "from its beginning has been not a cult but a revolt; and this revolt will always produce more rebels than believers."

—Two timely Lives of the young Flemish saint, John Berchmans, commemorate the tercentenary of his death, August 13, 1621. The Rev. James J. Daly, S. J., has written the Life entitled "Saint John Berchmans, the Story of the Saint of Innocence." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) It is a study and interpretation of the lovable youth. The author, who has drawn most of his facts from the works of the Rev. Francis Goldie, S. J., and Father Cepari, S. J., quaintly says he may "be tracked in their snow."—"St. John Berchmans," by Hippolyte Delehaye, S. J., is translated from the French by the Rev. H. C. Semple, S. J. (Benzigers Brothers.) Fr. Delehaye prepared the first sketch of his book in a Belgian prison during the war. Both of these biographies are well written and should be welcome additions to spiritual libraries. But the lessons of St. John Berchmans' life are not alone for priests and religious: everyone may profit by imitating the virtues and the smaller perfections which the boy-saint so beautifully practised. Fr. Daly and Fr. Delehaye both tell us that in his short career there is no trace of raptures or visions or miracles—though not so many years ago an extraordinary miracle in Louisiana is recorded,—no visible communications between him and

God. His life was spent in an humble home, in the classroom, in the novitiate and as a student of philosophy; "and yet there are few lives in which there have shone forth with more evidence the prestige and influence of sanctity." Price, $1.60 each.

—Three recent publications from Pierre Téqui, Paris, are: "Appuyé sur l'Autel: Les Lendemains d'une Conversion," by H. Mink-Jullien, an account of the author's conversion, her expression of gratitude to God, and her efforts to make easy the path for others who would follow "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." (Price, 3 francs); "Plans de Sermons pour les Fêtes de l'Année, Tome premier de l'Avent a La Saint-Pierre," a valuable book by J. Millot, Vicar-General of Versailles, the author of several excellent spiritual retreats. These sermon plans are devised to facilitate the work of preachers; for, as the writer says, "a plan stimulates intellectual work; it puts order into the mind." The best in sermons, both old and modern, is here culled and arranged in clear, concise points. The volume should prove helpful to priests for whom preaching is either frequent or occasional. (Price, 7 fr. 50.)—"Pascal—Pensées Choisies," with a preface and Introduction by E. Cretté. These thoughts are selected from the admirable sayings of the eminent French writer; and those who know French will find this booklet well suited for meditation and spiritual reading on such subjects as the Prophecies, the mystery of Our Lord's life, etc. (Price, 1 franc.)

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) $2.50.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) $1.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) $5.

"John Senechal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) $2.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) $3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. Henry J. White, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Boyle, diocese of Altoona; Rev. Edward Downes, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Joseph McGinley, diocese of Brooklyn.

Mr. Frederick Kinsman, Mr. F. J. Becker, Mr. John Coen, Mrs. Elizabeth Heery, Mrs. Edwin Connell, Mr. N. A. Walther, Mrs. R. Ehlinger, Miss Helen Doyle, Mr. James Kelly, Mr. Edward Haar, Mrs. Mary L. Carmody, Miss Julia Whelton, Mr. John Rueckert, Miss Helen Kelly, and Mr. J. C. Fleming.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I. 48

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The Cattle Shed.—A Christmas Carol.

(From the early Irish Gaelic.)

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

O TRINITY true of the Saints of Erin,
Blessed Patrick, Columcille, Bride!
I marvel how the White Prince of the Kingdom
Put off for our sakes His heavenly pride,
Stepping down from His throne in glory
To lodge within Mary's spotless side.

Nine full months the angels' Master
There with His Virgin Mother stayed,
Proudly humble and greatly lowly,
Till He had kindled within the Maid
A flame of Love so pure and holy
It shall live for evermore unallayed.

But when the White Prince from heaven descended
Thus to free us from all our sin,
Joseph and Mary could find no shelter—
The Royal Ones in the royal inn;*
And so sought rest in a rock-hewn stable,
Till Mary's birth-time should begin.

With no meat to sustain, no wine to cheer her,
Her bed but the thin, mean barley straw,
She brought to birth the One Son of the Highest.
And was it not then the strange sight she saw:
Softly laid in the asses' manger,
The Apostles' Master, the Angels' Awe?

* Said to have been the home of David in his boyhood.

THE word Noël was anciently a cry of joy, and was first used in France, during the days preceding Christmas after Gaudete Sunday. It is said to be a corruption of Emmanuel.

The Birth at Bethlehem.

THE story of the wonderful Birth at Bethlehem is now over nineteen hundred years old; yet it has lost none of its compelling charm over the minds, or of its overmastering appeal to the feelings of mankind. At the root of this charm and this appeal is undoubtedly something very human: a human idea, a human fact that goes back to the beginning of human history,—the idea of the Mother with her Infant at her breast; the fact of the coming of a helpless Babe into the world; the Mother's love, the utter dependence of the Child.

The sight of a mother and her babe, the facts of birth, of mother-love, of the helplessness, the weakness, the innocence of infancy, must always appeal to men; they appeal even to the hardest and most unsentimental. These things are among the elementary things of human life; they recall to us that we are all brethren, all one race, all made of the same human stuff; all equal, from the highest to the lowest, in our origin and in the fundamental emotions of the human heart. The Birth at Bethlehem, then, makes an irresistible appeal to us on the human side; throws over our hearts the charm of a touch of Nature that, as the poet expresses it, makes the whole world kin; appeals to sentiments that are amongst the earliest as they are amongst the most lasting.

But the *wonder*, the loveliness, the overmastering appeal of the Birth at Bethlehem, of the sight of *that* Mother and *that* Babe, are in this—that this is the way, this is the so essentially human way, in which, when He would come to save us, the Almighty Creator chose to win our hearts. How true are those words of St. Paul addressed to his disciple Titus in the Epistle for the second Mass on Christmas Day, where he speaks of "the goodness and the *humanity*" of God that appeared to men at the Birth of Christ!

Not in power and majesty, not with the thunders of Sinai, not with dread catastrophes of Nature showing His power, but with gentleness and peace, with the song of angels, with the good tidings told to simple shepherds, the omnipotent God came forth from His sacred shrine within the bosom of His Virgin Mother, endued with the weakness and helplessness, the lowliness and dependence of a human infant. And from His hard resting place in the manger, in poverty and cold, He makes His great appeal to the hearts of men: He appeals as one of us, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, yet God of heaven and earth; holding all things, supporting all things in the grasp of His infant hand.

With the Birth at Bethlehem a new kind of life began on earth,—a human life that was at the same time a divine life: the life of the Word and Son of God in human form and human nature. And this life of the Incarnate Word is the type and pattern and also the source of a new life given to men, that is itself in a measure divine as well as human; a life that was to be lived on earth by countless millions of believers in and followers of the Redeemer. This life, the Christian's life, is the restoration of an ancient ideal,—the ideal divine life which indeed man was meant to live from the beginning, when Almighty God said, "Let us make man to our image and likeness."

It might seem that such a life is above ordinary Christians; that it is to be attained by a few privileged people only. But it is not so; and Jesus came in poverty and weakness as a little Infant to show us that this divine life, the Christian life, is within the reach of all. He surrounded Himself, at His first coming, with so much humanity, He appeared with such natural human characteristics, He took our flesh and came as a Babe in His Mother's arms, thus taking upon Him a condition common to every child of Adam, in order to teach us and to show us that, in calling us to imitate Him and to live a truly divine life, He is calling us to nothing that is beyond our range or out of our power.

Out of our power and beyond our range, indeed, without His grace; but He gives us His grace. For this, to win that grace for us, He became Man, was born and died. And, in His Holy Catholic Church, "of His fulness we have all received, and grace for grace." In our baptism this new, divine life of grace was given to us; in the sacred banquet of His Body and Blood it is nourished; in the Sacrament of Penance it is renewed. Thus, then, everyone who is in a state of grace has within him the principle of the divine life, the Christian life, the life of grace which we are called upon to live.

And from the Crib of Bethlehem the Divine Child says to us: I ask of you no impossible task; commonly I ask no grand, heroic actions—if I ask these, you will have grace to do them,—but commonly I ask of you those humble virtues which you see in Me here: humility, meekness, love of others, kind deeds done for My sake, obedience, silence, poverty of spirit, humanity, daily duties well done, the trials and inconveniences of life patiently borne,—

all small things, apparently mere human actions, but like to My own actions, at once human and divine.

So these lowly, faithful actions of ours are divinized, made Godlike, by the principle of divine grace from which they spring. We have but to use that grace and perform those lowly actions well for love of Him, and they will carry us to the highest heaven, where we shall see Him, not in the humility of infancy, but in the glory of His risen Body and the effulgence of His Divinity, to share with Him that glory amongst the saints in Light.

The Awakening of Keith Murray.

BY MARY JANET SCOTT.

IV.

You took the threads of all my life into your hand,
And gathered all desire and thought and will—
Then died; and when I raised my head to look where you were gone,
The glory of all Heaven behind you shone.
I saw you stand
Wrapped round with God. You held those same threads still;
And I who might, seeing but you, have missed my way
To Light, live now through you in fulness of the Day.
—*Margaret Mackenzie, "The Single Vision."*

BEFORE Easter dawned the next year, Keith was on his way to India, having exchanged into our battalion, then stationed at Hyderabad; and it was there that I first met him. We became fast friends, and it did not take me very long to discover that some big sorrow had come his way; and also that, like most men, especially Protestants, he knew but one remedy (if so it can be called) for his grief, and that was to wrap it up in an impenetrable silence.

A little over two years had passed, when one morning he came into the bungalow we shared and took up his mail which had just arrived from England. As he scanned the budget, I saw by the expression of his face that it contained something of more than usual importance. He made no remark, however, but gathered up the letters and went into his bedroom, leaving me pondering whether his look was one of mere expectation or of apprehension as well. I had to go out almost immediately, and returned only in time to make a hurried toilette for dinner. Not seeing Keith anywhere about, and hearing no sound in his room, I went across to the mess, where, to my amazement, he did not put in an appearance. I began to fear that something was amiss; and as soon after dinner as I could, I returned to the bungalow and went straight into his room.

He was there, sitting almost in the dark; and a voice I hardly recognized bade me come in, while at the same time he turned up the lamp. My heart failed me at the sight of this stricken, crushed man, whom I had hitherto known as a bright, handsome, always cheerful (if not gay) brother officer and pal. "Old man!" I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. He turned and looked up at me, and I pray God that I may never see such blind misery on the face of any one again. He handed me a letter, saying, "It is all over!"

As I took it I noticed the New Orleans postmark. The letter was signed Marie Delville, and was a sweet, womanly one; telling Keith, according to a promise given, that her daughter had been professed two weeks before. She went on to say that the fact that Marguerite had entered the Redemptoristine Convent at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, in Canada, made the sacrifice all the more painful for her parents, the distance from New Orleans being so great. As yet, however, there were no convents of that Order in the United States. "But," the mother added, "we would not have it otherwise. God has called her, and 'It is loss to keep when God says Give.'" There were a few words of comfort, such as only a

mother could speak, for my friend himself; and the writer ended by saying that she would always pray that God might reward Keith in a special way for his generous conduct to her child.

So this was the meaning of all that had so often puzzled me about my chum. Drawing up a chair, and lowering the lamp, I said:

"Let us talk. You will feel ever so much better if we do. You just ramble on, and tell me only what you like. That's a wonderful woman."

I then remembered that the poor fellow had had nothing to eat since breakfast; so that was the first thing to see to. It was past four o'clock when we at last turned in; but the strained, hard look had gone from his face, and I no longer feared for his reason or life. He told me all,—more than I have told you: there are some things too sacred to write down. As Keith told me his story, I was more and more amazed at the greatness—I may in truth say, the heroism—of his soul; and, being a Catholic myself, I longed, even more than I had before, that he should receive the light of Faith; but it was not to be yet.

The years passed, and our souls were knit like those of David and Jonathan; but we never referred to that night. Our life at various stations in India had been the usual round: regimental duties, dances, picnics, and all the other social events that characterize life in the tropics. Kilts seem, I don't know why, to have a curious fascination for the fair portion of the human race; and we consequently received what one youthful elderly lady used to call "petting." Keith, with his good looks and rather aloof manner, came in for more than his share of that undesirable commodity; but he appeared quite oblivious of it; he had become more than ever like a man in a dream. Always good-natured, always ready to join in any function, nothing seemed to awaken any real interest in him. It was not that he posed, or purposely donned a mask: he was incapable of being anything but perfectly straight and simple. It was just that he seemed to me (for I do not know if others noticed it) as if he were alive physically, but non-existent as to things of heart or soul.

There was some one, however, that apparently thoroughly understood his master, and that was "Spot," a fox terrier, who was Keith's inseparable companion. The stump, which was dignified by the name of "Spot's tail," was the true barometer of the man's state of mind. It is marvellous what an amount of expression there is in that most ludicrous of all things, a fox terrier's tail. I came to know exactly how my friend was feeling by consulting "Spot's tail."

The time was coming for our battalion to return to England, and Keith was looking forward with real eagerness to seeing his parents and his beloved home. The old folk hoped that he would have done with soldiering, and come and be the prop of their declining years. More than once they had hinted that they would welcome a daughter-in-law with great joy; they longed to hear the old home re-echo once more with childish voices; it seemed very drear without a bairn. Keith was silent, and I knew their hopes were vain.

One thing grieved me: so far as I could see, my friend was no nearer any kind of faith than he had been before. Once or twice my hopes had risen, when I saw him looking at one or other of my Catholic books, but his interest seemed to go no further. One day, however, I came in and found him deeply engaged with a pamphlet. He laid it down, and I saw it was that most perfect article by Archbishop Goodier, "What think you of Christ?"

"Have you read it?" he inquired.

"Yes; I like all he says; he is a saint, though he *was* a Jesuit," I went on, laughing.

"Do you believe all that he says there?" he added, pointing to the paper.

"Of course I do. Why not?"

"Because," he said, standing up, and apparently a good deal moved, "I can't see how any man can believe all that and not spend his whole life, body and soul, in the service of God. If I believed it, I should not be able to find a monastery austere enough. But I can't believe it."

"Don't bother about not being able to believe," I answered. "Just pray that, if it is true, God may help you to believe. You can't make yourself do it."

He turned round as he was leaving the room, and said: "She is praying; her mother told me so." And, holding out the pamphlet, he added: "This is how she saw things." It was the first time he had alluded to Marguerite since the night six years before.

I never saw my article again till I visited Keith at his old home in the Glen some months later. I knew that no effort of mine could avail him; that only from the Mountain could help come,—only when, with love and humble trust, he cast himself into the outstretched arms of Him who is "lifted up" there.

One night—it was that between the 16th and 17th of February—I heard Murray go out onto the veranda, and I called to know if anything was up. He reassured me, and I thought no more of it till, a few days later, he said to me:

"Jack, I can stand it no longer: I must go to Montreux."

"What for, pray?" I inquired.

Then he told me his dream of a few nights before. He thought he was standing on the little plateau where Marguerite had told him her secret. He looked hither and thither, wondering what it all meant, when he heard a faint sound, and, turning, saw her standing there also,—Marguerite, but what a changed Marguerite! If she had been beautiful before, she now seemed to be beauty personified. He noticed neither her dress nor anything material: she appeared transfigured, spiritualized, and the look of radiant happiness on her face flooded his soul with a joy that lifted it above the world of mere sense and feeling. His love for her seemed no longer his or hers: it passed beyond and became lost in the atmosphere around her, which he felt to be the very incarnation of Light, warmed by some celestial fire. They were alone, and yet as but two units in a sea of souls, all striving to rise to a still more perfect joy.

Marguerite turned and gazed at him; it was for only one moment; but in her eyes he read such a story of love and happiness, of satisfied desires and unutterable peace, that he was overcome, and covered his face with his hands. A light touch on his arm caused him to look up. The whole air was vibrating as with living beings, invisible to his eyes, but truly there; and above, where the young girl was standing, a soft radiance was gradually changing into a brilliant light. Marguerite was looking upwards, and Keith followed her gaze. In that radiance he saw the face of One, a man like himself, but having the Godhead stamped and sealed on every feature of that countenance that is the joy of angels, the beatitude of the saints. He realized—how he never knew—that It was the God he had yearned after as a child, forgotten as a youth, and turned from in his manhood. He fell upon his knees; and, as he did so, raised his eyes to the face above him.

Over that divine countenance there came an expression of such infinite tenderness and compassion, a smile of such perfect beauty and love and invita-

tion, that Keith felt that his heart must break for very joy at sight of it. The vision became less distinct, and his companion rose nearer and nearer to It; and the greater light that enveloped the Godlike face seemed to flow around her, and draw her upwards, and absorb her. And Keith found himself back in India, with the stars shining in at his window, and everything as it had been when he went to sleep; but he knew that he could never again be just as he had been. He got up and went to walk on the veranda.

I own I was deeply moved as he related his experience; but tried to persuade him to wait a bit till the regiment was returning, and not to rush off alone. His restlessness, however, only increased, and he started by himself; for it was not possible for me also to obtain leave. At Montreux he found only disappointment awaiting him; and when, a few months later, I joined him in Scotland, he was in a despondent and uncertain frame of mind.

Keith's home was exactly what I had pictured it, and old Mr. and Mrs. Murray proved the most hospitable and kindly of hosts.

One morning Keith came in looking much disturbed, and asked me to excuse him from accompanying me on an expedition we had planned. "My dear old friend Donald Davidson is dying, as you know, and has asked for me." He was evidently feeling it very keenly, so I said that I would walk down to the cottage with him, and see if I could do anything for Colin, who had been most attentive all the time of my visit.

When we arrived the young man told us that the priest was with his father; so we sat down in the rose-covered porch, which had been one of the old gamekeeper's special delights. Little was said: men are strangely shy and reticent when they are most moved; and for two of us, at least, the moment was fraught with overwhelming sadness; for though good, honest Colin loved his father truly, I think that Keith felt the passing of his old friend just as deeply.

The house door opened, and Father Chisholm, now grown bent and aged, beckoned us to enter. The old man had received the Last Sacraments, and lay there, with a wonderful look of peace and calm on his wasted face, waiting for the coming of what we call the Angel of Death.

The priest began the prayers for the dying, to which one can hardly listen unmoved, be they said for the veriest stranger. No other sound broke the silence of that little room. The soft, balmy autumn air streamed in at the open window, through which we could catch a glimpse of the heather-covered hillside where this good man's life had been spent,—a narrow, uneventful life, devoid of much light or shadow, men would say; but he had "done his bit" as God had asked it of him, and at this supreme moment he was content,—nay, happy.

The prayers went on, and then there was a slight movement. The nurse, who had been attending the sick man, whispered, " 'Tis the end!" But it was not quite the end. The old keeper opened his eyes and looked slowly round till his gaze fell on Keith. He made an attempt to raise his hand. Keith moved nearer the head of the bed, and, taking the shrunken fingers into his clasp, bent his head to catch the feeble words. They were few. The strength and vigor of that once powerful man were nearly spent; but what he had left he gathered up in one determined effort to impart to him whom he had loved as a son the message that, at the moment of death, he saw was of unique and absolute importance: "Me little Maister, I'm gae'ing to me God. Naught matters but to let Him lead where He wists. Ye

mauna say Him nay. Grannie allas kenned He was set on ye...." A few minutes later Donald had gone to rejoin "Grannie."

I waited to say a *De Profundis*, though the smile on the dead man's face did not seem to betoken a need for it; and when I went out of the cottage Keith was nowhere to be seen. I wended my way back to the house, expecting to find him there; but I was mistaken: he had not returned. When he did not appear at luncheon, I announced my intention of going in quest of him, though his father and mother were quite satisfied that he had stayed with Colin. "They were just like brothers," they told me, which indeed I knew. He was not at the cottage, however; Colin had not seen him since morning.

I was passing the low wall that enclosed the little Catholic church and presbytery, when a dismal whine from Spot told me of Keith's whereabouts. The dog sat, the very picture of hopeless dejection, in the small outer porch, the door beyond being closed. On seeing me, he came out slowly, casting looks of positive anguish backwards at the building. I hesitated; should I go to my friend? But there are moments when the greatest chum is not wanted, and when, as in the supreme moment of all, the soul must face its Maker alone. Those moments are of death; for from them the soul either rises to a nobler, a holier, a higher life, dying to its own past of sin or perchance indifference; or, alas! too often it sinks lower still, and rises no more. Such a crisis, I felt sure, had come for Keith; so, despite the wail of disappointment from Spot, I retraced my steps.

At dinner that night, Keith betrayed no sign of having passed through any painful struggle; though it seemed to me that there was a new light of peace and even happiness in his eyes, and a greater tenderness and gentleness towards his mother; otherwise, I should have been inclined to think I was mistaken in my surmise, and that he had chosen the church as a quiet place, where he could be alone till he had mastered his grief at the death of his faithful old servant and friend.

I had been in my room about half an hour, and was contemplating the advisability of retiring, when the well-known rapid knock came at the door, and Keith entered. He was a different man from the one who had sat opposite to me at dinner; he had thrown off much even of his natural reserve; there was an elasticity in his step that I had never known, and a new and joyous smile upon his lips; while his eyes could not hide the peace and happiness his soul had found at last. He came over and drew up an armchair to the log fire, at the same time handing me a letter, saying: "I got it this morning." And I remembered his picking up some letters and cramming them into his pocket as we were leaving the house to go to Donald; so he had not read them till afterwards.

I saw once more the New Orleans postmark, and noted the mourning edge of the paper. The letter began without preamble with these words: "May God's holy will be done! My beloved child, Sister Mary Immaculata, died at St. Anne's on the night between February 16 and 17." It was a long letter, but I saw no more. I looked at Keith, who was staring into the fire; and then, feeling that I must say something, I pulled myself together, and, as one usually does in a moment of great emotion, made an absolutely commonplace remark: "So that was the meaning of it!" He said nothing, but nodded; then, a moment later, he looked straight at me, and if he had talked for hours he could not have conveyed more than did that one glance.

LIBRARY OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

I left Glenmoira two days later; and, although Keith kept me well posted as to his movements, I did not see him again till after my marriage, when I was settled down in my own old home on the Lewes, and my eldest boy, Keith, was nearly seven years old. Our zealous priest had arranged for a mission, and two Redemptorist Fathers were to come from the convent at Perth. One I knew by name, as a great favorite with the people to whom he had given a mission before; but no one seemed to know who was to be his companion. I went down with Father Mackie to the jetty to meet their boat; the older of the two priests stepped ashore and accosted our Padre. I turned to greet the other—it was Keith Murray.

(The End.)

Three Pilgrims.

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS, TRANSLATED BY V. C. RORISON.

SNOW and Hunger and Wind
Were faring towards the Stable.
Bent was Snow with the years,—
Bent and venerable;
Loud shrilled the Wind his bitter lay;
The teeth of Hunger chattered and pined
The whole long way,—
Snow and Hunger and Wind.

Hunger and Snow and Wind
Have pulled at the latch's string:
"We would see the Mother and Child;
Look at the treasures we bring:
A loaf of stone for Mary mild,
A buffet for Jesus—an argent ball."—
"Come in, right in, I pray you all,
Hunger and Snow and Wind!"

Wind and Hunger and Snow,
Into the Stable they go;
And Jesus, lifting His hand,
Has melted the frost of their woe:
Snow weeps, and the Wind sighs, and Hunger eats
(Knees bent, hands joined) angelic meats
On the radiant feet of the Child,—
Wind and Hunger and Snow.

Celebrations of the Year.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

DURING the passing year numberless celebrations have taken place in honor of Dante, who has been called "the central man of all the world"; "the voice," as Carlyle expresses it, "of the ten dumb centuries." The rebirth of this divine poet, and the resonance of his praises throughout the world, are amazing facts when we consider his opposition to the ideas, the principles, moral and religious, which prevail to-day. The stern dogmatism of his judgments, his absolute adhesion to all the truths of faith, and the "other-worldliness" of the atmosphere permeating his writings, make it extraordinary that even his genius should procure for him, amongst those who dissent from all his conclusions, a dominant place.

His wonderful imagery, his flights of imagination, his vast erudition, his passionate human sympathies, have found their apotheosis in this materialistic and God-denying century. So much has been written and spoken, however, of the immortal Tuscan who, as a learned writer observes, "in all save his politics reflects the Ages of Faith," that it is unnecessary here to do more than note his connection with those two great arms of Catholic orthodoxy, the seventh centenaries of whose foundation have been celebrated this year with varying degrees of pomp and circumstance throughout the Christian world. Dante lived to see the triumph of those Orders which roused into splendid vitality that most glorious of all the centuries:

That She who was spoused in Precious Blood
Might keep her footing towards her Well-Beloved,
Safe in herself, constant unto Him, hath two ordained,
Who, on either hand, in chief escort her.

"Their praise," Dante adds, "deservedly was sung in heights empyreal." And in the heaven of the sun he discovers Dominic and Francis revolving in the circle of luminous spirits; while Thomas Aquinas tells the glory of the Dominican Order, as Bonaventure does that of the Franciscan. The great Florentine clearly shows, what Lacordaire later expressed, that in these Orders were concentrated for that tumultuous world around them the two great powers, Poverty and the Word. They exerted a mighty influence in those days; they have exerted it through the seven centuries of their existence.

The foundation of the Dominican community, which during the Middle Ages was designated "the Order of Truth," almost exactly synchronized with that of the Franciscans. Dominic, who was destined to become one of the greatest saints of the Church, was born of the noble Spanish family of Guzman. Even in early youth he was noted for his piety and austerity. He studied theology at Valencia, and while still very young took the habit of the Augustinian Canons. His subsequent career is tolerably familiar. His apostolic labors amongst the Vaudois and the Albigenses made him celebrated, and gathered about his name a cloud of calumnies.

In the year 1216, Dominic banded together his association of preachers, the nucleus of the Dominican Order. As a lambent flame, he was all on fire for the glory of God; and, as Dante expresses it, "the rumor of his voice filled all the world." His Order, which received the fullest approbation of the Holy See, was designed to promote sacred learning, the study of the Scriptures and of the Oriental tongues, the higher education of the clergy, the preaching of the Gospel; and, in fine, to make education and profane learning the handmaids of religion. Its aim was to hurl back upon the defamers of the Church the charge of ignorance. In this new and splendid departure Dominic marked an epoch in the Mediæval Church. Down through the ages, the white habit and scapular, with the black cloak, has been the type of all that is cultured, and at the same time spiritual, in the economy of religion. Dominic, unsheathing the sword of truth, met with the fiercest opposition, and has ever since aroused the hatred of the enemies of Christ. Dante describes him as turning over "the garden Catholic, the living waters," which, dashing against the rocks of heresy,

> Smote fiercest where resistance was most stout.

The Friars Preachers, as they were at first called, gave to the world saints, prelates, popes, men of science, doctors, and artists. Amongst the most familiar of the saints or saintly personages who wore the Dominican habit may be mentioned St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor, whose famous "Summa" Christianized the pagan philosophy of Aristotle and collected into one vast synthesis a summary of theological and philosophical knowledge; St. Peter Martyr, famous as a missionary and preacher; St. Catherine of Siena, who was largely instrumental in bringing to an end the Great Schism of the West; St. Raymund of Pennafort, of the royal house of Arragon; St. Vincent Ferrer, whose eloquence stirred whole provinces; St. Hyacinth, St. Antoninus, St. Louis Bertrand; Vincent of Beauvais, whose "Mirror" was said to contain a summary of existing knowledge; Blessed Henry Suso, and Albertus Magnus, whose vast range of learning, scientific and philosophic, caused him to be regarded by many as a magician.

There is, in fact, a wealth of poetry, of what might be called romantic and chivalrous adventure in a spiritual sense, in the great religious Orders,

with which no institutions upon earth can compare. And when we think of the centenaries of these works of God, it is hard to imagine, or properly to understand, all that is included therein: heroism, holiness, age-long service, devotion to the best interests of mankind, as well as fealty to God. Besides the Order for men, Dominic instituted an Order of nuns, and a Third Order for persons living in the world who aspired to perfection. To him was due also the institution of the Holy Rosary, "that prayer-book of the poor," but which has also been the favorite devotion of the learned.

Dominic, who had a glorious career of preaching, teaching, and converting sinners by his fiery ardor, devised a perfect system of studies, which was carried out with the utmost particularity in the various houses of his Institute. The wonders of the thirteenth century may be largely ascribed, directly or indirectly, to this new monastic foundation, and the other which arose simultaneously. The influence of the Dominicans upon the universities, for instance, can scarcely be overestimated; and they appeared at a period when such an influence was most sadly needed. "The Dominicans," remarks a learned author, "continued to send forth a long succession of philosophers and theologians, the bare enumeration of whose names would fill a volume; for, according to a moderate computation, they numbered about 5000."*

It would be impossible to follow their meteor-like course through the countries of Europe. The new Order was presently affiliated with Paris, Cologne, Bologna, Toulouse, and later with Oxford. As early as 1320, the University of Ireland, founded by Archbishop Bicknor, had for one of its first masters an Irish Dominican, William de Hardite. That institution was established in connection with St. Patrick's Cathedral; but, on account of the troubles of the time, it finally declined. The Dominicans made a noble effort to supply the youth of Ireland with an academic education. In 1428 they opened, on Usher's Island, a high school dedicated to St. Thomas; and, with their customary munificence, they erected a stone bridge, with four arches, connecting the convent on one side of the stream with the house of studies on the other side.

The relations between the Irish people and the friars, Black and Gray, were always tender and affectionate. Whole chapters might be written about the Dominicans in Ireland during the horrors of the Penal Times. To the white-robed army of martyrs were offered heroic volunteers by the Order of Preachers. The celebrated Dominican orator, Father Burke, gives the following testimony: "There were nearly one thousand Dominican friars in Ireland when Henry began his persecution. Thirty years later, he was succeeded by his daughter, Elizabeth. How many Dominicans were left? O God in Heaven, there were only four of them left! All the rest of these heroic men had their white habits crimsoned with the blood they shed for God and country. When Cromwell came, he found six hundred Dominicans; when he left, four hundred and fifty of them had perished, or had been shipped as slaves to the Barbados." So the shadow of those tragedies falls across the poetic foundations of Black Abbey, Multifarnham, and the rest.

The fresh impetus given to learning by these sons of the great Spanish saint found expression in poetry and art. Members of the Order have a splendid reputation as artists and patrons of art. Many of their Continental shrines are monuments of art. Such are Santa Maria Sopra Minerva at Rome, where

* Mother Drane, "Christian Schools and Scholars."

sleeps Fra Angelico, one of the greatest artists which the Order has produced; San Domenico, where St. Dominic awaits the Resurrection; Santa Maria Novella at Florence, which some of the most eminent of Italian artists have beautified; St. Mark's, which contains some of the finest specimens of Fra Angelico and the other great Dominican artist, Fra Bartolommeo.

The Christian philosophy of St. Thomas and other eminent religious found its echo in the poetry of Dante; in the art of Cimabue, the "father of Italian art," who was a pupil of the Florentine Dominicans; in the minsters of Salisbury and Cologne. It is claimed that it was to the geometrical science, united to the profound Christian mysticism, of Albertus Magnus that the German architects were indebted for many of the secrets of their art. He is known to have consecrated, and is believed to have designed, a vast number of those superb cathedrals which date from the same century as the University of Cologne. The choir of the Dominican convent there, rebuilt by the great master according to the rules of geometry, is said to have served as a model for the cathedral itself.

The other septcentenary which has been celebrated throughout the Christian world this year, is that of the Franciscans, founded by that gentle saint "who reaped Ausonian lands,—that one seraphic all in fervency." Francis, born of a noble family, from his earliest years entered upon the narrow way of detachment, austerity, and holiness. He incurred his father's displeasure by making, as Dante expresses it, "his stripling choice" of "a dame to whom none openeth pleasure's gate." By nuptial bonds, before the spiritual court, "he made My Lady Poverty his." And this close union clung to him and his followers during all the seven ages that have elapsed since the brown robe, girdled by a rope, first became the symbol of all that is most opposed to the maxims of the world. Yet, by a curious anomaly, even the materialistic world of to-day has exalted and chosen as one of its spiritual heroes that saint who preached Christ Crucified amongst the Umbrian hills and on the fair Italian slopes "'twixt Arno and the Tiber"; and whom Dante found, with his fellow-laborer, "regarmented with glorious weeds of saintly flesh" in the heaven of the Sun.

Very much of what has been said of St. Dominic and his monks applies with equal force to the Franciscans, who, like the Dominicans, had a second Order for nuns, and that wonderful Third Order for people in the world. The Franciscans differed from the Order of Preachers in being divided, after the course of centuries, into many branches of the parent stock. The original Friars Minors separated into Capuchins, Observantines, Conventuals, and Minims. The aims of the two Orders were, of course, dissimilar; though, after the meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic at Rome, there was some question of a union between them. They met, however, and parted, as some one observes, "to divide the world between them." For, as the years passed, thousands of Franciscans ran in the race with thousands of Dominicans, each carrying out the fundamental objects of their foundation.

St. Dominic dreamed of exalting and perfecting sacred learning, and making all human knowledge serve as the weapons in spiritual warfare; Francis desired that the virtues of the poor in spirit should take possession of the earth,—that lowliness, poverty, detachment, mortification should, at the dawn of the Renaissance, oppose the new evils of that brilliant but corrupt era. Charity, love, gentleness, were his

watchwords; and there is an exquisite poetry and idealism in his sermons to his little brothers and sisters, the birds and the fishes. He loved all created things in the Master who has created them. The forsaken and the little ones of Christ were the objects of his predilection. Yet, by one of the curious contradictions of human nature he attracted to his standard hundreds of the rich and the highborn.

The Franciscans number princely saints, men of science and philosophers. They, too, cultivated learning for the sake of Christ. Among them are: Nicholas de Lyra, a distinguished professor at Oxford, who, by his writings, disputations and sermons, is said to have converted six thousand Jews; his most important work being a text-book for Biblical students, which became indispensable to every cathedral and monastic library, and "laid down rules for the safe rendition of holy Scripture, based upon the right reading of the literal sense"; Duns Scotus Erigena, "who won perhaps the highest renown which attaches to any English divine since the days of Bede"; above all, Roger Bacon, who is acknowledged at the present day to have been the pioneer in almost every branch of science. His inventions, his speculations, his achievements are marvellous, in view of the limitations of the time and of his primitive appliances. He was suspected of dabbling in occult arts, and was prohibited by his superior, Jerome of Ascoli, from pursuing his studies, until an appeal to Rome obtained for him the necessary permission. When Jerome himself became Pope, however, the prohibition was renewed, and Friar Roger was for a time imprisoned.

Francis has made forever famous his birthplace of Assisi, between "the rivulet of Tupino" and that other wave that falls from "blessed Ubaldo's chosen hill." There is to be found, after the storms of centuries, that little Church of Our Lady of the Angels, associated with the wonderful Indulgence of the Portiuncula, the "'Pardon of St. Francis," which once a year peoples heaven with exiles from purgatory.

Francis, however, was but the patriarch of countless Franciscan saints: St. Bonaventure, the Seraphic Doctor, who, as philosopher and theologian, almost equals St. Thomas Aquinas and wore the cardinal's hat; St. Anthony, one of the most beloved figures in the annals of hagiology, the Wonder-Worker to whom are ascribed such countless miracles; St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Felix, St. Francis Paula, St. Margaret of Cortona, St. Rose of Viterbo, St. Ives of Brittany, and that sweetest of saints, Elizabeth of Hungary, a Tertiary.

Several Franciscans wore their serge habit under the Papal robes; others, among them the great Cardinal Ximenes, while ruling a kingdom led the humble and mortified life of a friar. Like the Dominicans, they were always close to the people and very dear to them. Like them, they suffered fearfully in Ireland during the Penal Times; and the Gray Friars, as they were called, were then, as now, very near to the hearts of the Irish, sympathizing with their sorrows, their aspirations, and their hopes. In America, their gentle memory is preserved on the Californian slopes. On a lofty hill stands the figure of Fra Junipero Serra, emblematic of all that is noble, self-sacrificing, intrepid. In Canada, the shades of the Récollets still haunt the forests and the streams on the heights of Quebec, where a Récollet said the first Mass; and in Ontario, which a friar was the first white man to explore.

The Franciscans, too, were munificent patrons of art, and the inspiration of many famous pictures. Their mother church at Assisi, on that hallowed

ground where St. Francis labored, and where the perpetual rosebush flourishes, employed for three hundred years the services of the greatest artists. Each successive generation gave some of its best efforts to beautify the sacred edifice. The Church of Santa Croce is a monument to early Italian art from the time of Giotto. For the Ara Cœli at Rome, on a slope of the Palatine Hill, Raphael painted his Madonna di Foligno.

Grandly, side by side, Dominicans and Franciscans have marched through the ages, giving yeoman service to humanity, as scientists, philosophers, men of letters, historians, artists; reconstructing the weak places in the exterior fabric of the Church, caring for the spiritually infirm. They have thrown themselves into the arena wherever the Church was threatened; and, penetrating even to the most distant lands as evangelists, have frequently laid down their lives as witnesses to the truth. They have labored in the heart of crowded cities, in silent and remote districts, in the haunts of pestilence, everywhere giving glory to the Most High.

Dante, the seer, saw with his spiritual vision these laborers in the vineyard of Christ, rising up in his own day and extending downwards through the ages as two wheels of the luminous chariot of the Church; as two arms strongly supporting the Spouse of Christ in times of stress or peril.

The Franciscans, who have been styled "the spiritual democrats," have been cited by the Holy Father in his recent pastoral as offering in their wonderful Third Order a sure remedy for the evils of the time. For in this and the other religious Orders of the Church, Christianity has been shown in its perfection, the modern has been linked with the old, and in a very true sense heaven has come down to earth.

Upon the Christmas Roads.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

I.

CHARITY covered a multitude of silences in the evening meetings of the old men around the bench in Jerry's shop. For symbol of a kindly protection, a thick hedge of arbor vitæ and a high wall of firs stood gallantly around three sides of the cobbler's rooms,—a stalwart guard against the biting winds that blew in from the north across the mill-pond. The inner chamber, where the villagers often assembled for "the news of the day," heard only the gentle sough of the winds; and the conversations ("the meanderings in words," as Dan Mahoney had once termed them) had no suspicion of "talk or thoughts against the neighbor." As the season of Christmas creeped forward from the bleak days of November, an added measure of friendly feeling was given to the disciplined commentaries. Even the name of John Dillon could be mentioned openly without fear of bitterness from any quarter of the spacious room,—John Dillon, owner of half the wealth of the town, yet regarded by three-quarters of the population as an alien.

Jimmy Brown was the most inclined in the group to blurt out inconsiderately an item of his observations: forethought was lacking with him at times, but malice prepense never prompted "his suddennesses." Moreover, his confrères had skill enough to wave away all dangerous consequences from Jimmy's announcements. Dan Mahoney, for instance, leaning on a cane before "the throne of the assembly" (which was Jerry's bench), might say, "Tut, tut, Jimmy dear!" And upon such a hint Jimmy would forego a possible insistence, either on the truth of his remarks

or on "the good intention behind the fact of the matter." And then Mat Allen, the benign, whose heart and voice were a charming blend of soft tones and kindliness, would supplement with his usual words of indulgence the abrupt disapprovals of Dan,—"Dan the short-spoken," as John Buchan once remarked, with a light chuckle in his Scotch accent. And it was Mat again who piloted the name of John Dillon away from currents of critical censure; for that was a name to bring a sneer in many assemblies of Templedale. In Jerry's cloistral gathering, it would be surrounded by a safe atmosphere.

Proof upon that point was furnished on an early evening in December. Jimmy Brown entered and was true to his manner:

"Well, it's queer things happen. I saw John Dillon going up to the priest's house as I came up the way."

Some of "the old cronies" glanced quizzically about the room, and Mat Allen covered the moments of the embarrassing pause.

"It is Advent time, it is," he said sweetly. "All wise men—and we might be imitating their example—should be starting for Bethlehem."

"The mountains shall be brought low, and the crooked ways made straight," John Buchan added fervently, wondering if this remembrance from his Scotch Bible was in accord with "the readings" which his friendly fellows heard at St. Mary's.

"It is the Advent, the blessed time," Mat repeated; "and men of wisdom, like the Magi of olden time, cross over all difficulties to come to a humble place where peace is lasting." And, lest the name of Dillon should be advanced for an insinuation, he turned to another topic. "The young folks have a story about some pleasant party here in the Christmas days,—something that has to do with our village boys who are at college. Did any of you hear of the plan, what it is?"

"The girl down there at Granny Keville's—the girl from Maryland, she is called—has something to do about a great Christmas performance," answered Dan Mahoney, appearing wise with his bit of knowledge. "She is welcome in the town, sure enough, to hear the young ones talk about her. But I can't just now be pronouncing her name. She has been here but a month, but she is a name already."

"The bonnie lassie!" There was true admiration in John Buchan's tone.

"Her name," said Jerry Whittaker, lowering his hammer, and qualifying for the pronunciation by removing the shoe-pegs from his mouth,—"her name is Eloise Lloyd."

"A bonnie name!"—and the Scotch tone was musical again.

"The boys and girls call her a marvel," whispered Mat Allen. "Doctor Curtis himself gave out to one of the Sodality that the Maryland visitor was planning something fine for a part of the Christmas."

"It takes a girl, and some one else with her!" Jimmy Brown, with a cryptic smile, proclaimed ("Jimmy who is prone to proclamations," as Dan once said). "And another body with her," Jimmy added with naïve insistence.

Descriptions and commentaries about young people were not habitual in the old men's council. But already, in Templedale, Eloise Lloyd was an exceptional character, and her "case" entered the shoe-shop senate. Jimmy, for his "bewildering remarks," was the object of all eyes. He took the silence as an invitation to proceed.

"A gallant lad from the college has the fortune to be visiting up at Granny Keville's on the Sundays since the lass from Maryland came there."

"And why shouldn't he?" interposed Jerry. "He is a Keville grandson, and

Eloise had a grandmother who was neighbor to Granny over in the Old Country."

Now, Templedale had a group of boys at the same college (Santa Cruz), about twenty miles north of our town; from recent letters, a whisper passed along the town and grew to a chorus; it prepared a welcome for the Keville scion. A line from one of the letters was repeated by an enthusiastic sister to every girl in Templedale: "One of our seniors, Marty Keville, came here from the West this year, and will have his holidays at his grandmother's. He is getting something ready for Christmas which will make every one of our streets and roads stand out in an important geography."

It was not till a week later that further account of Eloise and Marty came to the attentive ears in Jerry's shop. Doctor Curtis, with an enthusiastic manner befitting one fifty years younger, spoke out his eulogy of the Christmas program, and then reached "the business of the story." He related "the ins and outs" (as Mat said in summary afterwards). "Marty Keville is coaching our boys at Santa Cruz in the Christmas carols, to be sung about town before the Midnight Mass. The financial receipts will go as donations to our poor families and others of limited means, and in some little happy gifts for the children,—for all the poor without distinction. John Dillon is treasurer of the fund,—or rather he has advanced the proposed amount.

"John Dillon!" Jimmy fell again into his sudden exclamation.

"Yes, indeed," the Doctor quietly replied. "He is one conquest made by Eloise Lloyd; she has captivated nearly all the town, and even now all the young people have capitulated to her."

The great contributor to the season's news on the following night was Father Glennon. "It is a story for the old as well as the young," he began. Before he ended he had introduced another name to the village drama, using a cautious innuendo, and yet a touch of pathos in his tone. "If any of you might happen to have a hint of the whereabouts of Jem Craig, the good man who was out of work and went away a month ago, you might have word sent to Jem that there is a good place ready for him. John Dillon was asking for him."

The courtesy of the assembly, and (what is of greater worth) the charity of long refinement of thought, did not linger with further mention of John Dillon, the great mill-owner; nor of Jem Craig, "the absent father of a desolate family." When Father Glennon departed rather early, all the old men adjourned, and went homewards with their thoughts unspoken,—wholesome thoughts, laden with affectionate wishes for "the poor little Craig family, and the mother of them, Mrs. Craig herself, with no news of the absent man."

Jimmy Brown, if the truth was let out, was thinking that "this is a queer turn-about for the rich Dillon,—asking for Jem Craig." Jimmy knew as others did, men and women of the town, that Dillon was never reported to have any regard for the workers in his mills, or for "any of the ordinary folk of the villages." One man, with a touch of bitterness, had once remarked, "Dillon has his own." And one very uncontrolled tongue added, when somebody noted that Dillon attended St. Mary's, "You'd hardly say he belongs there: he enters the church like one going into a strange place. A prayer doesn't come easy from his hard lips and cold eyes."

The quest for Jem Craig, to which Father Glennon had alluded, caught up a reminiscence which was now over a month old. According to the gossip of some circles in Templedale, it was a

sharp rebuke from Dillon that drove Craig out of the mill, and finally out of town. Only in his own household was the sting of the words recounted: Craig lost his self-control in the humiliation. Rather than appeal to Dillon for his job again, he remained idle at home; and, for lack of prospects in Templedale, he resolved to go away and seek employment elsewhere. He made no formal adieu to his kindly neighbors, not even to Father Glennon. Dark frowns marked all of his looks; he made an effort to conceal them when he whispered to his wife:

"I'll be away in one of the nearby towns, where work is, no doubt. And John Dillon may keep his, and—and let him prosper on his proud tyranny."

"But, Jem dear," his wife pleaded sweetly, "not the harsh word now. Let the blessing be in your heart for everybody before you go. You'll be back before the Christmas, please God, with all the wise men and the merry hearts on the roads of the world." She closed her eyes to all dismal horizons of disappointment.

Jem concealed the tender response that started to his lips. His jaw was firm, and a white anger tinged his face. His heart beat out the number of bitter censures that he had heard the past ten years against "the boss of the town." But before he departed he mastered his mood, and, with a tone of his old tenderness, said to the three children:

"Be good to the best little mother in the world till I come back with a package for each and everyone here at Christmas."

"Please God!" whispered the mother; and her eyes shone merrily.

Jem went down the narrow lane behind the house. Lights and shadows were cast across his heart. "I'll get the gifts," he was saying, "if I have to steal them from John Dillon."

(Conclusion next week.)

"Let Us See this Word."

A Story of Bethlehem.

By P. J. O'Connor Duffy.

BARACH, the smith, and his son, who was blind, and Simon, a maker of images, had journeyed together from Galilee to Bethlehem, going up to be enrolled, according to the decree of Cæsar Augustus. The journey was long, and the hour was late when they reached the city, which was filled with strangers who had come for enrolment. The inns could hold no more. Travellers with weary beasts moved hither and thither in confusion. Now and then rang sounds of revelry. Even at that late hour street-hawkers cried their wares by lantern light amongst the strangers. An orator, whom old Simon applauded much, protested in a fiery outburst that the decrees of this tyrant Cæsar, who held Israel in bondage, should be ignored. At the dusky little bazaars, and about the doors of inns, men supped of wine and meat; women fingered finely-woven stuffs with acuteness; children disputed with aged Jews as to the prices of gaudy strings of beads, grapes, quaint little musical instruments, tame doves, and the like.

Barach and his son were sitting on the steps at the entrance to an inn, refreshing themselves with food and drink, and wondering where they would at length find shelter, when Simon, who had been within the hostel, paying the master of the inn, returned to them quickly, and cried out in excited tones:

"I have seen a vision of holiness,—
One beautiful as the morning star!
Look, Barach! Yonder, in the light from the lantern!"

Barach turned, and looked amongst the moving figures where Simon pointed.

"Ah—she is gone!" said Simon, with

a little sigh. "The darkness of the night has hidden them."

"I saw a man leading a donkey, and on the donkey there rode a woman in a cloak of dark blue stuff," said Barach, glancing up at his friend. "I think they are moving towards us, as if they would go from the inn."

"There is no room in the inn," said Simon.

"But why are you so strangely exalted?" said Barach. "In your voice there is joyous trembling, and you heed not the meats you have bought."

"I saw her face," said Simon; "I saw the face of him who led the little donkey. And it was—it was as though the man's face shone in the shining beauty of hers."

"Then it is good that you came up to Bethlehem, Simon," said the blind boy. "Each word you speak gives thanks for this loveliness you have seen. Near me I can feel the quivering of your gladness."

"Methinks that beauty sometimes quivers in the air to gladden us," replied Simon,—"as when you make your wondrous songs, my son," he added with a happy gentleness, as he caught the boy's hand and clasped the cold fingers warmly in his.

Then, suddenly, the boy raised his hand in a little impulsive gesturing for silence.

"Hush!" he said softly, his face tilting upward, with a joyous expectancy on it that was invisible to those who sat with him.

Simon and Barach were mute, listening. But around them the crowd moved in noisy confusion. The boy seemed for a moment to be sad with disappointment. Simon clasped his hand again, and bent near to him, speaking with sympathy.

"You heard her voice as she passed by," he said in low tones.

"I heard a voice like sweet music in the coldness and noise, Simon. It was a sound of gentleness that I scarcely heard. And yet it filled me with a great joy. Father" (he turned and laid his hand on Barach's sleeve), "it was like my mother's voice in its sweet music of hope, before she died. It was a voice to be loved and to be praised, as though she who spoke were holy."

The boy fell silent, and seemed to ponder deep within himself. Now and then he grew alert, and leaned a little toward the gates of the city, like one who strove to hear again a sound that was elusive.

"It was the voice of her whom I saw," Simon said to Barach, as he broke a piece of dark unleavened bread. "They passed us by going towards the southern gate."

"I saw their shapes dim in the night when they made their way amongst the people," said Barach. "They did not seem aught but poor travellers from the hill-country, lonely as we are, who have come amongst strangers."

"I am not lonely," said the boy, tranquilly. "But I long to be in quietness, and my fingers are uneasy for my lute. There is in my mind again the surging music that you have both heard at home."

Simon, partaking of his frugal repast, glanced up at the shadowed face of the boy, who had risen and was standing beside Barach.

"The Lord hath vouchsafed you a gladness of spirit that I do not share," the smith said wearily. "I am cold. I am troubled for you, who will be shelterless on such a night as this. And now the lights are being quenched, and the people in the streets are scattering. Whither shall we go, seeing that the inns are full?"

"Be not troubled, my father," the boy said gently. "Can we not go out from the city a little way, to the peace and shelter of the hills? There, even as in

Galilee, we shall find quiet places, with trees to whisper us songs of sleep. There will be hollows, with sweet herbs and dead leaves and dry mosses, on which we may rest. There will be little hills with rocks and shrubs that will keep the sharpness of the wind from us."

"You counsel us well," said Simon; and, draining his measure of cheap wine, he arose from the steps.

He gathered together the vessels from which they had drunk, and hastened to the doorway of the inn. Barach arose, leaning heavily on his staff. He looked with troublous eyes towards the dark hills. The boy seemed again to listen. Then Simon returned to them.

"Come, Barach," he said. "Let us go out a little way to the hills."

He caught the boy's hand, and touched the smith on the shoulder. They set out at once. And presently they had left the city gates behind them, and were searching on the lower slopes of the hills for a place in which to sleep. This they found at length: a cleft betwixt two great rocks, overhung by a stunted olive tree, and surrounded by deep brushwood. Here they lay down, drawing their robes securely about them. For a little time they spoke in low voices. Then silence came upon them. The night grew solemn and mysterious. One by one, overcome by weariness, the travellers fell asleep. And the night's purple wrapped them like a cloak.

Suddenly the boy, who knew not how long he had slept, was awake and listening. The earth beneath seemed to tremble. The silence of the midnight quivered musically. He raised himself and leaned forward to listen more intently. As from afar off, there came a strange whispering of song that passed over the hills like a breath, and grew hushed in the still heart of night. The winds were mute. The boughs of the trees moaned and stirred no longer. He heard no sound but the breathing of the two sleepers beside him. And in that loneliness of silence the boy grew timid.

"Father! Father! Simon! Simon!" he whispered.

Barach continued deep in sleep. But Simon moved, and, sighing deeply, spoke in his slumber.

"He bids us to enrolment—in the city—of David, the King," he said brokenly, in the queer, gentle way of a happy dreamer.

He turned in his sleep, flung out one arm, and was silent again. The boy shivered with cold, and, leaning nearer to Barach, spoke more loudly, and touched him with his hand. And Barach awoke. But even as he called to Simon, there broke suddenly upon the hills a wondrous harmony, that was wafted from the crests to the lower steeps in silver-toned beauty. Simon leaped from his couch.

"In the city of David, the King," he said, like one still half asleep, as he threw out his hands, groping against the rocks.

"There are voices singing!" cried the boy, who had stumbled outward through the strewn rocks and shrubs.

"And the very heavens seem to tremble as with light, my son!" exclaimed Barach, looking upward.

"Nay—look, Barach!" called Simon in awe. "The heavens are opened, and the broken clouds are shining in the brightness like snow. Unto the Lord of Hosts be praise forever!"

"Unto the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob!" whispered Barach.

"Listen! They are like the voices of the angels of the Lord, praising and glorifying His name," cried the boy, who stood making gestures, pointing whence the angelic music came.

And then, while they stayed there, the glory dimmed upon the hills, and the joyous harmony seemed to move away

from them. A great flashing whiteness and fluttering of light shone and shimmered, moving onward and upward.

"Ah, it is vanished!" said Simon, breaking upon the solemnity of the moment with childlike, wistful wonder.

He looked at Barach. But the smith, gazing with rapt eyes above the hills where the beauty of heaven had been veiled beyond the stars, stood entranced, heedless.

"And there is music yet," said the blind boy, coming near them. "Hark, how it goes whispering and singing softly round about us!"

"I hear it," said Simon. "And down through the winds of all the days henceforth, and upon all the world, methinks that music will go like a blessing—"

"Ah, Simon, Simon," cried the boy, "are you not mindful of the words of Micah that you taught me while my father wrought for you in the smithy?"

As he paused, a strange, happy look quickened the boy's uplifted face, on which the men gazed with expectant tenderness, saying no word. And after a moment the boy spoke again in a gentler voice.

" 'And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda,' " said he, quoting with reverence and pride the words written by the Prophet; " 'for out of thee shall come forth the Captain that shall rule my people Israel.' "

"And so it is written," said Simon, raising his eyes to Barach's face.

"Our deliverance shall be more—" said the boy, and paused as he heard the voices of men coming down from the hills.

Simon and Barach saw dim figures hastening through the dusk. And as they came, they were speaking amongst themselves in subdued tones of wonder: and Barach, seeing whence they had come, stepped towards them, and hailed the foremost.

"You come from the hills, friend," said the smith. "And, pray, whither go you now?"

"We come from the hills," answered the leader, who bore in his hand a shepherd's staff. "And we are going over to Bethlehem."

"An angel of the Lord stood by us while we kept the night-watches over our flocks," said another,—an old man of venerable aspect, whose voice was gentle. "He spoke good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people."

"Come with us," said a younger shepherd, hastening forward,—"come with us over to Bethlehem. 'For this day,' the angel said, 'is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.' And we go to see."

Presently they reached a stable that was like a cave, whence bright radiance strewed the dusk and shimmered upon the rugged ground. And they feared with a great fear, drawing nigh in prayer and trembling. But the boy, clutching Barach's hand, heard within the cave a voice that he remembered, which seemed holy; and as he went in he lifted up his soul in a mighty pleading of childhood, and besought the Lord to have pity on him and free him from his blindness.

"O Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, whose angels I have heard, remove from me, I beseech Thee, my affliction, that I may see this word that is come to pass in the city of David, our King. But yet, O Lord," he prayed humbly within himself, "if I be not worthy to look upon Thy glory and majesty, teach me to be patient, hearing Thy voice, and bending to Thy will in all things."

Even as his supplication ended, he passed through the opening of the cave, in which there was a great silence, while the shepherds, bowing down, adored. Then the boy heard a soft rustling sound, as of straw when it is stirred. And suddenly there was a little faint

cry like the utterance of a babe. Again in the blind boy's heart surged reverent entreaty. His thin fingers were clenched upon Barach's hand. The power of the Most High seemed reaching to him, touching him, and he was stricken with fear. Within his bosom a quick pulsing leaped and fluttered like a bird imprisoned. In his eyes there seemed to kindle fire that scorched him. Yet his spirit rejoiced in the nearness of the Lord, his Saviour, whom he worshipped with all his young heart. And suddenly that which had seemed like a burning passed from his eyes, and there was a great light of unimagined beauty, which was of the Son of God, the Child of Mary, whom he saw.

"Glory to God in the highest!" "Glory to God in the highest!"

Barach, hearing the glad cry, gazed in wonder at his son, and saw the wide, enraptured eyes of him who had been born blind.

The Light of the World.

THE custom of burning lights in churches dates from very early ages. As a rule, it was only where the Blessed Sacrament Itself was preserved that these lights were kept burning continually. At altars of the Blessed Virgin, and before statues and relics of saints, they were extinguished when Mass was over. Our Lord is called the Light of the World; and His light is reflected in His Blessed Mother and His saints, as the moon and the stars reflect the light of the sun.

The lights around the Crib at Christmas are not so much to dispel darkness, or for sake of ornament, as in honor of Christ, who is our Light, in whom we hope for the eternal light of glory. When Our Lord tells us to 'walk whilst we have the light,' He means that we should love and serve Him—walk in His footsteps—all our lives.

A Christmas Legend and Its Lesson.

WHAT a curious old custom, observed in many parts of Germany, is the kindling of the Christmas brand or log! It was once observed also in English-speaking countries, and is celebrated in some of our old verses:

> Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
> Till sunset let it burn;
> Which quencht, then lay it up agen
> Till Christmas next return.
>
> Part must be kept wherewith to blend
> The Christmas log next year;
> And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
> Can do no mischief there.

But the oddest part of the fancy is that the best part was to be burning all night, "to keep the Divine Infant from the cold"; so that if it burned low or was extinguished, it was said: "Jesus is cold."—"The Christ is cold." And truly it may be thought the thing is not without its meaning. We have heard a story of a miserable soul who, although he had plenty of wealth, lived in a wretched manner, on bad terms with himself, and therefore on bad terms with everybody about him. He did not like Christmas-time at all; he said it was a bad invention, the only reason of which was that it put ideas into people's heads for the purpose of coaxing money out of their pockets. So he kept his Christmas all alone; he begrudged even the bit of wood for his miserable grate; and he paid just a little obedience to the usage of the day by choosing one of the smallest clumps, which he kept from blazing up into a bright flame. He sat there shivering by the side of his fireplace; and so he went off to sleep.

Now, while he slept he dreamed that he heard a voice in the room; and, looking up, he saw a little Child, and he knew by the glory that surrounded it that it was the Christ-Child; and the Child said as He fixed His wonderful eyes on the old man, "Jesus is cold."

Now, the old man had no great amount of religion to boast of; but still he bestirred himself a little, and tried to kindle his poor stick into a flame. But the Child came no nearer to the fire, and stood still in the distant part of the room, and repeated, "Jesus is cold. It is you who make Me cold. You are so cold, you make Me cold."—"Then, what can I do to warm You?" said the old man.—"You must give Me a golden coin," said the Christ-Child.—"Well, there's my money-chest; I can trust You to take it; You can open it without the key, I'll be bound."—"Oh, yes, I could open it; but you must give Me the key." So the old man fumbled a long time, and at last he found the key, and he gave it to the Child, and He took out the golden piece.

But now a miracle happened; for as the Christ-Child held up the gold piece, lo! the dull and dingy old room became bright and cheerful, and a quantity of fuel, such as had not been in the old grate for many years, kindled up into a cheerful blaze. But, still more singular, the Child Himself began to set off the room in a kind of gay attire. First, He put up some trim bits of laurel and holly, saying, "That is for *life*"; and then He put upon the shelf two tall candles, saying, "These are for *light*"; and then He gave the fuel another stir, and as the blaze rose higher He said, "That is for *love*." But the strangest thing of all was when, opening the door, the Child brought in a young widow who lived in the lane hard by, and a rheumatic old man, and some orphan children; and the table was spread. And, as they all sat down to a merry meal, the Child said: "Jesus is warm now." And the old man said: "O Lord, I think I am warmer, too!"

And then all in a moment, although the feast remained the same, and the lights and the holly and the fire, and the guests continued their enjoyment, the little Child suddenly appeared as the Lord God in all His manlike and divine majesty. "Know, then," said He, "that although I am in heaven, I am everywhere. But know also that although I can not suffer as I once suffered—and you can not know what I mean,—when My children are cold and hungry and tired, My human body which I have with Me in heaven is hungry and cold and tired too; and whenever My children are made warm or happy, I feel it too,—then Jesus is warm. And even in the little nameless acts of love, like offering a flower or kindling a fire of love to Me, I know it all, and will reward it all. Did I not say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me'?"

The legend does not tell us how it befell the old sinner to whom this dream was given. Let us hope it converted him. In many of the oldtime legends there is a sweet lesson; and a good question for any house while the Christmas merrymaking is going on, may be, "Is Jesus cold?"

OH, my dear friends, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you can not make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of these men were dead to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy, which you mean to give some day—if you could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, that "the time is short," how it would break the spell!—*Phillips Brooks.*

Blest Feast of Christ's Nativity.

THE word Christmas means Christ's Mass, or the feast of Christ's Nativity; and the word has been spelled in many different ways. In old English writings it appears as Chrystmasse, Cristmes, Cristemas, Crestenmes, Cristenmas, Crystenmasse, Crystymas, Crystmas, Crystemes, Chrystemasse, Christmes. The feast has also been called Noël, or Nowel. Noël comes, some say, from the French word *nouvelles* (news), and is a contraction of *le bonne nouvelles*, or the "good tidings of the Gospel." Others regard Noël as a contraction of the Provençal *Nadal*, the same as the Latin *Dies Natalis* (the birthday). Chaucer speaks of Noël as a festal cry at Christmas, and says "Nowel crieth every lusty man"; but some other contemporary writers claim that the word is a corruption of Yule, Jule, or Ule, the ancient British name for the pagan festival of the sun.

In Welsh, Christmas Day is called Nadolig, meaning "the birth"; in Italian, Il Natale,—merely a contraction of the Latin *Dies Natalis;* in German, Weihnachtsfest, from the preceding sacred vigil.

Until comparatively recent times, Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve was a general custom in all Catholic countries. The early Mass which now takes the place of it corresponds with the "Jesu Mass," or the "Morrow Mass," of pre-Reformation days. In Catholic times, all who could do so were supposed to hear Mass daily; indeed the faithful were not satisfied that they had done their duty if they did not attend the Holy Sacrifice every day of the week. Only necessary work or urgent business was allowed to interfere with this sacred duty.

We learn from Cardinal Gasquet that the "Morrow Mass," or the "Jesu Mass," was celebrated at four, five, or six o'clock every morning. "It was generally offered as the result of some special benefaction for the purpose; or by reason of the stipend found by the people of a parish 'gathered wekely of the devotion of the parishioners,' as some foundation deed declared, in order that 'travelers' or 'those at work' might know that they could hear Holy Mass without interfering with the necessary business of their lives. Even when the actual presence was impossible, Mediæval Catholics were taught to join in spirit in the Great Sacrifice when it was being offered up on the altar of the parish church. According to some antiquarians, the origin of the low side-window, to be found in many churches, was to enable the clerk or server at Mass to ring a hand bell out of it at the *Sanctus*, in order to warn people at work in the neighboring fields and elsewhere that the more solemn part of the Mass had begun."

It would be a blessed thing if the custom became general of hearing Mass every day, at least during Christmastide. Of all seasons, this should inspire devotion. It is "the beginning of our joy," and the fitting observance of it is a pledge of eternal happiness. One would not easily discontinue a pious practice begun at such a time as Christmas; and what multiplied blessings would result if the good old custom of attending daily Mass were generally revived! Such attendance is a question not of obligation but of devotion, and of devotion that does not interfere with the performance of other duties of one's state in life. In sober earnestness, however, no Catholic really believes that the interests of any individual or the economy of any household ever suffered because of one half-hour of the day's forty-eight being devoted to the worship of Him on whose goodness our health and happiness depend, and on whose mercy depends our salvation.

Notes and Remarks.

Christmastide and the spirit of giving which it naturally connotates, suggest some reflections on the general subject of charity and charitable organizations of multifarious kinds. Not a few publicists are nowadays expressing doubts as to the real benefits of scientific, systematic, ruled and weighed and measured relief given to the unfortunate, and do not scruple to question the pre-eminent importance of "efficiency" in its relation to the matter of helping the needy. From the standpoint of both giver and beneficiary, they claim, there is something better than efficiency in the spontaneous offerings of generous, warm-hearted private individuals. The centralized bureau, with its mathematically correct statement as to the amount of money which each well-to-do citizen should contribute to the relief of the needy, and its elaborately methodical allotment of funds to the deserving poor may be more in accordance with up-to-date business demands, and superior in some ways to impulsive and more or less indiscriminate giving; but, after all, the average citizen is inclined to sympathize with Boyle O'Reilly's fling at—

> The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.

There is a notable difference between subscribing to a fund to help poverty in the abstract, and giving a dollar or a dime to a pathetic example of poverty in the concrete. It is altogether doubtful that our most efficient modern charitable organizations are doing as excellent work as was accomplished by the great monasteries of the Middle Ages, when tabulated statistics and interminable red tape were entirely dispensed with.

Our visitors from overseas are making great fun of us about Prohibition—among themselves, of course. While allowing them as much liquid refreshment as they consider necessary, our Government will not permit its own citizens even to indulge in mince-pies—that is, of the old-fashioned variety, with a dash of brandy,—though no one was ever known to get intoxicated on them. Real temperance and respect for law would perhaps be promoted by a return to the festive pie of former days. And how to render the country reasonably dry and to restore respect for law are serious questions. Sober-minded persons on all sides are beginning to realize, with former Prohibition Commissioner Kramer, that three mistakes were made at the beginning of attempts to enforce the Volstead law. "First, we underestimated completely the size of the job of enforcing National Prohibition. Second, we made the mistake of thinking of enforcement as a Federal instead of a State task. Third, we assumed that with the writing into the Constitution of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead law, Prohibition work could be restricted to law enforcement."

When Lord Ripon, at the mature age of forty-seven, joined the Church, thereby achieving a sense of security and spiritual satisfaction which sustained him for the rest of his life, the English papers declared that he had lowered himself in the estimation of his countrymen. That a prominent Anglican layman, a marquess and ex-Cabinet Minister, a man of great wealth, large estate, and wide repute, should "go over to Rome," was too much for them. The excitement and indignation were general and intense. Now, with the new Life of Ripon before them, they refer to him as a statesman whose integrity and loyalty are unquestionable; as one to be admired both for what he was and what he did. Lord Buxton eu-

logizes his high standard of right and wrong, his great courage, robust common-sense, indefatigable industry and kind-heartedness, his modest and retiring nature, etc. Another fellow-countryman of Ripon refers to him as "a man of unusual sweetness and purity of character, high of heart, and never self-seeking, though not undervaluing the prizes of life;...truly a good man and a lovable man."

Although holding that a convert to Rome "renounces," or at least "forfeits," his moral and mental freedom, and places his loyalty and duty at the mercy of another, Gladstone, nevertheless, acquitted Ripon of any likelihood to fail in either loyalty or civil duty. This was in 1874, when Gladstone was denouncing the "claims of Rome" in violent pamphlets, which, long ago, ceased to be read anywhere, or even to be remembered.

The editor of the London *Universe*, having been asked for the precise meaning which he attaches to the words "pessimism" and "optimism," replies: "Both words are fairly new to the language; neither is in Johnson. To-day they are variously used: 'pessimism,' for instance, for the doctrine that everything is for the worst, and that life is an evil, or for the disposition to look on the dark side of things. Similarly, 'optimism' is either the doctrine that everything is for the best, or the disposition to look on the bright side of things. Were the philosophical use of the words the only right one, no Catholic could be either an optimist or a pessimist. Emerson professed himself the one, Schopenhauer the other. We doubt if any practical man ever was either. Hence some zealous for exactitude coin such further verbal horrors as 'melionism.' But general usage is good enough for us, and we are content to avow optimism and disavow pessimism, confident that we are not thereby denying that there is evil to be faced, and danger of succumbing to it if we shirk the task. By pessimism we mean the temper of Mr. Littlefaith, the atmosphere of Doubting Castle; the habit of fearing the devil, his malice, and his works more than we trust Almighty God, His love, and His power."

This is a belief or a creed to which the majority of sensible men, and the totality of good Christians, will cordially subscribe.

Many pages in Sir Philip Gibbs' new book, "The Hope of Europe," have something striking and quotable. He thinks clearly and writes frankly, though at times perhaps too energetically, more like a polemic than a philosopher. In dealing with Germany and England, he is especially bitter in his condemnation of the sinister politicians, "who promised and knew that they lied." Of the Irish problem he writes: "Looking at the whole tragedy as it is close to us, I think the verdict will be against England, or at least against British statesmen who betrayed the honor and good name of England, and the ideals for which so many of our men died in the European war." Not less candid is Sir Philip's reference to the Treaty, the manner of which rather than the terms of which, in his opinion, destroyed the hopes of the peace. One must quote him in full on this interesting and important point:

> I am convinced, from all I heard in Germany after the Armistice, that the German people would have responded eagerly and thankfully to any touch of chivalry and to any conviction of real justice. They did not want to avoid punishment, but they hoped that it would not be greater than human nature itself could bear without revolt, nor so cruel and vindictive as to reduce them to despair.
>
> A spiritual appeal to the German people, not based on threats of force, but calling with the voice of one people to another across the fields of dead, might have been answered by the offer

of a whole nation to repair the damage they had done, to atone by immense self-sacrifice and service, because of the liberation of their spirit from hatred and from bondage to evil ideas in a new era of fellowship after the agony of universal war. On the plane of realism it would have been better business; for the Allies would have gained more by consent than they have gained by force; and the impulse to vengeance, burning and smouldering in the heart of Germany now, after so many threats and so much hatred, might not have existed, but might have been melted away in the enthusiasm of the new-found movement of humanity.

Sir Philip Gibbs is too little of a pessimist and too true an Englishman to lose heart for his own country. After describing the social changes produced there by the war, the signal failure of its statesmen, the deep discontent of its people, he adds:

Yet, though I see the gravity of all this, and its darkness, I believe that England will pull through and carry on. There is in English character still an intuitive, inarticulate wisdom. In spite of all the modifications caused by war, there is a solid common-sense, a sense of compromise and the middle way, which belongs to centuries of English tradition, and is not yet deadened. The passion of the extremists leaves the main body of English men and women cold as ice. Discontent, distress, exasperation, lead to violent speech, but rarely to violent action within the heart of England....In the past centuries, there have been worse times than now, but people have suffered them with patience, with hard resolution, with high and noble valor. They have always taken the middle way. I think they will do so now. Out of present trouble England will emerge with her old spirit of stolidity, resource, and energy....

That the future of any country is largely in the hands of the children of the present generation is a truth of which the Methodists and other sects are well aware, and their activities are accordingly directed towards the perversion of young Catholics. Writing of American Methodists in the Eternal City, the Rome correspondent of the London *Catholic Times* says that they have long been busy, endeavoring to devise means of inducing Catholics to abandon their Church and join the sect. "If they addressed themselves to people of mature years," comments the correspondent, "there could and would be no objection to their propagandist activity—in Rome or elsewhere. Instead of appealing to men and women capable of weighing their arguments, however, they strive to get hold of little children and, on the plea of educating them, fill their minds with teaching favorable to their own creed and bitterly antagonistic to the Church. This was the mode of promoting Methodism which they adopted in Rome, and by their artful policy they would certainly have succeeded in bringing many of the children of the poor under their influence. But by the educational energy of the Irish Christian Brothers, whose sacrifices in the good cause are well known, they were checkmated; and the poor in Rome now know that, if they place their confidence in the Brothers, their children will get a sound, practical education such as they desire."

There was something more than ordinary appropriateness in the note struck by Archbishop Curley in his first public utterance as head of the archdiocese of Baltimore,—his insistence on the necessity of higher Catholic education. Such a note is eminently in keeping with the honor accruing to him incidentally with his promotion to the primatial See of the United States, since to that See Rome has committed in perpetuity the headship of the Catholic University of America. The right reverend rector of that institution, Bishop Shahan, thus gracefully welcomes the new chancellor: "In the person of Archbishop Curley, the Catholic University of America greets most cordially its new head and guiding spirit, the official representative of the Holy See in all that pertains to the

growth and government of the University, and to the character and range of its influence as a seat of the highest studies, ecclesiastical and secular. As its second chancellor, he takes the place of Cardinal Gibbons of blessed memory. The University could ask for no gift or endowment comparable to a continuance of the wisdom, good will, and devotion of the great Prince of the Church whose faith sustained it for a whole generation, and on whose generous heart was graven deeply a sincere love of this child of the American hierarchy."

From a large collection of singularly beautiful and admirably appropriate prayers for Christian unity, received from the secretary of the World Conference on Faith and Order, we gladly reprint those which follow. We share the hope of the compiler that the use of these prayers may increase the desire for Christian unity all over the world, and hasten the fulfilment of our Blessed Lord's prophecy, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd." The first of the prayers selected is from the Coptic Liturgy of St. Cyril; the second, from the Roman Missal; the third, from the Mozarabic Liturgy:

O God of love, who hast given a new commandment, through Thine only-begotten Son, that we should love one another, even as Thou didst love us, the unworthy and the wandering, and gavest Thy beloved Son for our life and salvation; we pray Thee, Lord, give to us, Thy servants, in all time of our life on the earth, a mind forgetful of past ill-will, a pure conscience and sincere thoughts, and a heart to love our brethren. *Amen.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles, Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant to her that peace and unity which is agreeable to Thy adorable will, who livest and reignest God for ever and ever. *Amen.*

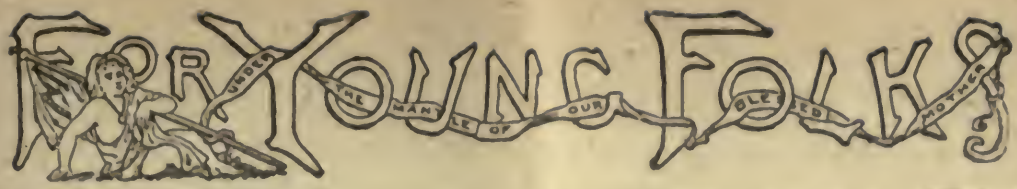
O Christ, the Word of the most high Father, who wast made flesh to dwell among us, enter into our hearts, that all we who have been redeemed by the mystery of Thine Incarnation may remain united in the fellowship of perpetual peace. *Amen.*

There is an ever-increasing desire among Christians for "one Lord, one faith, one baptism"; and there could be no more fitting expression of this desire than prayer. More faith is to be placed in it than in any number of conferences, or in any amount of preaching and printing. Persevering prayer will infallibly bring, sooner or later, to all wavering minds and troubled hearts the conviction so admirably expressed by the illustrious Newman, that "either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go." A memorable saying.

They are nothing if not prompt in dealing with criminals in China. Once anybody is convicted of a serious offence, his immediate punishment may be expeeted by himself and all interested. Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, writing in the *Asia Magazine,* thus illustrates the matter:

When I went down to Paoting-fu to call on General Wu, I heard the startling news that there had been a mutiny in one of his detachments. I got into a mule cart and rode into the city to learn the details. As we entered the first gate I saw something hanging from one of the caves. . . It was a human head. Three others were suspended from trees near by.

For some weeks there had been suspicions that one of the adjutants had been "squeezing" on the pay of the soldiers in his regiment, and there had been mutterings of discontent. A delegation had visited the adjutant's quarters the night before and demanded the remainder of their pay, threatening to take the regimental books to General Wu unless they got it. Knowing the penalty of an investigation, the adjutant set fire to his quarters to destroy the records, and gave the alarm of mutiny. General Wu was called, and got out of bed and investigated, and by daylight the adjutant and some of his accomplices were proved guilty. It was their heads I had seen.



All Joy!

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

NOW Christmas dear,
Glad feast, is here,
So full of cheer.

Both girls and boys
Have gifts and toys
And many joys,

Rare fun and play,—
They praise and pray
On Christmas Day.

The joy-bells ring,
The angels sing,
Glad tidings bring.

Friends are meeting,
And oft repeating
Gay Christmas greeting.

May joy and peace
And love increase,
And never cease!

The Sabots of Little Wolff.*



ONCE upon a time, in a city in the north of Europe, there was a little boy of seven, named Wolff, an orphan in charge of an old aunt who was cross and miserly. But the poor boy was naturally so good that he loved the old woman just the same, although she often frightened him very much.

As the aunt of Wolff was known through all the village to have a house and an old stocking full of gold, she did not dare send her nephew to the school for the poor. But she so schemed to obtain a reduction of the price with the schoolmaster whose school little Wolff attended, that the teacher, vexed at having a scholar so badly dressed and who paid so poorly, punished him often and unjustly, and even stirred his fellow-pupils against him. Little Wolff was therefore very miserable.

The night before Christmas, the schoolmaster was to take all of his pupils to the Midnight Mass, and bring them back to their homes. Now, as the winter was very severe that year, and as for several days a great quantity of snow had fallen, the scholars came all wrapped up, with fur caps pulled down over their ears, double and triple jackets, knitted gloves and mittens, and good, thick, leather boots with strong soles. Only little Wolff came shivering in the clothes that he wore weekdays and Sundays, and with nothing on his feet but coarse socks and heavy wooden shoes.

His thoughtless comrades made many jests over his comical looks and his peasant's dress. But the orphan was so occupied in blowing on his fingers, and suffered so much from his chilblains, that he took no notice of them; and the troop of boys, with the master at their head, started from his house for the church.

It was fine in the church, which was resplendent with wax candles; and the scholars, excited by the pleasant warmth, profited by the noise of the organ and the singing to talk to each other in a low voice. They spoke of what the Christ-Child would bring to them, of what He would put into their shoes, which they would, of course, be very careful to leave in the chimney before going to bed.

Little Wolff knew well by experience that his miserly old aunt would send him to bed supperless. But in the simplicity of his soul, knowing that he had been

* Translated and adapted from the French of François Coppée.

all the year as good and industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ-Child would not forget him; and he, too, looked eagerly forward to putting his wooden shoes beside the fireplace.

The Midnight Mass concluded, the faithful went away; and the band of scholars also, walking two by two after their teacher, left the church.

Now, near the porch, sitting on a stone seat under a Gothic niche, a child was sleeping,—a child covered by a robe of white linen, whose feet were bare, notwithstanding the cold. He was not a beggar, for his robe was new and nice; and near him on the ground were seen, lying in a cloth, a square, a hatchet, a pair of compasses, and the other tools of a carpenter's apprentice. Under the light of the stars, his face, with its closed eyes, bore an expression of wondrous sweetness, and his locks of golden hair seemed like an aureole about his head. But his feet, blue in the cold of that December night, were a very sad sight to see.

The scholars, so well clothed and shod for the winter, passed heedlessly before the unknown child. But little Wolff, coming the last out of the church, stopped, full of compassion, before the beautiful sleeping child.

"Alas!" said the orphan to himself, "it is too bad: this poor little one going barefoot in such cold weather. But, what is worse than all, he has not even a boot or a wooden shoe to leave before him while he sleeps, so that the Christ-Child could put something there to-night to comfort him in his misery."

And, carried away by the goodness of his heart, little Wolff took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and laid it in front of the sleeping child; and then, as best he could, limping along on his poor blistered foot and dragging his sock through the snow, he went back to his aunt's.

"You worthless fellow!" cried the old woman, full of anger at his return without one of his shoes. "What have you done with your wooden shoe?"

Little Wolff did not know how to deceive; and, although he was shaking with terror, he tried to stammer out some account of his adventure.

But the old woman burst into a frightful peal of laughter, and said:

"I am going to put the wooden shoe which you have left, in the chimney, and I promise you the Christ-Child will leave there to-night something to whip you with in the morning. And you shall pass the day to-morrow on dry bread and water. We will see if next time you give away your shoes to the first vagabond that comes along!"

And the wicked woman, after having given the poor boy a couple of slaps, made him climb up to his bed in the attic. Though grieved, he soon went to sleep on his pillow, steeped with tears.

But on the morrow morning, when the old woman, awakened by the cold, went downstairs—oh, wonderful sight! —she saw the great chimney full of beautiful playthings, and sacks of delicious candies, and all sorts of delicacies; and before all these things the right shoe, that her nephew had given to the little waif, stood by the side of the left shoe, that she herself had placed there, and where she meant to put a birch rod.

And as little Wolff, running down to learn the meaning of his aunt's exclamations, stood in artless ecstasy before all these splendid Christmas presents, suddenly there were loud cries of laughter out of doors. The old woman and the little boy went out to know what it all meant, and saw all the neighbors gathered around the public fountain. What had happened? Oh, something very amusing and very extraordinary! The children of all the rich people of the village, those whose parents had

wished to surprise them by the most beautiful gifts, had found only rods in their shoes.

Then the orphan and the old woman, thinking of all the beautiful things that were in their chimney, were full of amazement. But presently they saw the curé coming, with wonder in his face. Above the seat placed near the door of the church, where the previous evening, a child, clad in a white robe, and with feet bare, notwithstanding the cold, had rested his sleeping head, the priest had just seen a circle of gold crowded with precious stones.

And they all crossed themselves devoutly, comprehending that the beautiful sleeping Child, near whom were the carpenter's tools, was Jesus of Nazareth in person, become for an hour such as He was when He worked in His parents' house; and they bowed themselves before that miracle that the good God had worked, to reward the faith and charity of little Wolff.

The Holy Night Rose.

THE Christmas Rose had its origin when a little girl named Madelon, who was with the Shepherds in the Stable of Bethlehem to adore the newborn Babe, cried because she had nothing to offer Him. One of the Shepherds had brought a fleece to wrap around Him, another played a lullaby on his pipes, while the others sang. Madelon had set her heart on a gift; but, having none, she left the stable to hide her grief. Just outside she saw, through her tears, a bush covered with roses of dazzling whiteness,—whiter far than the snow which mantled the ground and the neighboring trees. Picking a large bunch, she hastened to carry them to the Mother and Child. And the Holy Night Roses, as the legend calls them, filled the stable with such perfume as was never known before.

Luigi's Christmas Gifts.

IT is a custom in our Sunday-school to ask the children if they have a preference as to gifts; for many of them are not likely to receive any others than those which are given them from the Christmas Tree.

Luigi was twelve years old. He had made his First Communion the previous spring, and had been taken from school to help his father, who was a fisherman. On the Sunday before Christmas, Luigi, who was a favorite with all, waited for his teacher, and as she was leaving the class-room called her aside in a shy, mysterious manner.

"Miss Wilson," he said, "do you think you could get me a doll-baby carriage for my Christmas present? I'd rather have it than candy or anything—"

"Luigi!" she exclaimed. "What do you want with a baby carriage,—such a big boy as you are? All the others will laugh at you."

"Don't care if they do," replied Luigi, planting himself firmly on his sturdy legs, and looking up into her smiling face with his large, soft Southern eyes, while he gave his curly black head a saucy toss. "I don't care a bit what them boys say."

"But, Luigi, I never knew you were a girl-boy," said his teacher.

"I'm not, neither," he answered, with another toss of the head. "I want it for my little sister."

"For your little sister! Oh, that is different! That is very nice."

His swarthy face brightened until it was all one beaming smile.

"I'll tell you what: she's so cute, teacher! You seen our Rita, didn't you, when she come in here with mamma last Sunday?"

"That pretty little thing in the scarlet cloak, Luigi?"

"Yes'm. *Isn't* she pretty! And she's

awful cute. Father is going to get her a doll, and she'd be so glad if she had a carriage for it."

"It would be very nice," replied Miss Wilson. "And I'm sure you will have as much pleasure from it as though you received something nice from the tree yourself."

"More!" said the lad, decidedly. "I don't care for toys,—I'm too big. And I can't play none of them games home. Father and mother they can't read no English, anyway."

"I'll see about the doll carriage, then," said Miss Wilson. "I think you may expect it, Luigi."

"She'll be mighty glad!" exclaimed the boy, as he gaily sprang down the steps. "She's awful cute!"

The toy merchant was a friend of Miss Wilson. She told him the story of Luigi's thoughtfulness, which excited his admiration.

"I'm going to give you a fifty-cent doll carriage for twenty-five, Miss Wilson," he said; "and I'll throw in something for the Italian boy. That little fellow deserves it."

When the purchases were completed and sent home, Miss Wilson and her colleagues prepared to mark the various articles. They had not been at work very long before they came upon a neat package, marked on the outside in a large plain hand, the sight of which greatly pleased all the teachers, especially the amiable Miss Wilson.

Christmas Eve arrived. The tree, laden with gifts and brilliant with candles, excited the admiration of all who beheld it. When Luigi Beniti's name was called he went smilingly forward to receive his gift. The other boys seeing him return with a doll carriage under his arm began to laugh. But Luigi was not at all discomfited. Nodding and smiling from right to left, he resumed his seat at the rear of the room. Then Santa Claus, pulling his long white beard with a severe frown, shouted, "Silence!" in a deep bass voice, as he took another package from the tree, held it up, examined it, and read in a loud voice:

"To Luigi Beniti, the boy who would rather receive a Christmas gift for his baby sister than get one himself, the enclosed trifle is presented by William Biggs, toy merchant, No. 1967 Mercer Street, San Andrea, California."

A murmur rose and fell in the crowd. The children, as well as some of their elders, craned their necks eagerly in the direction of Luigi's seat. But the boy had to be called again before he rose to respond; and when he did so, with lagging step and downcast head, the whole room set up a shout of joy and approval for the boy who thought only of giving happiness to others.

The gift proved to be a beautiful knife, the like of which Luigi had never seen before. It was passed from hand to hand among the boys, whose Christmas gifts seemed, for the moment, to pale into insignificance beside it. He was the hero of the evening; and the doll carriage groaned under the heap of candy, nuts, oranges, and so forth, with which the teachers filled it for little Rita.

Miss Wilson told me the story; and Luigi showed me the knife the other morning, when he came with halibut and lobster to the kitchen door.

M. E. M.

Pious Punishment.

In olden times children used to be gently whipped on the Feast of the Holy Innocents, to remind them of the suffering of the first martyrs of Christ. The belfries of some of the old English churches still send forth on this feast a peal of mingled joy and grief for the little ones who so early won their palm branches.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The memoirs of Princess Louise of Belgium, upon the French edition of which we commented last week, has been translated into English, and published under the title "My Own Affairs."

—The many readers of "St. Michael's Almanach" will give the new number of this tried and true friend of the Catholic home a warm welcome. It is in every respect worthy of its predecessors; and its contents are so varied that it will be sure to please all readers, young and old.

—"A Selection from a Child's Prayers to Jesus," by Fr. W. Roche, S. J., is a very attractive little pamphlet, with illustrations. We are sure that any child would appreciate having a copy to slip into the prayer-book which he takes to Mass. Both author and artist show rare insight into the minds and hearts of little ones. Longmans, Green & Co.; price, 35 cents a dozen.

—The Sisters of Mercy, of Our Lady of Victory Academy, Council Bluffs, Iowa, have compiled and published a "Guide to the Study of Dante," containing biographical and appreciative extracts, questions about the poet and the Divine Comedy, and a book-list. The matter is well arranged; and the little pamphlet, with its attractive cover, bearing a picture of Dante in colors, is appealing. The price for single copies is 50 cents.

—"Lauda Sion," by the Rev. Thomas Rust, O. F. M., presents in convenient form the antiphons, hymns, litanies and responsories most commonly used at liturgical and other functions. In his selections of the melodies, the compiler has wisely followed the golden mean —viz., to omit nothing in general use, to admit nothing of purely local practice. Choir masters will find this handy volume, with the rubrics in English, a real boon. Published by the Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago, Ill. The price is not stated.

—It is good to see Fr. John Talbot Smith's "The Boy who Came Back" in an attractive new form. The story deals with the trials of the Lawton family, a household which has steadily gone to pieces under the pressure of poverty and desertion by the father. Young Lawton struggles hard to become useful and virtuous after he has done quite a bit of mischief. His story is a mixture, in a way, of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Pilgrim's Progress," that keeps just the right flavor for a healthy boy's taste. "The Boy who Came Back" is an exceptionally good story for young folk,—for girls as well as for boys. It will surely be read at one sitting. Published by Blase Benziger & Co.; price, $1.35.

—The second volume of M. Henri Lavedan's "Chemin de la Salut" has just been published under the title "Gaudias." Those who know the story of Irene Olette have probably awaited this announcement with impatience. Doctor Gaudias is a remarkable character, and Valérie Lesoir is a fascinating woman. The evolution of this novelist, from the writing of frivolous bits of amorous dialogue to the creation of some of the most significant Christian novels of the time, is another illustration of the profound change of attitude manifest in French letters.

—The fact that "Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum," by the Rev. Joseph Wuest, C. SS. R., of Boston, Mass., has reached a fourth edition shows that the popularity it has enjoyed from its first appearance rests on solid merit. Correct doctrine clearly stated is the characteristic feature of the book. The author has brought together and embodied the latest decisions and the principal changes in the New Missal in this safe guide in liturgical matters. Nor did he forget to make the book doubly valuable and acceptable by adding an exhaustive index. Price not stated.

—"Denys the Dreamer," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson, is the story of a young Irishman, Denys Fitzmaurice, and a young Irish lady of superior station, Dawn Finucane, who are happily united in the last line. The book has the plot, style, characterization, atmosphere, and sentimentalism of the best-sellers of twenty-five years ago. Many people will find it interesting, of course; but one need only place "Denys the Dreamer" beside "If Winter Comes" to realize what a long ladder the typical Catholic novel in English must ascend. Benziger Brothers; price, $2.15.

—The American Constitutional League of Wisconsin presents a desirable little brochure entitled "We, the People—" Its purpose is to supply in concise form the text of the Federal Constitution with meaty comments. The foreword says very aptly, "Let us read the Constitution, every word of it. Surely the written bond that has helped to make America so

great and strong should be engraved upon the mind and heart of every American." This useful effort towards genuine "normalcy" is the work of Mr. Alvin M. Higgins. Persons interested in the matter will be glad to know that the League may be addressed at the Trust Co. Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

—It is hardly conceivable in these days, when superior intellectual attainment is so highly esteemed, that the reading public should fail to grasp an opportunity to learn the manner of development of any great intellect. The world has long acclaimed Henri Fabre, the French naturalist, an immortal; and the biography of him by his nephew, the Abbé Augustin Fabre, explains the reason. It tells us of Fabre's long, laborious life (he was ninety-two when he died): of months and years of patient watching that a telling fact might be observed; of the number and enthusiasm of those whom he pressed into his service; and finally—best of all—it tells us of relief from the handicap of extreme poverty, and of the boon of leisure in which to weigh and reconsider and then to recount observations and conclusions in language which gives to his books the fascination of romance. This Life of the "Homer of Insects" was written for the purpose of calling attention to his writings, and we feel confident that it will fulfil its mission and promote his increasing popularity with general readers. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.; price, $2.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"The Psalms: A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text." Rev. Patrick Boylan, M. A. Vol. I. (B. Herder Co.) $5.50.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) (John Lane.) 16s.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. O. N. Turgeon, of the diocese of Omaha; Rev. James McAteer, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. J. J. McGrath, diocese of Helena; and Rev. John Quinn, diocese of Sacramento.

Brother John Climacus, C. S. C.

Sister M. Flora, of the Sisters of Notre Dame; and Sister M. Ruberta, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. James Bentson, Mrs. Catherine Hulstrunk, Mr. Edward M. Dolan, Mr. John Nolin, Mrs. Julia White, Mr. John Cookson, Mr. Harry Weber, Mr. Joseph Meyer, Mr. F. X. Antoine, Miss Mary Warne, Mr. James McCann, Mr. Daniel Hyland, Miss Frances Haas, Mr. George Thill, Miss Helen Kelly, Mr. Austin Haley, Mr. G. Martineau, Mr. George Pilcher, Miss Mary Darcy, Mr. F. H. Kelly, Mrs. Paul Hahn, Jr., Mr. Richard Lauxen, Miss Louise Bowman, Mr. John Roderer, Mrs. Mary O'Dwyer, Mr. W. Kevlan, Mr. Raphael Labelle, Miss Elizabeth Hamil, Mr. Sebastian Wimmer, Mr. George Benson, Mrs. A. McQuillen, Mr. W. F. Auer, Mrs. John Davis, Mr. M. Brockmeier, and Miss Julia J. Thomas.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the victims of the famine in Russia: T. B., $25; J. P., in honor of the Immaculate Conception, $1; Miss A. McS., $9. For the sufferers in Central Europe: E. P., $20; Mrs. J. G., in honor of the Little Flower, $2; T. A. S., $5; friend, $5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: T. B., $25; J. M. K., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, $10; M. D., $1; friend, in honor of Our Lady of Pity, $1; E. C., $5. For the Foreign Missions: R. C., $1; friend, $17; E. M. D., 50 cents. "For any work of charity": friend, $100.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIV. (New Series.) NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 31, 1921. NO. 27

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A Christmas Prayer.

NOT on the manger's straw,
But in this heart of mine,
Dear Infant, rest.
Thy will shall be my law,
My service shall be Thine,
Most welcome Guest.

O Mother Mary, pray
Thy Babe on this dear feast
To come to me;
Beside His crib I'd stay—
The lowliest and the least,—
Eternally.

MARIE.

Emmanuel: God with Us.

WE are often struck with the beauty and glory of God's earth that He has made. Even in our Northern clime, our hearts are moved, on days of sunshine, to wonder and admiration at the beauty of this visible world, where the glorious sun clothes everything with light, and lends his brightness to all around. We are scarcely surprised that ignorant men have even worshipped that great luminary, at which we can not steadfastly look, but must cast down our eyes lest we be pained and half blinded by its brilliance. If we have been in tropical lands, we have seen greater glory and beauty still:

> Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
> Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,—knots of Paradise.

There Nature has a grandeur and magnificence unimagined by those who have not seen them.

But all this glory on earth is only a faint, dim picture of the glory of our heavenly home, where God dwells, where no earthly sun or moon but He Himself is the light thereof. There dwell God's holy angels, radiant with the light that streams from His throne; themselves so glorious and shining that no eye could gaze upon them if, as has been said, that glory were embodied in some material form. One single angel of God, coming to earth and making himself seen, has been enough to thrill men with awe and dread. What, then, must be the sight of the innumerable hosts of heaven, where thousands on thousands minister to God, and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stand before Him!

Yet those glorious beings, the sight of one of whom would strike such awful dread and fear into our hearts, themselves tremble and veil their faces before the light of the glory and majesty and holiness of God, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, whom no man can see and live; whose throne is the heaven of heavens, and the earth His footstool; whose presence angels and saints could not bear, but must be consumed by the brightness of His face, were they not upheld by His hand. Well may the Psalmist ask, "What is *man*, that Thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" For it is true that God—the great God

whom to see unveiled would be death to mortal man, in whose sight all the hosts of heaven are as nothing, whose look can destroy all powers of earth and heaven—hath visited His people. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people."

Truly He is Emmanuel: God with us. He who is the light and glory of heaven; He whose beauty and glory are not only faintly reflected by the passing glories of this beautiful earth, but only dimly and faintly, too, even by the overwhelming glories of the angelic choirs,—He makes it His delight to be with the children of men, to share their roofs, to live among them in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; God made Man, true God of true God; the same God whose glory fills the heavens.

How wonderful is this, that He should dwell with us in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood! Yet not more wonderful than that He should have become Man at all; that He should have made His Blessed Mother His first Tabernacle upon earth; not more wonderful than that He is what He is, all love, all goodness, all benignity and pity and loving-kindness and mercy, as well as all power and majesty and glory and perfection.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Man, indeed, is nothing,—nothing but weakness and misery and sin and imperfection; but God is all love; and so God has come to help and to save us. So much has He loved us that He has found this way—the way of the Incarnation and the way of the Blessed Sacrament—to become one of us and to dwell with us.

O Love, how deep, how broad, how high!
It fills the heart with ecstasy
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.

How happy ought we to be, how confident, how loving to the God who has treated us thus: happy that God is here in the midst of us; happy that He is Man, one of ourselves, hiding His glory lest we should be afraid, yet offering us all the aid of His powerful grace;—confident because of His love, so wonderfully manifested, so unfailing, so continual;—loving, because such love deserves our love, and surely ought to win it!

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's love, like His word, shall not pass away. If we are faithful to Him, if we make His sacred presence in the Tabernacle our heaven on earth now, we shall be translated to the heaven that awaits us, where the same Lord whom we adore under the veils of His adorable Sacrament will show to us the light of His countenance, and we shall see the King in His beauty, and what in faith and hope we have clung to shall be our eternal possession.

An Old Lady's Story.

BY G. LENOTRE. *

AS I look back into the distant past, I can plainly see, by the light of memory, the old Marquise de Flavigny, smiling and serene, seated in an antique easy-chair, its covering of peach-colored velvet making a lovely background for her silvery hair and her cap of lace with its long, floating streamers. Beside her, on a low chair, usually sat another woman of the same age, smiling too, and happy-looking. She was called Mlle. Odile. She was not a servant. A great friendship existed between the two old ladies. As they sat together, knitting woolen garments for the poor, they exchanged endless confidences.

On certain days the two ladies explored the depths of various cupboards and wardrobes, huge affairs of oak, decorated with copper and carved ara-

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

besques. They opened boxes, arranged linens,—dusted and polished all day long. We children were permitted to witness this process of setting things to rights, on condition that we touched nothing.

In the depths of one of the mysterious wardrobes, in a glass-faced box, reposed an object which the ladies seemed to hold almost in veneration. It was a large doll, dressed in silk of ancient pattern. Time had made it almost bald. Its nose was broken, its hands and face crinkled, and I remember that it had but one slipper of morocco, with a tarnished silver buckle, and a heel that had once been red. The Marquise and Mlle. Odile handled this treasure as if it were a sacred relic. There was even something of awe in their tones when they referred to it.

"She has lost more hair. Her skirt is almost gone. That finger will soon drop off," they remarked in short, abrupt sentences.

Then they would lift her out of the box with infinite precaution, carefully arrange her garments, smooth out the remnant of hair, replace her, and set the box upright on the finest shelf.

This was all we knew of the history of the two old ladies and their doll, until one evening—it was Christmas Eve—we were initiated into the great mystery. All that day the two had chatted together with more than ordinary animation. Towards evening both had fallen into reverie.

When it was dark, Mlle. Odile lighted the candles; then, taking a bunch of keys from under her apron, she unlocked the wardrobe that held the doll and took the precious object from its box. With its tarnished finery and its wrinkled face, it looked even older than the ladies.

Finally the Marquise took it on her knees and looked into its face affectionately.

"My dear," she said, as if speaking to the doll, "what if I were to tell these children our history?"

Odile nodded gravely. The Marquise then motioned to us to gather round her and be seated.

When she was a little girl, civil war between the Republicans, termed the "Blues," and the "Chouans," those who clung to the old order of things, devastated Brittany, the country where she was born. In the early part of the year 1792, the parents of little Solange (that was her name) emigrated, leaving her for safekeeping in the care of Mother Rouauld, a peasant living near their chateau. They believed that the "good cause" would triumph and that their absence would be of short duration. Almost immediately the frontiers of the country were closed. Strict laws were passed in regard to the *émigrés*, and any attempt to return would mean their certain death.

Ploubalay, the ancestral village, stood near the rocky coast. It had been taken by the Blues, who had driven out the Chouans. The sergeant in command, named Metzger, an Alsatian, was a type of the under-officers, so much in evidence in the revolutionary army,—rude, patriotic, inflexible and surly. All the village feared him. Little Solange always trembled when she saw this terrible man even pass along the street. His bristling mustache, shaggy eyebrows, suspicious glances, and his harsh voice with its rough accent, were her nightmare.

One day, as Solange was returning from the baker's with her black loaf under her apron, she saw Sergeant Metzger eying her closely. She would have liked to make a detour, but dared not. So, gathering up her courage, she began to walk very fast. Just as she thought she [illegible] of danger, she heard the loud voice of the Blue:

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"Halt there, little girl!"

The child felt her heart almost cease beating. She stopped short, transfixed with fear.

"Come up close!" was the next command.

She obeyed, not daring to raise her eyes. He said nothing for a moment, then he fairly shouted.

"You're a little aristocrat!"

Solange made no sound, and commended herself to God. She did not perfectly comprehend, but she knew that word "aristocrat" designated the people who were put to death.

"How old are you?" was the next question.

"Eight years."

"Eight years,—eight years. Just the same age." Then in a slightly softer tone, he added: "You're large and strong for your age."

Encouraged by his milder voice, Solange raised her eyes. He was truly frightful, with his bicorne set crosswise, his tanned face, his black pipe, his white belts crossed over his chest, his immense sword, his muddy boots, and, worst of all, those piercing eyes that seemed to devour her.

"Move on!" he ordered.

She hurried into the house. From that day, she felt that the Sergeant watched her. When he marched past the house at the head of his men, he always looked inside, as if seeking for her. When he met her in the street, he would stop and follow her with his eyes, or else he would exclaim, in his gruff voice:

"Ah, ah, little girl!"

The child, dreaded to go outside; but Mother Rouauld, who believed she would never again see her parents, and who would not keep any one for nothing, made use of Solange about the house. She had to go on errands, and so she saw the Sergeant almost daily. She felt that her life was to be taken some time by this terrible ogre. She no longer doubted this, after the day when he addressed her again:

"What's your name, little girl?"

"Solange."

"Ah, what a queer name that is! Eight years,—eight years! How fast they grow!" he murmured, as if speaking to himself.

Solange felt that her time was fast approaching. Life, with this perspective, became a very sad affair. December had come with its sunless days and dreary nights. Not a day passed without the Blues arresting some returning *émigrés*. Existence in Jersey and London was so hard that many came back to France, hoping to evade the eyes of the sentinels who watched the coast. If discovered, the luckless fugitives had no chance of escape. Every day the villagers saw them passing through Ploubalay, their clothing in rags, surrounded by soldiers, who were taking them to Saint Malo, where, after a summary trial, they would be put to death.

On Christmas Eve, in 1793, no one even pretended to remember the happy celebrations of former years. The churches were closed, the bells mute. At nightfall the dogs barked furiously in the direction of Bodard. The Blues must be out searching for their prey.

Solange slept in an upstairs room, which adjoined a loft, or garret, used for storage, whose dark corners always filled her with terror. She often used to lie awake thinking of the mysterious dangers that might be lurking in that dark place.

On this Christmas Eve she was very, very sad. As she undressed, shivering, she thought of other happy Christmases, when she was with her loving parents. She remembered her joy at sight of all the toys, bonbons, and beribboned packages that filled the hearth on Christmas morning. Alas! it was different now. As she reflected sadly, she set her coarse

shoes down side by side, thinking it would be of no use to place them beside the chimney, as she had done the year before, to find them empty the next morning.

Then, thinking she heard a slight noise in the garret, she crept into bed and hid her head under the coverlet. She went to sleep, but half wakened as the door into the loft was softly opened. She looked, and thought she saw a dark form moving about. Soon she made out a man dressed like the *émigrés* that so often passed through the village street on the way to Saint Malo. She was so drowsy that she could not keep her eyes open, but she thought she heard a voice saying:

"Don't be afraid, my dear child."

A gentle hand pushed the curls back from her brow. Then she felt herself clasped in warm arms and her face covered with kisses. She was neither asleep nor awake; but it seemed to her that the man knelt beside the bed, that she heard him sob, that she nestled in his arms, so happy!

When she opened her eyes at dawn, she but dimly remembered what had happened. She certainly must have dreamed it all. She sat up and looked around, then suddenly exclaimed with joy; for there, on her poor little shoes, stood a marvellous doll, dressed like a queen. She was out of bed in an instant. She dropped on her knees before the beautiful lady, whom she at once named Yvonne.

In a few moments she was dressed. Then she took the doll in her arms and ran downstairs. On seeing her with the beautiful plaything, Mother Rouauld exclaimed in wonder:

"Who gave you that doll, Solange?"

"The Child Jesus," replied the little girl, simply.

The Breton, who had never before seen so beautiful an object, was stupefied. Although she was a believer, such a miracle was beyond her conception. She knew that a doll like that could be found only in a large city. She suddenly became very respectful. She gently touched the "lady" that Solange presented so triumphantly; then she called her husband.

"See, Rouauld, what the Child Jesus brought our demoiselle!"

The man was less astonished, as he knew nothing of silks and fineries. But the neighbors came running in, and the women were filled with admiration. Some bowed before the prodigy. Others, more skeptical, tried to think out some explanation of it all. Caring little for this commotion, Solange rocked Yvonne gently, occasionally touching the golden curls and pink cheeks with her lips. And when Mother Rouauld sent her to the other end of the village on an errand, radiant with joy, she took her doll with her.

As she was walking proudly along, she came in sight of the church. There, astride his chair as usual, sat Sergeant Metzger. She did not even think of going around this time; for what danger could threaten her on such a day? Her own joy was so complete that she had no fear of any one or anything. So when the Sergeant called out to her, asking her what she was carrying, she walked straight up to him and said calmly:

"It's a doll."

"And a pretty one, too. Where did you get it?"

"The Child Jesus brought it to me, Monsieur Sergeant."

"What's that you say?"

"The Child Jesus brought me the doll for my Christmas," replied Solange, confidently.

The Sergeant was amazed at such audacity. Did not the girl know that Christmas was a forbidden subject under the new government? He said sneeringly: "Do you think I am going to believe such—"

He did not finish his sentence. The trust and candor in the child's expression made him stop. He took the doll, examined it closely, and said:

"A fine doll, it's true; and a real lady. Look what's printed on the sole of her slipper, 'Berkint, London.' So the Child Jesus is English."

"I don't know, Monsieur," replied Solange, who felt her joy lessening.

"We'll have to see about this," said the Sergeant. Turning toward the post, he shouted, "Cocarde!"

A corporal appeared.

"Did any one come into the village yesterday?"

"I don't think so, Sergeant. The men kept close watch. The dogs barked in a queer fashion at nightfall. We beat the hedges, but we didn't find any one."

"All right. Assemble your men."

He took his gun, and, heading the soldiers, went to the Rouauld home. Solange walked beside him, pressing the smiling Yvonne close to her breast. On reaching the house, the Sergeant stationed some of the men at different points; then, followed by the rest, he entered, sat down on a bench, and, drawing Solange to his knees, said in a kindly voice:

"Now, little girl, tell me all about it."

With a full heart, Solange began to talk in a low, breathless tone. She told of her "dream," of the man she fancied she saw in her room, and of her surprise in the morning on discovering the beautiful doll.

The Sergeant listened intently, not losing a single word. Then, abruptly turning to the soldiers, he commanded:

"Surround the house! Shoot down anyone that tries to leave it!"

The men withdrew. Metzger was alone with the child.

"You say the man kissed you, called you his 'little Solange,' that he knelt beside the bed and cried?"

To all these questions Solange nodded, not wishing to lie, but feeling that harm would surely come from her truthfulness. The Sergeant seemed to be in no hurry to act. He laid his rough hands on the child's shoulders, and said, as if talking to himself:

"Yes, I have a little girl down in Alsace. She is eight years old, too. I've been gone from her for two long years. To see her again, even asleep in the darkness, to hold her in my arms for just a moment, to feel her head on my shoulder, her yellow curls brushing my cheek, I, too, would risk my life. All fathers are alike, it seems."

He sat absorbed in thought for a few moments. Then, as if coming to a decision, he rose, shook his head, and going to the door, said:

"Two of you men come with me. We'll search the loft."

At this Solange fairly screamed:

"Wait, Monsieur Sergeant! Wait!"

Suddenly she had understood it all. It was her father who had been in her room the night before. He had faced death to see her for just a few moments. He had crossed the sea, landed on the rocky coast, and under the sentinels' guns had climbed up to the village. It was her father, who thought his little girl would have no Christmas present, so he had brought her the "lady." It was her father, who was up there now, hiding in the loft, and they were going to take him. She would see him bound, like the other prisoners, and led away by four soldiers.

At the thought the poor child sobbed, clung to the soldier's knees, and gasped:

"Wait! Please wait!"

The Alsatian had resumed his brutal attitude, and he said gruffly:

"Well, what now?"

Solange had an inspiration. To save her father, she would have given anything, but she had only a doll. She decided to make a great sacrifice.

"Monsieur, did you say that you have

a little girl, just my age, and that you haven't seen her for two years?"

It was Metzger's turn now to nod in reply.

"Well, then," sobbed Solange, "perhaps, since you weren't there, the Child Jesus forgot to leave her anything for Christmas. Take my doll. Send it to her. I give it to her."

The rude soldier leaned over and looked at the child with tear-dimmed eyes. He caught his breath sharply. His lips trembled under his bristling mustache as the two guards entered the room.

"Hush, little girl! Don't be afraid," he whispered. Then, turning to the men, he said: "We'll go upstairs. Have your guns ready and keep your eyes open. Lead the way, child."

The three soldiers and Solange ascended the stairs. The Sergeant stationed one man at the entrance to the chamber, another at the window, and he himself went into the loft, closing the door after him. Solange felt her heart beat wildly as she thought of what he might discover. He reappeared in a few moments.

"There's no one in there," he said. "The bird has flown."

The men filed down the stairs and out of the house. As soon as they were out of hearing, the Sergeant bent down and whispered in the girl's ear.

"Listen to what I say. The man must stay here to-night and all day to-morrow. Tell him not to be uneasy. He won't be disturbed. To-morrow night have him leave for the coast by way of Lancieux. He can find a ship there. The road will be safe. I'll take the men and the dogs off in another direction. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, Monsieur!"

"All right. As for the doll, I'll take it and send it to my little Odile. I'll do that, because some one else might be as surprised as I was. That doll would cause too much trouble here. Don't forget Lancieux."

He went out, reassembled his men, and that night took them and the dogs on a three days' expedition away from the coast.

"This is the story of all three of us," concluded the Marquise, "the only drama in our quiet lives. When peace came, we were restored to our rights. Fifteen years later, when I married, the Marquis and I took a trip to Alsace. I went to Gersheim and looked up Sergeant Metzger and his daughter Odile, for all those names had remained indelibly engraved on my memory. I found the old soldier in his hop-garden. He had left the army after having been decorated at Austerlitz by the Emperor's own hand. He had often told his daughter the story of little Solange and she had kept the 'lady.' When he died, a few years later, I took Odile to live with me. She brought Yvonne back, and since that day we three have never been separated."

Memories.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

IN the garden, paths are gray,
Waiting for another May;
And against my window-pane
Comes the sound of frozen rain,—

Palm-fringed paths, sun-flecked and fair;
Breath of Summer everywhere;
Scented jasmine, poignant, sweet;
Petals drifting at my feet;
Tropic birds, and tropic trees;
Perfumé wafted on the breeze;
Scarlet of hibiscus bloom
Glimmering through the bamboo gloom;
Moonlit beaches, gleaming white
In the splendor of the night;
Stately palms, and silvered sea:
All these things come back to me,—

While the sleet, and icy rain
Beat against my window-pane.

Lore of Christmastide.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

CERTAIN trees have been held sacred in all times and among all peoples, and nowhere more so than in the East, the home of the Christ Tree, of which the modern Christmas tree should be, in a sense, the prototype. How comparatively few are there, however, who, while decking it with toys and sweets, and illuminating its branches with tapers and lanterns, ever think of giving it a religious signification, and still less of associating it with the East!

The English say that it was Prince Albert, the German husband of the late Queen Victoria, who made the Christmas tree popular in England. There, as indeed more or less all over Europe, in spite of its holy name, it is regarded as a mere gift-tree, from whose loaded branches presents may be plucked and distributed. As these presents are usually intended for children, the Christmas tree is, or should be, in memory of Him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." But, only too often it is robbed of every sacred meaning, degraded to the level of a mere plaything, and placed in much the same category as the plum pudding or "roast beef of Old England."

When the so-called "Reformers" tried to abolish the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass, they went on honoring it all the same, and as it were in spite of themselves, at the season consecrated to the birth of Christ, which they did not cease to call the Mass of Christ, or Christmas. And when the tree, sacred throughout Germany to the "Christ-Kind," was brought to England, her Protestant people promptly christened it the Tree of the Mass of Christ,—that is to say, the Christmas tree.

The Abbot Rupert says that the Blessed Virgin supplied, from the light she possessed, many things that had not been revealed to the disciples; and the general opinion is that she furnished St. Luke with numerous details regarding the childhood of her Divine Son. A considerable number of the sacred legends associated with Jesus and Mary relate to trees. Few, if any, of these old trees exist to-day.

According to a very old legend, when the Blessed Virgin journeyed to Jerusalem for her Purification, she rested under a turpentine tree upon the way, in order to feed her Child. For sixteen hundred years after, this tree had healing powers. The spot where it stood is still shown, but the venerable tree itself has long since disappeared.

In the East there is a species of the mimosa, which the Arabs call "the tree of hospitality," and hold in such veneration that it is not lawful to pluck even a leaf of it. This tree, by a natural phenomenon, is said to bow down its branches to this day at the approach of man. A stately tree of this description stood at the gate of the city of Heliopolis at the period of the flight into Egypt, and, as the Holy Family approached, bent its branches as if in salutation; while, as the fugitives passed beneath the gate, all the idols in the neighboring temple fell with their faces to the ground.

It was in the then sycamore-shaded village of Matarieh that, according to tradition, the Holy Family lived while in Egypt; and it is here that the spring where the Blessed Virgin is said to have washed her Child's linen is pointed out, as well as the hill on whose bushes she used to hang the things out to dry. There is also shown a sycamore beneath which she is said to have often sat with Jesus on her knee. It is known as "The Tree of Jesus and Mary." But Vansleb tells us that the original tree, of which this is the successor, fell down from old

age in 1058. General Kleber made a pilgrimage to the tree after the victory of Heliopolis, and is said to have carved his name upon it. The stump of the old tree was preserved in their sacristy by the Cordeliers of Cairo. The following paragraph is from the pen of the Seigneur d'Englure, who brought the legend from the East:

"When Our Lady, the Mother of God, had passed over the deserts, and when she came to this said place, she laid Our Lord down upon the ground, and went about in search of water, but could find none; so she returned full of sorrow to her dear Infant, who lay stretched upon the sand. He had dug into the ground with His heels, so that there sprung up a fountain of very good and sweet water. Our Lady was very glad of this, and thanked Our Lord for it. And Our Lady laid her dear Infant down again, and washed the little clothes of Our Lord in the water of this fountain, and then spread them out on the ground to dry; and from the water which ran off these little clothes, as it dried up, there grew from each drop a shrub, which shrubs yield balsam, etc."

Opinions differ as to the nature of the wood from which the cross on which our Saviour died was fashioned. An old legend says that, during the course of their flight into Egypt, the Holy Family passed a barren olive tree, and that, as they did so, the Blessed Virgin felt a cold shudder; and that it was from this olive the cross was eventually made. The place where the barren olive stood is shown at the monastery of Holy Cross, near Jerusalem, and is marked by a marble stone placed close to the high altar.

The cross, the true Christ Tree, may well have its symbol in the Christmas tree, whose lights might remind us of the dazzling brightness of the night on which the Holy Child was born. There is no reason why even our pleasures should not be spiritualized; and whenever this is done, a deadly blow is dealt at the ever-growing materialism of the present age. It is a many-headed monster, and no weapon should be scorned that could be used against it. Even the Yule log—and here again we have the tree,—as it blazes in the grate, may recall the mystic rays that lit all Bethlehem at the birth of the Light of the World.

Baronius is among the writers who are of the opinion that our Divine Lord was born upon a Friday and in the year 748 of Rome. In common with most people, he gives the 25th of December as the date of the month. Another writer, Dupuis, who appears to have had a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, says: "It is a fact independent of all hypotheses, independent of all consequences which I desire to draw from it, that precisely at the hour of midnight, on the 25th of December, in those ages when Christianity made its appearance, the heavenly sign which rose in the horizon, and the ascendant of which presided at the opening of the new solar revolution, was the Virgin of the Constellations."

The first Christmas night was the brightest the world had ever known; so much so, indeed, that to this day the Persians call it *Scheb Jaldai* ("the night bright and luminous"). This brightness was mainly owing to the presence of that resplendent star of which the great St. Augustine wrote: "At His birth Christ declared a new star, Who, when put to death, darkened the old sun. What was that star, which never appeared before among the stars, nor remained to be pointed out afterwards? What was it but a magnificent tongue of the heavens, to declare the glory of God, to proclaim with unusual brightness, the unheard-of parturition of the Virgin?"

In the East, devotion to the Infant

God has never been divorced from devotion to the Virgin Mother. In his "Voyage en Arabie," Burckhardt gives a striking example of this as existing even before the preaching of the Gospel. "El Azraki," he says, "adduces the ocular testimony of several respectable persons to prove a remarkable fact, of which, I believe, no mention has hitherto been made: it is that the figure of the Virgin Mary, with the young *Aisa* (Jesus) on her knees, was sculptured as a divinity upon one of the pillars nearest to the gate of Caaba." The divinities worshipped at Caaba were the three hundred and sixty divinities of the three Arabias; and the placing of the Virgin and Child amongst their number is said to have been owing to the impression made upon an Arabian tribe, members of which chanced to witness some of the miracles that took place at the birth of Christ.

It was this same tribe that, indignant at the massacre of the Holy Innocents, declared war on Herod and his son, as is mentioned in the Toldos, one of the most ancient of Jewish writings. In it the tribe is alluded to as one that "adored the image of Jesus, and Mary His Mother." We may reasonably hope that many of these simple Arabs heard the Gospel preached in after years, abandoned their idolatry, embraced Christianity, and learned from it the difference between false and true devotion to Mary.

What they witnessed on that first Christmas night we know only in part. Tradition tells us that, besides the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, and of the miraculous star, there were many prodigies at the birth of Our Lord. The famous vines of Engaddi are said to have blossomed on that night; while, it is also stated, the Temple of Peace at Como fell to the ground, its many demon oracles being silenced for evermore.

Upon the Christmas Roads.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

II.

A MONTH went past, dragging a cruel silence through lonely days and lonelier nights, for the family of Jem Craig. And three more weeks were added to the calendar of anxiety and grief. Distraught with her alarming fears, Mrs. Craig had asked in vain for news of Jem from every chance visitor from the neighboring towns. And when Advent arrived she went to the pastor.

What a list of assurances Father Glennon sponsored! "You must not be fretting that he is ill," he added at the close of the consultation. "Work is very scarce everywhere; and Jem most likely failed to find as good a job as he expected, and he is ashamed to be returning with a small purse after the weeks. But we shall locate him, and tell him that Templedale is holding a good place for him."

Father Glennon immediately dispatched letters to all the pastors in the county. Promise of work for Craig came to him almost simultaneously with the visit of Mrs. Craig. For John Dillon likewise needed a consultation with the pastor. The past month also created in his regard a situation which made him need the assurances of the priest,—the assurance of one who could speak with authority. John Dillon, the wealthy owner of the Templedale mills, the lordly occupant of the huge Norman-Irish castle on the beautiful crest of Glenmore; Dillon of the fashionable circles, who stood and moved aloof from the working people, who frequented St. Mary's only when the Commandments obliged him; John Dillon, capitalist and autocrat, had come to surrender, not according to a formula which leads to Canossa, but to a spirit that

entices men of wisdom to Bethlehem.

The enemies of a man may be those of his own household, and tragic conclusions seemed to be gathering for the household of John Dillon. His wife died a year before,—Helena Dillon, who had been a Lady Macbeth in her social aspirations. Of his three children, Mabel, with her smirking ways and shallow mind and flippant vocabulary, was a needless appendage even to the small world of Templedale. She had been graduated from "a fashionable finishing school; "but," as an old Yankee farmer remarked, "she is mightily unfinished."

Dillon's eldest son was another heartbreak. Returning from college—not Santa Cruz, but from one which in some phantom way was reckoned upon for "its social prestige,"—Bernard Dillon was a stumbling-block in his father's office and a notorious oddity among normal people at any hour of the day or night. His caddish mannerisms grew intolerable even to his long-tolerant father, who during the year had labored to cover in silence the miserable prospect which the son and his "social prestige" combined to offer. An end came to the painful endurance when, on a day in November, Bernard announced, with only an impudent tone as his shield of defence, that he had been married almost a year before at college.

John Dillon, who had often looked unwaveringly at depressing news from stock markets, and had fearlessly faced many stern committees from his workmen, turned and reeled under the humiliation of the bitter announcement. He grasped the back of a chair to steady himself. After five minutes of dead silence, he went off to his room, "to discuss this thing and settle it properly in the morning."

A long night of meditation has often effected a cure of soul; and John Dillon is a name on the list of those who have come out of that hospital cured. He had a theme for grief and for sorrow that refreshes. His son married secretly so soon after his mother's funeral,—married outside of the Church, flouting the laws of the Church. Yet the father laid the lash first to his own back. He recalled how he himself, though obedient to the larger laws of the Church, had shown a character of indifference towards the smaller regulations,—"the outer fortifications of those inviolable Commandments," as he whispered to himself.

After the stern, yet patient, discipline of that night of wakeful thought, he had come a long way out of his own magian East. A girl—the girl of everybody's affection,—Eloise Lloyd, was waiting for him at his office the following morning. John Dillon, trained by the long, lonely hours of travail, was prepared to meet even the humblest dweller of the entire countryside, and prove himself a man and a gentleman. To acquiesce to a program which Eloise was to propose was easy, and how graciously he bowed his approval!

She stated her cause and her reasons with simple candor. "A group of boys at Santa Cruz, under the leadership of Marty Keville, will sing carols about the town on Christmas Eve. Many of our families have suffered from the lack of work these months past; the donations to the carol singers will be given in charity. Our committee, under the direction of Father Glennon, wishes to enlist your kindly co-operation. We have calculated that we need five hundred dollars for the simple donations to our poor; and we are going to ask some of our wealthy citizens to loan us this amount, which we shall return after the carol collectors report."

John Dillon verified the enthusiasm which went with his reply; he showed no trace of the bargainer's manner which characterized him on all similar occasions in previous years. "This little

contribution" (he folded the cheque as he placed it in the girl's hand) "may serve as a start. I am to see Father Glennon this evening, and he will surely know of some needy cases which may escape the notice of your committee."

Eloise had something to give as well as to take. Before she left the office she had "done the favor," as Dillon insisted on terming it, of adding his daughter's name to the committee. Eloise wanted to return to the generous benefactor when her eyes read the cheque—five hundred dollars. But she had sensed that Mr. Dillon would reluctantly listen to further thanks; and she sped away to Glenmore to captivate Mabel, and capture her for the work that could discipline a spoiled child of foolish wealth.

Three weeks later, "in that Advent time when men take the word of peace" (Mat Allen was radiant as he whispered the words), John Dillon was indeed a changed man. From the aloofness of other years, from an exile to which his domestic relations had subjected him, he seemed to be walking naturally and happily upon a native shore. Imagine the surprise, almost consternation, which filled Jerry's shop a week before Christmas, when Dillon walked in with Doctor Curtis, and remained for a half hour of wholesome talk with the old villagers. His Clubs, whether in Templedale or in the County City, held no chair so agreeable to him as the rustic bench in that glow of Christmas feelings.

When Christmas Eve dawned, the castle at Glenmore became in reality an "open house." The spacious ballroom was assigned to Marty Keville and his choristers for their final rehearsals and costuming. Eloise Lloyd and Mabel Dillon directed the cuisine for the hospitality; and early in the afternoon, with the automobile, escorted the venerable Santa Claus to twenty-five doorways, where gifts were to be delivered as unostentatiously as modesty could succeed in effecting.

An elation, like that of a children's room, fell in on Jerry's assembly when the old men entered that evening and found an appropriate package under the name of each of the village senators. If there was a whispered regret that "the Craig family had no word of Jem" (as Jimmy Brown stated), Dan Mahoney, eliminating his "Tut, tut!" had a triumphant tone when he replied: "But Doctor Curtis just now met me as he was taking the little Craig boy, a lad of six to spend the night at the castle with John Dillon's boy."

Occupied with their jubilant talk about "the great scene that is to be this blessed night in Templedale," no ear in Jerry's room caught sound of a swish in the hedge of arbor vitæ behind the shop, and no eye sighted a woe-begone face which for an instant appeared at the low window. It was Jem Craig. Under cover of the night, he had slunk in through the fields to Templedale. Who would have recognized him,—the face white and emaciated, the clothes frayed and faded, the hands clenched as if to ward off a kindly grasp from any townsman? With a quick motion, he slunk back through the hedge and skirted the mill-pond. Why was he directing his despair towards Glenmore? His own chilling question almost stifled his heart. And an echo of his last words over a month ago rang like a knell in his ears: "I'll get the gifts if I have to steal them from the miserly castle."

Off in the distance he heard singing. At a turn in the road he could detect, away on one of the streets in the valley, a group with torches and odd costumes. He leaped a stone wall, and, drawing nearer to the merry scene, he was able to discern the faces of John Dillon and Doctor Curtis. The two dignitaries were acting as escort to the singers. A

bevy of merry girls collected offerings from the opened windows and from the bystanders, and brought their purses to the two men.

Jem Craig with a fierce gesture shut out the scene from his cold eyes, and, after a minute of deliberation about a secret pathway, sped off towards Glenmore. Fainter grew the harmony of the carols, and deafer grew Jem Craig to some little whispers which were prompting him to hesitate, to stop, to turn about and go in great surrender to his home and the altar in St. Mary's. Suddenly, because the singers with their joyous chorus stood upon a high, open hill, Jem paused and heard distinctly through the clear, cool, silent night:

Christian men, rejoice and sing!
'Tis the birthday of the King:
Christus natus hodie,—
The Babe, the Son,
The Holy One of Mary.

But tightening his drawn and parched lips, Jem Craig flung himself forth through the brambly thickets of a wild pasture. In five minutes he was standing and deliberating, under cover of a thick copse near the great tower of the castle. Brilliant lights shone in the eastern wing of the great stone structure, and left the tower hidden in a merciful shadow. A huge vine, its central portion like the trunk of a twisted tree, rose up to an open window above the tower arch. Jem Craig started for the safe coil of vine, as the church bell rang out the half hour before the Midnight Mass; and he concluded that the faint rhythm of the distant carols came from the square before St. Mary's.

After four minutes of caution and breathless climbing, he reached the window. Fortunately, he had grasped the window ledge firmly. To meet the face which suddenly leaped into the open space required a hold as strong as that of an iron hook. And a gentle hand reached forth and caught his coat collar. Jem Craig could not slide down the vine without bringing a little boy with him in a crash to the pavement.

"O daddy," called out the child's voice, "how did you know that I was here?" Eddie Craig was making an effort to pull his father over the ledge.

"Hush, Eddie dear!" Jem whispered, and he tried to smile. "Hush! You will wake all the people here."

"But there is nobody here except little David Dillon and some of the servants," the lad replied in a hushed tone. "And isn't mammy glad that you are back! She kept saying all day that you would be home to-night, and she has so many new things for all of us. And Mr. Dillon left a big package for you, when he came to ask if I would be allowed to stay here with his boy till it was time for Midnight Mass."

A dozen times Jem tried to stop the boy's chatter. He had to appear as if he knew all that his son was relating.

"It was a joy for me to get this little glimpse of you, Eddie dear," said the father, with obvious hesitancy. "And now I'll slip down again, and wait for you at home in the morning."

"But they are coming up for David in a few minutes," said the child, still holding to his father's sleeve. "When I saw you (I was watching at the upper window), I thought you were one of the singers coming to surprise me. They will bring us to church. Why don't you wait?"

"No; and don't speak to anybody or tell anybody that I looked in to see if you were comfortable. Be good, child, till I see you at church."

And Jem Craig was upon the ground before the child answered: "Yes, daddy, A merry Christmas! And tell mammy."

Craig took the open road back to the village: he knew that everybody who was outdoors would be assembled at the square near St. Mary's. Ten minutes on foot did not bring him far from the castle; and yet the same ten

minutes allowed an automobile to make a circuit from the square, and gather in the two children from the castle, and meet Jem Craig at the turn near Main Street. "There's daddy!" he heard the high voice of his little son.

Eloise Lloyd touched Mabel Dillon's hand to have the car stopped, and she called to the figure in the shrubbery: "Mr. Craig, please jump in here! We are going to your home with Eddie."

Jem Craig pressed a finger on the lips of his child as a signal against speech.

"We'll come back for you with the car." Eloise spoke so affably, as Jem descended at his cottage.

A flood of warm light hailed him at the door. He surrendered as readily as a sensible man could do.

"We'll have time to be telling you everything, Jem dear, after Mass," his wife was saying, as she bade him dress "in all the new clothes that I have for you. You must be with us at the altar. There is a visiting priest from Santa Cruz helping Father Glennon, and you'll be sure to get to confession."

It was not the clean-shaven face nor the new clothes that made Jem Craig seem another man. From depths within him came the light that shone out of every feature. "Let us go over to Bethlehem," were words upon his submissive lips, as Eloise called at the door to bring the Craigs to St. Mary's. And at the square, he had the courage to go forward to meet John Dillon, who was coming towards him; and as little David and Eddie clasped their hands together, they heard their fathers saying, "I wish you a merry Christmas with all my heart!"

And Jimmy Brown, also in hearing of the double greeting, nodded to Mat Allen as they went up the steps to the church; but he may have intended to notice Eloise Lloyd and Marty Keville as they went towards the confessional at the transept entrance.

(The End.)

Modern Crusaders.

BY E. CHRISTITCH.

HAS Islam at any time produced a State in which Christians could dwell unmolested? The Catholics of Northern Albania are so convinced that it has not, and will not in the future produce any such State, that they are arming to resist forcible incorporation in the new "Albania," whose seat of Government is the Mohammedan stronghold of Tirana. Yet the Tirana Cabinet counts two Christians among its members; and it has powerful protectors, natives of Christian lands, who express perfect confidence in Mohammedan justice and humanity. In order to judge fairly, we must bear in mind that groups of nominal or sincere Christian financiers indubitably accord well with Mohammedan statesmen, who are loyal to their engagements and leave a good impression of honesty and straight dealing. For a different story we must go to the Christian populations immediately and incessantly in touch with Mohammedan administrative methods, and subject to Mohammedan sway. The recalcitrant Catholics of Albania point to the past for justification of their attitude towards the authorities at Tirana.

"Every weapon," they say, "sent from Constantinople to Tirana throughout the centuries was for use against us; and the Turks themselves were less cruel than their converts, the Moslem Albanians. The virtual head of Islamism is now Kemal Pasha, whose policy with regard to Christians is at least free from hypocrisy. It is a policy of frank massacre. But Kemal's lieutenant asks us to contribute to his coffers, and strengthen the armament that was directed against us so lately, and will again be directed against us whenever religious madness breaks forth on the

great extent of Islamism. The autonomy we wrung from the Turks is too precious to be given up now, and we will fight to defend it."

The Catholics, more especially the hardy tribes of Miriditia, have a good martial reputation. Hitherto they have held their own in the constant warfare waged with the neighboring Moslem tribes to whom they are now summoned to surrender their guns. The Miridites claim that their little State has as much right to recognition as the Moslem State, which has obtained the suffrages of the Ambassadors' Conference. The Government which they have formed has the unanimous support of the people. It is not, like the Moslem Government of Tirana, dependent on foreign subsidies for maintenance of its army and its primitive but effective system of administration. President Marko Jon lately issued this stirring communication:

"In the name of the Miridite Republic, I disclaim any obligation to the Yugo Slav Government for the defeat inflicted on the Moslem forces of Tirana. Our troops had been isolated and surrounded; but, by a desperate, heroic effort, succeeded in escaping and repulsing the Kemalists, who tried to do in Europe what they are doing in Asia,—to annihilate Catholic Miriditia as they have almost annihilated Armenia. Our autonomy, respected by the Turkish Sultan, will not be yielded up even to a friendly Christian State, much less to a Moslem, enemy State. We are not indebted to Slav sympathizers for our victory, but to the same spirit that has kept Christianity alive for hundreds of years in Northern Albania."

The Turks themselves have great respect for the valorous Miridites, who find their Faith worth fighting for, and refuse to make any compromise with Mohammed. In 1879 the Miridite Prince, Bib Doda, was captured by a Turkish general and taken to Constantinople, where he was held in captivity for thirty years. During all that time he retained the title and dignity of *prenk* (prince) conferred on his ancestor by the Pope; and the tribe was ruled by an abbot, ecclesiastical head of the country. An Albanian Miridite parish priest was the delegate of his people to the League of Nations recently in Geneva; but the plausible Moslem deputation, backed up by powerful protectors, got a more favorable hearing. The Moslem Government promises fair treatment of the Christian population, but the Miridites are pessimistic with regard to what a Moslem calls fairness. Not so long ago, when a Moslem dignitary passed through an Albanian village of the plains, it was the duty of the mayor to lead the traveller's horse up and down the street, feed and groom the animal, while the Moslem lord reposed and took refreshment in whatever house he selected. In case the traveller came on foot, his sandals were aired up and down the street in the same fashion, and dutifully held in hand till required, so that the ceremony, indicative of respective ranks, might not fall in abeyance.

The general treatment of the Christians by their masters was similar in tendency. The proud Miridites took refuge in the impenetrable fastnesses of the Northern Albanian Alps, where they preserved their religion and dignity intact. Whenever they descended to help their fellow-Christians less favorably situated on the plains, strong contingents were at once dispatched from Constantinople to reinforce the operating troops. Homeric combats have been sung in Homeric style, and the most famous poem in Albanian literature is the "Ballad of Gyen Leka," a hero whose prowess "made the Pope rejoice and the Sultan on his throne to shiver." The Christian

warrior perishes at last, in single encounter with an antagonist worthy of him; and, with "strength of Holy Oil, and full absolution" from the priest summoned at the dying man's behest by his generous victor, Gyen Leka passes away, for evermore renowned as "champion of the Faith than life more precious, terror of infidels, and a doughty Miridite."

Albania, taken as a whole, has less than a million population; and there have been smaller States both independent and self-supporting. But the only civilized and progressive element is the Catholic, which comprises some two hundred thousand souls. Among them, as among other nationalities, enthusiasm was stirred by the proclamation of a new era of liberty. It was a strange and inspiring thought that creed was no longer to be a bar to equality, that Christians could walk abreast with sons of Mohammed! When, however, it became apparent that the Government of the new Albania was vested in the Moslem chiefs of Tirana, with the admission of an odd Christian to safeguard the interests of the Christians, the Miridites refused their confidence.

Who can blame them for mistrusting their former aggressors, the Moslem tribes that harried, plundered, abducted and terrorized their neighbors, the despised Christians? The fact that the men with whom they are told to fraternize are not Turks but descendants of renegade Albanian Christians, their brothers by blood and speech, does not facilitate reconciliation. These unnatural brothers, say the Miridites, can outdo the Turk in slaying and spoliating. The feud of centuries is not abolished in a day; so from their mountain ramparts the Catholic tribes hurl defiance at tax-collectors, conscription sergeants, and all the other agents of what is now to be legalized supremacy of Islamism.

It will be remembered that before the Great War a first attempt was made to weld the warring tribes of Albania into a compact State. A German Protestant Prince was chosen to rule the country in order to avoid giving preference to a Catholic, Orthodox, or Mohammedan native of the soil. Somebody remarked at the time that a Buddhist would be safer, as there was a Methodist mission just then at work among the Orthodox Greeks of the South, so that it could not be held that the Prince had no connecting religious link with his people. The Methodist pioneers, however, soon abandoned a field where only earnest and primitive Christianity has any hold on men's minds; and the German Prince hastily withdrew to serve fittingly his own country in 1914.

During his short reign little was done to give a modern shape to Albanian institutions: and on his departure old customs immediately reasserted themselves, the law of vendetta being recognized by Moslem and Christian alike. It is only among the Catholic tribes that any alleviation of this sanguinary code can be found. Thanks to the patient efforts of the clergy, many of whom are recruited from the tribes of North Albania, more merciful punishments than an eye for an eye and a life for a life are being adopted. The religion of the Catholics is tinged with atavism, that the Church has pains to eradicate. Here as elsewhere she advances with a prudence, a sagacity, and a sympathy for erring humanity that suffice by themselves to prove her direct procession from a divine Founder.

Passions have been stilled, and crimes averted that no other agency could approach. Methods of correction are adapted to the mentality of the simple folk who are being slowly led on to a higher path. The penalty of wearing tied round the neck the weapon or other instrument of sin is tolerated, and the

time limit regulated by a priest. Marrying or giving in marriage, without her spoken consent, of a girl baptized a Catholic is forbidden under severe penalties. Transgressions of sexual morality are almost unknown,—a circumstance easily traceable to the great cult for the Blessed Virgin in those wild regions. Communities are not flourishing, but a girl who makes a vow of virginity is revered as a great asset to her tribe. Manslaughter is prevalent, but theft is rare. Altogether, the Church has in Miriditia a promising field for intense cultivation.

Unconsidered Riches.

A RUSSIAN PARABLE.

A MAN, discontented with what he thought his miserable lot, complained of Providence.

"God," he said, "gives other men riches and I have nothing whatever. How can I get on in life having nothing to start with?"

An old sage heard these words, and he said:

"Are you so poor as you think you are, my friend? Has not God given you strength and youth?"

"I admit that He has, and I can say that I am proud of both my health and my strength."

The old man then took the youth's right hand and said:

"Would you have this cut off for a thousand rubles?"

"No, most certainly not."

"Nor your left hand?"

"No, indeed."

"Would you consent to become blind for ten thousand rubles?"

"God forbid! I would not consent to lose even one eye for any sum."

"See, then, what riches the good God has given you. And yet, my friend, you dare to complain!"

The Fools of Gheel.

PERHAPS there is no saint more singular in character than the comparatively little known Saint Dimphna. The legend says that she was the daughter of a very brutal Irish chieftain, and had for her confessor a holy man who taught his spiritual daughter to be as lovely within as she was without. The chieftain having tried to force Dimphna to commit a terrible crime, she fled with her confessor into Belgium and came to the village of Gheel. They were pursued, and once more the beautiful maiden stood before her father, listening to the ghoulish words that came from his lips. Without faltering, she refused to obey, and the chieftain ordered his men to strike her down. Somehow they cowered before her loveliness, and the monstrous father himself killed the girl with a blow of his mailed fist. But the angels coming, bore her soul to heaven and prepared her martyred body for burial.

Around the memory of this saint there grew up a most unusual devotion. People who had heard the story of her death began to come to the burial place of Dimphna and beg her intercession. Many sick persons were cured, but it was soon noted that those most benefited were the insane. A noble Gothic church was erected, and in it one may find the ancient altar-screen which presents many images of fools most diverse and realistic in character, a large number of whom are portrayed as being possessed of an evil spirit. Gradually it became the custom to bring the insane here for a possible cure; and that many recovered the use of reason is attested to by ex-votos and records of exorcism. Nowhere in the world is there another place in which this particular kind of miracle is so constantly implored and so frequently obtained.

To-day the village of Gheel, as the

result of this century-old practice, is the seat of a unique method for treating the insane. Instead of being consigned to gloomy asylums, nearly two thousand demented persons are quartered in the town; they reside with the citizens, who are reimbursed for their services by the Government. There is very little restraint. Insane men and women walk about, play their senseless little games, perform various tasks they consider fascinating, and are treated, in general, as if they were children. It is, indeed, difficult to separate the townsfolk from their charges, unless one takes the trouble to put questions that are pertinent. Life proceeds regularly, with the languid, traditional rhythm of a Belgian village. There is a church where prayers are constantly being said for the fools, and where their recovery is implored. What system of therapeutics could be more humane or more genuinely helpful?

And so the little Irish girl who resisted the brutal wickedness of her father became Saint Dimphna, patroness of fools and foundress of Gheel. Under her pitying protection are gathered those most sorrowful of outcasts, in whom the tiny lamp of reason has sunk to the feeblest of glimmers. Whether or not it would be possible to transplant the system of this village to other parts of the world, it is well for us to know that such a place exists in these days, when science is so much vaunted and Christian mercy so generally scorned. There is a simple Latin prayer which runs:

Ortus in Hibernia, floret in Ghela puritatis flosculus.
Ora pro nobis, virgo martyr et patrona, Sancta Dympna.

THE Blessed Virgin does not examine the merits of those who invoke her: she is most merciful to all, and hastens to aid us in our necessities.

—*St. Bernard.*

A Thought in Season.

JOY and confidence are the dominant notes in the liturgy of Christmas; but during Advent, the Church often reminded us of St. Paul's admonition, seeking to inspire us with a higher appreciation of the gifts of grace, and a deeper desire of attaining the happiness of heaven. In the Mass of one of the Ember Days of that holy season, she prays: "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the coming solemnity of our Redemption may both confer upon us the helps of this life and bestow the rewards of everlasting blessedness." In the Gradual of the same Mass, we are reminded that "the helps of this life" are never wanting to those who earnestly seek them. "Nigh is the Lord unto all that call upon Him,—to all that call upon Him in truth."

The fruit of the observance of Christmas-tide should be an increase of hope. "Take courage, and now fear no more," sings Holy Church. Akin to joy is hope that is salutary; but pusillanimous fear is of the nature of despair. Perseverance in prayer is the prelude of perseverance in grace. This is perhaps the most helpful thought for those who are tormented with doubts as to their eternal lot. The holiest souls may sometimes experience them.

Thomas à Kempis relates that a pious person was one day greatly troubled, feverishly anxious with regard to his final perseverance. Prostrating himself before an altar, he raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "Oh, if I only knew that I was to persevere in good to the end!" He thereupon instantly heard an interior voice replying: "Well, if you did know, what would you do? Do now what you would wish to have done in that hour, and you will be in perfect security." Consoled by this response, he abandoned himself entirely into the hands of God, seeking to dis-

cover and fulfil His holy will in all things. "If I only *will*" is an infinitely better habitual saying than "If I only *knew*"; for, if we only will, we shall certainly work out our salvation.

The crucial question is often put more specifically, Am I in the way of salvation? Am I doing what I should do in order to make my calling and election sure? Spiritual writers answer in many ways, all agreeing that those who have been called to the Faith may look forward to the future with great, though not absolute, confidence. Cardinal Franzelin, in his treatise, "On the One God," asks himself the question whether there are any signs from which the predestination of a man may be conjectured; and he quotes St. Bernard as saying that there are these: care to avoid sin, fruits of penance, and good works. He himself adds, as more special signs, esteem for the Eight Beatitudes, zeal for perfection in each one's state, love of God and one's neighbor, contempt of the world, diligence in prayer and the use of the Sacraments, devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Joseph, the patron of a happy death.

Yet another sign of predestination given by many saints is devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Unquestionably the best means of practising this devotion is to make use of the Missal. It abounds in such prayers as we have quoted,—prayers suited to every need of the soul. Its use strengthens faith, increases hope, deepens charity, and intensifies contrition. By the graces which such petitions must win, and the watchfulness which they can not fail to inspire, those who fear that they are not predestined can make themselves, nevertheless, sure of salvation.

It has often been remarked that as wilful neglect of Mass is a sign of apostasy, fervor in attending the Holy Sacrifice, is no less sure a sign of perseverance in the Faith.

The Situation in Palestine.

IN an able article on "The Near East Since the War," contributed to the current number of the *Catholic World*, the Rev. Joseph Gorayeb, S. J., sums up the complicated situation in Palestine with much clarity. A year ago Mr. Chesterton's book, "The New Jerusalem," seemed to many people just a little prejudiced against the Zionist scheme, and even the Pope's declaration met with some disfavor. Father Gorayeb's account is valuable because the tangled matter is presented in a light that can not fail to dispel illusions and clear up misunderstandings. His method is that of a specialist with his subject at heart. To quote:

It will be recalled that, early in the war, Jewish activities were organized for a united drive on the Allied Governments to secure the re-establishment of the Jewish nation; and Britain, in 1917, definitely committed herself to the realization of Zionist aspirations. The Balfour Declaration then made it clear that Palestine was to be made a national home for the Jews. After the conquest of Palestine, military rule soon gave way to a complete civil administration, under Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew; and the task of actuating the Balfour Declaration was at once begun. By the spring of 1920, some ten thousand had immigrated into Palestine, and were absorbed on farm areas or in gainful industries. They arrived with a plentiful supply of ready money in gold, and were guided by an efficient organization, whose headquarters are at Haifa, the chief seaport of modern Palestine. They easily tempted the Arab landholders to give up some of the best holdings in the territory; while in the towns Arab merchants soon found themselves forced out of business by Jews, who sold the same goods at half the price. Even at present the Arabs are leaving for the interior at the rate of some forty or fifty families a day.

Their leaders at last were awakened to the real meaning of the movement; and a widespread conspiracy was set on foot, and is still operating, to thwart the incursion by every means, fair or foul. Placards were posted in Jerusalem, calling on the Moslems to "arise, and make of Jerusalem a national cemetery instead of a national home for the Jews."

There were serious riots in the Holy City at Easter time, 1920; and in May of this year at Jaffa, Haifa, and the large new Jewish colony of Petah-Tikvah. Their evident object was to terrify and intimidate the Jews, and to make the Jewish programme impossible.

So serious was the situation that in June the High Commissioner gave orders to suspend immigration altogether; more rigid regulations were made; and a new declaration of policy was given out with the purpose of conciliating the Arabs. But the Arab Congress at Haifa organized a delegation, which went to London to protest against the whole Zionist scheme. Nor have Christians all this time remained indifferent to the menace which Zionism involved. Energetic protests from all parts of the world were finally, on June 14, 1921, crystallized in the solemn declaration of Pope Benedict XV., who, in his Allocution of that date, reiterated still more plainly a warning he had given to the Powers two years before. The Pope declared: "The situation in Palestine not only is not improved, but has been made worse by the new civil arrangements, which aim—if not in their authors' intentions, at least in fact—at ousting Christianity from its previous position to put the Jews in its place. We, therefore, warmly exhort all Christians, including non-Catholic Governments, to insist with the League of Nations on the examination of the British mandate in Palestine."

The English Government forbade the publication of this Allocution in Palestine. It is seldom that the Holy Father has spoken so openly of any one nation; yet his outspoken language in this case seems but to represent a universal Catholic opposition to the present aims of Zionism. It is well to understand that there is even stronger opposition from the ranks of Jewry itself. Influential and well-informed Jews, both in Europe and America, are declaiming against the folly of the whole movement. The world is not a haphazard one. Henry Morgenthau calls the Zionist plan "the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history." Impressive figures are adduced to prove its final impracticability; and, though Jewish wealth and British protection have made a start really possible, the whole scheme is doomed to failure because it is "economically unsound, politically impossible, and spiritually inadequate." Baron Rothschild's comment, made long before the Palestine campaign was over, is typical of the present attitude of many Jews: "Yes, I am for a Jewish republic in Palestine, if they will make me perpetual ambassador at London."

Notes and Remarks.

Among the burdens that rest upon the shoulders of Christendom there is none more difficult to bear than the plight of the Near East, particularly Armenia. The tragedy of this desolate country, which the Turk has scourged with a fury that recalls the rise of the Crusades, has moved charitable people everywhere to give generously for its relief, and to continue giving. In a recent letter accompanying a donation to the Near East Relief, Archbishop Hayes said: "I am shocked to learn how terrifying are the present conditions in the Near East, especially in Armenia. A stop must be put by the Christian world to this reign of massacre, famine, and disease." Unfortunately, that "stop" seems farther away than ever. By the terms of the recent convention of Angora, French troops stationed in Cilicia are to be withdrawn; and it is to Cilicia that hordes of Armenian refugees have come in order to make a last stand against the fury of the Moslem. There is no other place on earth to which they can go. The French are not perhaps to be blamed for the evacuation of a large garrison, costly to maintain and politically inexpedient. The Convention of Angora is simply one aspect of the present condition of Europe,—a condition based upon the counsels of greed and of despair. But we can not stand idle while millions of Christians are murdered by the despoilers of Santa Sophia. Some definite way out of the seeming *impasse* exists, and we expect our rulers to find it.

A zealous, practical, well-intentioned person has sent a circular to the principals of public schools throughout the country, asking them to aid in a campaign for honesty, in order to stop what he calls a national crime wave. He be-

lieves that school-children need "daily lessons in the practical wisdom of honesty"; and contends that they should be taught that "honesty is the greatest of virtues" and "the foundation of all successful business." By all means, children should learn to be honest; but let them not be taught that honesty is the greatest of virtues, or the foundation of all successful business. It is neither. The greatest of virtues is the love of God, which implies the keeping of His Commandments. Profiteering is the most successful kind of business, though there is no honesty about it to speak of. The way to inculcate virtue is to create a religious atmosphere, and this can be done only by appeals to divine authority and law. The teaching of the Commandments is the great need in public schools. In no other way can a crime wave be stopped.

To M. Anatole France has gone the Nobel Prize! If he is the skeptic which he wishes people to take him for, this signal honor for "idealistic literature" ought to make him smile. For us it is somewhat more serious. To call this distiller of spiritual poison in the form of perfect French prose, this defamer of Saint Joan, worthy of the Nobel Prize, is only another proof that there are homonyms with distinctly different meanings in the English language. As Henri Massis said recently: "No one will dream of discounting the exquisite finesse of Anatole France....But, after all, only those works are strong and original in form which a profound conviction has inspired."

Those who have contributed, through the agency of THE AVE MARIA or in other ways, to the relief of Austria's starving children will be glad to obtain at this season some indication of the spirit in which their gifts are received. The needs of a country so stripped of economic resources as the ancient domain of the Hapsburgs continue to be very great, and the noble rescue work thus far carried out must be continued. Owing to the present rate of exchange, a small sum that we were able to place in the hands of Father Karl, of the Benedictines of Salzburg, turned out to be something like 300,000 crowns. The larger part of this sum went to an institution for war orphans directed by an Order of Sisters who bear the appealing name, "Sisters of Our Lady of Love." They send to our readers this touching promise: "Joining in prayer with our dear little children, we shall ask our divine Benefactor to assume the burden of the thanks we owe you. For all time to come you shall participate in the spiritual benefits of our cloister." Surely, those of us who are hungry, not for food but for prayer, can find no better opportunity to learn the eternal truth of the words, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice; for they shall be filled."

Somewhat analogous to Goldsmith's fools who "came to scoff and remained to pray" were the State officials of Nebraska, who recently visited the Good Shepherd home in Omaha. They went to blame and remained to praise. It appears that a group of laundrymen in that city, jealous of the excellent work done in the laundry of the Sisters, complained to the State Secretary of Labor and a State factory inspector that obnoxious conditions existed in the Good Shepherd laundry, and prevailed on these officials to pay an unexpected visit to the premises. On doing so, they were immediately shown through the laundry and the other departments of the home. Their subsequent report of what they found was the very reverse of what the jealous laundrymen had

hoped for, being extremely laudatory of the working conditions found in the home, and of the splendid care given to its inmates. Compulsory convent inspection, ordered by law, is of course a disgraceful measure, to which all Catholics and other decent citizens object; but it may be remarked that such informal inspections as the foregoing uniformly redound to the credit of the Sisters, and to the discredit of their ill-natured opponents.

We noted recently in these columns an utterance of Lord Dawson, "Physician to the King of England," on the malodorous subject of birth control, and quoted some of the denunciatory criticism which his remarks elicited from the English press, both Catholic and non-Catholic. The most effective reply to Lord Dawson's notorious speech was given, in a letter to the *Weekly Dispatch*, by a Catholic nobleman, Lord Morris. After showing how fatal birth control has been and is, from the point of view of national and imperial prosperity, from the days of pagan Rome to those of France after the Napoleonic wars, Lord Morris incidentally sets forth the full truth of the matter, giving the readers of the *Dispatch* material for some candid reflection. Among other forthright statements, he makes this one: "People need not get married; they are not bound to do so; but, if they do, it is for the purpose of uniting their love for a definite end, not merely to have a good time, or because housekeeping would be cheaper, or that more golf might be played; but that children should be born of their union."

While the growth of the Church in England is somewhat less remarkable than it is in this country, there is abundant reason for calling it notably encouraging. Writing in the *Catholic Gazette*, an Oxford graduate of 1889 discusses the status of Catholicism in that far-famed University thirty-five years ago, as contrasted with Catholic standing there to-day:

> The Church was not in evidence in the Oxford of those days: she was unable to make her presence felt or her voice heard; and, as Matthew Arnold says, "the mass of mankind will always treat lightly even things the most venerable if they do not present themselves as visible forces before its eyes." So far as the religious, intellectual and social life of both town and University were concerned, the Church counted for nothing, while Anglicanism stood well in the limelight. It is difficult to estimate the greatness of the change since then. The *Catholic Directory* gives the number of Catholic institutions now established there: the Blessed Sacrament is reserved on more than a dozen altars; the number of Catholic undergraduates and their achievements in the schools and on the river are recorded in our papers. But there is something more: the Church has won a recognized and respected position, both in the University and in the town, and can no longer be ignored or despised; she is the most vital religious element in the place.

The seemingly premature death of Father Walter Drum, S. J.—he was only fifty-one years of age,—is a distinct loss to Catholic scholarship in America. One of the most distinguished members of a religious Order in which distinction is common, Father Drum achieved notable success in many fields of intellectual activity. He was a travelled scholar and a scholarly traveller, a linguist, a theologian, a Biblical student, a preacher, and the author of several important books. His "Pioneer Forecasters of Hurricanes" attracted exceptional attention in 1905; and his collaboration with Dr. Sanford in the latter's "Pastoral Medicine" made his name a familiar one to the American clergy. Of late years his exegetical contributions to the *Ecclesiastical Review* have proved one of the special features of that periodical. A many-sided man and an exemplary religious, he led a

strenuous life, which was crowned with a peaceful death.

Another distinguished American priest, who lately passed to the reward of a laborious and fruitful life, was the Rt. Rev. Msgr. O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, Mich. His great services to the cause of religion and education in the diocese of Detroit were recalled, and cordially praised by its bishop, on the occasion of the venerable pastor's Golden Jubilee celebration, a few months ago. Msgr. O'Brien was endeared to his parishioners by many years of devoted service. By his fellow-citizens and non-Catholics generally he was held in highest esteem. He was widely known throughout the country for the active interest which he took in all good causes, and his ardent zeal in promoting the welfare of the Church. Anything in his power to do for it he did with all his might. In spite of arduous labors, he lived to a ripe old age, and had the consolation of seeing rich and abundant harvests wherever he had sown seed. *R. I. P.*

Our Ambassador to England, Mr. George Harvey, is unquestionably an orator and phrase-maker of exceptional effectiveness. The London *Universe* declares that a recent speech delivered by him in Liverpool was full of good things. Not quite so good, however, it finds a poetical quotation used by the Ambassador. We quote:

> Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
> These constitute a State,
> And Sovereign Law that State's collected will.

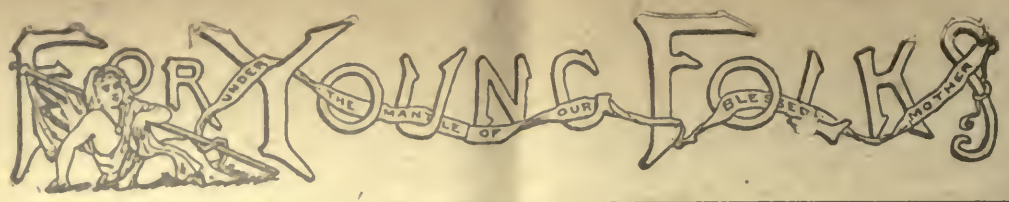
The first lines may pass, but the fourth—if we may take poetical quotations seriously—will not do at all. This Anglo-American conception of "Sovereign Law" is just what "Sovereign Law" is not. Positive Law, State Law, is merely the recognition and the application of Sovereign Law, which lies behind and is anterior to all human enactment, and is testified to by the universal conscience. Even Cicero knew better than Mr. Harvey's poet. "This law no nation can annul; it is the same in Athens and in Rome; the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." It is precisely because Law is looked upon as some sort of collective compact, instead of as the self-expression of the very nature of things in their ethical relations, that people think they can govern their political and individual affairs by convenience instead of principle.

That the love of the press of England for "the Church of England as by law established" does not affect its attitude towards interesting news items is shown by the appearance of the following entirely safe prophecy, by Cardinal Gasquet, in the columns of the London *Daily Chronicle:*

> Addressing a meeting in Liverpool, Cardinal Gasquet said that in the next few years they would see a large number of Protestant clergymen drifting into the Roman Catholic Church. The ship of the Anglican Establishment was on the rocks, and surely breaking up. Some of its high dignitaries were denying the most fundamental doctrines of Christian faith, such as the Divinity of Christ. Nobody could be a Christian if he denied that. Although such men still held their emoluments, they were no longer Christians.

We wonder whether any of the dignitaries concerned wrote to the editor of the *Chronicle*, indignantly demanding that their copies of the paper should be "stopped" instanter.

Under the caption "Active Old Age," we mentioned in a recent issue a number of old men whose minds and bodies were still vigorous in their eighties and even nineties. Since commenting on the matter, our attention has been called to the fact, vouched for by the Supreme Secretary of the Knights of Columbus, that Mr. Patrick Murphy, of Colorado Springs, celebrated his one hundred and first birthday by being initiated into the Order. More than that: Mr. Murphy's life expectancy has been scientifically computed to be twenty years, and on that basis he has received a policy of life insurance. And yet there are mollycoddles of sixty or so who speak of being old!



Were You at Bethlehem?

(A little Girl to her Angel.)

BY C. M. C.

IT'S snowing, Guardian Angel,—see!
The flakes sail down to you and me.
They're tiny feathers, soft and white,
Dipped, mamma says, in Heaven's light
To make them shine like jewels bright.
A million angels shake their wings,
She says, and then these pretty things
Come fluttering, fluttering, fluttering down,
To weave a lovely Christmas gown
For this old earth so bare and brown.
They must have done it all the night,
The whole big world has turned so white,
So beautiful, so still and pure.
I rub my eyes and can't feel sure
This place is just the very same
It was before the snowflakes came.

How gloriously they must prepare,
With Mother Mary's gentle care,
For Our Lord's birthday feast up there!
The baby angels learn to sing,
And each one has a gift to bring
To Jesus, as we children do.
I'm sure He gives *them* presents, too.
And then Our dear Lord tells to them
The history of Bethlehem.
I know the story, oh! so well,
'Cause I have heard my mamma tell
How Jesus came, long years ago,
When all the earth was white with snow,
As it is now.—And did *you* go
To see the Babe that Christmas night,
With angel-crowds, like snowflakes white?

Had I been there at Bethlehem
With you, I'd kneel quite close to them,—
Sweet Mary and her Baby dear,
And to St. Joseph, standing near.

WHO says what he likes will hear what he doesna like.—*Scotch Saying.*

Grandpa's Story.

BY E. M. HAMILTON.

"GRANDPA, please tell us a story!" piped one childish voice. "Yes, grandpa, please do!" came a chorus from the other children, who had gathered round.

The old gentleman addressed looked smilingly at the group of expectant young faces before him; then he asked:

"Well, suppose I tell you a story of the Revolutionary War,—something that happened right here in this house and neighborhood?"

"Oh, that's it!"—"The very thing!"—"That's what we want!" were some of the exclamations that echoed round the room, as the children drew nearer, and grandpa settled himself comfortably in his armchair and began his story.

During the Revolutionary War this house was occupied by my father and mother and their children. The children were my brother John, my sister Margie, and myself. I was the youngest, being only a small boy then. John and Margie were much older than I,—John being about fifteen, and Margie twelve years of age. At the time of which I speak the war had been going on for several years; but so far, in this quiet place, we had felt none of its more terrible effects. My father had early enlisted in the Continental Army, and was absent from us, of course; though he did come home occasionally. But most of the time we were alone. We heard but little news (there were no telegraphs then); and what little we did hear was from some passing neighbor,

or when John rode over to the village, about five miles away.

Our great anxiety, however, was on account of father; and I remember well, when we heard that some battle had been fought, how pale and anxious mother would look, and how eagerly she would watch for news of his safety. For ourselves we felt no fear. Parties of armed men used to pass our house; but, as they all belonged to our army, we were not alarmed. To be sure we did hear of Tories and Hessians committing outrages here and there,—robbing, plundering, murdering. They never came into our immediate neighborhood, however; and we believed (very foolishly, as it proved afterward) that they would avoid us altogether.

And so time passed until the approach of winter, and I remember that winter very well. Things here didn't look then as they do now. The place lacked many comforts, for the war made hard times for the country; and we shared them with others, while my father's absence made us poorer still. So the falling snow, that told us winter was closing in, was even to my childish eyes no cheerful sight. We had raised what we could on the place, and made all preparations in our power for cold weather; but they were scant enough, and I knew by my mother's face that she was worried. And just then other and worse fears came to trouble us. Brother John rode over to the village one day, and when he came back in the evening I noticed he looked unusually serious, though he said nothing.

"What is it, John?" asked mother, as she watched him while he was eating his supper.

"A band of Tories are about here," answered John, briefly. "Yesterday they visited the Walton farm, plundered and burned the house, and drove the family into the woods. And last night they burned Harlan's mill, and caught old Mr. Harlan and hung him in front of his own door."

My mother did not reply; but I noticed that night that she and John went about fastening the windows and barring the doors carefully; and John took down a gun of my father's, which always hung over the fireplace, and picked the flint and placed fresh priming in the pan. But we were not disturbed that night.

Early next afternoon mother came to where John was sitting, and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"John," she said hesitatingly, "we are out of firewood."

"Are we? Well, I'll go right away and get some," answered John, springing to his feet.

"I do not like to have you go—*now*," mother said, with an emphasis on the last word, "because I think we had better remain together in the house as much as possible,—at least for a while. You understand?"

John nodded.

"But, after all, we must have firewood; and you can take Margie with you. Don't be gone long."

She stood in the door and watched them as they disappeared in the wood; and it seemed to me that she began to look for their return long before she had reason to expect them. They had been gone an hour, perhaps, when a horseman rode up to our door,—a short, heavy-set man, with as villainous a face as ever a man had, and with long, coarse, black hair falling down in a mat over his shoulders. He was riding his horse bareback—that is, without saddle. My mother recognized him as one Edward Berril,—a man noted for his evil character and Tory principles, who had disappeared from the neighborhood a year before, and was supposed by everyone to be serving in the British Army or in one of the marauding bands prowling about the country. You may

believe his presence then and there was not comforting; and a sickening terror crept over my mother as she saw him, though she tried not to show it.

The man dismounted, fastened his horse, and, without knocking, walked in and seated himself composedly by the fire.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Van Duysen?" he asked, his wicked eyes roving about the room and taking in its contents.

"I am well, thank you!" replied my mother, coldly.

"Seem to be pretty comfortable here, don't ye? 'Twould be powerful bad if ye should get burned out, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would be very unfortunate. But we try to be careful about fires," my mother answered.

"S'pose so; but accidents will happen. There's Walton got burned out day afore yesterday, and Harlan's mill night afore last. But they was rebels to the king, ye see, and deserved it."

My mother did not reply, but I could see the blood flushing into her temples.

"Yes, rebels ought to lose their property—ought all to be 'fiscated, say I," pursued Berril, an ugly grin crossing his face. "Hello! there's a nice saddle hangin' on that rafter over there!"—pointing to a distant corner of the room. "Who does it b'long to?"

"It's my husband's property," replied my mother, briefly.

"'Tis, hey? S'pose he gets killed, and won't need no more saddles? Well, I reckon I'd better 'fiscate this one as my share of the spoils."

And as he spoke the Tory advanced toward the article in question and began taking it down.

"You must not take that saddle, Mr. Berril!" said my mother firmly, walking toward the fireplace.

"Mustn't, hey? I should like to see the one that'll hinder me!"

He pulled the saddle from the rafter; but as he did so my mother caught the gun from over the fireplace, cocked it and raised it to her shoulder.

"You will leave that saddle here, Mr. Berril!"

The man hesitated a moment.

"You wouldn't shoot?" he said.

"I most certainly shall," answered my mother; her eyes flashing.

For a moment the Tory paused irresolutely; then he placed the saddle on the floor, and his face became fearful in its look of rage.

"I'll have that saddle yet, mind I tell you so!" he exclaimed, shaking his fist. "To-morrer night I'll come for it—*and I'll come to get it!*"

And, with a fierce oath, he rushed from the house, mounted his horse and rode away.

The moment he had gone, the color left my mother's face, and she sank back in a chair.

"O dear, what shall we do?" she cried, wringing her hands. "He said he would come to-morrow night, and that means the whole band of Tories with him. They may come sooner, and we must have help. Run to the door, Peter, and see if John and Margie are coming."

I watched at the door, but it was some time before I saw them; and when I did mother ran to meet them.

"John," she said, after telling of the Tory's visit, "Berril may come back to-night, and you must go to the village for help. They will send men here."

"Yes, mother," answered John, hurrying into the house.

All that day the sky had been lowering, and threatening a storm; and when John started, the snowflakes had just begun to fall. It had been thought best that he should go on foot, and we expected that he could reach the village and return home by about nine o'clock. But he had hardly climbed the hill and disappeared behind the old fort, when it began to snow in good earnest; and

when night closed in, dark and dreary, it was storming fearfully. The wind whistled and howled around the house; and the snow came in a blinding shower, whirling in under the doors and through crevices of windows, and forming great drifts against walls and fences outside.

Nine o'clock struck, but John did not return. The time passed slowly, and the old clock in the corner counted ten, then eleven, but still no sound of feet was heard at the door; and only the wails and moans of the wind, as it rose and fell, broke the silence. Mother sent Margie and me to bed, but my sleep was only fitful. Several times when I awoke in the night, I saw my mother still sitting by the fire, and I knew by her moving lips that she was praying with great fervor.

And so the weary night passed; and daylight came, clear and cold, the storm all gone, and the sun shining brightly. The day wore slowly away, and night was upon us again. About nine o'clock, John came.

"It's all right, mother," he said, with a curious, happy look on his face. "I got lost in the storm last night, and stopped at a cabin till this morning. At the village I found a company of Rangers, who had been sent from our army after this very band of Tories. The men are hid up in the old fort now. All we have to do is to stay in the house and keep the doors fastened."

We had not long to wait. In about half an hour a violent knock was heard at the door, and a gruff voice, which we all recognized as Berril's, demanded entrance.

"I can't let you in," my mother said, positively.

"We'll see about that," was the reply, accompanied by a coarse laugh. "I said I'd have that saddle, and I reckon I will. Come on, boys. Let's break into this rebel nest!"

A blow was struck upon the door, apparently with an ax; but before it could be repeated there came a crash of musketry, followed by shrieks and yells, showing that a hand-to-hand conflict was going on outside. John fairly leaped up and down in his excitement; and when everything became still he hurried to the door and listened eagerly. Another knock was now heard.

"In whose name?" asked John, still trembling with excitement.

"In the name of home and country!" came the firm reply, in a voice that seemed to be familiar.

John quickly threw the bars from the door and opened it; and as he did so a tall, stalwart figure, wearing a cocked-hat, rushed in—and as mother caught sight of him she fell fainting in his arms. It was my father! It was his company that had been sent, and he had charged John not to say anything of his presence until the conflict was over.

As for the Tories, they were nearly all captured and taken away, and we were not disturbed again. Before another winter came round, Cornwallis had surrendered, and the war was at an end—"and that," said grandpa, smiling on his listeners,—"and that's the end of my story."

Alligators.

The reptile known as the alligator, akin to, but not identical with, the crocodile, is unusually slow of growth. At fifteen years of age it is only two feet long, so that "a twelve-footer," says Dr. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, "may reasonably be supposed to be seventy-five years old." While it is commonly known that alligators' hides can be tanned into an excellent leather, people generally are not so well aware that their teeth are of fine ivory, valuable for carving into ornaments of various kinds.

The Bell of Innisfar.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

WE ask our young readers to look back to one Christmas Eve a hundred years ago, and visit with us a remote fishing village on the coast of Scotland. The snow lay deep on the mountains, and the lakes and rivers were coated with ice. Not a soul was to be seen abroad. Yet in the cottage windows lights shone; there were sounds of merry voices and children's laughter, speaking of joyous preparation for the morrow's festival.

But in one cottage—or rather cabin—situated at the extreme end of the village, partly sheltered by a group of fir trees, the lamp burned low, and no blazing logs shed a cheerful glow on the walls of the room, where a poor widow lay sick. Only a few weeks had passed since her husband was carried to his last resting-place; and now she herself was unable to rise from her bed, as she was suffering from a severe and painful fever. The room, despite its poverty-stricken aspect, was clean and tidy; and by the bedside of the sick woman sat her only child, a young girl about twelve years of age.

Poor child! Young as she was, she was already acquainted with sorrow and care and want, and none of the joys of childhood fell to her share. Her Rosary was in her hand and she was trying to say it; but her thoughts wandered, and her eyes strayed to the window, through which she could see the lights in the nearest house, where the room was being decked with evergreens, and Christmas gifts were being laid out. As the sounds of mirth were wafted across the wind-swept street, she sighed, and tears filled her eyes. But she hastily brushed them away, lest her mother should see them and be grieved.

The sick woman opened her eyes, and noticed the child's action. Taking her hand, she said:

"My dear Nellie, would that I could procure you some Christmas pleasure! But, alas! I am poor, and sick besides. I am only a burden and a grief to you."

"O mother dear," the child answered, with a smile, "do not talk so! You know the greatest pleasure I could have would be to see you well again. I have prayed hard to the Infant Jesus and His Holy Mother to cure you. Perhaps they will hear my prayers."

Just then a familiar sound fell on their ears. The rough voices of the fisher folk were singing in a high pitch an old Scottish hymn,—one which in days of yore pilgrims were wont to sing on their way to the shrine of Our Lady of Innisfar, invoking and extolling her as the help of the sick, the destitute, and the lonely.

Most of the inhabitants of the obscure village were stanch Catholics, and among them was firmly rooted an old tradition—namely, that if any one, a member of whose family was sick, visited the chapel at Innisfar on Christmas Eve, prayed devoutly for his sick relative, and exactly at midnight rang the bell that hung in the little turret in honor of the Infant Saviour, the sufferer would be restored to health.

The well-known tune, though the words of the hymn were indistinct, went to the heart of the unhappy woman. She sighed and murmured, half to herself:

"Ah, me, the Innisfar bell! If poor father were alive, he would certainly go there to-night and ring the bell, and implore the Mother of Mercy and her Divine Child to make me well. Alas! I must lie here until it may please God to take me hence; and my poor child will be left a lonely orphan."

She sank back exhausted, and presently fell into a light slumber.

No sooner did Nellie hear what her

mother said than she formed a heroic resolution: she would go to Innisfar and ring the bell at midnight, whatever it cost her. The Mother of Christ would surely help her. Without hesitating a moment, she wrapped a shawl round her head and shoulders, provided herself with a stout stick and a lantern, cast a last glance at her mother, quietly opened the door and stepped out into the cold, dark night. As she passed up the street, the clock struck eleven. All was silent.

Nellie had not gone far before she was met by the watchman making his rounds. In astonishment, he asked her whither she was going, and warned her that the way was long, and the road dangerous. But the brave little girl would not be persuaded to turn back.

Nellie, hastening on, over hill and dale, climbing rocks and plunging through snowdrifts, kept looking continually in the direction of Innisfar. Soon, however, she stumbled and fell; and, in falling, the lantern was broken and the light extinguished. For a moment she knew not what to do; then she picked herself up and hastened forward in the darkness.

Soon she became aware of some animal running behind her. Doubtless it was her father's dog, and she turned gladly to welcome the faithful friend. But—oh, horror!—it was a wolf, whose dark form was delineated on the background of snow, whose eyes gleamed like balls of fire, whose fierce growl struck terror to her heart. On she fled in breathless haste; in her agony of fear, not heeding whither she went or where she trod. She did not perceive that she had come to a mountain stream, frozen over indeed, but with so thin a sheet of ice (for the stream was deep and the current strong) that it cracked beneath her light tread. Yet she reached the opposite bank in safety. The wolf sprang after her, but the ice broke, the animal fell into the water, and the current carried him away. With a sigh of relief and heartfelt gratitude to God, Nellie kept on toward her goal.

But, alas! she soon found that she had lost her way. In her hasty flight from the wolf, she had left the road; and now, having no light to guide her, she knew not how to regain it. For a while she wandered to and fro, when, happily, the clouds broke, and in the pale light of the moon she descried at a short distance the chapel of Innisfar. She also saw that between her and the hill on which it stood was a frozen lake. Dare she venture to cross it? Would it bear her weight? As she stopped, hesitating what course to pursue, in the stillness the faint chimes of the village clock rang out on the night air. It was already a quarter to twelve. There was no time to be lost. Commending herself to Jesus and Mary, she ran swiftly over the lake and began to toil up the steep hill. At last, with the perspiration trickling down her face, cold though it was, she entered the little chapel, the door of which stood open.

Nellie had reached her goal, but her troubles were not yet over. Eagerly she groped about to find the rope by which to ring the bell; she passed her little hands along the cold, rough walls: nowhere could she find it. Then her foot caught in something and she fell to the ground. Before rising she felt about; and, to her consternation, there was the bell-rope lying broken on the stones. The steps by which the tiny turret was reached had long since fallen into decay: how could she possibly get at the bell? Was this to be the end of all her exertions, her toil, her sufferings? Almost in despair, she threw herself on her knees before the statue. Her misery was too great for words. Yet when she heard the distant clock begin to strike midnight, she clasped her hands, and, looking up to Heaven, prayed:

"O sweet Infant Jesus, hear my

prayer! Mother says that at this time Thou dost come with gifts to those who love Thee. I shall ask no other gift of Thee if Thou wilt only bid my Angel Guardian ring this bell, that all may hear and pray, and that my mother may get well. Infant Saviour, have mercy on us! Mother of God, pray for us!"

While the last stroke of midnight quivered on the frosty air the rusty bell creaked in the turret, and one clear stroke rang out, then a second, then a third, then many more; and the sound of the bell of Innisfar, rung by an unseen hand, echoed far and wide over the snow-clad landscape.

How long Nellie remained at the foot of the statue in the little chapel she knew not. She would have returned home immediately, for she longed to know whether her mother was restored to health; but cold, weariness, and excitement overcame her, and she lay there in a kind of stupor. Before daylight again filled the sky, however, she started to her feet and set out on her homeward way. And faster than she had come thither her feet bore her back to her home, so eager was she to see her mother again. Then—oh, joy and delight!—before she reached the cottage, her mother came to meet her, exclaiming:

"I am quite well, thanks to Our Lady of Innisfar! The fever has left me. But, Nellie, my darling, I have been in such anxiety on your behalf! O you best and dearest of children."

Then the good woman hastened to the village church, where the faithful were assembled for early Mass. Nellie went with her, forgetting all the fatigue and terrors of the past night in her present happiness. And mother and child, as they knelt by the door, offered to the Infant Saviour and His Holy Mother humble and hearty thanks for the wondrous blessings vouchsafed to them on that Christmas Eve.

Legends of the Christ-Child.

WHEN the Holy Family were departing from Bethlehem, as everyone has heard, they passed certain husbandmen occupied in a field; and the Blessed Virgin told them to answer in reply to any who might inquire, "When did the Son of Man pass by?" that He passed when they were sowing the corn,—which they were doing at the moment.

The corn sprang up into the ear that night, and the toilers were engaged in reaping it the following day when the soldiers of Herod appeared and inquired after the holy fugitives. The reapers replied as Our Lady had directed, and the pursuit was stayed.

This legend is frequently represented in early German and Flemish pictures. "Many years ago," says Lord Lindsay in his "History of Christian Art," "it was related to me as current in the north of Scotland, where it is added that a little black beetle lifted up its head and answered, 'The Son of Man passed here last night.' In consequence of which the Highlanders kill the black beetle whenever they meet with it, repeating these words: 'Beetle, beetle, last night!' "

"At Babylon," writes Jacques Vitry, Bishop of Acre, who died in 1264, "is an ancient date tree that spontaneously bent itself to the Blessed Virgin when she wished to eat of its fruit, and rose again after she had gathered it. The Saracens, seeing this, cut the tree down. The following night, however, it sprang up again, as straight and entire as before; and consequently they now adore it. The marks of the axe are visible to this day.

A fountain is also said to have sprung up to quench the thirst of the Holy Family. It is still shown, under the name of Ain Shems (the Fountain of the Sun), at Mataria, the ancient Heliopolis, not far from Cairo.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Those sincerely desirous of becoming truly spiritual—and there are many such—will find practical help in the little volume entitled "In Touch with God," by the Rev. Joseph Sunn. It is a book of practice rather than theory, and for that reason will be the more helpful to the average person who wishes "to do" rather than "to know were good to do." Benziger Brothers; price, 35 cents.

—Among the English Catholic Truth Society's recent publications are: "A Little Book on Purgatory," by the Rev. Allan Ross, of the London Oratory; "The Mystic Guide," published anonymously; and "With Jesus, My Friend," by a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus. All are valuable little booklets, treating with necessary brevity, but with equal clearness and point, the subjects indicated by their different titles.

—"Unless you become as little children you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven" is the theme of "A Gift from Jesus," translated and adapted from the French by a Sister of Notre Dame. The book has the single purpose of proposing the divine Child Christ for the imitation of all, as herein one finds most easily the purity, innocence, and simplicity by which one sees God. Published by Benziger Brothers; price, 80 cents.

—"The Seventh Man," by Max Brand (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is another of the sublimated "dime novel" school of fiction, dear to the heart of the intellectual small boy, be the years of that boy what they may. It is a tale of that West which used to be characterized as "wild and woolly," and it chants the glories of no fewer than three super-heroes. Just what inconceivably wonderful adventures, hairbreadth escapes, marvellous shooting, incredible endurance, and melodramatic incidents generally, are served up to the reader it would take too long to mention. Those who admired "The Untamed" and "The Night Horseman" will be quite as well satisfied with the present story.

—Three small books of devotion which will be welcomed by many devout Catholics are: "The Rosary: Its History and Use," by the Rev. E. J. McGuinness (Extension Press), a tiny booklet intended to arouse a greater love for Christ's Mother. Though attractively printed and illustrated, its durability is doubtful on account of wire stitching.—"A Fruitful Hour before the Tabernacle," by the Rev. W. Greene (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland), will render devotion at the Holy Hour attractive as well as practical; "The Loving Adorer of Jesus" (also from the Irish C. T. S.) contains a generous assortment of prayers, hymns, and litanies; indeed, it is aptly described as "a complete prayer-book mainly in melody."

—The Official Report of the 65th General Convention of the Zentral-Verein, held in Fort Wayne, August 7-10, 1921, forms a brochure of 130 pages. It is proof of the thoroughness of the work done; it presents in splendid array the extent of the activities of this association of Catholic laymen, which is almost incredible to those not acquainted with its programme. The social and charitable works of the Z.-V., which are approved by the authorities of Church and State, embrace a wide field: the Roman Question, the Home, the Foreign Missions, the Workingman's Condition, the School, etc.; and, furthermore, there appears no selfish motive in these varied activities. Fort Wayne did all in its power to make the delegates feel at home in the "City of Conventions" during their stay there.

—No matter how intimate and companionable a mother and daughter may be, they are almost invariably reticent, even to bashfulness, on the subject of their common womanhood. Just here their easy, natural confidence freezes into an embarrassed silence that no desire of the mother and no need of the daughter seem able to break. "A Mother's Letters," by the Rev. Fr. Alexander, O. F. M., meets this situation with intelligent modesty and clearness of physiological statement. It asks and answers every question that a girl needs to know and a mother finds it difficult to explain. Asserting first that God is "essentially modest," it regards every natural function of the human body as a manifestation of His providence and power. So considered, life becomes a gift of God, the body His temple, and womanhood His most sacred privilege. Altogether, Fr. Alexander's little book is a sane, normal, and thoroughly prudent answer to a much (and imprudently) discussed subject. Its form—the familiar letter—secures an intimacy and naturalness between reader and writer, free alike from alarm and embarrassment. "A Mother's Letters" can safely be put into the hands of any girl of eighteen for guidance and direction; it will prove possibly even more

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valuable to mothers and teachers, to whom the instruction of girls in the sacredness of human life so frequently falls. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, publishers; price, $1.10.

—"The Latin and Irish Lives of Ciaran," by R. A. Stewart Macalister, is a contribution to hagiology that merits unqualified praise. The subject of the "Lives"—St. Ciaran the Great he might be called, for there were three or four lesser saints of the same name—was founder of the celebrated Abbey of Clonmacnoise. Born about 515, he was contemporary with St. Colum Cille, the evangelist of Scotland. St. Ciaran was Christlike in many things: in the character of the miracles he performed, in the austerity of his life, in the fact that his father was a carpenter, and in the circumstance that he died at the age of thirty-three. Mr. Macalister's translations—three from different Latin texts, and one from an Irish manuscript of the fifteenth century—are plentifully supplied with annotations which display deep scholarship and extensive research. The "Lives" are not biographic, but homiletic,—that is, they consist of a series of incidents based on traditional tales, eulogies and hymns, and selected by the original writers with special reference to the edification of the faithful. The general reader will, of course, derive less profit from this work than the student, whose interest lies in the technical methods employed in the science of the saints. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for sale by the Macmillan Co. Price, $2.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith." An American Agnostic. (Kenedy.) $3.35.

"Human Destiny and the New Psychology." J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G. (Peter Reilly.) $1.25.

"First Impressions in America." John Ayscough (Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew.) John Lane.) 16s.

"Hispanic Anthology." ($5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. $9.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Translated from the Spanish and Annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Vol. II. (Thomas Baker, Benziger Bros.) $3.50.

"Henry Edward Manning, His Life and Labours." Shane Leslie, M. A. With Six Illustrations. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) $7.65.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) $7.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) $6.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) $1.90.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Bishop James Trobec; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frank O'Brien, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. A. M. O'Neill, diocese of Rochester; and Rev. Walter Drum, S. J.

Sister M. Eunice, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! *(300 days' indul.)*

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving Russians: M. S., $1; J. B. S., $2; E. S. W., $5; B. C., $2.50; James McCarty, $5; Mrs. E. B. E., $5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: R. W. C., $5. For the sufferers in Central Europe: Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, $5; in honor of St. Jude, $5; F. U. S., $2.

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